

**THE BIGNESS
OF
THE FELLOW WITHIN**

VOLUME XXII

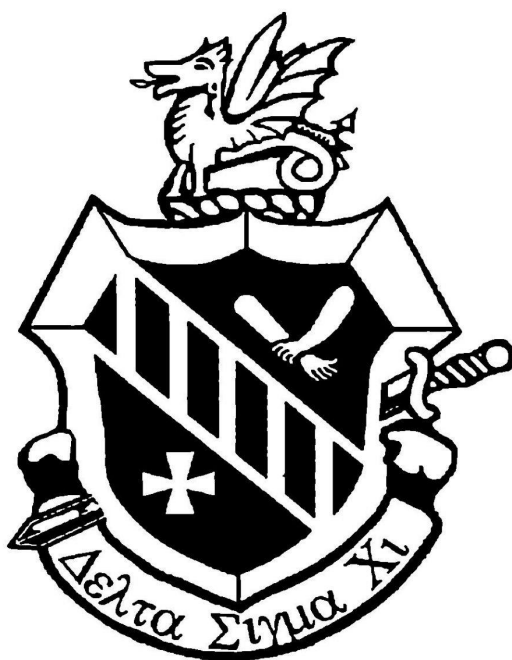
PALMER

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B. J. PALMER, D. D., M. D.

President of Chiropractic

"B.J. OF DAVENPORT"*

**—philosopher, scientist, artist, builder—the bit of a mortal being
whom Innate Intelligence developed.**

****Oil Portrait by Raymond P. R. Neilson Studios, 131 East 66th Street, New York City***

THE BIGNESS OF THE FELLOW WITHIN

By
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PROLOGUE

By HERBERT C. HENDER, D.C.,

Dean, The Palmer School of Chiropractic

BEFORE STUDYING the preface and *The Bigness of the Fellow Within* which follows, it is proper you should know three men—the father of him who writes this prologue, the writer of the prologue, and the man about whom he writes in the preface. All this should be read as preliminary to the body of the book. To know me and my background is to know how well I know the one about whom I write. To know B.J. as I know him, is to better appreciate what he writes in his article.

My father, A. B. Hender, M.D., D.C., was a close, intimate and personal friend of D. D. Palmer, in his early struggling years, having associated with him at the time of his discovery of Chiropractic. When D. D. Palmer left Davenport, my father linked interests with the son about whom I write. My father became an instructor in The Palmer School of Chiropractic until his death—48 years of service to Chiropractic. He was Dean when he passed away in 1943.

I was born “to the faith.” I grew, surrounded with Chiropractic atmosphere; I breathed it, lived it, heard it talked about, pro and con, on all sides at all times. I grew up saturated with discussions of the trials, troubles, and tribulations of D. D. Palmer’s son, B.J.

For twenty-seven rich and happy years, I’ve worked at B.J.’s side—first, as a student in his school; later as a member of his faculty family; finally, now, as Dean of his beloved P.S.C. I am therefore competent to discuss and tell about him and say what I please.

As a member of his official family, I’ve held almost daily conferences with him. I’ve participated in numberless faculty and staff meetings with him. Hours beyond number, I’ve listened to him lecture, dictate, or make recordings. And, no matter how often all this has been, he has always held my devout attention. I’ve sat with him in fishing boats, on the side of trailers when we traveled on vacations. His every waking moment was always thinking, studying, reading, or discussing multitudinous phases of our Chiropractic, radio, or what-have-you problems—too many times giving up restful trips to stay and work. He almost always carries his faithful Corona with him. When in a train bedroom or drawing room, out comes the note pad, jotting down notes. Later, out comes his typewriter, when he fills in the notes.

When he begins to look out a window or grows quiet, he wants to be let alone until he has studied what he is going to say and write. I have known

him to write and rewrite a particular sentence or paragraph as many as twenty times, until it was whipped into language which expressed his idea. I have heard him say: "Give us thirty days and we'll write a book. Give us three months, and we'll write a paragraph. Give us a year, and we'll write an epigram."

Once finished, he would read it to me or some other critic, get reactions to see if we grasped what he was trying to say. If we did, he was finished. If we did not, he started over again.

I once asked B.J. how he wrote his lectures. His answer was characteristic. "We don't *write* them, we *build* them." I asked him to describe the process from time he began a lecture until finished, thinking that might be of interest and help others to duplicate his method. Here is his description:

"We deliberate and mentally carve out our fundamental theme around which we desire to build the talk. It might be a new thought, or it could be a symposium of preceding ideas. We then mentally test it for logic and reason to see if it will stand up under the test of time. If it does, we go ahead. If it does not, we whip it until it does. Having given an idea birth, we then begin to shape our approach. Conception of a theme is the hardest part we have to go through."

(Let me here interject a description of his typewriter which, like most other things this man works with, is radically different. Years ago, he became disgusted with constantly taking out and putting in ordinary sheets of paper, because it broke his continuity of thought when writing. He suggested to the Remington Company that they build him a special typewriter with a continuous roll of paper five hundred feet long, on a spool on top, automatically fed. He also asked for an electric automatic shift of the carriage, by pressing one key on the keyboard which, at the same time, would shift the paper so he could write by the yard on paper eighteen inches wide. I have seen a continuous writing twelve feet long, eighteen inches wide, single spaced, when he was writing. To his knowledge, this was the first electrically-operated typewriter built, and that was at least twenty years ago. He uses the "hunt and peck" system of two fingers and can type as fast or faster than many stenographers using ten fingers. This unusual and different typewriter is an object of curiosity to visitors and is usually demonstrated by the guide who conducts the daily noon tours through The B. J. Palmer Chiropractic Clinic.)

"We then write whatever comes, as it comes, be it good or bad. We keep writing as long as thoughts flow, and they always flow without effort. We may knock out some, much, or all of it later. Much of this may be out of sequence. We keep on until the present line of thinking is exhausted. Then we let it simmer and settle for an hour, hours, days, or weeks. Usually, when building a lecture, it is more or less steadily on our minds, and we are constantly harrassed by Innate to keep on keeping on whipping it into shape. Usually, in a few days or a week or two, it is finished for the time being.

"Soon a new line of thinking may begin to flow, and away goes the typewriter again. We frequently rewrite our copy the second or third time before we get it to say exactly what we mean, before turning it over to our lecture secretary. When the subject has seemingly been completed, we turn it over to the secretary who types it on regular size sheets, double spaced, each paragraph on a separate sheet, each page numbered separately. We then take these and rearrange them for sequence of thought. Page 1 may be moved to page 6; or page 9 may be page 1, etc.

"We continue the study of our subject from time to time, adding copy, marking it 'Insert 1, page ?' Our secretary then rewrites those pages with inserts. We then go over the copy once more, transpose one sentence from here to there, constantly briefing, cutting out superfluous words or duplicate thoughts, possibly eliminating entire sentences or paragraphs foreign to the central theme.

"From time to time, during intervals between working on a certain lecture, we might be found reading, or checking on gold fish in pools of Clinic Gardens or aquaria in Clinic, or doing any one of a hundred other things here, there, or everywhere, during which one or a series of new ideas may flash. We hesitate, then and there, and make notes. This is kept up for days or weeks, at times getting so many inserts that it looks like a crazy-quilt patch job. We then have the lecture completely rewritten, inserting at proper places all late inserts; then by reading it entire we can see how it sounds or listens. Additional inserts continue until we feel the subject has been fully covered. We then lay it away to settle.

"When it is finished, we have the secretary copy it once more, double-spaced, on loose leaf form for filing in one of the 150 volumes of lecture outlines, each of which is numbered. This lecture, under its title, is indexed in the Index Volume for quick selection at any time. Every lecture we have ever given, from away back when, is builded around an outline and is filed as mentioned for future reference. This makes it possible to repeat most any lecture on most every subject on short notice. Instead of beginning a new outline, we have one ready builded.

"Even then, days or weeks later, a new train of contributory thought may come. When it does, we write them in notes, be it at night in bed or at some other activity, then fill them in on typewriter, revise and rewrite until they represent new thoughts, rewriting pages into which they fit or overlap. If these inserts are of sufficient number to justify, we have all pages of the lecture outline renumbered so they follow each other. This prevents any getting out of order or misplaced. Often this process of renumbering pages may be done three or four times.

"Keeping in mind the various topics we have lectured on and have outlines for, we often go back to one of years ago and add something. The listener hears in one hour the labor of possibly hundreds of hours.

"Often the comment has been made, 'What a brilliant man. His talks are marvelous. I could listen to him all day.' Little does the listener realize that the talk he listens to is not the product of the hour during its deliverance. It is the product of weeks, months, years in advance, even though he hears it all within one hour.

"Every time a lecture is delivered, we see a part or parts which can be strengthened, others may be deleted. No lecture is ever finished. One talk (*Selling Yourself*) has been delivered more than 5,000 times over the world before all kinds of audiences, cutting and fitting it to suit. It isn't finished yet!

"We have funeral orations, sermons from pulpits of churches. We have conducted schools on radio, Chiropractic, legislation, salesmanship, caves, migrations of races, national and international conventions in many foreign countries. In fact, the list is endless.

"Criticism has been directed to the voluminousness of our talks. In writing, we endeavor to present a complete presentation, leaving no loop-holes. By presenting every fact, it cannot successfully be attacked.

"Altogether, one lecture may represent scores or hundreds of hours from time of conception to laying it away to rest. That's the process we use in *building* a lecture."

I've traveled planes, ships and sleepers with him, to and from endless conventions of various kinds when he was to speak. I've read, corrected proof, or discussed most every book, magazine article, or lecture to come from his prolific and versatile mind. He has written on most every subject one can conceive. He has 150 big volumes of lecture outlines—a lifetime's work if nothing else were ever done—yet it was but one item amongst many in his life. He has written and printed an entire library and thousands of booklets and pamphlets. One wonders where he gets time for it all.

He asks for criticism. He wants truth, and I always give it. He is not adverse to people who disagree with him. But he wants those differences to be based on logic and reason and to be sincere. I know the reasons "why he does what he does in the way he does it."

B.J. is an early riser. Outside of the night shift around The P.S.C., he is always the first on the job. He has his breakfast at 6:00 A.M., lunch at 10:30, dinner at 4:30 P.M. And he goes to bed at 9:00 P.M., regardless. If there is company at home, he will often say, "Let's go to bed, our company wants to go home."

He gets his first mail at 6:00 A.M., and it is answered at once. He then usually makes the rounds of inspection of his buildings, checking, seeing if all is right. He makes notes on what needs be corrected or changed. As soon as the department head arrives, he calls him and reports what is to be done, and how. He knows his buildings, their equipment, their uses, intimately; and astounds his people with his understanding of what it is, what it does, and how. It has been frequently said: "If everything is running according to Hoyle, he is never around or makes comment; but let anything go wrong, he is on the job instantly." He is called "Eagle Eye" by many because he sees details which frequently escape the eyes of the head of the department.

I've seen this man completely reverse himself several times, evolutionize and revolutionize his processes of thinking, speaking, writing, and printing, as well as teaching, as he has climbed in the development of himself. Often this has been costly in friends and finances. He is always fearless, never afraid of consequences in so doing. He has often said, "The only excuse for

any person to live is the development of self." I have seen him change from a dogmatist, teaching a dogma in a dogmatic manner, in the days when such was necessary, to that of a scientist, teaching a science in a scientific manner. Such changes were brought about by the logic and reason of his indefatigable researches for better ways of doing better things, to accomplish more, with less effort, to save time, that he might take worse cases and get them well quicker at cheaper cost to patient.

I've heard this man cussed and discussed, damned and praised, by friends and enemies. He has often said, "We have no lukewarm friends. They are either red-hot for us or ice-cold against us, depending upon whether or not they know what we are trying to accomplish."

His mind does not deal with fol-de-rols or knick-knacks, fringes or useless details. He has a very analytical mind, what he calls "straight-line-thinking." I know his faults—and he has them—as well as his virtues. He is a very human being, common, easy to approach if you have something worth while to say. He is sensitive to unjust, untrue, injustices. He does not deliberately hurt anyone, although often his pungent and terse answers are so construed. He will quickly brush aside anybody who pesters him with nonsense.

B.J. is kind, thoughtful, considerate, never deliberately hurting feelings, trying to avoid doing so. He is constructive, building for tomorrow. His early and comparatively recent life has been one of battling his home town, many of his own profession, legislatures, to save his heritage. He has had to fight for the preservation, development, and defense of Chiropractic to preserve it in its purity for posterity; often against some in his profession who would drag Chiropractic in the mud for selfish purposes of mercenary greed, regardless of how it ruined Chiropractic and was of no value in getting sick people well. All this has made him calloused, tough, bitter towards many and much. He has been deceived so often by so many that he places trust in few. In last ten years, much of this has changed. Being elastic and plastic, he has mellowed, softened, forgiven many of the heartaches and sufferings forced upon him. His work is now coming into its own. The City of Davenport is now his friend. The Chiropractic profession is divided into two camps—those strongly for, and those bitterly against. He ties fast to the group for, and now ignores the group against. Many students of The P.S.C., upon graduating, tell him how they are going to carry on his principles and practices. His answer is born of his struggles: "Tell me that ten years from now, after you have been tried and not found wanting, and I'll believe you."

It has been vicariously bruited around by some near and dear to B.J., and through them to others not so close, and the talk has been kicked about like a football, that he is in business and, being in business, his opinions and actions are unduly influenced by his business advisors of the necessity of yielding to financial income rather than meeting the ends of scientific progress and the development of his profession.

As one writer put it:

"Being the head of a business, you are more or less the victim of your customer's wants and desires if you wish to keep his business. You cannot promote a radical idea any more because it will affect your business. Those who receive the salaries who run the business and who advise you in such matters must always be cautious to protect the business and their salaries."

After reading this preface and studying the ways and means used by this man and what he *has* gone through, the reader must come to the unalterable conclusion that nothing and nobody has stopped or *can* stop B.J. from doing what he interprets as the right thing to do, when the right time comes to do it. That has been his history and that is still his straight-line thinking and acting.

He has an organization and as such is an organization man. He is not a one-man rule or ruin director of his enterprises. No organization can long run without successful team work. He counsels with his counsellors, he listens to their suggestions and weighs them carefully; but when he feels he is right and the time has arrived for any new innovation, he is fearless in taking the step regardless of how it effects his income. He long ago realized that permanent growth comes from growth that is permanent and that always follows the pioneer who moves into newer and better fields who keeps up with progress. "Go West young man and grow up with the country" is still true in fields of philosophies, sciences, and arts.

He knows no expediency nor does he appease anybody on a step forward and upward when necessary. When his Innate directs him an issue is right, he moves regardless of any and all educated sophistries to the contrary.

I always end up saying, "If you knew this man as I do, you would be the friend to him that I am."

As a close personal friend, as a professional advisor, and as companion, I've traveled thousands of miles with him and it is under such off-guard moments that you really get to know the real inside of any person. I've fished the gulf stream and Atlantic ocean, and walked over glaciers with him. I've walked the streets of New York, Miami, Los Angeles, Toronto, and many other cities with him and, sooner or later, his mind reverts to his loved subject of Chiropractic. I've even bunked with him in trailers on vacations in the South and West.

I've heard many intimacies from his own lips during his relaxed hours when his guard is down—bits here and fragments there—the story of his heartaches and triumphs; and, believe you me, there have been many of both. It is as he has said, "The higher you go, the fewer. The more achievements, the more and harder bumps." But wherever he went, his mind was seeking information on so many topics it bewildered some of us trying to keep up with his pace. Without warning, he might discuss mummies, caves, geology strata, customs of people here or there—seemingly endless topics are stored away in his consciousness.

As busy as "The Chief" is, with all his properties, businesses, professional

work, he still finds time to ride his hobbies which are varied and many. They are found scattered throughout all buildings, A Little Bit O' Heaven in his back yard, Clinic Gardens, Rose Gardens, in the Clinic, on the walls of the various buildings, his Circus Museum, all of which are open to the public. How he keeps up with all is a mystery to all of us. But, best of all and not open to the public is his unique home. He used to open it to the public Easter and Labor Day. As many as 8,000 have passed through it in one day. But a home is not a home when everybody can knock on the door and be invited to see it. Today, the home is closed except to close friends. Veritably it is a museum—a treasure house—with all its choice and valuable arts. What a pity it must be buried from public gaze!

I have said "The Chief" is busy. There was one period in his life when younger, when he worked 18 hours a day, 365 days in the year, for 18 years, without a single vacation. He allotted 6 hours to sleep, per day, during all that time. Then he had a break. He went to Pass Christian, Mississippi. Each day he was wheeled out on a cot on the long pier that runs into the Gulf, where he dictated 100,000 words per day to a reporter. Since then, he has eased up because of the insistence of some of us near and dear to him.

I've seen his institution grow from a "hole in the wall" to that of many buildings, to the mammoth organization it is now in all its ramifications. I've seen it grow in numbers from a mere faithful handful until its loyal employees now number hundreds. I've seen him count pennies and skimp and scrape the bottom of the financial barrel many times until now he is a tower of financial strength. Too many, seeing his success now, overlook the struggle of those early years. They little realize the heartaches that he had to go through to get where it is now. He paid the price many times.

His people who work *with* him work *for* him. They love him, admire him, even to some considering him a genius in every endeavor he espouses, whose work and works will live long after him. He wants to be called "B. J." which he says means *Big Job*.

He thinks, speaks, writes, and prints without inhibitions, be they philosophical, scientific, religious, financial, commercial, radio, or travelogues. He speaks fearlessly, regardless of the group to whom he talks. He has builded that kind of a reputation and if they don't want to hear what *he* has to say, they shouldn't invite him. He pulls no punches when he knows he is on firm ground and believes he is right. He has often said: "If what we say proves right, then none can break it down, therefore discussion will help it. If it proves wrong, then discussion brings out errors and it should be corrected." Once he believes an issue sound and right, nothing can swerve him except reason and logic. He is not moved into action by emotion, passion, or prejudice. He is not an appeaser or strategist on vital problems. He cuts quick to the core of an issue, knows it backwards and forwards, top to bottom, inside and out; gets his facts, and acts promptly. He uses language to reveal thought, not to conceal it.

On matters which are non-essential, which do not affect anything seriously, he will listen and yield. On issues which are vital, fundamental, and basic, he has not been known to yield to anybody.

B. J. lives what he calls "the crowded hour." He squeezes in many things. His life has been full and running over. His mind goes into many avenues. Any of his many lines of thinking would fill any one man's life; but somehow he does that, adding many more. When I think of all the different lines of activity this man has gone through, I marvel at his ability.

As a further example: In his travels, he always seeks caves. It has been said: "B. J. can smell a hole in the ground like a tombstone man smells a newly made grave." B. J. has visited and studied all the great caves of the world, hundreds of them, including such as Mammoth, White's, Luray, Carlsbad, Jenolan, salt caves in Australia, etc. He has even discovered some never known before, such as Olive's Bower in Mammoth. He has solved the "Mysteries" of the Jenolan caves in Australia where it is now believed only two people know how they were caused. Yes, B. J. not only has seen them, but can talk intelligently about them, how they came into being, what caused them, how long it took to grow them. He has a most interesting talk on *Caves and Where They Lead Us*. Occasionally, he gives this talk to his class assembly.

I know whereof he writes in the article which follows—all being true—as to how he builded and the source of his inspirations. His mind is keen, alert, always ready to listen to criticisms, suggestions, or advice from those in whom he has confidence. He will not waste time on flattery, insincerity, or defeatist ideas. He is a builder, always constructive. When he makes an appointment for a certain time, you'd better be there! Whenever you are granted an interview with B.J., make it brief. He rarely grants more than five minutes even to us who know him well. He will be equally brief. He has no desire to "brush you off" but he does believe in eliminating what he calls "goat feathers." If he wishes to extend the interview beyond that time, he will let you know. When he appears before his classes, and the time is 8:00 o'clock, he starts on the second. I've known him to speak to a convention of hundreds when there wasn't a baker's dozen in the room at the appointed hour. And I've known him to "bawl out" those who come late. As he says, "The time you lose has the same value as the time you use."

The more I study this man and his processes of thinking, the more fundamentally right I think he is, and I believe time will so prove. Peculiarly, you have to know the sincerity of the man to know that he is not egotistic in making statements he does. He says them in a calm, deliberate, research sense, scientifically reasoning them out as a nodal point on which to base his thinking.

The more I watch the methods and processes used by this man, of recognizing the supremacy of the Innate within him, the more I see that that is the road to success. I would not call him genius, neither would I say he is

possessed of supernatural ability. I would say, though, that because of his taking adjustments since a boy, he is more in tune with the Infinite within him than are most of us mortals who came later into the picture and, because thereof, suffered more from subluxations than he did. He has lived a more normal and natural life than the most of us. Because of that, he is more natural in his method of living, suffering less with educated inhibitions than most of us. Perhaps that accounts for why he thinks issues differently, acts differently, and is more like what all of us would like to think and do, but fear criticism that arises when we do.

B.J. does not believe in predestination or foreordination—that certain people are born to do certain things. He believes that any man has the Innate potentials to do the same work in the same way he has done it. Circumstances of birth and environment had something to do with his success; but more than all that is the freedom of flow of Innate from within to the Educated without that was more natural in him than in most others.

Through all these past fifty-four years of being attacked on all sides on many and varied issues, he has remained the outstanding authority and recognized leader of Chiropractic. Many have tried to usurp his position on false premises and misrepresentations, but he always maintained that right would prevail in the long run and lies would defeat themselves, given time. He has never been known to swerve from being true to the fundamental Chiropractic principle and practice and it was this which richly brought him the sincere respect even of his worst enemies.

PREFACE

I KNOW a boy who started out in life fearfully handicapped.

He was \$8,000 in debt.

He started practicing as a Chiropractor, calling himself a doctor, at seventeen years of age.

Little was known about Chiropractic then.

He succeeded. Why?

Because Innate told him that in that backbone was *the* cause of *all* dis-ease; that the correction of the vertebral subluxation would get sick people well, and that was what sick people wanted; that getting sick people well was the patient's ultimate buying objective and it was the Innate's ultimate delivering objective.

He stuck to that principle and practice, never deviating from it one thought for one second of time from then to now.

The first twenty years of this boy's life were spent in being educated to hate people and everything they did or were connected with.

His mother died when he was 1½ years old. From then on, he was at the mercy of five cruel stepmothers, each worse than the one before.

Because of brutality at home, he was often forced to sleep in dry-goods boxes in alleys, often with the weather below zero, curled like a rat in a nest with paper packing, with open face of box backed up against brick walls; under kitchen sinks of hotels; or by boilers of boats on the Mississippi.

He worked for a time as floor scrubber, window-washer, spittoon cleaner, and special delivery boy for a department store in his home town, getting three dollars per week as salary. He used to take out five cents a week for a bag of peanuts. This was his only luxury, for which he regularly got a beating. He was a derelict football being kicked around.

This is just a beginning of tales he could tell of horrors of his early family and home life.

When in his teens, he was forced by circumstances beyond his control to begin his professional career as a Chiropractor, starting in his own home town where he once lived as an alley-cat and wharf-rat.

It was then he began to know what it was to face a hostile, belligerent, prejudiced home town folk. They considered him a fake, fraud, mountebank, a grafter on sick people. He was socially, commercially, professionally, and financially ignored by everybody.

The struggle to be recognized as a man amongst men, as a business man amongst business men; to be accepted as a financial pillar bringing millions

of foreign dollars into his home town every year; to be accepted socially in society; to be looked up to as worthy and well qualified in secret organizations—all this was denied him and constituted a bitter struggle of thirty years he had to go through.

Our purpose of touching some of these many phases of this colossal struggle, where he faced the music and refused to run away from any of it, where he grew up from boyhood to manhood in the same town, is to show from what this boy began, that you might compare it with today, demonstrating where he has gone.

As the Chiropractic movement grew from one city to every state, province, and nation; as Chiropractors multiplied from one to two, from two to many thousands; as patients increased from one man to millions daily; as the influence of millions who were sick got well—as all this continued to spread, it was taking dollars and bread from the medical man's pockets and putting them into those of the Chiropractor.

It was to be expected that medical men who had bolstered their position with strong legislation and endless court decisions would loosen their thunderbolts with legal persecutions and prosecutions under the language of and in violation of medical practice acts of "practicing medicine and/or osteopathy without a license so to do."

From early days, this man saw the necessity of banding together sincere men who had courage of their convictions, into a national group for the purposes of defense and protection. From the beginning of the old U.C.A. to date, more than 19,000 cases have been defended, under his guidance, in every state, province, and many foreign countries, from police courts to supreme courts, winning so consistently that such trials now are practically stopped.

One man spear-headed these movements of defense of cases and offense in legislation. He gathered about him groups of honest men who saw eye-to-eye with him. It was a long struggle but, Innate directing, how could we lose?

Who was behind this man, other men who banded themselves with him to accomplish these great super-human tasks? Was it the Innates in these men at work? A bit of Innate, being right, can overcome errors, evils, machinations, prejudices of thousands of medically educated legislators.

It was the necessity for the survival of a principle and practice vital to the welfare of men which had been overlooked and never found by medical men down through their centuries. Innate knew and Innate directed these campaigns. Innate knew this principle and practice now born and being developed had to be preserved in its purity for posterity.

While this struggle of prosecutions and defenses was going on, with this man traveling hither and thither as an expert witness for the defense, he was building a school worthy of Chiropractic; teaching classes of the purity of

the stream of thought; developing a philosophy, science, and art as strong as truth within itself demanded.

This required more courage, strength, and power than one mere man possessed. Where else could he turn to get more? Naturally, to the exhaustless and resourceful Innate within him that kept him spurred on, everlastingly on the job to see that it was done.

As if all this was not enough, he began toying with a radio station; at first, one—later, two—then, three, and even today two of these have developed into AM-FM-TV sections.

Would he have gone from away below the bottom to somewhere up the ladder, if he had not had the support, strength, and wisdom given him from some more superior source than his own? Could his early education of hating people have changed without the flow of love of humanity that comes from a source greater than his hatred? Only a power greater than anything his meager education gave; only a wisdom greater than all his opposition; only a personality within that knew better than he, could have possibly directed his footsteps and kept him keeping on climbing the hard road to overcome these gigantic obstacles, impediments, and handicaps.

While Innate within was relentlessly pursuing and pushing him forward and upward to accomplish his destiny, it was also causing him to multiply himself manyfold by bringing to him men of equal Innate values to help carry the load in many subdivisions. Some of them failed to live up to expectations; others carried the load for a while and then faltered; but a few of the tried and not-found-wanting remained down through the years. They became lieutenants of Innate to the Innate's general. To the observant, Innate was seen everywhere. To the non-observant, the success was called "luck," "chance," or "the exercise of good judgment." It *was* all these plus that Innate that was essential.

No wonder, then, this boy who is now a man can speak with emphasis and conviction of *what caused him to climb the ladder* beyond that of many men. No wonder he desires to pass on knowledge of this great directing force that he might help others to do as he has done, as he has done it.

His rise from an alley-rat to international fame; from a beggar for a bag of peanuts to a great fortune, is a Horatio Alger fairy tale—to educated men. To Innate, it is a mere incident in the passing, to fulfill some great scheme of things in the lives of living animate objects.

No wonder the proof of his life is an example, and his method of living which he has taught so many thousands, has been an inspiration to so many to "go thou and do likewise."

At seventeen, he "found himself."

This boy had no education.

Educationally, as the world understands it, he was far short.

Innately, he had the wisdom of the ages working for him, with him.

This boy was not educated as that term is commonly understood and believed necessary.

He claims to have a bit of knowledge and wisdom about the natural ways of life and living.

He had little schooling out of books, semesters, diplomas, etc.

He has had a tremendous opportunity to work with Innate in giving others a natural and normal understanding of life and health.

People who have sat at the feet of this boy, and now man, who have drunk at his fountain, and who accept his teachings, go away from here with something more than a formal education, more than a means of punching backbones, more than a means of making a living, more than amassing a fortune.

They have learned a better way to live with themselves and with others, a means and method of intercommunicating within themselves, to draw out from within the greater self that usually lies buried, thus developing a greater person with which to live throughout their more than normal span.

Educationally, he had problems.

Educationally, he didn't know or have the answers or solutions.

Whatever the problem is, it is no problem to Innate. It has been worked over millions of times, on millions of people, for millions of years.

That being true, why should he wonder and worry what the answer should be to meet some educated standard or to meet the quirps of educators' theories. If Innate knows a better answer, why not get it from Innate? One who has given the problem millions of years of study knows the fullest, most complete, and correct answer. Mere man who has given the problem but a few years of blank repetitious answers would not know it as well.

He did not *ask* Innate for the solution or answer. If he was entitled to know, Innate would tell him, in due course and at proper time, if he was receptive and willing to receive.

It is a fault of education to take precedence over Innate knowledge and/or wisdom.

We think we must rob Peter to pay Paul.

The more education we think we possess, the less Innate knowledge or wisdom we get or have to use.

Many a man who has little education possesses more Innate knowledge and wisdom and succeeds where men of great education fail.

There isn't a day but what this man runs into problems for which he seeks an answer.

Yesterday, he had one such.

He went to bed with it unsolved. He did not stew, or fuss, or feud with himself for the answer.

He knew Innate would tell him if he was entitled to know.

He went to sleep. At 2:00 A.M., he woke up. The answer was coming through.

He always has pads and pencils by his bed. He made notes then and there.

Ideas came faster than he could write. They were clear, concise, true.

Having written, he could now go to sleep again, quickly.

Had he not written them, Innate would have annoyed and kept pestering him until he did.

Having had this experience many times and frequently, he no longer avoids Innate when it wants him to record its opinions.

In the morning, he filled in the outline writing it out in full. He was pleased, satisfied. So was Innate.

Innate, knowing he was receiving, will gladly come again when he needs it.

Had he ignored Innate then and there, Innate would ignore him in the future on other problems.

Any time he disregards advice and counsel of Innate, he loses.

Whenever he places his education over and above Innate's, he loses.

When he becomes egotistical and thinks he knows more than Innate, he loses.

When he becomes humble and lets Innate direct, he wins.

A problem is presented him. He very often gives a quick, decided, emphatic answer in a second of time. Some call this "snap judgment." It isn't. Innate has prompted him what to say.

We call all this common sense, horse sense, hunches, intuition, or what have you.

What does he know about how to run a cafeteria? Innate does!

The sole idea of running a cafeteria here is to produce a service to the people he serves. In this, our cafeteria does many things for our student body.

If this chap had been obliged to attend a 4-years-of-9-months cafeteria school on *how to serve meals in a cafeteria*, to secure a *how to serve meals in a cafeteria* education, to graduate, to secure a diploma on *how to serve meals in a cafeteria*, and was then compelled to appear before a *how to serve meals in a cafeteria* State Board, to take an examination, to secure a license, before he could serve that first meal to a hungry student body in his school, he wouldn't be serving meals yet.

It takes no great education to know that simple solution to a problem.

What does he know about how to run a printing plant? Innate tells him!

The purpose of his printing plant is to produce Chiropractic literature, to educate people to what Chiropractic is, to carry the gospel into the

highways and by-ways, to produce more Chiropractic patients for Chiropractic graduates.

Every printing plant has apprentices, printer's devils. They must go through a long period of schooling to know how to do things necessary to produce printery products. He never had one day or years of schooling, yet he runs a printing plant, fully equipped, and produces mighty fine products of the printer's art.

If this chap had been obliged to attend a 4-years-of-9-months printing school, on *how to set type and run a printing plant*, to secure a *how to set type and run a printing plant* education, to graduate, to secure a diploma on *how to set type and run a printing plant*, and was then compelled to appear before a *how to set type and run a printing plant* State Board, take an examination, to prove his proficiency, to secure a license, before he could set his first stick of type, run a press, or feed paper into them—he wouldn't be running a printing plant yet.

What does he know about how to build a school? So he builds one along lines Innate tells him.

He knows no more about how to run a school than does any child in its crib.

Many a university professor, college graduate, and otherwise educated men have sat at the feet of this educationally-ignorant president of this institution. They have criticized his methods and means, many times, many ways; yet they come, absorb his ideas, go out and succeed or fail in exact ratio as they accept or reject the teachings of this man whom they call ignorant because he is not supposed to know how to run a school.

Most frequently the ignorant president of this institution rejects most of the educated man's ideas.

If this chap had been obliged to attend a 4-years-of-9-months college or university on *how to teach and run a school*, to secure a *how to teach and run a school* education, to secure a diploma on *how to teach and run a school*, and was then compelled to appear before a *how to teach and run a school* State Board, take an examination, to prove his proficiency and efficiency, to secure a license, before he could build a school or teach his first class—he wouldn't be teaching now nor would he have one of the many buildings in which to teach students how to get sick people well; nor would any of you Chiropractors be where you are, because The Dear Old P.S.C. was the *first* Chiropractic school—the *Chiropractic fountain head*.

Running through the warp and woof of this controversy, still remains the fact that, had these educated men been a success in their chosen work, they would not be here. Had the ignorant president of this institution been a failure in running this school, he would probably be teaching in some school the little that he thought he knew, and drawing down a pittance of a salary for so doing.

The reason why educated men come here to sit at the feet of the ignorant president is to learn what the president knows, hoping they can go out and make a better success of their lives than that which they had been formerly doing. And it frequently turns out that way.

This president had a heritage of Chiropractic to give to the world of sick people. When *Chiropractic* is kept uppermind, it is kept clear of any and all entangling alliances, kept pure and clear at its fountain head stream. When P.S.C. is run in accordance with that in mind, running a school is simple and easy.

There are thirty-two "Palmer Enterprises" which this man supervises: A school of 1500 students; the world's largest private Chiropractic clinic; a cafeteria serving 2,000 meals daily; a printing plant using a carload of paper per month; a factory manufacturing an instrument in general use by Chiropractors; another factory for X-ray equipment; two radio stations (WOC and WHO) with AM-FM-TV; a 25 per cent interest in a third (KMA); president of the International Chiropractors Association, with legal and legislative problems; A Little Bit O' Heaven, with oriental gardens; a circus museum; rose gardens for public pleasure; clinic gardens; five farms; plays pipe organ on the \$75,000 organ in his home; lectures on varied and multiple subjects and prints many of his lectures for public consumption; has talked to varied and many organizations in this and other countries; he has traveled 1,325,000 miles (1949) around the world in recent years.

Speaking of having a pipe organ in B.J.'s home, I remember of his telling how, when he was a kid, he used to pump the pipe organ in the First Methodist Church which was then across the street from where the Palmer campus is now, which is now the Hastings Apartment. He got five cents an hour. It was one of those up-and-down pump handle affairs and when the organist had on the full organ it was all B.J. could do to pump it fast enough to keep enough air to keep it going.

He maintains a free public clinic. The number of patients cared for and the value of service rendered follows:

Year	Number of Patients	Total Charges
Sept. 1, 1942, to Sept. 1, 1943.....	5,848	\$ 193,251.00
Sept. 1, 1943, to Sept. 1, 1944.....	6,178	217,489.50
Sept. 1, 1944, to Sept. 1, 1945.....	8,252	315,585.00
Sept. 1, 1945, to Sept. 1, 1946.....	5,552	632,858.50
Sept. 1, 1946, to Sept. 1, 1947.....	33,199	1,358,108.50
Sept. 1, 1947, to Sept. 1, 1948.....	29,012	1,179,907.75

(Above figures indicate number of patients given free service in *The PSC Public Clinic* as well as the actual value of that free public service rendered these patients. Figures are based on annual reports of the Director of this clinic.)

Public clinic service is free to the sick. Rate charged against patient

is low and consistent with overhead cost. No "drive" is ever put on, neither was this valuation contributed in any part by any local community or private endowment. It was this man's contribution to the health welfare of the community in which he lives. Figures prove it was no small service rendered annually.

He maintains two spinograph and X-ray departments in which, since 1910, more than 1,300,000 X-rays have been exposed.

B.J. is often referred to as "peculiar," "unusual," "different." He does many things differently than anybody else. When you get his slant on why he does what he does, as he does it, it becomes a practical application of his life.

On the walls of his many buildings, outside and inside, are epigrams. In elevator shafts, cafeteria, printing plant, down stair wells, toilets, on "Up-E-Nuf" tower, in fact, everywhere. Why?

One of them explains: "Why these epigrams?

What is before you, you see.

What you see, you read.

What you read, you think.

What you think, you act.

What you act, is you!"

Another says: "Anything I do, you don't do, is queer. Queer, isn't it?"

In the ladies toilet off the cafeteria: "Beauty is only skin deep. Many people need peeling."

On the Memorial Building smoke stack: "Keep Smiling
Equal Rights."

On the huge clock on the sidewalk there are others.

On chimes tower: "Is life worth living? That depends on the liver!"

Hundreds everywhere. B.J. believes in making bare walls work. Many people go about copying them in note books. In self-defense, he printed them in a book titled *As A Man Thinketh*.

On top of Administration Building is a set of Deagen chimes which are played daily. Why? To smooth out the wrinkles on the business man's brow, to harmonize worries and to make life more pleasant.

Many thousands of visitors come annually to wander through A Little Bit O' Heaven, Palmer Campus, Memorial Building, Administration Building, Radio Station WOC, PSC Printing Plant, Palmer School Cafeteria, PSC Class Room Building, B. J. Palmer Chiropractic Clinic, Clinic Gardens, Rose Gardens, Circus Museum, etc.

B.J. often quotes Elbert Hubbard who said: "Every great institution is the lengthened shadow of a single man."

B.J. says he was wrong, for he should have said: "Every great institution is the lengthened shadow of a *married* man."

One of the remarkable facets of this man is his innate ability to switch from one conference to another, from one subject to another, retaining a full understanding of the intricate details of each. In conference, he quickly drops one type and picks up another of a different type. His executives wonder how he does it, even when they find it difficult to follow the one line they are directly connected with.

Each year, for many years, The PSC of which this man is president, holds an annual one week Pre-Lyceum Post-Graduate Course, a two-day National Convention of the International Chiropractors' Association, of which he is president, a five-day Lyceum, as well as a two-day conference of the G-P-C movement. Speakers of national and international fame speak before these gatherings. Lecture sessions are held mornings, afternoons, and evenings. B. J. Palmer is the key-noter, opening the meetings on Sunday evening. In recent years, the registration has exceeded 5,000 who come here once a year to learn of the latest developments and advances made in Chiropractic for that year.

A specially made fire-proof tent, 100' x 120', owned by The P.S.C. is erected on school grounds.

The following was an editorial in *The Davenport Democrat*, August 27, 1946:

"B.J."—HUMAN DYNAMO

Fifty years ago a new science was given birth in Davenport. At the time it was unknown beyond the boundaries of Davenport and but scantily recognized here at home. Today this science is known the world over and has practitioners on every part of the globe. It is called Chiropractic, founded by the late D. D. Palmer and developed to its present magnitude through the master mind of the son of the founder, Dr. B. J. Palmer.

Many Davenporters will remember the early trials and tribulations of "B.J." as he labored day and night to put over something he had outlined as his life work. He was both persecuted and prosecuted by his adversaries. But that is no more, for "B.J." has won out through his tireless efforts and labors in behalf of the work he set out to do. Instead of enemies, "B.J." has only friends today.

This week, on the 50th anniversary of Chiropractic, over 5,000 visitors from every state of the union and from many foreign countries, are assembled in Davenport to attend the annual Lyceum and Homecoming and to do honor to Dr. B. J. Palmer.

Both as an individual and through his various enterprises, "B.J." has contributed more to the prosperity and welfare of this community than any other individual. Over 20,000 men and women have graduated from his school. These during the years of their residence here have spent millions of dollars. Radio station WOC, erected by Dr. Palmer, was one of the first outstanding radio stations of the country and has done more to advertise Davenport than any other agency. His "Little Bit O' Heaven" has been visited and admired by hundreds of thousands.

Today Davenport extends a hearty welcome to the thousands of Chiropractors who are visitors in the city. They are a fine class of people, alert and enthusiastic in their work. Many of them are occupying positions of importance in their home cities, as well as practicing their chosen profession. And in Davenport at this time they are constituting one of the most impressive gatherings the city has ever known.

Today, Chiropractic is known the world over, and so is Dr. B. J. Palmer. What he has done for Davenport, he has likewise performed for the Chiropractors of the world. To all of them he has been a friend and benefactor.

"B.J." may be small in stature, but oh my, what a giant in intellect and perseverance. He is a human dynamo, and never runs out of power.

And once again, we say, "Welcome Chiropractors!"

The Daily Times (Davenport, August 21, 1948) had a full page story with six large cuts, with the following heading:

PALMER DOMAIN GROWS WITH DAVENPORT,
LOOKS TO NEW PROGRESS

FM and \$500,000 Television Installation Are Next Steps in Operating Radio Stations.

List of Family Accomplishments Began With Founding of Chiropractic in 1895,
Lengthens Under B.J.'s Leadership.

Deep-rooted in the history of Davenport, and a strong, vital element in the city's development, is the story of the Palmer family and its far-reaching business interests.

The story is largely that of B. J. Palmer, whose dynamic personality is behind every phase of a two-and-half-million-dollar empire, comprising the Palmer School of Chiropractic; the Tri-City Broadcasting Co., operators of Station WOC; and the Central Broadcasting Co., operators of Station WHO, Des Moines.

These business and professional developments gave Davenport the first broadcasting station west of the Mississippi river (WOC in 1919), the state of Iowa its largest radio station (WHO, 50,000 watts), and have spread the name of Davenport into every corner of the world through more than 13,000 Palmer school graduates.

The List Grows

The list of B. J. Palmer's accomplishments is destined to grow even longer.

With an ear keenly tuned to scientific progress, he already has laid the groundwork for the quad-cities' first television station, which will become a reality within two years.

To be known as WOC-TV, the television station, along with both AM and FM broadcasting facilities, will be housed in a building at 805 Brady Street, across the street from the B. J. Palmer residence.

Purchased for \$42,000, the building is the former Ed Ryan home and is now in the process of being remodeled.

The cost of installing television facilities is estimated at \$500,000. The outlet here will be connected to network programs by means of a series of relay stations to be erected between Davenport and Chicago at 20-mile intervals.

Modest Beginning

The Palmer domain of the present started under modest circumstances in 1895, when D. D. Palmer, father of B.J., founded Chiropractic and opened an office on the top floor of what is now the Scharff building, Second and Brady Streets.

Leader

His father's death in 1913 launched B. J. Palmer on a career remarkable in its ambition and determination. He became the established leader of Chiropractic, and has maintained that position through the years.

He has written virtually an entire library on general and technical aspects of his profession, and he estimates his travels over the world to the extent of more than 1,206,000 miles (3/49).

Besides building his schools and radio stations to their present condition, he has become known throughout the world as a collector of rare historic items.

With infinite patience, he built "A Little Bit O' Heaven," his famed Asiatic garden which has attracted over one and one-half million visitors since it was opened to the public in 1924.

Up until 1935, Chiropractic was empirical and arbitrary, resting largely if not almost entirely upon the divergent ideas of differing men. Each leader had his own opinion and founded schools around it. Each differed radically from any other. Each had his individual following. The Chiropractic profession was divided into camps, each strenuously advocating his theories were right, all others wrong.

In 1935, this man determined to take all theories into the scientific laboratory and prove them right or wrong. To this end, this man built a million dollar research clinic. He built this into a personal clinic where he took sick people of all types and ages; equipped it with every known standard scientific device, tested every phase of his thinking as well as others', proving each right or wrong. He sought facts and secured them. Many ideas he

wanted to prove or disprove; there was no equipment made. He developed new automatic mechanical graphing methods to record the necessary data.

He built this clinic with two dual objectives: 1st, to use medical instrumentation used by established medical clinics, to secure medical data to the end that medical men could not or would not dispute his findings; 2nd, to use Chiropractic instrumentation in accordance with the Chiropractic principle and practice, introducing some that were original in securing new data never secured before by any institution. Then, by introducing the Chiropractic adjustment in line with those findings, check back on the disappearance of the medical findings to prove that Chiropractic alone could correct conditions which medical men found incurable or unable to help.

Today, this clinic takes worse cases, failures by medical men, and gets them well quicker at less expense to the patient than by any other method known.

He introduced many innovations in securing data not in use by any other research clinic in the world, the most notable being that his staff checked back on every case, with every instrumentation in use, every week, on both medical and Chiropractic processes, proving the efficiency of Chiropractic in making well medically proven conditions. In two processes these checks were made only every two weeks.

After fourteen years of securing data on thousands of cases, he is now having this mass of data broken down into medical and Chiropractic statistics to prove the efficacy of the Chiropractic adjustment to get cases well which medical men said could not be done. Data secured, information revealed, and methods they proved necessary, proved that the right Chiropractic principle and practice actually worked.

How did this man, who had no clinical experience or education, who did not know the use of any medical equipment or its relative value, build one of the most practical clinics anywhere? To one who did not know the Innate source of this man's thinking and guiding mentality, they would believe he was prophetic in his visions and almost uncanny foresight.

In a broad sense, this Clinic was established to act as a testing ground for the medical man's educated ideas and failure cases, versus the Chiropractic Innate knowledge and wisdom to see which was better on the same cases. The result is so well established that it now goes without saying.

Later on, when you read his *The Bigness of the Fellow Within*, you will see that, to him, Innate is a practical workable personality; something tangible to help man get well. It is not a vagary or theory with him.

I am fully and firmly convinced that B.J. has a more clear and correct knowledge of how man runs and works, both normal and abnormal, than any other man I have ever studied or read. His knowledge is extremely simple but uncanny to most of us, to say the least. In making this statement, I infer he could not and would not dumbfound the symptomatologist, pathologist, or diagnostician; but he could hold them aghast at his true

concepts of man from cause *to* any effect. To listen to B.J. explain *cause* of dis-ease recalls to mind the scriptural study of Christ dumbfounding the priests of the temple.

What does he know about farming? Innate knows and Innate tells him.

In addition to five farms, this man started years ago to acquire property. His Innate told him he would expand and so would his business interests. He started with one piece, 828 Brady; later, 834 Brady, then 808 Brady, then 1000 Brady, 1002, to 1100 Brady. Then he went around the corner to Main Street, getting two adjoining properties. Recently, he bought 805 to 811 Brady, across the street, for radio station WOC. Altogether, he owns 1712 running feet of property with fire-proof or remodeled buildings thereon, all of which is only eight blocks from the center of Davenport's business district. He started the same way at Des Moines, renting first, then buying one piece of property, and keeping on until he now has one quarter block covered with buildings, in downtown Des Moines, for radio station WHO; also, allowing for future expansion, between 30th and 31st streets on Grand Avenue, in Des Moines, one piece of property 332 feet front by 1275 deep without intervening streets or alleys, as well as another across the street 150' x 698'.

Some people might call this vision or foresight. He says Innate told him to!

What does he know, or what did he know thirty years ago (1919-1949) about radio—when it was cat's whiskers and head phones? Yet, Innate knew all about it and told him to go ahead.

I have known for years that B.J. stood ace-high with radio men. I knew he was invited to address the Canadian Broadcasters Association at Montreal, at the solicitation of its president. I knew he was regarded highly by radio men and radio agencies of all classifications in all nets, as well as the personnel of individual stations. But I never knew how well he stood with top officials of National Broadcasting Company in New York, Chicago, and Hollywood, until one day I was with him in New York. He received a personal call from Niles Trammell, President of NBC, to have lunch with him in his private dining suite in Radio City. He invited me to go with him.

It was there I was told this story:

When Central Broadcasting Company was being formed, it called for an amalgamation of WOC (Davenport, 5,000 watts) and WHO (Des Moines, 5,000 watts). B.J. lacked \$35,000 to put the deal over. The Bechtels, bankers of Davenport, loaned him the money, but in so doing they exercised two options. To insure WHO (Des Moines, now 50,000 watts) as an outlet for National Broadcasting Company net shows, NBC bought this \$35,000 option from the Bechtels. B.J. was in no way under obligation to buy this option back from NBC. He felt it was a moral obligation. He asked for and paid it. It was granted with surprise by legal counsel of

NBC because it was almost unheard of to think that an affiliate station would want to buy back \$35,000 when there was no obligation to do so. When consummated, it brought B.J.'s sense of fairness, justice, and moral responsibility tops in the minds of all connected with NBC.

B.J. never bothers Mr. Trammell when in New York unless he has business needing attention. In spite of this, every time Niles knows B.J. is in town, he calls *and insists* that B.J. have lunch with him, whether or not he has business. It is a personal matter with Niles and he regards it as a favor to have B.J. lunch with him.

The buying of this option has paid dividends many times. During Lyceum, 1948, Mr. Trammell granted B.J. a fifteen-minute net schedule, coast to coast, for a Lyceum talk.

I asked B.J. why he did this. He said: "Innate told me it was the right thing to do; therefore, I followed the suggestion of my Innate. What else could I do?"

The career of B.J., his many accomplishments, are so varied that I felt to *know* the man you had to *know* some things he has done, as he has done them, and his reasons for doing them.

Who could tell them better than he who lived them, struggled through the hard way?

From time to time, I recalled some issues I thought important enough to ask him to reveal what was behind his activity. As I thought of certain issues, I recalled when and where we had discussed them. I asked him to rewrite them, giving us the value of his experiences.

Pursuant to that thought, here are some "stories" I asked him to put into words—not only give us the story behind the story, but tell where he got the courage to go through with them—the revelation he followed from the dictates of his uninhibited Innate within.

He has titled each a "story." After you have read them, read *The Bigness of the Fellow Within*, which follows, as B.J. alone could write it. You will see the man revealed in his great understanding.

HERBERT C. HENDER.

FOREWORD

AT THE BEGINNING, we anticipate this subject, as presented, will be taken at face value and understood by some, even to many of our profession. Many, in our opinion, possess many preconceived ideas which need reconstruction.

We record our knowledge, gained through research, of the underlying fundamentals upon which Chiropractic rests as promulgated by our father but never clearly explained by him. By careful reading of his writings, gleanings of these ideas are apparent.

To be consistent with the objective of this talk, it is written with *we* and *us* in mind. Ordinarily, "we" and "us" imply and are understood to be *two* distinctly different and separate persons. Ordinarily, "I" implies *one* fellow who lives in a material body and runs it. Whenever and wherever "I" is used, we refer to the educated fellow who thinks, speaks and writes for himself alone as one of the two fellows he is. He does so within the limitations of his education. This book, so far as the author is concerned, writes from the duality of personalities—the inseparable, indivisible, Siamese-twin personalities living in the one structure—the Innate and Educated individualities.

It will be difficult for the reader, as he reads "we," to think "we," because he will constantly interpret it into the ordinary channels of thought of *two* different and separate people. To read this book and gain the viewpoint of its author, the reader must know the "we" or *he* will fail to gain the fundamental purpose of this book.

B. J. PALMER.

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CHAPTER 1

THE STORY OF "THAT SOMETHING"

THEN RANDOLPH turned to me.

"Man, write that story you've told us. Write it so that every man may read. Send that message out into the world. If men will read that story, read and re-read, until it is written on their memories, if men will believe the message you bring, and then if they will but awaken that something within their souls that now lies asleep—I say if you can make men do this, you will have done more for mankind than any man or any thousand men have done in many, many years. Write it, man, write it word for word as you have told it here, so every man may read. Write it, man, write it."

And so it has been written.

This happened a long, long time ago.

I never see a man limp without thinking of that day.

The sky wept.

No rift of brighter color broke the drabness of it.

I thought the universe wept.

That was my outlook.

The very times were in misery.

Men were out of work.

I was one of them.

I had slept the night before on the cold, cement floor of the city's jail. I slept as a tired dog sleeps, a dog worn out with a fruitless chase. All of the night before, I had walked, walked, walked—my pride keeping me from this place. And so the day had found me walking, aimlessly, looking only for food, shelter and work. This could not last forever, so that night I had stumbled down the low, narrow hallway of the jail, and been let into a barred cell with a hundred others. And there I had lain as one dead, on the cold, hard floor.

But it is of the day that followed that night in jail that you shall hear.

For that was the day of my life.

It was then I found "*That Something*."

My feet were very tired. My soul wept with the sky.

I stood, as in a wilderness alone, on the corner of a great thoroughfare in a great city.

And then a man stopped by my side. He was of my height and build. I caught a glimpse of his face. I thought that this man might have been myself, if . . .

But my present need drove out reflections. I laid my hand on his arm. "I am hungry," I said simply.

He turned slowly and looked at me. First his gaze took in every detail of the outer man, from my water-soaked cap to my poor, cracked shoes. And then, through my eyes, he seemed to search my soul.

I stood there ashamed. I laugh when I think of that now, but it was different then.

"Well," he said presently, "suppose you were fed. What then?" I shifted my weight from one tired foot to the other. "I'd try to get a job somewhere," I muttered after a moment. "You'd try?" he asked. "Yes, try," I answered, "although there is little chance. Nobody wants men now. I'll try, sir. But I don't care for that now—it's food I want. I'm hungry. Can you help me?"

"No," he answered, a note of pity in his voice. "I cannot help you. No man can." "But you could feed me," I said, with some petulance in my voice. "It is not food you need!" "What then?" I asked. "*That Something*," was his reply.

A man joined him. They began talking of matters of mutual interest. I was shuffling away through the drizzling, miserable rain, when he called me back and handed me his card. "Man, go find '*That Something*,'" he said, "and when you've found it, come to me." "Come to you for what?" I asked. "To thank me," was his answer, and he and his friend passed on.

There were two words that stuck in my memory. "*That Something!*" I fell to wondering. I turned into a pool room, and found a seat. I sat there thinking. The balls on the tables before me clicked nickels away from men who could ill afford the pleasures of the place. I sat there a long, long time. There was nowhere else to go.

Ahead of me I saw another night in jail. Yet the day seemed longer than the night. It was warm in there. The hum of voices, the regular click, click, click of ivory, the occasional thumping of cue on marble floor—all this in time developed into a dull chorus of monotony. And then I fell asleep.

I believe in God. I believe in miracles. I believe in visions as well. But it is only natural that I should have dreamed of "*That Something*"—so perhaps it was neither miracle nor vision.

You will think it a foolish dream; yet it changed my life. That's reason enough for the telling. You may laugh at it scornfully; then my dream will do you no good. You may see in it what I saw; *then* you will take your place with the masters of men.

This was my dream: I dreamed that I awoke! That is the most wonderful part of the dream; for in my dream I realized that I had been asleep—

a long, long sleep from the very beginning of things—and I saw myself, there in the pool room, asleep. Then I saw myself start, my eyes opened, and I dreamed that I *saw*.

"What awakened me?" I asked in my dream. "You awakened yourself," answered a voice nearby. I turned about, but no one was near. "Who are you?" I asked. "I am '*That Something*,'" came the reply. "But where are you?" "I am hidden in your soul."

For some moments I thought over what was said. Then I stammered, "How—how did you get there?" "I was born there." "Why have I not known you were there before?" "No man knows it," answered the voice, "until he awakes." "Are you in other men's souls, as well?" "There is '*That Something*' in every man's soul, which can move the mountains or dry the seas." "Then you must be Faith!" "Yes," came the answer, "I am Faith, but I am more—I am that which makes men face the fires of hell, and win." "Then you must be Confidence, as well." "Yes, I am more than Confidence—I am that which makes the babbling brooks lift worlds upon their wavelets." "You are Power," I cried. "Yes, I am more than Power," answered the voice. "I am that which makes the wretched failure lift up himself and rule the world." "You are Ambition—I know you now." "Yes, I am all you say—Faith, Confidence, Power, Ambition, and more. For greater than all is '*That Something*.' I am that which every man must find in his soul or else he will be but a clutterer of the earth on which he lives."

"But how can man find you?" "Even as you are finding me now. First you must awaken, then seek, and when you have found you must learn to control . . ." "Control what?" I asked, confused. "'*That Something*' . . . borrow it from your soul and baptize your life with it. Anoint your eyes, that you may see; anoint your ears, that you may hear; anoint your heart, that you may *be*!"

"But tell me," I cried frantically, for the voice was trailing off to almost nothing, "how can I do this? How? How?" "This is the secret," came the voice to me as the whisper of a gentle breeze, "these words—'*I will*'."

And then I awoke with a start. A man was shaking me roughly. "Clear out of here! We ain't running no free rooming house for bums. If you want to sleep, take a sleeper, but get out of here." "I will," I answered unthinkingly, as I turned towards the door. "*I will*."

My words brought back the dream vividly. I stood in the doorway, peering out into the rain. A boy with a dozen bundles stopped near me to shift his load. "I'll help you, son," I said, and laughed gladly as I took half his load and started with him down the street. "Gee, mister, dat's pretty square of you, all right. How far are you going this way?" "Where are you taking these things?" I asked. He told me. "Why, that's right where I'm going," I answered in mock surprise. And so we hurried on our way.

It was then the clouds overhead began to break. Before we had gone half way, the sun peeped out and the boy laughed with the pure delight of it. "By golly, mister, she's going to be some handsome day tomorrow, ain't it?" "*I will*," I answered absently. He looked up at me, startled by my answer, started to ask a question, thought better of it, and, giving me another queer look, trudged on in silence.

When he had delivered his packages, he turned back towards the thoroughfare; and he asked me, with the innocent impertinence of boyhood: "Say, mister, where do you work?" "Why, I'm working for you right now. It's good to work, don't you think?" "But ain't you got no steady job?" "Yes," I answered firmly, "*I will*." Again he cast a queer look and quickened his pace.

We went together to the store at which he worked. It was the largest in the city. We hurried through a doorway at the rear, and I found myself in a large room. A man stepped up to me and asked what I wanted. "I have come here to work." "What department? Who sent you?"

There were many men in there, packing boxes. Before I could answer his question, someone called him and he hurried away. I took off my coat, hung it on a nail, and started to work, following the example of those near me. A half hour later, the man who first accosted me passed. "Oh," he said, "so they put you at it while I was gone, did they?" "I'm doing my best, sir," I answered as I drove a nail with a bang.

And so I worked until six o'clock. The sun was very bright outside. When the six o'clock bell rang, the men began filing by the clock. "What about the clock?" I asked the man in charge. "Didn't they give you a number?" "No." Then I told him my name, he gave me a number, and I punched out.

The boy was waiting for me at the door. "How'd you get the job?" he asked curiously. "That was secured for me before I showed up there." "Who got it for you?" "*That Something*," was my answer. "Aw, quit stringing me. How'd you get on? I seen a dozen men trying to get in on that work this morning and they was all turned down." "But," I explained with a smile, "they had never found '*That Something*.'" He again favored me with a queer look.

"Where do you live?" he asked finally. "I am going to find a place now." "Well, my maw keeps a boarding house—why don't you come up to my place?"

There was but one other boarder. He was a professor of a number of ology branches at a nearby denominational college. He was a little man, with unreasonable hair on his face and very little on his head. He wore thick glasses perched on a beaked nose. His eyes were small and black like shoe buttons. He watched me as I ate. When the meal was finished, he invited me to sit with him in his room.

"I hope you don't mind my prying," said he, "but I have been trying to

figure you out." "Yes?" "I have come to the conclusion that you are a student of sociology." I laughed. "Bobby tells us you are packing boxes down at his store." I nodded assent. "Then of course it is for the study of the conditions of the working masses that you are down there." "Yes," I admitted, "I am very much interested in conditions of the masses right now." "Then you can help me; I am writing a series of papers on that very subject. Will you answer me this, please. What is it that keeps the underdog down? What is it that the upper ten possess that the under ten thousand do not have?" "Why, it's '*That Something*,'" I answered. "What do you mean? Education? Environment?"

Before my mind was flashed the picture of my boyhood. I saw my room on the top floor of a city block building. I saw myself sleeping in drygoods boxes in alleys, and by the boilers in boats on the river. Yes, I was an alley-cat and a wharf-rat. I saw myself placed at the mercy of five stepmothers and a father engrossed in his science. I saw myself working, gaining little or no schooling. And then, in the twinkling of an eye, the scene changed and I saw that awful room, with a hundred men lying around me on the cold, hard floor.

"No," I answered thoughtfully, "it is neither of those things. '*That Something*' is entirely different. I don't know just what it is, but I am going to find it, pin it down, and then I will tell you more of it."

As I looked into his face, I noticed the same puzzled expression the boy had worn. So, by mutual consent, the subject was changed and we talked of trivial things.

For a week or more, I packed boxes and drove nails. I was a good packer. I made '*That Something*' work with me all the time.

One day, I noticed the shipping clerk had more work than he could handle. There were idle men in the department. They could do nothing until he checked up to them.

I laid down my hammer, walked over to where he stood, and said, "I am to help you this afternoon." He looked up with a start. "Oh," he exclaimed. "Well, that's good. I'm glad they have sense enough to give me somebody to help out, at last." He handed me a bunch of papers and made room for me at the desk.

The superintendent of the department was out of the room at the time. Presently he returned and glanced at me curiously. "So they've got you helping Dickey?" he said. I shrugged my shoulders without looking up, and continued figuring.

When I left the room that night, the superintendent of the department joined me. "Say," he said, "I never did get onto how you were put in there. What's the idea? Working through to learn the business?" "Yes," I answered with confidence, "just that. I am to learn every detail of it." "I

thought something of the kind. To which one of 'em are you related?" "I do not think it wise to discuss that at this time," was my answer. "Oh sure," he hastened to say, "I don't mean to be inquisitive. Anything I can do to help you, let me know." And then he left me.

The shipping clerk was a bright young fellow. I liked him, and he liked me. One day, shortly after I had received my first raise in wages, he came to me with a problem. That night I stayed down with him and we worked it out together. We soon got in the habit of staying down one night each week, working over his systems.

He lacked originality. I helped him. He had been doing things just like the fellow before him. The business had been growing rapidly—practically doubled. We worked out an improved system. We drew up forms; planned out every detail. One day he carried our plans to the man in authority.

There came up a question which the shipping clerk did not quite understand, so they sent for me. My approach was far different from that of the sniveling beggar who had asked the man on the street corner for food.

The man in authority looked at me in surprise. "Who are you?" I handed him my card. "You are packing boxes?" he asked in surprise. "I am in the packing room—temporarily."

Then he went over the shipping clerk's plans in detail. "I think they're all right. I'll have these forms sent to the printer in the morning," said the man in authority.

As we turned to leave the office, he called me back. "How long have you been in the packing rooms?" "Sixty-three days," I answered. "You've been there long enough. There is nothing more for you to learn there, is there?" "No." He studied me for a while in silence. "Funny neither of them has said anything about you," he said at length, speaking half to himself. "I suppose the old man's idea was for you to work out your own salvation—is that it?" "In a way," I replied. "What any man accomplishes must eventually come from *'That Something'* within him."

He pondered this for a moment. Then he scrawled a few words on a piece of paper. "Hand that to Perkins in the Auditing Department tomorrow morning and we'll see how you show up there." I thanked him and turned to leave the room. "And say," calling me back; "better forget about my having said anything about your relations with the old man. After all, you see, it's none of my business." "Certainly," I answered, and left the room.

Three months later, I left Bob's mother's boarding house. It hurt me to do this. She had been almost a mother to me. There was a home life about the place which I had learned to love. Even the little hairy Ology Professor and his fanciful theories had become dear to me. But *'That Something'* demanded that I move on. So I moved on up the hill.

I arranged for a room at a quiet boarding house. It was at the suggestion of the man in authority that I chose his boarding house. So we became

acquaintances, then friends; and never once did the man in authority mention the fact that I was "learning the business."

And so a year rolled 'round. It was the time Perkins took his vacation. I was given the place until he returned. One day the old man came into the office. He looked at me keenly. Soon the man in authority came in; the old man called him aside. I overheard a portion of their conversation. "Who's the man at Perkins' desk?" the old man asked. The man in authority mentioned my name. "Funny I never heard of him before." The man in authority gasped. The rest was spoken in guarded tones, and I heard no word further.

That night, the man in authority came into my sitting room.

"Say," he began, "you've certainly got me locoed or something of the sort. I have been figuring you out all along as a ward or a long lost cousin of the old man. Now, today he comes in and jumps on me about putting you in this place of responsibility without first knowing all about you. Of course, I know you're all right but, by Jupiter, I'm placed in a deucedly unholy kind of light."

"What's all the trouble?" I asked. "My work going wrong?"

"I should say not; but that's aside from the question. What's got me going is how the dickens you did it. How you got to hold down the most responsible job on the works without anybody knowing just what you really are. Tell me about yourself, will you?"

"I was born of poor but honest parents in a small coal-mining town of What Cheer, Iowa, in the year 1881. My father peddled fish in a wheelbarrow; my mother died when I was one and one-half years old—".

"Oh, cut that bunk. Tell me to whom you are related, or who is backing you up. It's pull that counts these days. Who gave you your start with the company?"

I leaned back in my leather Morris chair. Memory brought back the picture of that drab day of just one year before. And that brought to my mind the card that had been given me.

I had not thought of it before until that minute. I arose, went to a closet where hung the very suit I had worn on that eventful day. I had kept it as a souvenir of my awakening. As I had hoped, the card was in a pocket of the shabby vest. For the first time, I read the name engraved thereon:

MATTHEW MORRISON RANDOLPH
BONDS

I handed the card to the man in authority. He read it with wandering eyes. Now, Randolph was the silent partner of the business.

Impossible coincidence? You may think so. I know men who believe success is impossible. And to *them*, success is impossible. And so perhaps you believe this impossible. But I tell you it as it happened.

"Funny Randolph never mentioned your name to the old man. Anyway, I wish I'd known this when he was talking about you today." "I'm glad you didn't," I answered with a short laugh. "Why?" he asked, puzzled. "Go there to the phone and call up Randolph. I think he'll tell you why." "But—" he began. "Go on and call him up. I want you to," I insisted.

In a moment, Randolph was on the line.

"Ask him," I insisted. The man in authority did so. I watched the changing expressions on his face. "You—say—you—never—heard—of—the—man!" gasped the man in authority. "Why, he's holding down the most responsible job on the place."

"Better let me talk to Mr. Randolph," I interrupted. His hand was trembling as he surrendered the phone.

"Mr. Randolph," I said, "I know you do not remember my name, for I am quite sure you have never heard it. You may remember, however, one miserable day a year ago when a beggar asked you for food."

"Well, go on," came a crisp voice over the phone.

"You may also remember telling that beggar that it was not food he needed—it was '*That Something*,' and that alone. Well, Mr. Randolph, I am the beggar to whom you spoke and I have found '*That Something*.' I have learned to use it, and I want to thank you for having shown me the way. When may I have the opportunity of telling you about it?"

An hour later the story you have just heard was told to a strange trio: the man in authority, the professor of ologies, and Matthew Morrison Randolph. From time to time, as I told the tale, Randolph nodded his head in approval and I noticed a strange light begin to glow in the little professor's eyes. When I had finished, we sat for a long time in silence, broken at last by Randolph, who said:

"And now tell me just what you think '*That Something*' really is?"

I shook my head in dismay. "You folks know as much as I do about it," I answered. "But of this one thing I am convinced, through and through. It is real human power, as truly real as the commercial electrical current. It is the power of the inner man, the fuel of the soul machine. It is the one thing necessary. Until we awaken '*That Something*' of the soul, we bear on *our* muscles those who have found '*That Something*.' And we bear them on up the mountain to take their places among the masters of men. '*That Something*' lies dormant in every soul until aroused. With many, it sleeps until the last great sleep. Sometimes it does not wake until man stands tottering on the border of the grave. Sometimes it is found by the child playing by its mother's knee. A man's success depends alone on '*That Something*.' '*That Something*' of his soul. Abraham Lincoln found it when a lad. It warmed the cold floor on which he lay and studied. It added light to the flickering glow of the wood fire, that he might see to read. It spurred him on, and on, and on. '*That Something*' is an awful force. It made of a puny Corsican the ruler of the world! It made of a thin-chested bookkeeper the

money king of a great country! It made Edison the great man of his age! It made Carnegie! It made Woodrow Wilson! It made Roosevelt! It can make *you*! It is *now* in *your* soul! Awaken it—*now*! '*That Something*'."

Again the silence followed. I watched the professor of many ologies. I saw the kindled fires in his eyes gradually die out. He shook his head wearily. "No, it can't be done; it can't be done," he murmured. "I have drunk deeply of the cup of life and I am now drinking the dregs. The cup is filled but once, and when it is gone there's nothing left but the dregs of old age and poverty."

"You fool," cried Randolph, leaning forward and shaking the little man roughly. "You almost had '*That Something*' in your power, and now you sing it back to sleep with your silly song of pessimism. It's the false philosophy, which such as *you* sing, which has kept men in the ruts of their own digging for centuries past. Wake, man, wake! Wake '*That Something*' within your soul!"

The two men sat looking deeply into each other's eyes. It was the little man who broke the silence. "Thank you, Randolph," he said quietly. "You are right. *I will*."

Then Randolph turned to me.

"Man, write that story you've told us. Write it so that every man may read. Send that message out into the world. If men will read that story, read and reread, until it is written on their memories; if men will believe the message you bring, and then if they will but awaken that something within their souls that now lies asleep—I say if you can make men do this, you will have done more for mankind than any man or any thousand men have done in many, many years. Write it, man, write it word for word as you have told it here, so every man may read. Write it, man, write it!"

And so it has been written.

You who have heard it through, I pray that you may hear it every word again and again until '*That Something*' of your souls has been aroused, and you have taken your places among the rulers of the world.

THE END
WHICH IS
THE BEGINNING.

CHAPTER 2

LADY—ARE YOU RICH?

THEY HUDDLED inside the storm door—two children in ragged outgrown coats.

“Any old papers, lady?”

I was busy. I wanted to say no—until I looked down at their feet. Thin little sandals, sopped with sleet. “Come in and I’ll make you a cup of hot cocoa.” There was no conversation. Their soggy sandals left marks upon the hearthstone.

Cocoa and toast with jam to fortify against the chill outside. I went back to the kitchen and started again on my household budget . . .

The silence in the front room struck through to me. I looked in.

The girl held the empty cup in her hands, looking at it. The boy asked in a flat voice, “Lady . . . are you rich?”

“Am I rich? Mercy no!” I looked at my shabby slip covers.

The girl put her cup back in its saucer—carefully. “Your cups match your saucers.” Her voice was old with a hunger that was not of the stomach.

They left then, holding their bundles of papers against the wind. They hadn’t said thank you. They didn’t need to. They had done more than that. Plain blue pottery cups and saucers. *But they matched.* I tested the potatoes and stirred the gravy. Potatoes and brown gravy—a roof over our heads—my man with a good steady job—*these things matched, too.*

I moved the chairs back from the fire and tidied the living room. The muddy prints of small sandals were still wet upon my hearth. I let them be. I want them there in case I ever forget again *how very rich I am.*

—Marion Doolan.

CHAPTER 3

IN THE BEGINNING

ADAM WAS MADE OF MUD. He was leaned up against a fence to dry.

God blew the breath of life into him—and we had Adam.

Who made the fence, ahead of Adam, is immaterial.

Adam must have been anesthetized or hypnotized, for he fell into a deep sleep.

A major operation was deemed necessary.

He must have had a dichotomy, or 13th spare rib, because it was removed.

Out of the rib of Adam came Eve.

There were no legislatures in those days;

no statutes to declare this right, that wrong;

no moralists to insist upon their tabus or kapus;

no school teachers to teach Adam and Eve about the bees and flowers;

both being un-moral, they proceeded to do "what came nacherally."

So, without the aid of statute, creed, church, or clergy, they married themselves.

And so, that which was to be interpreted as one of the "thou shalt not" sins later on, was committed in all purity and innocence then.

That "sin" made it possible for you and me to be here tonight.

In due course of time, they got Abel, and then they raised Cain.

We are told they went into the orchard and ate an apple—the forbidden fruit.

We are told there has been "sin" ever since because of that apple.

If there had been 4-years-of-9 education, they would have known it was not an apple, but a green pear (pair).

How that which was natural, how they reproduced without the advice of a medical university graduate having passed a state board and securing a license, is somewhat of a mystery. He should have been present to advise the internal intelligent power in each not to put in an appendix or tonsils or other "unnecessary" organs.

Were germs in existence then? If so, we should have had some licensed bacteriologist to tell the Almighty they were going to kill off millions of people later. What could be more important than to stop these evil conditions before they start?

How Adam and Eve lived, thrived, and multiplied without a knowledge of vitamins, calories; how they got Abel and raised Cain without Freud or a

Kinsey report on the behavior of the female or male, are nothing short of a miracle.

Eventually, they died, of course, and went to heaven.

Many years later, Sherlock Holmes died and went to heaven.

He asked admission.

"Nothing doing," said Saint Peter, "until you prove you are the great detective. Go out yonder, find Adam and Eve, and bring them back to me."

Sherlock was gone six weeks—and returned with both.

Asked how, he said: "Neither had any belly button."

A few years ago, Kiwanis held an International Convention at Atlanta, Georgia.

Upon adjournment, a trainload of delegates started north.

They arrived at Louisville, Kentucky, where they were entertained at a dinner in the rathskeller of the hotel.

The Governor of Kentucky welcomed them.

He said: "When God got through making the world, He had a choice piece of land left which He planted here, which we have called 'My Old Kentucky Home', ever since."

The Mayor of Louisville said: "When God got through making the world and had planted this choice piece of land here, which we call 'My Old Kentucky Home,' He had an extra special fine piece of land left which He placed here, and we have called it Louisville ever since."

Various states were called upon to respond.

The first was Wisconsin. Said he, "When God got through making the world and had placed Kentucky and Louisville here, He had a very fine bit of pasturage land left, which we call Wisconsin, and we have been making cheese for the world ever since."

Utah was called upon next. "When God got through making all these other fine places, He had some wonderful valleys and mountains which He placed out west, and we have been feeding the world the finest fruit ever since."

We were called upon to respond for Iowa. "The only thing we can say for Iowa is to tell you a dream we had a few nights ago. We dreamed we went to heaven. We told St. Peter we didn't know whether we wanted to stay or not. We preferred looking around first. We returned in six weeks and said: 'We noticed a group playing ring-around-the-rosy. Where are they from?'

"St. Peter replied, 'from Kentucky.'

" 'We noticed another group singing songs. Where are they from?'

"St. Peter replied, 'from Louisville.'

" 'We noticed still another group who were playing drop the handkerchief and playing post office. Where are they from?'

"St. Peter said, 'from Wisconsin.'

" 'We noticed another large group who were singing hymns and eating peaches. Where are they from?'

"St. Peter replied, 'from Utah.'

" 'Away over here in another corner, we noticed a very large group who were blaspheming, cursing, and swearing. They were hand-cuffed and leg-ironed to stakes. Where are they from?'

"St. Peter said, '*They're from Iowa and they want to go back.*'"

CHAPTER 4

LAW

TODAY, BABIES ARE CONCEIVED, developed, given birth, live, and die according to law—natural law, the law that has been, is, and will be.

At this juncture, *what is law?*

Law is that which is fixed, stable, everlasting, eternal.

If law violated itself just once, it would cease to be law.

If law could violate itself *once*, it could do so a million times.

And, the more it violated itself, the less law it would be.

Law does *not* violate itself to please the caprices of men.

Law is too big to change its pattern to please pigmy man.

Man is a conceited, boastful, gigantic ass.

He thinks of himself as the almighty, the great I am; all else is beneath him.

The story is told of an Englishman who visited this country and attended a fancy dress ball. The lady he was dancing with had a large tortoise comb in her hair. It fell down her back between her dress and her body. She asked the Englishman to reach down and get it for her. As he did, she squirmed and it went down farther. She still insisted he get the comb. As he reached down farther, it tickled and she squirmed more, and it went down still farther. Finally the Englishman said, "I feel a perfect ahss!" The woman replied, "Never mind the compliments, *get the comb!*"

He thinks of himself as *the conscious mind* and the other as *the subconscious or non-conscious mind*.

He has accumulated an education—that is *conscious*.

In behind and beneath this is "something" which is little, insignificant, petty, pickayunish; which, by means of sympathy and reflex action, runs this universe to us in some ignorant manner beneath our notice and study.

But what *he* knows—or *thinks* he knows—that is all important!

Everything that educated man *could* think, has been thought before his time.

Educated man is a copytag, an imitation.

Birds fly—man imitates in aeroplanes.

Fish sink—man imitates in submarine.

Volcanoes steam—man imitates in engines.

Birds, animals, fish, radio—man imitates.

The eye televisions—man imitates.

Every thought man thinks he thinks is a crude steal from Innate.

Man *could not* think or act, were it not for Innate.

Innate gives to education all that education thinks it is.

All things man now has were once in Universal Intelligence.

Before the product, the producer.

All Universal Intelligence is Innate Intelligence, the producer, in the unit man, the product.

All men called great—be they philosophers, inventors, composers, writers, mechanics—had the same Innate you have.

CHAPTER 5

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE

THE DIFFERENCE between the great, near-great, or commoner, is in the limitations of matter—not in any limitations of the Innate producer within them.

And what limits matter?

The vertebral subluxation—itsself a limitation of matter—which occludes an opening

- producing pressure upon nerves
- reducing the supply of the producer to the product
- limiting the action of the product to reproduce the producer.

If there were no vertebral subluxation

- no occlusion of any vertebral foramina
- no pressure upon nerves
- no reduction of supply between producer and product
- no limitation of product to reproduce the producer

all men would be equal in producer and product.

That which scales human beings is their physical inability to climb to the heights of the Innate producer within them.

For this reason the salient and vital factor of human production is entirely wrapped up in the supreme importance of the vertebral subluxation.

To adjust the subluxation, then, is to advance mankind, step up his efficiency, increase his ability, make him more natural and more at peace within himself; for all things are possible to him whose body equals his Innate.

Men, themselves, are not great. Men are great only insofar as they do something which is construed as great by other men.

Why are there so few great and near-great; and so many so far removed from doing great things?

They are down the ladder of accomplishment on the various rungs of the ladder, somewhere between the top and bottom.

There is one fundamental answer, subject to two classifications:

1st. If there were 100 per cent continuous, uninterrupted flow between Innate brain and Educated brain, the educated thoughts and actions would be equivalent to the thoughts and actions of Innate itself.

These are few.

There are few 100 per cent, fully alive, healthy and sane educations.

In exact ratio as they are *up* the ladder, they are more nearly 100 per cent alive, healthy and sane.

In exact ratio as they are *down* the ladder below 100 per cent, they are

dying, unhealthy, and insane; and to that extent they are not great or near-great.

Innate cannot produce a great 100 per cent external product, via education, in a less than 100 per cent sick or insane education. Innate must flow fully, freely, naturally; to, through, and into the educated brain to produce what education calls greatness.

Innate cannot do when there is a vertebral subluxation between Innate and Educated brains which interferes with the 100 per cent normal quantity and quality flow.

2nd. In exact ratio as the vertebral subluxation interferes with the normal 100 per cent flow between Innate and Educated, to that extent Innate takes second place to education; educated reduces its value of Innate and increases the value of education.

As the vertebral subluxation creates an insane and unnatural value on education, to that extent the sane and natural becomes unreal—"uneducated."

CHAPTER 6

IS EDUCATION A HANDICAP?

EDUCATION DOES NO HARM if what there is of it is natural and has true relation with Innate.

But when education becomes egotistical and paramount and displaces the correct values of Innate, all else becomes "uneducated," *sub-conscious*, *non-conscious*, and *un-conscious*.

Education then becomes an impenetrable wall Innate does not and cannot break through.

It is a case of 100 per cent Innate natural inhabiting a house with education artificial which is less than 100 per cent;

- Innate internal in conflict with educated external;
- Innate life struggling against a sick education existence;
- 100 per cent Innate health striving against education sickness;
- Innate normal fighting educated abnormal;
- Innate sanity battling educated insanity.

No wonder we have so few of the great and near-great, and so many educated incompetents and inefficient.

Our profession has no greater percentage of greats or near-greats, or educated incompetents and inefficients than has any other group of people.

We are a cross section similar to any other.

The fault lies in the great mass attempting to make the educated lesser the greater in our make-ups.

Even where Innate has an uninterrupted flow between the two brains, opportunity must exist to permit it to come forth into the individual to express itself in any line of activity the educated man would like to perform.

If there were no interferences, he might *want to* express himself; but were he to deliberately refuse to permit the opportunity to take advantage to come forth, all "genius" would be lost.

Even if Innate had free transmission to educated, if educated lay down on the job, refused to use what was willing to do, the opportunity for accomplishment would be lost for want of expression.

Given two people, both with uninterrupted flows between Innate and Educated, if one delivered and the other refused, one would prove by his accomplishments he *was* great, and the other would prove by his lack of accomplishments that he was the ordinary run-of-the-mill type.

Anything *any* man has ever thought in his educated mind has come from the Innate as the source within him.

Everything every man has ever thought in his educated mind has come from the Innate as the source within him.

That being true, then within the Innate is *everything any* man has thought, can think, or will think—past, present, and future.

Education, per se, is an *external* accumulation producing artificial existence, hence is not *internally* natural. To education, anything natural does not come within the purview of a full comprehension, hence the natural becomes supernatural.

Education, because of *artificial* demands of ways of living, forces man away from normal, forces abnormal excessive existence, which produces vertebral subluxations which interfere with normal flow of the natural between Innate and educated brains, hence produces a below par level of functional activity; hence, again, anything natural to abnormal thinking or functioning man becomes supernatural.

Add these two conditions together and the average of mankind is far below the natural and normal level, hence his comprehension and understanding of anything natural becomes super-natural, and anything natural in expression becomes a miracle.

To the natural and normal person, there is no supernatural or miracle, because there can be no more-natural or most-natural.

Why not then open up the source and let it in?

CHAPTER 7

EDUCATED MAN IS AN IMITATOR

THERE IS NOTHING NEW under the sun. All things conceived in the mind of educated man existed previous to him in created natural objects.

Man imitates that which existed before him.

Students of the problems of mankind, and those desirous of better serving those most needing such, can be classified into three general groups:

1. The group that conceives that out in the great wide open spaces, up there in the sky somewhere, is a great big something, which does something somehow, which they call "Nature"; which, in some mysterious manner, seems to activate and actuate inanimate matter into animation following definite patterns down through the centuries.

Any attempt to pin this group down to anything tangible is impossible.

2. This group *believes* that up there in the sky, distance unknown, is a place called Heaven, streets of paved gold, with pearly gates;

—and somewhere, in some way is a throne of some kind on which sits a great and big heroic *he*, size unknown, which he calls God;

—and in mysterious ways that unknown *male* quantity listens in on all the diversified and contrasty human broadcasting stations, knows their every want, like and dislike, and will gratify their every whim and caprice providing it is reiterated often enough, long enough, and strong enough.

Any attempt to pin this group down to anything practical, as to how such is accomplished, is also impossible.

Boil their attitudes to an essence, and we are told we must have faith and believe.

Lack of understanding of the unknown, absence of comprehension of the mysterious, induces *belief* and *faith* which fortifies hope that in some strange way something better may come to pass. Religions and medical principles and practices are based on faiths and beliefs.

In a recent magazine article, Bailey Willis, Professor Emeritus of Geology, Stanford University, restates the confusion in minds. In one sentence he declares a positive statement; in another, he denies it with "faith" in issues. Let us quote some of his article.

"My scientific observations tell me that the universe is governed by law, and obedience to that law, or set of laws, which for the time governs us is the only course by which to be happy.

"I cannot conceive of law, a universal law, without intelligence. But I do not attempt to define this Supreme Intelligence, since it is beyond my comprehension. I have belief in

the Deity, but in this conception there is no attempt at definition circumscribed by my scientific reason. Through *faith* I link the human spirit with the cosmic mind.

"I believe that my own intelligence may be an infinitesimal part of the Supreme Intelligence, a spark from the Great Divine Fire. As my conception of the universal law deepens and extends, so does my *faith* in the omnipresent, omnipotent and omniscient aspects of the Supreme Intelligence.

"Thus my own intelligence emerges in its cosmic, imperishable essence. Intelligence or spirit, whatever term one prefers, is the result of development within the cosmic law.

"Evidence is of two kinds, one that is satisfactory to our reason, and the other to our emotions. As a scientist, I accept that which is proved by facts, at the same time I recognize that emotions are very real and powerful, although they have no corporeal existence.

"Reality as unfolded by science itself brings to light the permanence of basic laws as well as the continuous development in nature. I recognize that man has developed from much less intelligent predecessors. And I believe his development will and must go on into the future.

"We have by no means reached the limit of the development of humanity on earth, and I think that the progress that we are making, and will continue to make, is upward and onward towards some more generally fortunate condition of the human race. Geology taught me to respect nature and truth. It taught me how infinitely small I am. I can say, with Newton, 'I seem to myself but a child playing on the shores of the vast unknown.'

"The universe I conceive as filled with energy; what is mistakenly called empty celestial space really is shot through and through with radiant energy. Matter itself is energy bound up in systems of balanced forces. It is not inert, unchanging; it is balanced energy, waiting for new adjustments to changing environment, which is the changing design patterned by Cosmic Mind.

"The divisions we make between the living and the non-living are arbitrary. In a sense all matter is 'alive.' Only living beings are constituted of substance which is far more responsive to changes in the surrounding, universal balance of forces, than is non-living material. The characteristic expression of the bottled up energy of living matter is growth and in the higher forms consciousness.

"In the same sequence, goaded by new necessity, man has found a powerful source of energy in the atom. *But it lies within our spiritual resources to make atomic energy good, rather than bad.*

"There are those who believe that man has developed something quite new in the universe, his intelligence. But I believe that *he has simply acquired the capacity to reflect a ray of the universal spirit, the universal intelligence.*

In medicine, all acknowledge and admit that "Nature" alone cures, heals, and reestablishes health. Yet, where does medicine go to find "nature"? Inside? No, outside! Causes and cures come in bottles, teaspoons, pills, potions, drugs, operations. Obviously, we must have faith and belief in the hope that any, some, or all of these *will* cure, heal, and reestablish health and prolong life.

If life and health *are inside*, it is better to *know* there is an *inside* intelligent force. When *knowledge* enters, faiths and beliefs fade out.

"The Kingdom of God is within you," is a saying. We must "have faith and believe" that such is true. *If* the saying is true, why necessity of faith and belief? Because no religion or medicine has ever *proved* such true. Chiropractic has found Innate Intelligence *within* man, taps the source of that knowledge within, brings it forth and permits it to work in man. How? By correcting interference *between internal source* and *external* sickness. When that is corrected, Innate *within* comes forth and *proves* its internal workings within man *without* the necessity of faith or belief, be it religious or medical.

3. This group knows there is an inexorable abstract law, without form, size, or gender, which manifests its necessities in all organized composite

natural objects—mineral, vegetable, and animal—that when the law can and does express itself, all is normal.

When there is interference to that law, action in the matter becomes disorganized and abnormal.

Understanding the inflexibility of that law, *and* understanding the shortcomings of matter in motion, this group realizes they cannot add to or subtract from that law; neither can they instruct, advise, or caution its purposes.

All they can do is to correct obstructions in matter so that mind can fully express itself, thus uniting and blending mind as it flows through matter.

All three groups claim education.

The first two groups, and some of the third, have the concept that this wisdom needs be told and directed, ask guidance from, or be thanked for what it does.

It is asked to “perform miracles,” bless the president, governor, or mayor; look out and care for the firemen and policemen; and succor the sick, lame, halt, and blind—all of which it would do and does do when there is no interference, and without the counseling or suggestions from educated man.

Some of the third group understandingly realize that pleas of any kind are unnecessary; that no thanks are needed; that the law has work to do, knows where, how, when, and how much is to be done, and does it constructively without human meddling—if it can get through that human educated interference to accomplish its objective.

Most of this is done in spite of education, rather than because of it.

The savage, the beggar, the ignorant without faith or belief can get well at the hands of a Chiropractor, as well as the civilized, the rich, the educated, who have boundless faith or belief in the Chiropractor.

Within all natural animals, including man and woman, courses in active flow the wisdom of all time, the sage of the ages, call it what you may—Universal Intelligence, God, Jehovah, etc.

But when medically educated men theorize about what makes the animal tick, it is “sub-conscious,” “non-conscious,” “un-conscious” sympathy and reflex action; something that is left to the theologians, psychiatrists, spiritualists, meta-physicians to play around with.

As a matter of religion and common sense, we acknowledge, admit and confirm “The Kingdom of God” within; but as a matter of medical science, we deny any and all such, and substitute birth-to-death theories which belittle such, assuming its dormancy.

We, as Chiropractors, make it possible to permit the restoration of one with the other, that the duality of life may be normal, healthy, and sane.

Why should man, as wonderful a product as he is, be under the dominance, control, and dictation of less than his producer?

CHAPTER 8

INNATE INTELLIGENCE

SCIENTISTS TELL US that in "nature" there are two forces contending against each other, and that things are as they are because of action and reaction of these two forces.

These are called the centrifugal (or inside), and the centripetal (or outside), known in physics as attraction and repulsion.

These two forces work on human beings as they work on everything else.

In Chiropractic, they are known as Innate Intelligence (centrifugal) and environment (centripetal).

Nerves are named accordingly—efferent and afferent—which names designate their function of carrying mental impulses *from* Innate Intelligence *to* the periphery, or tissue cell (efferent), and vibrations *from* the tissue cell (periphery) *to* Innate Intelligence (afferent).

For thousands of years professions that ministered to the sick disregarded the centrifugal or inside force (Innate Intelligence), and searched the heavens and earth in a vain attempt to externally find the cause of disease.

Even now, we find a vast and learned army engaged in draining swamps, killing mosquitoes, prescribing diets, discovering germs and establishing hygienic conditions under which those in whom the flame of life burns feebly may continue longer upon the earth.

To contend that these investigators have found nothing of value to mankind is to betray ignorance and to show a total disregard for probable facts as to make ourselves ridiculous.

Fire burns, cold freezes, water drowns, alcohol intoxicates, poison kills, etc., and the most perfectly aligned spine in the world, with 100 per cent of Innate Intelligence on the job, with a perfectly normal range of adaptability, will not prevent these excess outside conditions from producing death, discomfort, or loss of ease—at this stage of the development of the race, at least.

When these facts are admitted in environmental conditions, and each is traced to its logical conclusion, there remains the overwhelming mass of conditions of dis-ease that effect mankind, which are not reconciled to the external environmental theory of the cause of dis-ease.

A hundred thousand people drink water from the same stream for a year, and during that year forty become sick with what is diagnosed as typhoid fever.

Give the *why* of this from the standpoint of the water—or the germs in the water—being the cause.

Reverse the statistics and say that of a hundred thousand who drank the water, only forty remained alive.

Reason and logic point to the conclusion that in both instances there is an unknown factor, and that the unknown factor in the first instance is the cause of forty cases of typhoid fever, and in the second instance is the cause of forty survivors.

Living under the same environmental conditions, one member of a family has heart trouble, another bronchial, a third liver, and a fourth stomach trouble; while a fifth may suffer from nervousness, a sixth from sciatica, etc.

Like causes produce like results. If this be true, if this be natural, how can one who affirms that the cause of dis-ease lies in environment reconcile the facts to that theory?

It is self-evident there is some factor which is not environmental, that accounts for different results.

Chiropractic teaches this unknown factor is found within, and that the resistance, or the susceptibility, of the individual must be measured in terms of centrifugal force, i.e., vitality or mental impulse.

While other professions are concerned with changing environment to suit the weakened body, Chiropractic is concerned with strengthening the body to "suit" environment.

This is an explanation of the fundamental difference in theory, art, and practice between Chiropractic and other professions, and an explanation of why Chiropractic succeeds where other methods fail.

"Nature" has been divided by students into the animate and inanimate.

While the same chemical elements are found in both, it is recognized that rocks and metals are the products of the working of outside forces on a material that does not react because it lacks a principle we call life; while animate nature reacts to impressions because it has the life principle, and is the product of the working of the outside force plus the adaptation of the inside force to it.

The presence or absence of this life principle is the cause of dividing "nature" into animate and inanimate.

For thousands of years those who ministered to the sick concerned themselves with the outside force we call environment and disregarded the inside force which Chiropractors call Innate Intelligence.

If the body is injured, i.e., cut or burned, the inside force will mend that cut or burn and no human being on earth can aid or hurry the process.

The inside force converts food into living flesh through the process of digestion, absorption, circulation, and assimilation, and no outside agency has the power to even explain, let alone duplicate, the process.

Temperature of the body is maintained at normal, regardless of frequency with which the temperature of the air is changed, but when a person

is sick and this process of adaptation does not occur, we have been educated to look for the cause of the lack of function outside the body; yet we know that the fundamental and only difference between cold ice and warm skater must be stated and explained in terms of life, of an inside power that intelligently adapts the living organism to the change of temperature.

Again we know that an arm, brain, or education grows stronger with use; yet an automobile, plow, or wagon grows weaker.

In other words, that which develops a living organism to a high state of efficiency wears out, or destroys, the efficiency of an inanimate mechanism.

Here, again, the reaction of the normal living organism to environment must be explained in terms of the centrifugal or life force from within.

Another illustration is the hand that works the hoe.

The hand is calloused by a process of adaptation; the hoe handle wears smooth.

The hand is adapted to work by an internal innate power, while the hoe handle wears away by the friction of the hand.

So we may go through all animate "nature" and explain wonders of the vegetable and animal kingdoms by internal law of adaptation, and if we do we come to a clearer and better understanding of the fundamental difference between Chiropractic and all external physical methods of ministering to the sick.

It was this power that enabled Jesus of Nazareth at twelve years of age to confound the priests of the temple; and later to endure the betrayal of Judas; the scourging and persecution; the slow, tortuous ascent up Calvary to the crowning and crucifixion; and still with gentle voice to say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

While among the scholarly classes these principles (centrifugal and centripetal) have been taught from the purely academic standpoint, and learned hair-splitting arguments have been indulged in, it remained for Chiropractic to snatch this innate power from the clouds of intellectual discussion and apply it to the problem of health, much as Franklin snatched electricity from clouds of the atmosphere and applied it to the problems of commerce.

"Verily, I say unto you, all power cometh from within," is no longer a mysticism of the East, but a practical, working, human principle of the West.

Chiropractors who apply the science are proving the wisdom of Him who said, "There is nothing from without a man that entering into him can defile him,"—germ theorists and dietitians, notwithstanding.

CHAPTER 9

WHO KNOWS MORE?

YOU STUDY ANATOMY, physiology, symptomatology, pathology, etc.

Innate knows more in one second than you can ever know, no matter how much you think you study or think you know.

Innate, remember, has been building and running millions of bodies for millions of years.

Educated man, remember, has been building millions of theories, rejecting them one by one, for five thousand years, trying to run millions of bodies his educated way for a few years, comparatively.

Which would you think better to follow: education of a few years, or Innate of millions; educated man who has consistently failed to accomplish little, or Innate who has been consistently succeeding on every undertaking?

Remember, Innate built all this and knows *how* to build it.

You think you know something of how to get a sick body well, but Innate knows *all* about it.

Why do some Chiropractors come here, understand, go out and make a success?

Why do others come here, fail to grasp any understanding of what it's all about, go out and fail?

Why do some seemingly ignorant men come here, go out, and succeed in a big way to get sick people well? The answer is simple.

They may be short on education, but they are long on understanding Innate's way of doing things.

Why do some seemingly very well educated university men come here, go out, and fail to get sick people well? The answer is simple.

They may be long on education, think they must add treatment methods, adjuncts, physiotherapy, naturopathic methods, thus deny Innate's way of doing things.

Many men who are ignorant of education, but who listen to law, succeed. Many men who are educated, ignore law, and fail.

Many Harvard and Yale men are driving street cars. Why? Because they think education is all-important and Innate unimportant.

This man we refer to does not disparage education, per se, except where it is in contravention to the laws of Innate—and so much of health education is of that kind.

Medicine and medical men think they know not only all but more

about life, death, sickness, and health, than Innate. That's where they fail.

Innate knows all about life, death, sickness, and health. If a Chiropractor works *with* Innate, life and health will be at his command. Deny Innate, and death and sickness will be his, the same as it is with medical men.

Deny Innate by trying to ape medical men, and your business will fail.

The Chiropractic principle and practice is based on a set of definite Innate rules which are so exacting, accurate, that any who know, understand, and apply them correctly may do so.

Later is too late. Innate has come, given, and gone. It more than likely will not come again on that issue.

The *time* to follow your hunches, intuitions, inspirations, is *now*.

CHAPTER 10

TWO OPPOSING THEORIES

THERE ARE but two theories of life, viz., the materialistic and spiritualistic.

Each of these admits the essential facts of life, but each interprets them differently.

The philosophers of both schools admit that man has a body, a mind, and a soul, but when this is admitted and the question is asked of each, "What is the body, and what is the mind, and what is the soul of man?" how differently they answer.

The materialist says that what you call the mind and soul is simply the result of certain chemical combination, as the flame of a candle is the result of a certain combination of wick and tallow; and as the flame disappears when the wick and tallow are consumed, so man's spirit disappears when the proper chemical combination no longer exists.

"And what becomes of the soul?" you ask.

The answer is: "It is extinguished as is the flame of the candle."

As a drop of water will extinguish a flame, so will a drop of poison extinguish the soul. You will find the flame of the candle, with the soul of man, where you find yesterday's sunlight, and the perfume of last season's flowers. Where are they? They aren't. They were, but are not.

Life, death, and disease all have their explanations from the materialistic standpoint.

Life is a chemical "phenomenon"; death is the absence of this "phenomenon"; and disease is the result of a wrong mixture of the chemical elements necessary to a normal "phenomenon."

The cure of physical ailments is as apparent to the materialist as is the cause of disease.

A proper mixture of wick and tallow will give a perfect flame; so a proper mixture of chemical ingredients in the body will give a perfect "phenomenon" (health).

If a person is sick, find which element or elements are missing, or present in superabundance, and supply these missing elements, or neutralize those which are present in superabundance, and presto—*health*.

There is no seat of the soul in the human being, for every element has been weighed and measured, and every organ and cell dissected and vivisectioned.

And what do the spiritualists say? They say that the spirit of man is eternal; that it stays for a brief time in the house of clay, and then

returns again to its source. They say the soul of man was made in the image and likeness of the Creator. Not God, but Godlike, in its attributes. The soul of man reflects the attributes of God as a mirror reflects sunlight. God is ever-present and His attributes are omniscience and omnipotence, and as man reflects these attributes he grows in the image and likeness of the Creator.

They say the five senses, by which the materialist proves his world, are shadow senses, ephemeral and mortal, and that the real world is the eternal world of spirit. A pound of flesh is a pound of flesh for a brief period, and then its constituent chemicals resolve into earth and air again; but the numeral seven, for instance, though it has no concrete existence, cannot be recognized by the senses, cannot be weighed or measured by any material process, is external and ever-present.

A person may have a pound of peanuts, or he may give a handful to each of six friends, and what he gives to his friends he does not have.

Each time he gives one away he has one less, and those to whom he gives have one more, because peanuts are concrete things, and like all concrete things, they are ephemeral, transient, and mortal.

But no one can have a pound of sevens which he can share with his friends, and of which he has one less each time he gives one away. There is an unlimited supply of sevens, because they are abstract, yet ever-present and eternal. They are the same yesterday, today, and forever; while a peanut, or any other concrete thing, is not the same for two consecutive seconds.

Spiritualists say there are other things that are real, such as love, hope, faith, charity, ideals, etc., of which the same is true, as is true of sevens; they are always present, all powerful, and changeless, as are the attributes of God.

Man reflects these divine qualities as a mirror reflects the sunlight; but, unlike the mirror, he grows in the image and likeness of the qualities he reflects.

There is something in man that recognizes these eternal things, and that something is not his chemical elements, but his Godlike self.

I say, "My body, my mind, my soul, my coat, my shoes, my watch." I use the possessive case. Why? Am I my body, my mind, and my soul? Or are these instruments I use, as I use my coat, my shoes, and my watch?

What is this something within that wills to do a thing?

What urges the body and mind forward?

What is it that has driven us upward, from the sea slime, to dominion over ourselves?

The materialist dissects the body and says, "See, there is no place in the body for a soul," and the spiritualist replies, "As well melt a bar of

iron to find the law of gravity, or put arithmetic in the crucible to find the science of numbers."

To the spiritualist, man is an entity of triune aspect or phase. He has three sets of faculties, three aspects or phases of being: spiritual, mental, and physical.

Some reason entirely from the spiritual aspect, such as Christian Scientists; some from the mental aspect, such as the New Thought or mental therapist; while to the Chiropractor, what we call health is the normal expression of the vibration of life impulse flowing through matter.

It is an impulse—a vibration—and it is intelligent.

Because of the quality of intelligence, the word mental is added to impulse, making "mental impulse" descriptive of their conception of its attributes of intelligence or mentality. Our conception of dis-ease is an abnormal expression of the mental impulse.

Chiropractic teaches that the life principle, or Innate Intelligence, intelligently selects and assembles chemical elements found in human anatomy; it builds organs of the body for certain purposes, and then controls and governs their function and activities by means of these mental impulses created in the brain and sent over nerves to every tissue cell in the body.

It is obvious that impairment of the brain or nerve tissue will interfere with the normal creation, transmission and expression of mental impulses, with the result that cells which these nerves supply will not receive or express the proper command; will not coordinate or work in harmony with the rest of the organism, and then we have a condition of dis-ease, or lack of ease.

To the Chiropractor, health is a normal expression of intelligent command, or mental impulse, in all parts of the physical organism.

Let us examine Chiropractic in the light of the scientific minds of the world.

We say that man comes in contact with the outer world through the medium of the five special senses.

Man hears, sees, feels, tastes, and smells, and for the purpose of registering certain vibrations he has developed ears, eyes, touch, taste, and olfactory bulbs.

Man may live without a single one of these senses.

He would be deaf, blind, insensate, and unable to taste or smell, and yet be a living being.

Very few there are who have all five senses unimpaired.

Most of us suffer from at least a partial loss of one or more, and yet we live fairly happy lives.

The organs of special sense are instruments that register certain vibrations.

Scientists have discovered these vibrations move in waves, and at various speeds.

To illustrate, if we look at the ocean we see various waves. There

are little crinkly waves on larger waves, and these in turn form a part of the great waves high as mountains, and these in turn are but part of the still greater waves we call the tides.

You may sit beside a stove, and when the light and angle are right, you may see the heat waves rising from the stove, and they present an appearance identical with the appearance of the surface of a body of water.

As there are ocean waves, and heat waves, so are there also light waves, sound waves, taste waves, smell waves, and an indefinite number of other waves of which we live in blissful ignorance.

There are waves that move so fast, or so slow, that only recently we developed an instrument to graph patterns and register these waves.

For instance, the ear registers vibrations, or sound waves, that strike it at the rate of from 15,000 per second, but the normal human ear will not register sound waves of greater rapidity.

To hear, three things are necessary:

1. A sound wave, or vibration of a certain character;
2. An apparatus to register and transmit the wave (ear and auditory nerves);
3. An intelligence to interpret the vibration.

Hearing may be defined as the interpretation, by Innate Intelligence, of a vibration registered by the ear and transmitted over the ear nerves to the brain.

While sound waves may exist, there is no sound without an ear to register the vibrations, and an intelligence to interpret the vibration as sound.

The sound wave may exist, through the ear and nerve system, but if there be no Innate Intelligence there is no sound.

What is true of hearing is true of sight, taste, smell, and touch.

So what is called life is a series of interpretations and adaptations by Innate Intelligence of vibrations registered by the organs of special sense.

Chiropractic teaches that when a man is deaf, and no injury has occurred to the hearing apparatus, it is because something has interfered with transmission of vibration from ear to brain, and the character of interference is an abnormal condition of the auditory nerve, induced by malposition of a vertebra in the spine.

The ant, bird, bug, and flea have senses that register vibrations that ours are unable to register.

So it is also with the owl and house cat.

The scents of almost all animals that range the wild or swim the seas are differently attuned than ours; and who knows what ecstasies of sense lie beyond the limit of our organs?

As there are lower beings that cannot recognize what we human beings are able to recognize, so perhaps there are in the universe also higher beings that can recognize what we cannot.

There was a time when man conceived that the earth was flat, that the

sun was made to keep him warm, and to light the earth during the day, and the stars and moon were made to light the earth at night.

In those days they taught alchemy, and astrology, and searched for the philosopher's stone and the spring of eternal youth.

They made love potions, and burned witches. But we today have a different conception.

Innate Intelligence has attuned itself to larger things through chemistry, mathematics, and astronomy.

The crucible has revealed the elements, and the microscope the infinitely small, while the telescope has enabled man to resolve the milky way into its constituent nebulae and stars.

It is true we are spiritual, using the body as an instrument.

It is true Innate Intelligence has constructed the eyes, ears, nose, etc., to register the universal vibrations.

It is true we are finite beings living in an infinite universe.

It is true the five special senses are limited to register but a few of the infinite number of vibrations that do exist.

It is true there are an infinite number of vibrations beyond the range of our sense organs.

It is true our idea of the nature of the universe is pitifully unreal.

Conditioned on these premises the history of evolution is the story of how this inward something has struggled to burst the chains and walls of its material limitations, in its striving to attune itself to the vibrations of the universe.

Nor have we reasons for believing the limit of its evolution has been reached.

Driven by an insatiable desire, urged by the realization that there are yet myriads of harmonies which are not registered by our present senses, this inward something will evolve new senses, until the human mind and soul reflect, with greater accuracy, the qualities of the all-knowing, ever-present, all-powerful principle we call God.

To the spiritualist the story of evolution is not the result of the blind working of mechanical law; but the conscious striving of a prisoned principle to reach higher and ever higher planes of human educated consciousness.

CHAPTER 11

THIS INNER POWER SPEAKS

WE CHIROPRACTORS work with the subtle substance of the soul.

We release the prisoned impulse, the tiny rivulet of force that emanates from the mind and flows over the nerves to the cells and stirs them into life.

We deal with the magic power that transforms common food into living, loving, thinking clay; that robes the earth with beauty, and hues and scents the flowers with the glory of the air.

In the dim, dark, distant long ago, when the sun first bowed to the morning star, this power spoke and there was life; it quickened the slime of the sea and the dust of the earth and drove the cell to union with its fellows in countless living forms.

Through eons of time it finned the fish and winged the bird and fanged the beast.

Endlessly it worked, evolving its forms until it produced the crowning glory of them all.

With tireless energy it blows the bubble of each individual life and then silently, relentlessly dissolves the form, and absorbs the spirit into itself again.

And yet you ask, "Can Chiropractic cure appendicitis or the 'flu'?"

Have you more faith in a knife or a spoonful of medicine than in the Innate power that animates the internal living world?

CHAPTER 12

DUALITY OF SENSES

LET US INVESTIGATE for a moment.

A baby is born—that is, he comes from the womb of woman.

One side of its mental aspect knows nothing.

Its little brain is vacant; nobody lives there; nobody home.

It's just a great big bit of empty space—a hollow nonentity.

Gradually, the five senses, which came from nowhere according to *educated* man, begin to see, hear, feel, taste, and smell.

These impressions go inward, are interpreted—by what, *educated* man doesn't know and seems to care less.

They are accumulated, card-indexed, catalogued, filed away for future use.

"The human infant is a singularly helpless creature. In our civilization, he is confronted from birth with problems which neither his parents nor anyone else has been able to solve satisfactorily.

"First of all comes adjustment to the strange universe around him. Because adults find it a very restricted universe, parents easily fall into the error of thinking it must seem the same to a baby whose reactions are, to say the least, primitive. Yet from the child's earliest moments he has a depth and degree of sensitivity which should not be overlooked merely because powers of lucid expression are not developed."

(Pages 4-5, "Mind and Body: Psychosomatic Medicine," by Dr. Flanders Dunbar.)

This baby grows, goes to kindergarten

grade school

high school

college

university—all the time adding to his store of impressions, called "gaining an education."

All this time he is puffing himself up, what he thinks he knows.

All this time he is kicking down the wisdom of the ages which made him and made all this possible.

The more he lifts with his boot straps, the more he kicks down "that other fellow" who made it all possible.

Educated man, who starts with no education *at birth*, and piles up his theories *until death*, thinks he must tell God how to run the Universe.

So does man, who starts with *no* education at birth, and piles up his theories until death, think he must tell Innate how to run the body.

Little does he realize that, no matter what he thinks, the Universe ran successfully *before* he was born and will continue to run successfully *after* he is dead.

Little does he also realize that, no matter what *he* thinks, Innate *did* successfully run bodies *before* he was born, and *will continue* to run them successfully *after* he is dead.

An Intelligence wise enough to build a baby is great enough to run that baby once it is born; is great enough to run that body in all its parts including the thinking ideas it needs to exist in material form.

If, as, and when you let the law within work for you, it will also work in like kind in others for you, for this law works in all to its ends, which includes others as well as yourself, thus all profit from the common denominator in all people alike.

REINCARNATION

Man and woman, as well as other forms of animal life, reproduce. Each gives elements to the other. Gestation takes place. The new body is formed. So long as the new form is internal to the female, it is dependent upon her Innate. Upon completion of form, varying in time according to animal, it is brought to the outer world. It then assumes independent life with its own Innate.

When the baby is born, it possesses a duality of potentials. An Innate *fully* developed and an Education *to be* developed. It possesses a duality of brains, one active at birth, the other dormant at birth. The educated brain is vacant, inactive, nobody lives there yet. From the moment of birth, the educated senses—be they five or more—begin to sense the outer world. Impressions begin to be received through eyes, ears, nose, mouth, and skin. These impressions travel afferently from external sense organs to internal educated brain. There they are interpreted. Then begins an assembling process, segregating each to its proper division of that brain.

The educated child begins to pass through the baby age, child age, youth age, kindergarten age, grade school age, high school age, and possibly the college or university age. If the child does not attend any school, it still assembles impressions from environment. All these are segregated into sections, assembled, catalogued, card-indexed, and filed away for present and future external use. We call all this securing an education. *Time* is a necessary factor to build this education. At birth there is a minimum of education. At death there is a maximum of education. Where does this education go at death? Nobody knows!

When the baby is born into the outer world, an Innate Intelligence takes possession of the entire internal body. This Innate is as great, complete, at birth as at death. It has five or more senses contacting the external world as well as a complete understanding, knowledge of the entire internal world of that child body. It knows good from bad, right from wrong, hot from cold, constructive from destructive, mends broken bones, refrigerates and warms the body, digests food, eliminates poisons, heals wounds, cures burns—it does all this and more at birth, with the same perfect exactness as it does

at any time throughout life or up to the death of the matter in which it lives.

This Innate Intelligence comes complete at birth. *Time* has been eliminated as a factor in its compilation. One second is sufficient. It takes time to build an education. It takes no time to possess an Innate Intelligence. From whence comes this Innate Intelligence—time being no factor? Who knows? That it is, is obvious. That it has been, seems obvious. That it had to exist before it could enter a new-born babe at birth, appears logical. Then it must have been somewhere, in its natural, normal, complete state before the baby was born, because it took possession complete at birth. Where was it before it entered that babe? Who knows?

We *know* there is a Universal Intelligence—call it “God” if you wish. We *know* there is an Innate Intelligence in the unit—be it tree, bird, reptile, animal, or man. The evidence is everywhere surrounding us and in us. This evidence appeals to reason, logic, common sense, and facts. It is not necessary to “believe” or “have faith” in those facts. But, where the two meet, if they do before or after death, is *unknown* to us. We can “believe” and “have faith” in any way we please, but there is *no* evidence to sustain any reason, logic, common sense, or facts.

Ninety-five per cent are moved in thinking and acting by emotions, passions, and prejudices. In this field are “beliefs” and “faiths.” The other five per cent are moved in thinking and acting by logic, reason, common sense, and facts. The first group find it necessary to have a book and a religion of some sort they can read and believe. They would be lost without it. For the second group, it is not necessary to have a book or religion of any sort to use logic, reason, common sense, and facts.

Where the Innate Intelligence goes, if it goes anywhere, upon death of the matter in which it lived, is unknown to logic, reason, common sense, and facts. Where Innate Intelligence comes from, if it comes from anywhere, upon the birth of a new form of matter called birth of the new unit, is unknown to logic, reason, common sense, and facts. To fill this hiatus, religions have been created by man, a Book has been written by some person or persons unknown, a heaven and a hell have been artificially created to glorify a future or scare him to doing right. I would hesitate to think what ninety-five per cent of people would be like if they didn’t have a heaven to hope for, or a hell to fear. They would be worse than a mad mob of rioting criminals.

The only thing that holds ninety-five per cent of people in line with justifiable living is their hope of a better future or their fear of a worse one. Five per cent don’t know, admit it, and do the best they know now, letting the future care for itself, knowing that Universal Intelligence has managed well for millions of years without man’s theories and has done a good job; therefore, they are willing to let *UI* continue as before.

What is the explanation of the previous existence of an Innate Intelligence

before it enters a new-born babe? Who knows? It seems plausible it was in previous existence and now comes into existence in this new form. Reincarnation seems the explanation, even though we can prove nothing. We have parted the curtains on what takes place *after* birth. We cannot part the curtains on what takes place before birth, previous to birth, or at time of birth. I know the spiritualists have explanations, but I have seen too much of it to take stock in what they say or believe.

CHAPTER 13

SOURCE—SEMI-SOURCE—NON-SOURCE

INNATE IS SOURCE.

Education is semi-source.

The body is non-source.

Were there *no* source, there would be no beginning.

Innate being source, is the beginning.

Education must go to Source—Innate—to have *its* beginning.

The body is merely the medium of expression of Source.

The flow is from Source to semi-source.

And from Source to the body.

Were there no internal source, from which all begins, we Chiropractors would have *no source* to go to for health, sanity, life.

Were there no internal source, where would sickness go for health?

—where would insanity go for sanity?

—where would the body go for life?

—where would organs go for function?

It is this internal Source you liberate when you give an adjustment.

"In dealing with his dilemma, the physician—and the patient, too, for that matter—should note the remarkable powers for self-therapy of which the human mind is capable. It should not be surprising that the emotional force which can cause a disease ought to be strong enough to cure one, but many who have been willing to concede the importance of the mind in bringing about an ailment will refuse to permit the same medium to help in the cure."

"Whether permitted or not, the mind will take part, however. That section of it which possesses consciousness cannot be ignored any more than the 'unconscious' which bulks so large in literature, lay and medical. This conscious section is the one which the individual uses to test all reality; it is the reason we can know anything. It is the ego. In treating disease, physicians will have difficulty with the inadequately developed egos of two types. The whining-child sort of patient is the obvious one, but just as often quite aggressive characters are equally weak. They find it necessary to call attention to their egos more or less in the same way as one would put a hand to a place that hurts."

(Page 86, "Mind and Body: Psychosomatic Medicine," by Dr. Flanders Dunbar.)

In the name of education, years before Christ, Theles, a Greek philosopher, had the idea that man was two halves of a whole—that he was divisible.

He propounded and advocated a new approach to the study of man, viz.,

—the soul, spirit, ego, sub-conscious mind was *one* study

—the corporeal, material, matter, tissue structure was the *other* study.

The soul was given to the theologians—and they have claimed it was their prior arts rights for exclusive study and investigation ever since. All others keep off.

The material structure was given to the physicans—and they have claimed it as their prior arts rights for exclusive study and investigation ever since. All others legally dare not.

Today, we have two classifications of scientists, students, investigators, schools, colleges, and universities—materialists and immaterialists.

—ministers to the abstract soul

—physicians for the physical body.

Who ever heard of a minister taking his sick soul to the physicist?

Who ever heard of a physicist taking his sick liver to a minister?

Christ has been trying ever since to take that which was *indivisible* and put them together.

Man is divisible in theory and as a matter of educated man's concept of education.

Man is *not* divisible, in fact. His Innate and his body were soluble, each to each other.

"The belief that the patient should be treated *as a whole* goes back beyond anything most of us would consider as medicine at all. The witch doctor of our primitive ancestors was both physician and priest. He worked on the patient's psychic trouble as on his bodily symptoms, *for he never knew there was any real difference between them*. In fact, the witch doctor's cures were probably due as much to his treatment of the emotions as to his herbs or bloodletting.

"As the functions of priest and doctor became separated, the physician had to overcome a great deal of religious opposition in order to establish his dominion over bodily ailments. Concerned with establishing his right to treat patients as his slowly developing science dictated, the physician was content to leave psychic phenomena, *which he frankly did not understand, to those who claimed the spirit and the soul as their field*.

"Less than a hundred years ago, the notion that religion and science were incompatible was widely held. In fact, the subject was a favorite topic of academic debate until very recently. Meantime, about the middle of the nineteenth century, a French physician with imagination, Claude Bernard, began to speak of the mind's share in ailments which manifested themselves in the body. He has been acclaimed as one of the first of his profession to understand something of this fact and to make use of his knowledge in treatment."

(Page viii of Foreword, "Mind and Body: Psychosomatic Medicine," by Dr. Flanders Dunbar.)

CHAPTER 14

WE ASSEMBLE EDUCATION

WHEN THIS BABY IS BORN, it *has* an intelligence ready made

- intelligence that knows where breakfast, dinner and supper are
- knows how to masticate, digest, assimilate all
- knows when and how to urinate and defecate.
- will heal broken bones
- will heal burns
- will pump the heart, breathe, move muscles—live the body.

After man is born, he accumulates a boasted education.

Before man is born, he possesses a modest wisdom of the ages.

Educated man spends 20, 30, 40, 60, 80 years poring over the ideas of men gone before:

- reading books written by men who have gone before;
- spending years in class rooms, listening to the vagaries of men before him.

And, when ready to pass out of this form into another, he realizes that all he thinks he knows is as a grain of sand on the seashores of the Innate within him all the time.

Man is organized mud and is sometimes run by an organized mind.

If he had studied himself more, and others less, he would know more of himself.

If he looked less on the outside and more on the inside, he would be more of a natural being.

Man's education is a veneer; a plaster piled layer upon layer.

Then this cottonwood is stained to make it resemble mahogany or oak.

Man has been accumulating this conceited studied opinion of man for thousands of years

- hundreds of thousands of men have studied man—both dead and alive
- they have cut up and opened bodies—alive and dead—by millions
- they have written libraries by thousands

And yet, all this put together cannot conceive, manufacture, put together *one* tissue cell

- nor can he make it live.

Yet, this *sub-conscious* or *non-conscious* "unknown quantity" residing in

woman, can and does, in the short time of 280 days, conceive, manufacture, put together, assemble, discriminate, co-relate many different kinds, make it all take form, give it birth, and cause it to live—one baby of 400 billion tissue cells.

"Treatment in the past has generally worked backward from the symptom. The sore was the obvious seat of the trouble, so doctors tried to remove it by prescribing a soothing alkaline diet which would heal the ulcer, or they went to more drastic extremes and cut the ulcer out. *Recently there have been experiments in severing the vagus nerve, which carried the offending impulses. This last seems very much like cutting the telegraph wires from Washington to avoid hearing bad news. It does not halt the march of events, and the bad news will reach us one way or another. Probably it will come as all the more of a shock for the delay imposed by the roundabout route.*

"While the actual sore has to be healed, the permanent solution is to stop at their source the sequence of events which lead up to an ulcer. This has been recognized by medical practitioners for a long time; in fact, almost as long as medicine can be considered a science. The relation between the mind and the gastro-intestinal disorders has been accepted ever since Hippocrates, in the year 640 B.C., was reported to have cured King Perdicas of Macedonia by the analysis of a dream."

(Pages 156-157, "Mind and Body: Psychosomatic Medicine," by Dr. Flanders Dunbar.)

Not only does this Innate within manufacture and expand 400 billion cells, but it

- makes many different kinds
- places each kind where it belongs
- organizes each organ and viscus and makes it possible to work
- builds the entire organism into one perfect whole, so each part works with all other parts.

Recently, in a state publication, a certain Chiropractor referred to the "uneducated Innate Intelligence."

According to the education of this Chiropractor, Innate Intelligence is "uneducated," or at least he thinks it is.

If he could, how would he and *his* education build a baby?

Where would he begin?

How would he make its tissue cells?

How would he know where, when, and how to organize and place them?

Would he start in a laboratory?

What ingredients would he compound?

When a sick person comes to him, he gives him adjustments.

Why?

Does his education or Innate get the sick well?

If his education is so complete, perfect, and efficient, how does he know how to restore health?

If Innate is "uneducated," how does Innate know how to restore health, sanity, or life?

Does his education or Innate know where, how much, when to do things which restore, health, sanity, and life?

Were Innate as "uneducated" as his education indicates, none of his patients would or could get well.

In spite of him, rather than because of his education, it is fortunate that

Innate is *so* intelligent that it ignores his "education" in accomplishing things it does in *his* patients.

In our hasty thinking and anxiety to secure an education, we are prone to say, "I have a soul." Rather, we should say and think: "I am Innate Intelligence; I have a body in which to express myself. It is the Innate which builds a mortal home in which to live." When the inner Innate urges, pushes, and squeezes the outer educated fellow, it's time to act.

How is all this done?

Conceited man says:

- karyokenesis is the physiological explanation
- one unicellular cell divides into two; two into four; four into eight; and eventually out of *one* come billions.
- Out of nothing comes something.
- Out of *one* cell came the universe.

How would this *sub-conscious*, or *non-conscious* "unknown quantity" of the mother explain how *it* is done?

CHAPTER 15

HOW WE COME

MALE AND FEMALE have we them.

The male deposits the sperm—approximately half of the future child.

The female deposits the ovum—approximately the other half of the future child.

Within these microscopic elements *are* the *material* elements of the future child.

If the body *needs* 400 billion cells to *be* a body, then

—200 billion lie dormant in the sperm

—200 billion lie dormant in the ovum

—the two together make it complete.

200 billion sperm cells and 200 billion ovum cells are deposited in the incubator.

In 280 days they have developed into a child form. Whichever predominates determines the sex.

Let us interject here that *living* is a process.

1st. Conception of form

2nd. Development of form—taking 280 days.

3rd. Maturing that form up to approximately 30 years.

4th. Maintenance of that form until death.

Life and *death* are processes of *expansion* of tissue cells from tissue cell centers—not cellular division.

So long as cells *can* and *do expand* from tissue cell centers, we are alive.

When they cease to and cannot expand, we get diseased and begin to die.

Every man has an internal potential which is right, good, big, which is too often dormant.

He has, at the same time, plastered on the outside, an active substitute that is usually wrong, bad, and petty.

The external active, too often, does petty things in petty ways.

This is true because he reverses the two values, making the big, which is right, good and big; the wrong, bad and small.

Anything that is natural which flows from within outward, is right, good, and big.

It is the educated artificial which plasters itself on the outside that is unnatural.

Sex, for instance, is a natural thing which flows from within outward.

It is a necessity for production internally, and reproduction externally.

Educated man has builded certain rules, regulations, and restrictions which make sex obscene, lascivious, dirty; puts clothes on sex; builds up taboos and kapus.

He has made many unnatural, artificial standards and wrapped them into situations which force men and women to live a dual standard.

He has a public life which is affirmed, and a private life which is denied.

Too frequently, educated man condones the natural and condemns the artificial.

He thinks a few words from a frocked coat makes a right a wrong, or a wrong a right.

Educated establishes one standard, whereas natural issues have another. Animals live a natural life.

Humans live an artificial one.

Once born, the baby takes on two great periods:

—child-age *before* puberty

—adult age *after* puberty.

It is a *non-reproductive* animal *before* puberty.

It is a *reproductive* animal *after* puberty.

Between birth and approximately 15 years, it expands cells to form the reproductive animal *after* 15 years.

Between birth and approximately 15 years, the reproductive organs are there but dormant.

At approximately 15 years, the reproductive organs awaken and begin to act, to manufacture *new* reproductive elements—the sperm and ovum.

He is a *productive* animal up to 15.

He is a *reproductive* animal *after* 15.

Man is a contradictory, ignorant mass of exploding transitory theories.

He acknowledges a Wisdom that runs the universe.

He denies any Wisdom that creates, regulates, governs, directs human beings.

Within us, it is said "The Kingdom of God is within you."

It is!

Innate Intelligence is the Great I am that I am.

Innate is the *internal source of all and everything*.

One ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

One spark of Innate is greater than all the education, books, libraries of man.

Yet, conceited man reverses that process.

He places what he *thinks* he knows over and above everything else.

He places everything that is, the law itself, below and under what he *thinks* he knows.

As an example of the greatness of Innate, I quote from the G-P-C Bulletin, No. 32, from an article by George Shears, D.C.

He states it concretely:

"Out of it all comes the glorious fact that most of our research of the present day is in the region where the interference *actually* is and where B.J. led us many years ago. Human beings are obtaining ever increasing results from the ministrations of our profession, based on the inherent truth of the God-given Chiropractic principle. It all indicates very clearly that in the patient-Chiropractor relationship, there is a *third* element *far more important than the other two put together*. It was suggested that we not let our human ego lead us into the ever-dangerous error of thinking that *we* make the adjustment, even if we can prove that what we did changed the mechanical position of the atlas. That, in itself, does not prove anything. Let us remember that *anything* done in the region where the interference actually is, can and may be used by Innate to help make the adjustment and restore transmission and health."

CHAPTER 16

OUR DUAL PERSONALITIES

YOU AND I are *two* individuals, *two* personalities, *two* people, living in the same house.

The *big* fellow within. The *little* fellow outside.

When you and I can learn to respect and look up to the Innate within, in the same understanding way and with the same admirable respect we think of the God of the universe, we will get somewhere in understanding ourselves.

It is Innate in mother which developed the child.

It is Innate in us which makes us grow, live, and be healthy.

It is Innate which makes us well when sick.

It is Innate which mends broken bones.

It is Innate which cures and heals wounds, burns.

And yet, I read an ad of a Chiropractor which says:

"Come to me. I cure hernia."

We humble ourselves; we prostrate ourselves at the feet of the Wisdom of the God of the Universe.

We brag about our boasted educated, and then enlarge upon the pettiness of the "sympathy" and "reflex action" as the Innate within us.

CHAPTER 17

WHENCE COMES GREATNESS?

EVERY "EDUCATED" PERSON is secretly or openly ambitious.

He wants to climb the mountain and view the valleys beneath and behind him.

He looks about, sees what others have accomplished, and wants to duplicate in part or better.

He thinks about the great musicians—Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Irving Berlin.

He recognizes the greatness of the inventors—Westinghouse, Tesla, Steinmetz, Marconi, Edison.

He wishes he could be their equal.

He reads the works of the philosophers and wishes he, too, could philosophize as they did.

He looks upon them as possessing genius.

And, what is genius?

Edison once said it was 98 per cent perspiration and 2 per cent inspiration.

True, the average individual does make it 98 per cent hard work and 2 per cent flowing from within. But that individual who is extraordinary reverses the order and makes it 98 per cent *inspiration* and 2 per cent labor.

He who composes, invents, writes, inspires, enjoys his work because it is an unfolding process from within.

From whence came the music of the musicians, the ideas of inventions, the writings of writers?

Every one opened the flood gates of that which was within himself and let it flow outward.

The Innate within each of us is the sum total of Westinghouse, Tesla, Marconi, Edison, Steinmetz, Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Irving Berlin, D. D. Palmer—and more. Innate is everything to everybody. It is all that everybody has been; has thought, said, written, or printed. Innate is everybody who lives. You, too, are living. The potentials are there. They may be dormant, but they can be active. Unlock any door you prefer, it is yours for knowing how. Any man, if he knows how, can open any room of his Innate. Any man can do what others have done.

Westinghouse could have composed Bach; Bach could have invented Westinghouse; Tesla could have done what Beethoven did, and vice versa.

No one had any special *educated* "talents." In fact, most of them did not. Each had whatever every one had—the Universal Intelligence, the In-

nate Intelligence within, which was the same in all and everything all of them had.

The only difference between any one or the other was that each wanted to do certain things. He released the imprisoned Innate and let it flow forth.

Not being overly educated, he didn't know it couldn't be done by him, so he proceeded to do it.

In you today is the same Innate.

Any of you can be what any of them were; or what any other man is today.

The potential is in you. It lies dormant, inactive, like a smouldering volcano choking back its pent-up fires, ready to burst forth as soon as a natural opening is made possible.

In an *inactive* sense, all of you want to be what any other "great" man of history was or is.

None of these men considered themselves "great."

In an *active* sense, you forbid yourself trying because you have plastered on an artificial granite wall on the outside of yourself, layer upon layer. The more layers, the worse you are, for each layer makes greater the impenetrable wall for Innate to get through. That is why so-called "ignorance" is a blessing in disguise.

The question could be consistently asked: "Could I write music like Bach or any of the other composers?"

Let me ask: Where did Bach get *his* music? Did he borrow it from others, steal the writings of others before him?

Did Gershwin steal *his* Rhapsody in Blue?

The same source is in each of us. There is no special talent in these men.

If there were, where did they get it? Most all the great and near-great, who have accomplished achievements which made them great, had parents who were ordinary, average, and in many instances, less than average people.

It could not be contended that Schopenhauer had parents the sum total of their talents being equal to his, and they passed on their talents to the son who became great.

As a student of human nature, all of us have our urges to do things.

Rather than encourage them, coax them to come through, willing to take the taunts and ridicule of the world that surrounds us, they choke those urges backward, refuse to do, and, for all we know, the world has lost another great man.

Every person who has an urge to compose, write, invent, should seek opportunities to develop those so-called "talents," "intuitions."

This conflict between educations on the outside and Innates on the inside has been going on for centuries.

Many a great man is born, has within him greatness, and dies great, stifled because his education can't take it, his education won't let him, his

education ridicules him, and the educations of his family or friends keep him submerged.

Those who *have* climbed the heights can understand this explanation because they have gone through it.

Those who have refused to climb the scale, misunderstand—but that is to be expected—and the people who have climbed take it for granted because that is the price he pays *for* climbing.

We all can endure trials, troubles, and tribulations and triumph over them if we know how to use the surprisingly strong inner resources. We are stronger Innately than we educationally have been taught.

Is there a something, a force, a factor, a power, a science, a knowledge—call it what you will—which a few people understand and use to overcome their difficulties and achieve outstanding success? I firmly know there is, and it is my desire to explain it so that you may use it if you desire.

Today it is recognized that we have two minds, each endowed with separate and distinct personalities and attributes and each capable of independent action under certain conditions.

To draw upon the limitless resources and powers of the Innate Intelligence within and awaken it into action, you must first be sure the channels of inter-communication are open. If they are, you will have no need to ask for something that is naturally and rightfully yours, for the Innate manifests itself only according to the capabilities of the person. You must wait patiently while the Innate is assimilating the elements of your problem and then goes about its own way and time to work your problems out for you. You must receive the message from Innate freely and, after understanding it you must act on it at once. Only by so doing will you make Innate serve you and continue to respond when you call upon it. You must have positive knowledge in the power and wisdom of Innate, and obediently perform the seemingly irrelevant thing. Remember that Innate, in addition to being the seat of knowledge and power, is a repository of inexhaustible resources. The more you call upon these, the more there are placed at your disposal. Innate is ageless; it can never grow old or tired, and you can draw on it all your life, even unto the moment of death.

Many men and women who have left their imprints on history have done so *without* educated knowledge of the existence of a law within them, working for them.

Other men and women have also left their imprints on history, believing there *was* such a law, that it was possibly within them, but not being conscious of any help gained from it.

Then there is a small minority who have also left their imprints on history who, *knowingly, consciously, and understandingly* let the law work through them in their daily lives.

Obviously, success came to all alike.

The majority, however, are without conscious understanding of the exist-

ence of a law within themselves. This group places education as supreme, and acknowledges no other source of values. Thousands of Harvard and Yale graduates are driving street cars in cities. They have *so much education* that they have no sense of understanding of anything else. In the same sense, many so-called "ignorant" and "uneducated" men have accomplished superior accomplishments because of their ability to seek the law and let it work through them. They might have been woefully shy of "education" but they were brilliant *with knowledge and wisdom* from a greater source than books, schools, or blank-repeating teachers.

Herschel Stanford, D.C., puts it this way:

When a principle that is right is used right, the one so using it will succeed.

When a principle that is right is wrongly used, the one so using it will fail.

To condemn a *principle* because wrong application produced failure is to condemn *creation* itself.

Another way to say this is:

If one accidentally uses a right principle, he will succeed.

If one purposely uses a right principle, he will succeed.

If one accidentally uses a principle the wrong way, he will fail.

If one purposely uses a principle the wrong way, he will fail.

One may succeed or fail accidentally.

One may succeed or fail purposely.

If one succeeds by accident, the chances of his succeeding again are against him; he does not know *why* he succeeded.

If he fails by accident, the chances are that he will continue to fail; he would not know why he failed.

If one succeeds on purpose, design, definite *rules* based on right principle, then one may duplicate that success any given number of times.

The Chiropractic principle and practice are based on a set of definite rules which are so exacting, accurate, that any who know, understand, and apply them correctly may do so.

Fight cancer! Fight tuberculosis! Fight infantile paralysis!

We have built up an impenetrable wall of medical education of trying to eradicate *effects* by *fighting* effects!

There has been built up a medical armamentarium to *fight*, kill, or stamp out *disease* after it is in existence. "Easter seals to help crippled children." Why *become* crippled? If cause *were* known and corrected, there would be no cripples. Medicine does not *know* the cause. Getting cases in their acute stages, they should know how to correct that which would prevent chronic cripples. Selling or buying Easter seals *after* children become cripples is like putting a horse in the stall after it has been stolen.

It is so easy to *help* life, health, Innate.

Helping the *good* is better than fighting the bad.

Help God rather than fight the devil.

An ounce of correction of cause is worth a pound of cure of disease. A trifle of internal knowledge is more than a hogshead of external ignorance.

A bit of Innate ability is more than a great deal of educated blundering.

Thou *shalt* is better than Thou *shalt not*!

CHAPTER 18

WISDOM

WHEN YOU AND I educationally reach that stage of understanding of the immensity of the gigantic value of the Innate within us, and learn to respect its superior knowledge of how to direct and run this body of ours

—we will have reached that stage of development to humble ourselves also at the Wisdom of the greatness of “The Kingdom of God that is within us.”

We will *know* Innate is the law of the human being.

Innate runs according to definite, positive, regulated principles and practices.

Innate cannot be cheated, violated or raped without loss to the body economy.

All you and I can do is correct the mechanical violation of matter and let *Innate* take its course; let Innate let its Law its wonders to perform.

Conceited man has the theory that *he* alone, of all on earth, can add to or take from the performance of Innate.

He gathers elements from all the world outside and gives them to the world inside, thinking the world inside does not know what man needs or how to use it once it gets them.

He thinks he can add medicinal heat, light, water, and other immaterialities to the body, as health producing agencies which will absorb them and change its pattern of action because thereof.

The baby is born.

The Innate is all-sufficient unto its body's needs.

The body is all-sufficient unto its Innate's needs.

The baby grows into a boy or girl, man or woman.

The Innate is still all-sufficient unto its body's needs.

The body is still all-sufficient unto its Innate's needs.

When that body *is well*, all *is well*, each unto the other.

Nothing need be added from the external, except air, water, and food.

Some may say, “It needs be taught and educated befitting the statute of man over all other animals.”

How about the savage who needs not be taught or educated? He is healthy without such.

How about other animals, birds, reptiles, fish? They are healthy without being taught or securing an education in schools!

Let man get sick, and the picture changes.

The Innate is now *not* all-sufficient unto its body; nor is the body all-sufficient unto its Innate.

It now appears that educated man must step in, gathering the herbs, minerals, waters, foods, from over the world, in devious and multifarious concoctions to give to the body.

Educated man demands that educated man be educated to think this, that, or some other ism or schism is necessary to have his body regulated and regimented back into health.

If the Innate and body are all-sufficient unto each other *in health*, why isn't each also all-sufficient unto the other *in sickness*?

All therapies admit that "nature cures," "nature heals." Where does "nature" come from? Where is it? Can it be found in a teaspoon or out of a bottle? Is it found by ripping out necessary organs? Is it a force artificially manufactured to be artificially injected? Is it foreign thinking, taught by one educated man to another? Is it something externally foreign to itself which must come from the outside in? Or, was it inside when the body was healthy and is still there when the body is sick, which can be restored from where it is inside to where it isn't inside? Is it something *natural* that must come from within?

Lying, usually buried, in us is an Innate Intelligence.

If we could open those flood gates and let Innate flow, we would be as good and as great as it, itself.

Lying in *all* of us is our Innate selves.

Innate is God in human beings

is good in human beings

is life in human beings

is health in human beings

is sane in human beings.

Let Innate flow in and through us and we can accomplish the great wonders.

All of us want to be big; do big things; make the world better because of our having lived in it.

The vast majority want to be big by *thinking they are big*, by theorizing about big things, thinking external education alone is sufficient and is all important.

Until he has *found himself*, nothing happens.

When man has *found himself*, he steps out of the mass, gets into the class, and then begins to climb the ladder of accomplishment.

All men and women who have left their imprint on the years of time, to the benefit of the world, were ones who *had* found themselves.

No matter how many years we exist by cluttering up this earth on which

we move and have our being, we will never reach maturity until such time as the educated fellow on the outside is as big and as great as the Innate inside.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, for such is the Kingdom of Heaven" was but another way of saying that we *are* educationally "little children" and we should go to Innate within "for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

CHAPTER 19

WHAT IS "FINDING YOURSELF"?

TO REALIZE THAT YOU and your education are very small things

—that your Innate within you is the all-important

—that to rely upon Innate doing through you is the *great* factor worth understanding.

You'll never find yourself by losing yourself.

You'll never find Innate within yourself by playing down Innate and playing up your education.

Every student in this or any other school has the *same* Innate potential that every other great person of history has had.

He can accomplish anything he wants to if he wants to long enough and strong enough.

But he will accomplish *nothing* until he *finds himself* with his Innate.

When he has, his great objective of life will be an open book before him

—nothing can hold him back

—he will take his place amongst the masters of men.

The teachings of Christ, regardless, were typical of a Man who *found himself*.

He went on the highways and by-ways, taking this gospel of helping men *find themselves*, as *He* found Himself.

Go ye and do likewise.

Go ye and *find yourself* and help the helpless multitudes find within themselves that great balm that, which it alone, gets them well.

How do *you* get into communion with your Innate? How do you get in tune with your Infinite? How does Educated contact Innate? You don't! *Innate communicates with you and when Innate is in contact you are in tune with the infinite.* You don't seek Innate. You don't go out on a hunting expedition, asking Innate to come to you. Innate *will seek you* when convinced *you* are ready to receive and will then come unsolicited.

As well ask: How can educated man contact God, get in communion with God, get in tune with the Infinite? How can man, the inferior, contact God, the superior; the servant, the master; the incompetent, the competent? It doesn't work that way. God contacts man, communicates with man, gets in tune with man. Man, however, religiously reverses the order. *He* talks to God; *he* thanks God; *he* suggests to God; *he* tells God what to do; *he* asks God for favors; *he* prays to God.

Education, so far as health problems and religious theories are concerned, works from outside in; from below upward. *Universal intelligence and Innate intelligence work from above downward, within outward.*

Educated Brain is a peripheral organ the same as are lungs or heart. As such it is subject to dis-ease the same as any other peripheral organ at the periphery of nerves leading from the Innate brain.

When Educated Brain is normal, it is a fertile field for Innate to work through. When Educated Brain is abnormal, suffering with a diminished supply of normal mental impulse between Innate Brain and Educated Brain, then no matter how normal Innate is, the Educated Brain medium through which Innate works reduces the value of what Innate might otherwise like to and desire to send through it.

The Educated Brain is an organ through which Innate works exactly as the stomach, liver or other organs are mediums through which Innate might like to and desires to work through. A disordered or dis-eased Educated Brain is like a disordered or dis-eased stomach or liver. There are dis-eases of the Educated Brain the same as there are dis-eases of bowels or spleen. The difference is that in organs, such as stomach, liver, bowels, spleen, etc., it is *function* that is abnormal. In Educated Brain, it is sensation from the body and disorganized, upset, abnormal, or reduced value (insane) thinking ideas.

When insanity exists, it is always in the Educated Brain. The brain itself is not insane, but the abnormality of that physical organ produces insane thinking. Any Educated Brain that is abnormal, producing insane thinking, is not a sane brain for Innate to contact or work through. In exact ratio as thinking is restored from insanity to sanity, Innate is making contact, communion is re-established and educationally you are getting in tune with the Infinite.

How does the Educated Brain become abnormal? Because of a vertebral subluxation interfering with the normal quantity flow of Innate mental impulse supply between Innate and Educated Brains.

Suppose you have a dull, throbbing, or sharp-shooting headache. Thinking is dull, diminished. Innate would find it difficult to bring clear and true ideas to, or pass them through Educated Brain. Same is true of a lower body organ. With Innate supply shut off, reduced function is interfered with and there exists organic disturbances or incoordinations.

As vertebral adjustments make it possible to restore normal function to stomach, liver, bowels, spleen, etc., so will vertebral adjustments make it possible to restore a normal quantity flow of Innate mental impulse supply between Innate and Educated Brains. When that has been accomplished, physical incoordinations disappear and mental coordinations re-appear. When that occurs, Innate is in tune with your body *and Educated Brain.*

HOW THE LAW WORKS

On December 18, 1948, we had to go to Des Moines, 186 miles from Davenport.

Should we drive or go by train?

The 15th, 16th, and 17th of December were beautiful, sunshiny days, ideal for driving.

On the 15th, Innate told me to go my train. Reservations were made accordingly.

At 8:00 A.M. on the 18th, it began to drizzle; it froze; the roads were sheets of ice. It snowed all day, on top of the ice. Roads were "extremely hazardous" and warnings were issued to "keep off all highways." Innate knew!

The train was packed—holiday travelers. Arriving in Des Moines, there were more than a hundred people waiting for taxis. There was only one, and it was loaded and off before we arrived at the taxi stand. It was cold, wind was blowing, and we thought we might have to wait an hour for a taxi, for on such occasions taxis are at a premium. For a moment my educated mind didn't know what to do. The next moment I said, "Innate will provide; she always does!"

One minute after reaching the taxi stand, a private car drove up. "Are you Dr. Palmer?" I replied I was. "Can I give you a lift somewhere?" We piled in.

On our way to the hotel, this man said, "When I was six, I suffered terribly with earache. I tried all kinds of doctors and drugs. None did me any good. Finally, I went to one of your graduates—Dr. Julander, in Des Moines. In a few days my earache was gone and now I am a married man and I've had no earache since. I take my family to this Chiropractor now whenever there is anything wrong. I am a 'C.B.' (Chiropractic Booster). I recognized you from your picture hanging in his office. It is a pleasure to return any favor to you."

Innate worked years ago from us through this Chiropractor, Dr. Julander. Innate has worked through this particular Chiropractor for thirty-five years, he never deviating from the Innate principle and practice; therefore, Innate worked in the patient, relieving his earache. This patient, having taken adjustments, was a better receiver; therefore, it worked on this occasion through him, for us.

As we drove past the Equitable Life Insurance Building, I said: "In that tower WHO has its FM transmitter." He replied, "That's the company in which I am an executive."

Many will say this was coincidence, accident, luck, just happened. To the majority, it would be that. When "incidents" like this "happen" consistently and persistently, time without end, year after year, under many varied conditions, it becomes a law at work.

How did this kind friend and his wife *know* we needed a lift? We had never met him, nor he us; he had never seen us before, nor we him.

There is such a thing as my Innate communicating to his Innate, that dark and stormy night, what my Innate knew we needed. The message was flashed, he received, it was sent to his educated mind which was in tune with his Innate; he followed the suggestion, looked around at the waiting crowd, found me (because he, too, was one of the successful men), came directly to me, and away we went to the hotel.

That's *how* the law works *between one person and another* who are in tune with the law within.

ANOTHER INSTANCE OF HOW INNATE WORKS

Analysis of why it works between two people proves that only those who have their educations attuned to their Innates are amenable to the quality of action between another person who is also amenable to the duality of action who have their educations attuned to their Innates.

Wednesday, January 12, 1949, 2:00 P.M. My educated fellow was lying down at home, relaxing, listening to the radio, after a trying day. Suddenly there flashed through my educated mind: "Dante needs you. Go see him."

Who is Dante? He and Blackstone are the two greatest magicians in the world today—a title either might dispute with the other. Dante has traveled the world, is now in his 49th year as a performer, and has always been a great Chiropractic booster from the day he met the Searby family in Australia, took adjustments, got well himself, and all his troupe.

Dante opened his show in Chicago, January 12th. Without hesitation and without educationally reasoning why, I phoned at once for train reservations for Chicago. Arrived Thursday, January 13th. I called his hotel. He said: "Where are you? I am almost dead. Miss Miller and Miss Lopez are not fit to put on a show. We had a terrible trip here from San Francisco. They shunted, humped and bumped the train until all of us are shaking and trembling. I need you. I almost phoned you yesterday to come and take care of me. If I could have gotten away from the opening last night, I would have come to Davenport. I have a short rehearsal early this afternoon and will then come to your hotel. We all need adjustments."

I told him I was at Hotel Morrison, that I had caught his Innate message, and that was why I was here.

At 2:45 Dante, Miss Moi-Yo Miller and Victoria Lopez (the stars of the show) arrived. I read them, and all received an adjustment. Had them rest until 3:45. In a short while, all were up, full of pep, ready to go.

January 14th, had dinner as the guest of Dante and Miss Miller in the Pompeian Room of Congress Hotel. Checked, and all were clear. Reported feeling better.

Saturday, January 15th, took in the show. We went back stage at 8:00, before the show. Dante had put on a Saturday afternoon matinee before

2,000 "kids." He was in rare form, full of pep, no lumbago, and all nervousness gone. He was rarin' to go. He was bubbling over with appreciation for how fine he was feeling.

During the show, Dante stopped on the beer barrel act, took a large sheet of plain paper, began folding it, but finally tore it in two, saying: "That takes energy, which I would not have if it had not been for my dear friend of many years, the world famous Dr. Palmer of Davenport, Iowa, who came here especially to care for me and members of my company. If it hadn't been for him, I could not be here putting on this show tonight. He is down here in the second row. Will you stand up and take a bow, Dr. Palmer?"

It again proves that where two people have their educations tuned to their Innates, they communicate a silent message to each other. He needed our service. We caught his message. He thought of us. We thought of him. We got together because his Innate knew what he needed, my Innate knew I could render the service. As a result, the show went on without interruption.

Show folks are fine folks!

CHAPTER 20

PIONEERS

A TYPE OF MIND seems to believe that because all the earth is known and the country settled, no further pioneering remains to be done.

Thus far, the pioneers have been working on the *outside* of things; nowadays the new direction of pioneering is toward the *inside* of things. We know the planet pretty well; we are now exploring the atom. We are only in the far-off dim beginnings of knowledge. Discoveries are yet to be made, greater than those of Columbus—but in another region. The youth of today live in a more thrilling period than those of the merchant adventurer or the early frontiersmen.

There are pioneers, plodders and parasites.

Pioneers make the venture and the conquest.

Plodders consolidate and hold what has been gained.

Parasites follow to live off other's labors.

Each fulfills a purpose, even the parasite. He is pretty low down in the scale, like the maggot, but his presence is an advertisement that something exists on which he can live. It is likewise a warning that "that something," whatever it may be, should be eliminated.

But we cannot afford to view life from the maggot's or parasite's point of view, nor even justify them because they fulfill a scavenger's duty; as human beings, we are bent upon securing a mode of life where these things simply die out for want of sustenance. Pioneers are far more interesting, and more worth emphasis.

Most of us would not have to go far back into our families to find a pioneer. There may even be pioneers among our recent newcomers to America, although no longer does any doubt exist that the number and ratio of parasites have increased.

Most of us are here today because some men and women were brave enough to venture across strange seas and settle in strange lands to make life as they wanted it.

There is this about the pioneer: he is the man of courage and vision in the community. Timid people stay at home. People who live in the rut do not venture afar. The pioneer has the vision to see new regions and the spirit to conquer them.

Pioneers by land pushed back frontiers until there are no longer any frontiers.

Pioneers by sea charted the deep and marked every shore and island.

And because of that, because the country is settled and all the world is known, we incline to think there is no more pioneering. And yet it is going on, under our eyes, with a daring and a dash never before equaled.

The pioneer spirit did not die with the disappearance of the last frontier nor with the discovery of the last Pole; it changed its field, and charged ahead with its restless energy to new conquests.

Pioneering is based on the inquiring mind and the experimental courage.

Serious experiment is a combination of natural desire and deliberate courage. It requires the pioneer type of mind.

Our modern pioneering is not geographical; it deals less with the exterior of things than with their interior.

There is another difference—the modern pioneer may see now and again a resting place, but he sees no end.

You can push back land and sea frontiers until there are no more; but you cannot push back the frontiers of knowledge until there are no more.

Mind boundaries may enlarge but they do not disappear.

The strange thing about knowledge is this: every new discovery opens up wider regions to be conquered. The less a man knows, the less for him there is to be known.

The more a man knows, the more there is for him to know.

Wise men no longer measure learning by what they know, but by what their learning shows them they do not know.

The Unknown is the only region that is increased, the only region that is not decreased, by discovery.

That is where the fallacy arises in the statement that knowledge does away with limitations.

It is quite the other way round: Knowledge increases the field of understanding, renders it more necessary than before, makes it a greater and more creative force.

This increase of the Unknown with the increase of the Known, indicates the infinity of life. When with every accomplishment the field of possible accomplishment becomes larger instead of smaller, we get the idea of the endlessness of life's purpose and the vastness of its possible progress.

Man has a long and interesting job before him, not to be measured by space or time.

We often hear people talk as if all pioneering were done. There seem to be folk who think that the world has reached the limit.

It is perhaps impossible to change encrusted minds, but every young person, and every person who wants to keep on growing, and keep a mind as young as the newest truth, should maintain the thought that the world has hardly begun.

What we call the marvels of the present age are marvels only because we are such children, such new beginners in the art and mystery of life. They will become commoner than daily bread. Within half a short lifetime

the world has changed, the miraculous of a quarter of a century ago is now the plaything of boys.

Someone once said—he was a learned man—that he felt, after all his successful quest for knowledge, that he was but a child playing with sand on the seashore.

The saying was much quoted to illustrate the humility of the great.

As a matter of fact, we have not even begun to play with sand of the seashore. We have just begun to notice it is there.

Humanity is in the dim beginnings of that process of "taking notice," as we see babies do. The sand!—why, the pioneers sought for distant shores; the pioneers of today are trying to get inside the grain of sand that makes the shore, and inside the atom, and when that is accomplished and we begin really to play with the sands on the seashore, it will be a new earth.

No, we haven't begun to play with the sand yet; the smallest unit the mind can think of has become for science a vast universe of mystery.

There is plenty of pioneering to be done. It is one of the unnoted marvels that life goes on as well as it does, because no sooner does one get inside the mind of a master in any field than one discovers that the principal thing about that master is his sense of the impossibility of mastering his field, and the imperfection of such knowledge as passes for mastery with the throngs.

More interesting books could be written on things we don't know than on what we know, because there are more of the former than we can catalog than there are of the latter.

If any person thinks the field is full and all chances taken, all great adventures fulfilled, and all pioneer opportunities exhausted, let him make excursions into various fields of endeavor and see how far his thought is from the fact.

Go to the doctor—is the field of medicine conquered? No. A great medical school recently sent out a communication in which were stated some of the things that medicine does not know. Very simple things they seem, too, but they are great open fields for pioneering.

CHAPTER 21

ARE WE DIVISIBLE?

THELES (about 500 BC) saw fit to think he had divided man. The soul, spirit—what we Chiropractors call Innate Intelligence—was one half. This half was given to religions, theosophies, philosophies, etc. The corporeal, matter was the other half. This was given to physic-ians because they studied, taught, prescribed and practiced with and upon the physic-al.

Ever since, man has been studying and practicing (and that word is advisable) as a divided being.

The immaterialists have been *trying* to make their one-half the whole of man.

The materialists have been *trying* to make their half the whole of man. Neither has succeeded.

Ironically, it is as though electricians said electricity was all that was needed to produce light; electricity was the alpha and omega of all electrical phenomena; there was no necessity for globes, motors, heaters, etc.

Or, as though the materialists said physics and chemistry were all needed to produce life; matter was the alpha and omega of all life phenomena; there was no necessity for Innate mental impulse flow because they couldn't prove it as a materiality in laboratories.

As though one said they could and did have light without a globe.

The other said they could and did have light without electricity.

This parallel is foolish—so simple even children understand; but that's the conflict Theles handed us, which we have been trying to make work and fit into the great scheme of things these many centuries, always failing.

Peculiarly, we have no little fault to find with conclusions reached or findings made by either of the halves.

Generally, they are reasonably sound.

Gross errors *have* developed when they reach conclusion of how one works in the other *without* the other.

It is when they attempt to explain how one-half makes the whole work, that errors galore have fastened themselves upon us.

To make it clear, we are not opposed to ministerial or medical education, per se, as such, so long as it does not interfere with the natural working of the natural law of living human beings.

But when those educations take on the aspects of trying to divide living human beings into halves, each half being taught as the entirety, then

education becomes a dangerous thing to the welfare of the continued living, health, and sanity of the human race.

Spiritualists—and we mean those who believe in the all-inclusive soul aspects of life—speak only of the soul, its beginning, its preservation.

Torture the body to save the soul for eternity.

To them, evils and sickness are perversions of the mind.

Physicians account for every sickness and its cure as a material thing, an entity, and must be cured by a material issue.

To this group, medical education and practice are *materia-medicine*, with a material cause and cure.

Here is a situation apropos.

People involved are two: a minister and a physician.

The educated minister was educated in an educated college to study the soul, how to pray to and for its salvation, etc.

The educated physician was educated in an educated medical college to study the material body, how to apply *materia medica*, etc.

The minister becomes sick.

Does he take the sick *body* to another minister of the soul?

He goes to a physician who diagnoses his condition as "liver complaint." The liver is matter.

The physician prescribes some other kind of matter for his material liver, hoping to so change the material liver as to get it back to its normal materialistic liver condition.

The physician commits some sort of what he calls a "sin." It worries his "conscience."

Does he take his erring conscience, his sin, to another physician like himself?

He takes his soul to a minister of souls, who can help him eradicate the evils of sin.

Simple as the divisions are, they each contain elements which deny themselves.

The minister eats, digests, and otherwise moves about daily in a material body.

The physician thinks, senses, interprets, and otherwise uses his mind to exist with.

So, each admits the necessity of both *being together*, yet each denies they are together when anything goes hay-wire with either.

The Chiropractor does not tell the educated minister or physician to have faith, or pray to anything for anything, to get well.

Neither does he tell the educated mind of either what to eat, what to take, or how to take it.

The Chiropractor does not add or subtract anything to or from the educated mind or its body.

The Chiropractor does not ask that the educated patient have faith in him or in what he does.

This much the Chiropractor does—he opens the occlusion that interferes with the normal quantity flow of Innate Intelligence between that and its body.

Once that is done, that is *all* he can do.

From then on, it is up to Innate Intelligence to get the sick body well. And this it will do without suggestion, guidance, or instructions from any educated man.

The Chiropractor makes it possible to permit the union of the Innate and its body to take place.

Health in the educated brain and the body will be the result, other things being equal.

While discussing this issue, we again mention that man is a dual mentality—Innate Intelligence and Educated.

There never has been any division of Innate Intelligence and the body in which it resides and acts.

Any “division” that is said to exist is purely a figment of education that has repeated the same old fairy tales of medical men, books, schools, and practices.

If, as, and when man is separated from his Innate, *he* is dead, at which time the minister of the soul (Innate) says: “Here lies *the remains*.” Meanwhile, the educated physic-ian worked on his theory that they were divided, only on the matter of man, so he made it no longer a fit habitat for his Innate.

Chiropractic is not a religion in the ordinary, accepted, and usual understanding of that term as religions exist now and have existed for centuries and are established in the minds of human conduct.

The principles and practices of Chiropractic cannot be made into a religion.

Religions have rituals and robes, ceremonies and conditions which create ministers who perform marriages, conduct funeral services, have a heaven for good conduct and a hell for sinners, who can pray away sins for a fee and save souls that go haywire.

Religions have saviors, apostles, and a Koran or Bible, establishing an intermediary between man according to the particular kind of God in which that religion believes. They create abstract language which is to be taken as texts, repeated and interpreted by preachers who preach and cannot practice what they preach because nothing they preach is subject to proof because they are based on what they “believe” and “have faith” in.

All religions have well defined and established concepts around which they wrap the necessity of begging for their existence to perpetuate themselves.

Chiropractic, in principle and practice, has none of the above. It has no

pulpits or steeples; its "dogma" is the Innate Intelligence within every living quadruped or biped and can be practiced anywhere there is a vertebral *subluxation*.

Chiropractic has no Sunday or Sunday school; no one day set aside to worship the deity on bended knee while looking downward to the supposed abode of a theoretical devil. It is applicable any day of the week wherever there is a sick being.

Chiropractic has no Lord's prayer to repeat; no ten commandments or hymns to sing. Chiropractic has a positive knowledge of when and where there is a vertebral subluxation which he knows how to correct, well knowing that the Innate within is all sufficient to restore absent function. Chiropractic establishes no mental or verbal mental standard to stimulate an artificial increase of a Universal Intelligence, of an Innate Intelligence, or inhibit the inhibitions of a supposed-to-exist satan. Chiropractic has no deity to which we can direct instructions of how to run the universe, or a soul to save for heaven or from hell. Praise or fear has no place in our logic or reasons why or how to live a normal healthy life.

George Shears, in his G-P-C Bulletin, April, 1949, aptly states:

"Since the birth of the G-P-C principle, we have been accused of trying to make a 'religion' out of Chiropractic. Our critics claim that Chiropractic is a science and should be kept strictly in that field. It has long been my personal belief that it is neither one, but actually is the long-sought 'missing link' between the two, yet is distinct and separate from both and necessary to both."

"For centuries, science has been on one side of an invisible wall and religion has been on the other, and 'never the twain shall meet.' It is said that they must be kept separate and that one should not encroach upon the other. The truth of the matter is that neither one is complete without the other. Man may live a natural and normal existence only when true religion is properly blended in and through true science."

"A human being is not all physical, neither is he all spiritual; he is a proper blending of one in and through the other. Science treats human beings on the physical side and ignores the spiritual side. Religion treats human beings on the spiritual side and ignores the physical side. Both ignore the obvious fact that there is a connecting link between the spiritual and physical of human beings which, if properly balanced, makes that human being more normal both spiritually and physically. No human being can ever be normal in every way unless this connection is as it was created and established. To do what is necessary to help the spiritual management within restore that connecting link is the work of a Chiropractor, not the treatment of effects, by means of manipulation, on the physical side. A vast majority of the so-called 'straight' Chiropractors are merely giving manipulations and 'treatments' on the physical side. The restoration of the 'link' by Innate is *pure* Chiropractic and *all* of Chiropractic. That is the principle which will be preserved and is the only principle to which we have an inherent right. We need not and must not encroach upon the religious field and we must not encroach upon the field of science. Our pure unadulterated service under this principle can be a great blessing to both, because neither can properly express itself without it. With it, much of what both now do will be superfluous. To fill our true place we must not encroach upon either the spiritual or physical field, but must provide the long-sought missing link. That is the only way human beings can ever be the perfect instruments of expression their Creator intended them to be. The 'new age' can come into being only when *all* human beings have this link between the spiritual and the physical in perfect transmitting condition from the moment of birth until their allotted span of life is complete."

"A G-P-C Server may be 'religious' or 'non-religious' just as a grocer, merchant, barber, or anyone else may be. As B.J. often has said, 'Let us keep the big things big and the small things small.'"

Chiropractic, for the first time since Theles, studies living man *as a unity* of Innate Intelligence *and* his body.

It has built up a practical application of *the necessity* for one in the other. All religions are principles, even though right, *without a practice*. All materia medica is a practice, *without a principle*.

That being true, a study and practice based on the unity of Innate in its body, Chiropractors are pioneers in a new-old approach—in which soul and matter meet on common working ground in cause and cure of sickness, insanity, and death; a common principle and practice applicable to *all* disease and sickness, regardless of location, kind, or character.

There is not so much to learn as there is to unlearn about what has been taught heretofore about Innate and its living body.

When men teach that there is light without electricity, and it is believed by the mass when it is not true in reality;

—when others teach that there is light without a globe, and it is believed by the mass when it is not true in reality;

—when both groups believe those theories, and the masses follow those beliefs and educationally and legally hang on tenaciously to the theories each group propounds, to sustain their impossibilities—then there is much to unlearn.

There is not much *to* learn because anything that is, is; and all that is needed is common-sense observation of what is before us that we see and *know* is true.

Obviously, any and all “research” and theories built up, trying to explain how electricity can produce light without a globe; or any and all “research” and theories trying to explain how the globe can produce light without electricity, would be useless, fruitless, and failure; because both are working on a wrong one-half fundamental.

The fact that such could have been taught for centuries, believed by millions, practiced upon the human race with confidence in those who practice such, does not make any of it true.

The fact remains that the practice of medicine, for the cure of the ills of mankind, has been and will continue to be failure as long as it works upon those premises.

Any and all “research” and theories trying to explain how Innate alone creates life without a body in which to do so; or any and all “research” and theories trying to explain *how the body alone creates function chemically* without an Innate Intelligence, lead to false premises, no matter how many believed either premise; no matter how much legislation is passed to enforce such beliefs; no matter how many books are written along those lines, or how many colleges teach such.

As long as the lesser small fellow *thinks* the greater big fellow is the lesser small fellow; and as long as the greater big fellow *knows* the lesser small fellow *is* the lesser small fellow, there will always be a conflict between what the lesser small fellow *tries* to do and what the greater big fellow knows he can't do; between the relative comparable values of who is to

do what, and which fellow thinks or knows who is in command of the other.

Any *theories* advanced by the lesser small fellow in support of its claims to being the greater big fellow will be false, misleading, unreliable, unstable, transitory, unfounded, and unworthy.

CHAPTER 22

ONE HALF TRUE

GENERALLY SPEAKING, all religious theories advanced by soul students are reasonably true.

Generally speaking, it is true that all anatomical conclusions advanced about the body are reasonably true.

But, every theory, supposition, physiological or biological theory about what happens to intelligent function when each is only one-half of the whole, and conclusions reached how one-half runs the whole—all such are unsound, illogical, and without reason or soundness, and don't work.

It is fortunate that Innate can and does ignore all educated man's ideas.

The Red Cross advertises, "Your gift provides *miracles* every day."

Anybody who gets well from medicine is a "miracle." Every person who gets well from an adjustment, is the normal action of a natural law.

Cancer drives. Heart disease drives. Tuberculosis, Christmas seal drives. Polio drives. Mile-of-dimes infantile paralysis drives. Red feather campaign. Millions received and spent. Then what?

When that's gone, the medical profession asks for more.

They promise to save millions of lives.

They still cut out cancer or burn them with X-rays.

Tuberculosis? They're still hunting for a material germ cause and cure.

Infantile paralysis? They still know nothing more about its cause than they did when these campaigns started.

The same routine, format, modus operandi, approach.

Each new formula conceived is tried, great claims are made, repudiated, and then ask for more millions.

Recently, there has developed another wrinkle—psychosomatic medicine.

Previous to that, the psychologist.

In all those fields, the general fundamental is: the educated mind thinks wrong and causes the body to go sick; or, the body gets chemically unbalanced and this causes the mind to go sick.

In either event, the trick is to get man's education to think right to get the body well; or, balance the physical and chemical properties to get the mind well.

The "mind"—as obtuse as that term is—is the education man builds from birth to death; does not get the body sick, nor is the reverse true.

The fundamental cause of all dis-ease lies between the Innate Intelligence

and the body; in the interference to the normal and natural quantity efferent flow *between* Innate Intelligence and the body; in the interference to the normal and natural quantity afferent flow from body to Innate Intelligence.

This interference *between* can make either sick.

Chiropractic *has* found this simple specific. That knowledge has simplified this entire question of life and death; health and sickness; sanity and insanity to one place, corrected one way.

Beyond that, what more is there?

It is this *union* of Innate mind *and* body, soul and physical, spiritual and material, and the nature of the link that unites each to the other, that has been entirely overlooked, ignored, and in many instances "scientists" denied there is such.

CHAPTER 23

PROOF

As proof, if such be needed, that "the nature of the link is unknown to us," we quote from the Preface of *The Physiology of the Nervous System* by J. P. Morat, Professor of Neurology, University of Lyons, France:

In every living being a *double current* of matter and energy is present, *running in a definite direction which never varies*. In these two currents the transformations of energy accompany those of matter; they are sometimes united, sometimes separated, *and their union is the starting point of a cycle of which their separation emphasizes the termination*. This cycle is the simplified image of *vital evolution*; and it in the first traces of organization are sketched out. But in proportion as this cycle becomes complicated and elaborated we may observe the advent of fresh cycles more or less resembling it, which superpose themselves, interfere with and bestow upon it a new value. Innervation corresponds to a cycle of this nature.

In fact, while the material and energetic currents proceed from the ingesta to the excreta through the intestines and the vessels, a third and an incomparably weaker current, that of the nerves, finds for itself distinct and separate channels and intervenes *for the regulation of the two former*, ensuring for them their most effectual employment.

The nervous system does not provide force, it utilizes it (transmits); and this duty devolves on it by reason of the perfection of its own organization. *It is the (mental intelligence) nervous system which decides at what moment the energy accumulated by the living being shall be liberated*, in other words shall leave matter and exert its motor functions. This point it decides with the assistance of *information* communicated by the organs of the senses, and by means of a sometimes extremely lengthy work of *internal elaboration* brought to bear on this information arriving from the exterior.

In short, by the disturbance entering into it the nervous system receives impressions from the external world of which it (Innate) thus obtains knowledge; by its own activity it forms a *judgment* of all surrounding it from the point of view of utility; finally, it reveals *this judgment* by a motor act calculated to ensure the preservation of the organism. Such is *the cycle of the nervous current*; it implies successively and *external* phenomenon of impression, an *internal* phenomenon of sensation, another external phenomenon of motor response to the impression, itself followed by another internal phenomenon of sensation registering the accomplished movement. *In the nervous system all movement induces sensation, all sensation induces movement*. This system amongst its most extraordinary attributes possesses a power of adjournment concerning the events depending on it. These events, which on a reduced scale and in a condition of representation or images, it constructs internally with the data furnished by the senses, it preserves until an appropriate moment arrives for partially realizing them in the form of external movements.

From the fact of the introduction of sensation into the cycle unrolled in the nervous system, events assume for it a particular significance which otherwise they would not possess. According to the effective tonality (agreeable or painful) of the sensation, they are either favourable or the reverse. Obviously, and in spite of the errors which it may commit, the living being seeks the former and avoids the latter. Whether its activity is free to choose or whether it is enclosed in an inflexible determination, is a problem which it is not the province of physiology to inquire into. But whether rigid or elastic this determinism includes a new element and factor, sensibility, which outside of the living being is either wanting, or at all events is not apparent.

The relations between cause and effect which elsewhere seem so simple are here on this account extremely complicated and modified. The power possessed by the living being, and more especially by the nervous system, of the internal preservation of external events by their reduction to the condition of representations and of their later realization and enlargement in the form of visible movements, conveys to us the false impression that the end and aim of an act is the cause of this act. The cause of an act cannot be in the future, *but may be in the memory of a previous act* of the same nature remembered as being *either useful or hurtful* and which on this account determines the direction given to the movement. *There must always be an aim*, a general or particular tendency deter-

mined by the sensory nature of the living being, but this aim is an effect and not a cause. The past always involves the future, but in this past the living being knows how to choose, and when it recreates it it does so as much as may be to its own advantage; whence its almost indefinite degree of perfectibility.

Thus we can see that the study of physiology gives rise to, or at any rate borders on, problems which are not in any way its special province; and for the rest *demand*s from *psychology* solutions which the latter seeks for with the aid of its own methods. *A kind of neutral area*, common to both sciences, exists which the former endeavors to appropriate by pushing farther back the boundaries separating it from the latter. Progress must inevitably be slow, as apart from the fact of this study bristling with difficulties of every kind, methods, in spite of the efforts of a host of inquirers, still remain crude and unsuited to the infinite delicacy of the organs of the nervous system and their component elements.

(Physiology of the Nervous System, by J. P. Morat.)

INNERVATION

"In the living being all the phenomena appertaining to crude matter are observable, but the converse does not hold good. It is obvious that a being endowed with life possesses characteristics and presents manifestations for which in dead matter we can find no parallel; and the most marked feature distinguishing the one from the other is that of sensibility. Here is brought before our notice a fact of a purely internal nature, eluding observation as it is generally understood in science, but which common sense constrains us to attribute to beings resembling ourselves, while at the same time denying it to all objects in which the resemblance cannot be discerned."

"Sensibility and Energy.—This attribute, sensibility, cannot in the living being act as a substitute for the energetic phenomena of matter; it is merely superposed to these phenomena, and connected with them by a double reciprocal link. They preside over it in the sense that a subject gifted with feeling must, of necessity, require an object to be felt; and on the other hand, sensibility exercises a control over these phenomena of energy, inasmuch as, though incapable of modifying them as a whole, it can still regulate and control them in their execution of functions directed towards an end of which the living being itself is conscious.—This reciprocal link not only controls the relations of the living being with all surrounding objects; it is also, and simultaneously, the distinctive feature of its organization. In its development, as much ontogenetical or phylogenetical, it is the living being which is at once both artificer and final cause.—From this double link, so frail in itself, and yet so intimate, proceeds the unity of beings endowed with life, and in this organism, where each part depends on the whole, and the whole on each part, a synthesis is effected which confers upon it its individuality. This prodigy of complexity is also a prodigy of unity."

"Sensibility and determination.—A science having for aim the study of a being so constituted should never lose sight of this double character, and more especially when appealing to the methods and general principles of other sciences. Dissociated and brought back to the crude state of common matter, the primary elements constituting the living being reveal to us in their reactions the same inflexible constancy that characterizes the laws known as physico-chemical; yet, associated in the individual, their grouping and organization display the infinite variety and contingency whence individuality is derived. How can this proceed from that? How can that which is invisible in the element become apparent in the whole? To these questions we can find no answer; but, in science as elsewhere, it is always imprudent to run foul of the information given by common sense, and a problem is not solved when one of its terms has been omitted."

"The mind, desirous of being logical, is in fact at first offended by this contrast, and endeavors to annihilate it by evading one of the two points of view. The rigid determinism of purely energetic sciences has been transported, without restriction or selection, into biological science. In the past, and even at the present time, physiology has overlooked, and still overlooks, the fact of the being which it studies possessing sensibility; and has in every case refused to acknowledge this sensibility as a causal or conditioning influence in the determinism of vital phenomena. It has carefully arranged the balance-sheet of the forces of the organism, while taking no interest in the function which regulates their employment. As physical science finds no place for sensibility, neither has physiology accorded it one. The time seems to have arrived for a reaction against these exaggerations. In the living being, just as movement depends on sensation, so does sensation depend on movement."

"In both cases the nature of the link is unknown to us; but nonetheless does this link exist, and is in biology the foundation of all that distinguishes it from pure physics."

"Sensibility and Organization.—In the living world sensation presents extremely varied degrees, and its development proceeds on a line parallel with that of the organization itself. It is only strongly marked in beings provided with the differentiated system known as the nervous system; it increases in importance and elaboration with the progressive development (phylogenetical and ontogenetical) of this system. In such beings, of whom we ourselves form a class, a division of attributes is effected between the tissues, some of these employ-

ing the efficient energies which take part in the execution of organic actions, while another, the nervous tissue, watches over this employment, coordinating and regulating it. This latter is preeminently the sensory tissue, and is in a high degree both excitable and capable of causing excitation. It is this tissue which receives the stimulation and returns it, but transformed by the progress through its paths; and again it is this tissue which ensures the reciprocal dependence and subordination of the elements to the whole and the whole to the elements, and so confers on the organism its individuality, its unity.

"Excitability and Sensibility.—All living matter is excitable; or, to put it otherwise, *it responds to actions directed against it*, by an expenditure of the special energy which it constantly accumulates internally. *This motor reaction is never haphazard*, but—and this fact is demonstrated by experiment—is always directed with the definite aim of preservation of life in the substance stimulated. Excitability is therefore not merely a motor manifestation, but is duplicated by an internal fact of rudimentary consciousness. It should therefore be considered as either a degraded form or a first rough sketch of sensation. The elaborated organization of the superior animals, by giving to it its highest development, permits of our analyzing the conditions of its existence; fundamentally these conditions are everywhere the same; they are located in the links of reciprocal dependence of the portions composing the organism. The more simple and homogeneous is the latter, so much the more do its reactions resemble those of ordinary movement, and so much the farther are they removed from those which characterize genuine sensibility. But in proportion as the organism is complex and differentiated, so much the more will its movements possess the contingent characteristics of sensible and intelligent beings.

"Action and Reaction.—In other words, *the living being reacts against actions reaching it from the external world, and in so doing obeys a general, universal, and indeed fundamental law, one of the first inscribed in the physical code, a law, obedience to which no living body in nature can escape*. Only, from the fact of organization itself, this law has assumed a new character, of which it may be said that it implies in the living being a remembrance of the past and a prevision of the future. The more elevated is the organization, the more prominent does this character stand forth; on the other hand, the nearer we approach the purely physical elements entering as components into this organization, so much the more is this character effaced, nothing being left but the simple reaction strictly and solely answering to the action of the present moment. Vital reaction, practically so different from physical reaction, proceeds from it by successive halting places and elaborations, just as the living being itself is evolved from progressively organized crude matter.

"Division.—The nerve tissue is, like all other tissues, originally formed of cells; but while other cellular structures are usually merely composed of duplicated and juxtaposed elements, it, thanks to the connections established between its component parts, displays a genuine systematisation. Its study may therefore be carried in from two different points of views; one in which the functions common to all its elements are considered (cellular functions), the other, in which the functions special to the groups or systems formed by these elements are taken into account (systematic functions). In the study of nerve tissue the distinction between these two orders of functions is a fundamental one, and the obscurity still enveloping numerous questions connected with this study is partly due to the fact of this distinction being so frequently ignored.

"The first of these studies completes the history of the cellular functions arranged in unison with the principal types of living elements. The second permits of our penetration into the aggregate functions to which the mutual association of these elements gives rise, and it is in the nervous system that we shall find the connection where these aggregations are brought into being and their functions organized. *The study of the nervous system is a kind of nodal point in the exposition of physiological science.*"

(Pages 1-4, *Physiology of the Nervous System*, by J. P. Morat.)

In *Coronet* (Dec. '48) is an article titled "Carlson, Ajax of Science," in which appears the following:

"Nevertheless, in his 73 years, Carlson has advanced our knowledge of the body considerably. His first independent research studies, for example, led to the end of a 100-year-old controversy amongst doctors and scientists—*what caused the heart to beat?*

"Some scientists held that the beating was purely automatic and muscular. However, as more was learned of the nervous system, others came to believe that the action of the heart was stimulated by a nerve impulse.

"As in many scientific controversies, neither side could prove a demonstrable case. *Nerve tissue and muscle were so intimately inter-related in man and vertebrate animals that it was impossible to separate them—the only way to prove whether the heart would continue to beat.*

"Carlson, a young graduate of Leland Stanford University who had immigrated from Sweden several years before, set out to learn the answer. Almost immediately he abandoned work on vertebrate animals hoping to find amongst the lower forms of life a simple heart

that would yield the secret. Every day in his California laboratory, he examined crabs and fish brought fresh from the Pacific. But at the end of a year he had learned nothing.

* * *

"Picking up a horseshoe-shaped crab, he pried off its shell and thus fully exposed the crab's heart. Carlson nearly exploded with excitement. The entire nervous system of the heart was visible. *Seizing scissors, he snipped at one section of the stringy system.*

"That section of the heart stopped beating. *If the whole nerve system was carefully cut away, the heart stopped.*

"Thus, *within 20 minutes, Carlson had settled the 100-year-old argument. The heart's muscles were dependent on a nerve stimulant—at least in the horseshoe crab. Along with this, he further proved that the nerve and the muscle it controls act with parallel speed.*

* * *

"Carlson immediately abandoned plans to go to Europe; yet when he turned his findings over to the Carnegie Institution for publication, *they sent them back.*"

There are several more scientific experiments Carlson could have conducted which might have "advanced our knowledge of the body considerably."

(1) If he had gone to the stockyards, he could have witnessed a "scientific controversy, neither side could prove a demonstrable case." He would have seen a big muscular fellow hitting cattle on the forehead with a sledge hammer. They drop to the floor stunned and insensible. Probabilities are this fellow is *not* a scientist, or university graduate, yet *he knew* what he was doing and *why* he was doing it.

(2) He could watch a man having his head cut off, thereby he could "settle the 100-year-old argument" that when the head is disconnected from the body the brain in the head had something to do in producing death to the body. Quite evidently the judge who sentenced him to death and the executioner knew that, but a scientific mind as great as Carlson's did not

(3) He could go to a penitentiary and watch a man being hanged, where his head was jerked from his body at the level of the neck, as a result of which his spinal column was fractured and the man died because of pressure upon the spinal cord which disconnected the flow of nerve energy between his brain and body. It would be too much to expect a scientific mind like Carlson's to know that.

(4) He could go to some hospital and witness a case of a man who had a fall and fractured some part of his spinal column and witness the manifestations of paralysis below the fracture because of a pressure upon the spinal cord.

All these possibilities would have been too simple and obvious for a scientific mind as great as Carlson's.

In 1895, D. D. Palmer laid down the premise that all function *was* motion; that motion was dependent upon muscular contraction and relaxation; that muscular contraction and relaxation *were* dependent upon nerve force mental impulse flow supply; that the speed of that function-motion muscular-contraction-and-relaxation *was* dependent upon frequency of that rhythm flow from brain to muscle; that a vertebral subluxation could diminish quantity flow, reduce speed of action, reduce function, and produce dis-ease in that organ; that a vertebral adjustment would permit restoration of that flow;

step up speed of action, and thereby restore function to health at periphery of that or those nerves.

Chiropractic knew, *in all of the entire living bodies of all vertebrates*, all and more than Carlson found by cutting nerves leading to an isolated heart in a horseshoe crab. D. D. Palmer made use of *his* knowledge by turning it to the advantage of all sick vertebrata, whereas Carlson made little, if any, use of his "discovery" in the heart of a horse-shoe crab except to write it for a paper which was rejected.

As further proof, if such be needed, that "scientists" deny the existence of "any specific vital energy" between mind or matter, we quote from the Introduction of Kirkes' Handbook of Physiology, by W. D. Halliburton, M.D.:

"Physiology, on the other hand, treats of their functions, that is, the manner in which their individual parts carry out the processes of life. To take an instance: the eye and the liver are two familiar examples of what are called organs; the anatomist studies *the structure* of these organs, their shape, their size, the tissues of which they are composed, their position in the body, and the variations in their structure met with in different parts of the animal kingdom. The physiologist studies *their uses*, and seeks to explain how the eye fulfills the function of vision, and how the liver forms bile, and ministers to the needs of the body in other ways." Page 1.

"The study of physiology must go hand in hand with the study of anatomy. It is impossible to understand how the body or any part of the body acts unless we know accurately the structure of the organs under consideration. This is especially true for that portion of anatomy which is called Microscopic Anatomy or Histology. Indeed, so close is the relationship between minute structure and function that in this country it is usual for the teacher of physiology to be also the teacher of histology. Another branch of anatomy, namely, embryology, or the process of growth from the ovum, falls also to some extent within the province of the physiologist.

"But physiology is not only intimately related in this way to its sister science anatomy, but the sciences of chemistry and physics must also be considered. Indeed, physiology has been sometimes defined as the application of the laws of chemistry and physics to life. That is to say, the same laws that regulate the behaviour of the mineral or inorganic world are also to be found operating in the region of organic beings. If we wish for an example of this we may again go to the eye; the branch of physics called optics teaches us, among other things, the manner in which images of objects are produced by lenses; these same laws regulate the formation of the images of external objects upon the sensitive layer of the back of the eye by the series of lenses in front of that organ. An example of the application of chemical laws to living processes is seen in digestion; the food contains certain chemical substances which are acted on in a chemical way by the various digestive juices in order to render them of service to the organism.

"The question arises, however, *is there anything else?* Are there any other laws than those of physics and chemistry to be reckoned with? Is there, for instance, such a thing as 'vital force'? It may be frankly admitted that physiologists at present *are not able* to explain *all vital* phenomena by the laws of the physical world; but as knowledge increases it is more and more abundantly shown that *the supposition* of any special or *vital* force is *unnecessary*; and it should be *distinctly* recognized that when, in future pages, it is *necessary* to allude to *vital* action, it is not because *we believe* in any specific *vital* energy, but merely because the phrase is a *convenient one* for expressing *something* that we do not fully understand, something that cannot at present be brought into line with the physical and chemical forces that operate in the inorganic world.

"But just as there is no hard-and-fast line between physiology and its allies pathology, anatomy, physics, and chemistry, so also there is no absolute separation between its three great divisions; physical, chemical, and *so-called* vital processes have to be considered together."

(Pages 1-3 Kirkes' Handbook of Physiology, by W. D. Halliburton, M.D.)

CYBERNETICS

In *Scientific American* (November '48) is an article under the above title by Norbert Wiener.

"Cybernetics" looks into the processes common to nervous systems and mathematical machines. In this article are found the following statements:

"Suppose I pick up a pencil. To do this I have to move certain muscles. Only an expert anatomist knows what all these muscles are; and even an anatomist *could hardly perform the act by a conscious exertion of the will* to contract each muscle concerned in succession.

"The new approach represented by cybernetics—an integration of studies which is not strictly biological or strictly physical, but a *combination of the two*—has already given evidence that it may help to solve many problems in engineering, in physiology, and very likely in psychiatry.

"Dr. Rosenblueth and I had shared the conviction that the most fruitful areas for the growth of the sciences were those *which had been neglected as no-man's-land* between the various established fields. Dr. Rosenblueth always insisted that a proper exploration of *these blank spaces on the map of science* could be made by a team of scientists, each a specialist possessing a thoroughly sound acquaintance with the fields of his fellows.

"Psychopathology has been rather a disappointment to the instinctive materialism of the doctors, who have taken the view that every disorder must be accompanied by actual lesions of some specific tissue involved."

CHAPTER 24

WHEN AND HOW

INVESTIGATION into this new field of human study of the unity of Innate Intelligence with its human living body, demands new answers to many interesting conclusions. The man who begins this kind of study is a pioneer in its broadest sense, for it opens a new philosophy, science and art in the study of living man.

That there is a Universal Intelligence, which many call God, which regulates worlds for all time, is obvious. It is conceded by all.

When and how does Universal Intelligence take cognizance of a newborn babe?

When and how does Universal Intelligence become Innate Intelligence in the unit?

When and how does it enter and take possession of the newborn babe?

What transition, if any, occurs when Universal Intelligence becomes Innate Intelligence?

Does it lose its Universal Intelligence characteristics when it becomes an Innate Intelligence?

Does it retain all the Universal Intelligence characteristics in the unit, regardless of whether that unit be vegetable, insect, reptile, bird, fish, quadruped, or biped called man?

One question which confuses all is whether native, savage or educated people are better off. The savage judges from his viewpoint; the educated from his. Neither judges entirely from what is natural.

The savage lives in the jungle. He is born without clothes. He lives without them. He does what comes naturally with the female. He does not struggle, strain, twist, or wrench himself moving mountains or building forty-story buildings; therefore, he has few, if any, vertebral subluxations; therefore, he is healthy which does not necessitate his building an educated practice of medicine to stimulate or inhibit function to attempt to force back health. He has natural methods for afflictions, which are few, which are largely in agreement with the Chiropractic principle and practice. I have witnessed them.

He walks up hills and over mountains. He has no ambitions to conquer the air, dig into the bowels for oil. He is surrounded with all he needs and does not seek to know the other side of the world in 3 hours at 700 miles an hour. He sleeps when he is tired. He works when he wants to and only as necessity demands. He is happy with little and would be disgusted with

much. He owns little but likes it all. He is carefree, jolly, laughing, and singing his folk songs. He is contented and unconcerned. He does what he pleases as he pleases, and lets you do the same.

He has his form of nature worship based on sex as the great creator of all living things. The native, living an internal Innate natural life, has no qualms of conscience as artificially constructed by the external artificial educated man; therefore, he is not compelled to build an artificial religion to be in line with that process of thinking. He does not look to another to save himself from himself against artificial barriers from an artificial heaven or hell for his educated misdeeds.

The native eats naturally with his fingers. He eats natural foods that are easy to raise, easy to get. He has no need for foreign refrigerated fruits shipped in. We educated mortals want and demand foods from the far ends of the earth.

We educated mortals use certain spoons, forks, knives for certain foods; a salad fork for salads; a soup spoon for soups; a butter knife for butter; a meat knife for meats; a certain plate for each. The tea-cup is different from the coffee cup. Education has fashioned and educated us on these things.

The native talks a natural language which comes naturally to each tribe, knowing no grammar or rhetoric. He has little, if any, interest in what other tribes talk, because he sees little of them at any time. We have speech which calls for education in grammar, correct spelling, certain pronunciation. We are ignorant if we violate these inflexible educated rules. We must go to school, graduate, secure a diploma to learn proper education in what these rules and regulations are. Which is better?

The native rubs noses as a salutation of greeting. We wait until we are formally introduced, then shake hands before we speak to a woman, otherwise she calls us wolf. We think our way better. Is it?

With educated mortals the picture changes. We are born "free and equal." But are we? We are born natural Innate beings in every particular. From then on, we wean ourselves from everything Innate that is natural. We dope the eyes at birth. The native urinates and defecates any time, any place, any way he pleases. We put on dummies and train him when and where to go. He comes without clothes but we immediately bundle the child to suffocation "for fear he will catch cold." The hair that should cover his body and the natural refrigeration internal system within him which keeps him warm is substituted with cotton that grows naturally on bushes. He now grows hair only around natural openings to keep out artificial materials.

At the beach, men and women put on as little as educated law permits, depending upon which beach, which city or state it is. At a formal ball the female covers as much below as she can drag around, and exposes as much above as she dares, for the purpose of intriguing the male by sex suggestion. She puts furs above and bare legs below, in street wear. At one time, women wore corsets to make the natural waist line wasp-like, to be in style, which

hindered natural childbirth. Instead of walking barefoot flat-footed, she wears high French heels which distort the foot. At an educated formal affair, the male must wear tails and white tie, or tux. During the day, a business suit with fresh linen, tight collar, and unnecessary necktie. In Hollywood or on a ranch much is discarded as not proper attire for time and place, and is comfortable, to say the least. Certain sports decree certain sport clothes. Tennis must be tennis suits, golf must be plus fours. Both male and female are inhibited by customs most frequently originating in some brothel in some foreign country.

The nudist, on the reverse, tries to get away from artificial inhibitions. He and she want to get back to the natural and live without restrictive clothes of any kind; bask in the sun, and let the skin breathe and perspire. Then steps in educated "law," arrests them, fines them for "indecent exposure" of the beautiful, natural, healthy body. They erect a high board fence so the inhibited cannot see in and gaze lasciviously upon the uninhibited; so aeroplanes can fly overhead and peek all they want.

We paint the female form divine on canvas in various and multiple suggestive forms, hang them in galleries, call it art, and thousands pay good fees to go and admire. We photograph the female in many places, many ways, as suggestive as possible, slap her picture on front pages of magazines, and call it clever advertising. We expose naked figures in theaters as long as they stand still and call it "good theater" and "better box office." Let any woman appear in a stag or in burlesque as a strip tease and that is indecent, immoral, for which education arrests and fines the girl and the agency which books her as well as the theater who also seeks revenue. It is the difference between what Innate dictates "art" and what education calls "sex."

What is right or wrong, moral or immoral, amongst educated folks is a question of geography. In Japan, it is proper, correct, and good form for a husband to place his wife or daughter at the disposal of male guests. It is improper, incorrect, and bad form for guests to refuse. In the United States, it is improper, incorrect, and bad form for any husband to place his wife or daughter at the disposal of male guests. It is proper, correct, and good form for guests to refuse. If you accept, educated law steps in and makes possible a divorce, or he gets shot if caught. The more we come "down" the scale to external artificial inhibitions, the more we step "up" the internal natural Innate form of living. We are circumscribed with inhibitions of many kinds. Can you conceive natural living animals having a few words said, being married for life? As much as we deplore it, we condemn in others what we condone in ourselves. We conceal the natural and reveal the artificial. In a large sense, we are forced to live the life of hypocrites.

The city man shaves his face because it is said to be more sanitary because beards are said to attract germs, and "germs cause disease." To keep his face warm, he substitutes a muffler made from wool grown on the backs of sheep. The farmer or backwoodsman grows a natural beard because he

doesn't meet criticism, doesn't care what people think, doesn't want to waste important time hooking up an electric shaver every day and because he knows germ life is another natural form of living which doesn't injure him.

In Japan, I asked the floorwalker of Mitsikushi's Department Store—which is the Marshall Field of Japan—where to find the men's room. He told me. I went. There I found men and women in the same room, no partitions, all in the open. I asked "Why?" He said, "Do you separate men from women? Why do you?" Frankly, I don't know why we do. Custom has said it is proper. He said, "Men know what women look like and do. Women know what men look like and do. Why try to make each other think you don't know?" Frankly, I had no answer except that they do not conceal natural things of life like we do.

If another man approaches our dining table, etiquette demands the man arise and remain standing until the visitor leaves, as an educated courtesy to her. The woman may remain seated. If we violate this, we are uncultured and uncouth. Why?

Every man or woman reaches his place in the world of educated people according to how well he applies standards arbitrarily and empirically set by education. If he is as inhibited as other well educated inhibited people, then he is properly inhibited to associate with inhibited people. If he were to be natural, go without clothing in daily life, eat with fingers, and otherwise follow dictates of his uninhibited Innate, he would be ostracized from society—whatever that is. The exception to eating now is, you may eat fried chicken if you do so with *one* hand—two would be improper. Why?

There are two kinds of thinkers, writers, singers, painters, teachers, sculptors, inventors, etc.: Those who do what they do for the love of it, who do it because it comes naturally to want to; and those who have been educated to think, write, sing, paint, teach, or carve. The latter do what they do because that is what the educated mass expect of them. One creates a masterpiece, the other produces what sells. The one is unpopular until the world catches up with the uneducated. The other is popular while he lives and is forgotten the moment he shuffles off. The most of our great thinkers, writers, singers, painters, teachers, sculptors were uneducated people. One does what his Innate dictates is right, the other restricts and restrains what he says and does to conform to what will please the populace. One causes his listeners to think, the other labors for applause. Few have the courage to break shackles.

"Reforms" are taking place. Today the corset is gone. Table etiquette says get the food to your mouth in the least conspicuous and obvious manner. Today, clothes are more natural, the female form more obvious and less devastating. Today beach wear is different from forty years ago. We are beginning to learn that natural things, in natural ways, are better for human living.

Rip Pan Winkle said: "It's a great life if you don't *waken!*" Most educa-

tion tends to force us away from doing natural things we would do if we were not forced to do "proper" things. More education we crowd in from outside, more inhibited we become from letting the inside out. The less education we possess, the more natural is the individual. So, we raise the question: Who is better off, the hobo who roams at will, doing what he pleases, when he pleases, as he pleases, having little, if anything; or, the wealthy university graduate who has everything, knows everything, and is discontented with everything, spending most of his time trying to decide the right thing to wear on the right occasion, the right way to eat, how to act, how to speak and how to do proper things under certain circumstances. You say, "It becomes second nature." That's my point—it is "second" not first. Is it better to have less education and be more happy as are negroes, or to have much education and be unhappy seeking to grasp more of the world, as are whites? We invent the aeroplane. We increase its education—for war—to kill. We have educated ourselves to the high stage of the atom bomb—for war—to kill. Yes, we have "advanced" education for destruction. Where have these helped save human life, added years to anyone, relieved suffering? You say medicine has done this educationally. I challenge that statement!

All in all, the native has more Innate, less education; more natural, less artificial; more internal, less external; more freedom, less restrictions; more peace with himself and neighbors, less inharmony and wars; more to live with and less to exist on. He has more of what he needs and less of what he doesn't need.

(The author, in this particular presentation, offers nothing as a substitute for our present form of living. He offers no apologies for the subject matter. He suggests you read his *Inhibitions Starve History*. That booklet preceded this as to date but is a companion piece in subject matter.)

CHAPTER 25

IS INNATE INTELLIGENT?

THAT "God" has intellectuality, is admitted.

No educated man could assume this gigantic job and do so well.

That "Nature" in man has done and is doing a good job in manufacturing babies and running them, is admitted.

Then what is "intelligence"?

Is intelligence a physical property, a chemical formula, a material format?

Is it something abstract, up, above, and beyond educated conception?

We who call ourselves "educated" have ideas, thoughts.

Does Innate have the same, except in a greater, more qualified, and more experienced kind?

Does Innate think, reason, and use logic in preparation for and in expression of its thoughts and ideas?

Answers to these are simple.

We know the age of the world by its geologic strata.

We know the age of a tree by its rings.

We know what used to live by their remains imbedded in rock.

Have animals, which lived millions of years ago, left their skeletons behind?

Have they left their footprints?

Does where they buried themselves prove condition of vegetation of that time and place?

Do the strata of earth in which they were buried prove age and conditions under which they lived?

Can we reconstruct those conditions and decipher the habits of those animals?

We can tell what used to exist by records left behind.

Innate has left a record which proves ideas, thoughts, logic, and reason.

One who has studied 20,000 specimens in our osteological laboratory, or any portion thereof, would soon be convinced that Innate was a master mechanic, a master at work, in records of deeds done and left behind in those specimens.

The work done speaks ably for itself.

Thousands of specimens prove that Innate is a master logician, student, and reasoner; greater than anything any educated man could devise, conceive, or execute; greater by far than any surgeon.

In fact, Innate begins to work where the surgeon leaves off in soft structure or osseous bone work.

CHAPTER 26

WHICH DOES WHAT TO WHOM?

DOES EDUCATED MAN educate Innate; or does Innate Intelligence try to educate educated man?

If Innate supersedes man's education, where does man's education come from?

Where is source?

WHAT DOES INNATE THINK?

To so-called educated man, nothing is educated except as it comes within the purview and scope of what *he* alone construes to be education—all else is “uneducated” even including Innate.

I do not overlook the fact that all natural composite units, regardless of species or families, have everything in common with man, minus his boasted education.

What function or functions do *we* possess which no quadruped has?

Does the quadruped have a skeleton similar to or like ours?

Does it have a brain and nervous system similar to or like ours?

Does it have muscles, viscera, and glands similar to or like ours?

Does it eat, masticate, digest, and assimilate like we do?

Does it urinate and defecate like we do?

Does it secrete and excrete glandular juices like we do?

Does it heat its body, perspire, and cool its body like we do?

If flesh of quadruped is burned, will it heal?

If it has contusions, will they mend?

If there is a fracture, will it unite?

Has it a vertebral column? Can it have vertebral subluxations, occlusions, pressures, interferences to a nerve force supply flow between its brain and body, and thus get sick?

Are those dis-eases similar to those of the human?

Can vertebral subluxations of quadrupeds be adjusted?

Will they get well? If so, from what source does this occur?

Do quadrupeds have male and female sex organs? Do they reproduce their kind?

By what quirk do they reproduce only their species and families and naturally refuse to cross families of one kind with another?

Is there any difference between quadruped and biped?

Does one possess “education” and the other not?

Is the quadruped *seemingly* without an education?

Who is to say the quadruped has *no* "education"?

Is "education" of the biped a sufficient criterion unto itself?

If it were possible for the quadruped to communicate with biped, would it speak a language we could understand?

Do birds communicate with birds, cows with cows, horses with horses, monkeys with monkeys, fish with fish?

Can it be that other natural composite beings *are* educated to their kind, either below or above our ken?

Does it make Chiropractic any less to say that its principle and practice applies with equal value to quadrupeds and bipeds?

If a principle and practice express law, and that law applies universally, does it make its application to man subject to ridicule when the same law is applied to quadrupeds?

Is there one law for bipeds and a different one for quadrupeds, when both are alike in every respect, except for misdirected education as applicable to one and not to the other?

Educated man asks another educated man endless questions regarding his sickness.

The sick educated man answers those questions to the best of his ability.

Upon those questions and answers one medical educated man tries to cure and heal diseases of another.

Can an educated man ask the horse, cow, cat, or dog where, when, how, and why he is sick?

Does the animal answer?

If so, how?

If health is dependent upon questions and answers, is the physician more valuable to man than the veterinarian is to the animal?

If the physician is dependent upon questions and answers, does this make the veterinarian independent when there are no questions and answers?

If conditions were reversed, where would the physician be who has been trained to depend upon questions and answers, if he were to turn veterinarian where he could ask no questions and receive no answers?

Where would the veterinarian be who has not been trained to ask questions and receive answers, if he were turned loose on sick people where he could and would receive questions and answers?

Would the human or animal races be better off or worse if conditions were reversed?

This much can be said in favor of the quadruped: it lives a natural life, limited perhaps to its sphere by comparison to biped.

This much can be said about the biped: it robs Peter to pay Paul, stealing from natural Innate to build an artificial education to live an unnatural artificial existence, letting Innate do less and education do more, by contrast.

CHAPTER 27

UP OR DOWN

IS IT TRUE that educated man has endeavored with his education to construe Innate and relegate it in terms of his education?

Has educated man tried to bring Innate down to or below *his* level?

If he has, has Innate been indifferent to the ignorance of educated man, and gone its way, regardless, through centuries?

WHAT DOES INNATE GAIN?

If human education is an accumulative process, between birth and death, and is lost at death, of what value, if any, has that accumulated education been to Innate?

Is the little of the totality of education which man educates himself to possess, much or little in the great universal scheme of knowledge of how to run worlds, build babies, or run them, once born?

We take pride in pointing to our "great educational institutions," to our boasted educations, to our "advanced civilizations."

Grant that education has advanced education; that civilization has advanced civilization to the heights;—grant that man is the only animal who has relentlessly pursued education and civilization for education's and civilization's sake—question still remains: has all this pursuit helped the human race?

How much better off is educated and civilized man than the natural native who lives in the back woods on his island?

Is the city chap happier in his steam-heated 2 x 4 room, with his elevator, aeroplane, automobile, than the American Indian living in teepee, who went horseback riding?

Is the native contented, happy, satisfied, in his grass-thatched hut, living in his community village, surrounded by his family, who knows everybody, raising enough to feed themselves?

Would he be contented, happy, satisfied, living on the fortieth floor, in a crowded city, riding up and down an elevator, surrounded by thousands, where he doesn't know his next-door neighbor?

What would he gain, transported bodily from native village to congested city?

Would his Innate work better or worse, in village or city?

You say we can hop in an automobile and travel eighty miles an hour, and get from here to there in no time flat.

Why do you want to do this? Does it benefit your inside functioning, or does it develop an outside ego?

The native walks from village to village a few miles apart, and is in no hurry about getting there or getting back, for he has little reason to go anyplace anyhow.

We build automobiles so we don't walk around the block.

We build elevators, so we don't climb hills.

We build aeroplanes, so we don't ride horseback.

We steam-heat our homes, so we don't need to heat our bodies ourselves.

We put on clothes, so we become immodest prudes regarding sex.

We destroy man's natural internal sex function, and then give him hormone pills to substitute.

We destroy his desire to exercise and create an appetite, and give him vitamin pills to take its place.

We build statutes, courts, so we can follow the trend by establishing thousands of artificial standards of living, which force men and women to become hypocrites to try and live clandestine lives which were intended to be natural, which the native chief of the tribe rules upon with simple, uncomplicated common sense.

We have taken the wild mustang of the prairie and bred him into a race horse so we can make gamblers lose their money to tricksters who dope their horses to win or lose.

We have taken other horses and bred them to percherons so we can show them off at stock shows to win prizes, which does not benefit the horse.

We have taken the ordinary cow and produced an automatic milk-producing animal to feed people who live in congested cities.

We have taken the wolf and bred him into fancy stock to exhibit at dog shows to win blue ribbons so rich women can lead them around on leashes in apartments in cities, so they can "walk them" on sidewalks and "curb them" when necessary.

We have high-school educated horses so that is all they are fit for.

We train lions to follow the whip to jump through blazing hoops.

Are these animals better off than those who live in the wilds? Does fancy breeding make them more natural in reproducing their kind?

Our educated, civilized, artificial methods have piled up upon themselves, each demanding another to overcome the previous one, until we have accumulated them until we become lost in the complexity. We need simplification to get back to the natural.

Our artificial lives, trying to "improve upon nature," have become so complicated and complexed in artificialities that living has become a burden to man. He strains, struggles, wrenches "to keep up with the Joneses" who are as artificial as he in education and civilization; and he produces vertebral subluxations, becomes sick, and then establishes an artificial method of looking outside for cause and cure, and fails to get well; and finally dies because

of his abundance of super-duper medical education and treatment for the cure of disease.

It is obvious that so far as we increased the artificial, we diminished the natural.

So far as we developed education per se, we subdued and retrograded Innate within us from expressing itself.

So far as we increased the educational outside, we retarded the natural Innate inside from doing the things it alone is capable of doing.

What is the ultimate design of education and civilization? To do something artificial which Innate has been doing naturally for millions of years in natural composite productions.

You say we build boats to cross oceans. Why cross oceans?

You say we build bridges to cross rivers. Why cross rivers?

You say we build aeroplanes to travel five miles a minute. Why travel so fast?

You say we build elevators to travel up forty floors. What's the matter with the one-floor home?

You say we build trains to carry people from the soil to the city, to put them in apartments and on pavements. What's the matter with walking on earth?

What does Innate gain, or the body in which Innate expresses itself, by any of this?

What does robbing Peter to pay Paul gain in benefiting man?

How much better off are we today than the people who lived 500, 5,000 or 50,000 years ago.

Here is a classic example of what I mean, written by Charles Heiss, D.C., in the Council Bulletin, October, '48:

"It seems that before the white man discovered Florida, the Everglades were just that—a swamp or inundated tract of low land. Seminoles were at home in the 'glades. Then comes the white man who always tries to improve upon God's work. 'Drain them,' he says. 'Make more land for us to sell to the Yankee sucker.' Drain them they do. The 'glades dry up—they begin to burn. All the rich muck is like so much peat.

"Maybe God didn't like that. There come four hurricanes in two years. You guessed it—God returned the everglades to their original water content and then some for good measure. When the 'glades were dry, man began to raise cattle on his new-made soil. Cattle like water to drink but do not like to bathe in it day in and day out. So man must find a way to save his cattle from drowning. Fortunately, there is a high road upon which white man speeds along in his high-powered car. This road was built about six feet higher than the water level of the 'glades during hurricane waters.

"After the storm, for days the cattle wandered around in this water above the lower portion of their bodies. Lazy man waited long enough, thinking God would be good and dry up the waters without help. It was not so. Just more and more rain. What to do? Get the cowboys to round up the cattle and drive them onto the other side of the high road where the water was about half as deep. It was a pretty sight to a New York-raised chappie to watch this roundup process. It seems that when they drove the cows up on the road, it was difficult to make them get off and jump into the lesser waters.

"The hard road must have felt good to their tootsies and udders. So, the cowboys had rounded up the 'loose ends,' attempted to drive them onto the other side of the road, and the cattle must have thought 'to heck with that.'

"As the road was being used by folks in cars to get from here to there, the cows presented a considerable hazard. Cars were tied up for miles. After a time, the road was completely blocked off and the cattle had full possession of the hard and dry land.

"Elmer says: 'so that we can help to establish Specific Chiropractic throughout the

field.' What field? Like the one made by man that wasn't fit for cattle when the deluge came? The 'field' in this case is the Chiropractic profession. Chiropractic in its simple truth cannot be altered by man. Chiropractic is Chiropractic and nothing else. But man wants to change it to something else. Like the 'glades changers, they feel that they can 'get more' from all suckers by changing things around to entice them to what appears to be sterling silver, but in reality is plated pot metal."

CHAPTER 28

HOW DOES INNATE ENTER?

ONCE INNATE INTELLIGENCE takes possession of the new born babe, how does it perpetuate itself in that body?

Does it enter the body through hair-tips, nose, eyes, ears, fingers, food, or drink? Or, is its abstract not amenable to any known physical properties?

Does Innate perpetuate itself year after year during the organization of one composite living human body, through air, water, food? Or, does Innate need material ingredients to continue itself?

That it enters a certain portion of the brain, seems obvious.

How and why does it continue to reside there alone?

Is the brain, as a material organ, especially builded to make it only a fit medium through which to express itself?

Is Innate Intelligence a force, power, impulse amenable to certain physical and chemical properties;—or, are all physical and chemical properties amenable to Innate Intelligence?

If Innate Intelligence expresses itself in function at distal organs, is its medium nerve force, nerve impulse, mental impulse? If so, what is nerve force, nerve impulse, mental impulse?

There is a distinctive difference between “force” and “nerve force,” crude energy and mental impulse. Is it possible that the *animal* nerve force, *human* mental impulse is impregnated in some way with an intentional objective, intellectual in purpose, designed to do a certain thing, a certain place, in a certain way, to harmonize with all other functions in that natural composite being? If so, how does intellectuality permeate into the impulse to travel down from brain to organ and thus express itself?

Electricity is energy, impulse, force, and power.

Can it do what nerve force does, the same way, at the same place, and coordinate all actions in a unital whole as Innate Intelligence does in a living human body?

That commercial electricity can be superimposed into a living human, is true.

If, as, and when such is done, is it a substitute for nerve force, nerve energy, mental impulse, as electrotherapists suggest?

Does it do, or can it do what mental impulse does?

In what way does commercial energy, power, differ from nerve energy, mental impulse power?

That there is a difference, goes without necessity of emphasizing it.

CHAPTER 29

HOW DOES INNATE EXPRESS ITSELF?

ONCE THE MENTAL IMPULSE reaches the tissue cell, with a certain and definite kind of action to perform to conform with all other actions in all other parts of that body, how does it act once it arrives to best express the intent Innate impregnated in that impulse, at and when it leaves the Innate brain?

What are the means and methods used by which a complete harmony in all structures, tissues, organs, and viscera is made possible in a living human body?

Is such regulation under the influence of medical "sympathy" ("by means unknown") or does "reflex action" by reflection explain such?

CHAPTER 30

ARE THERE LARGE AND SMALL INNATES?

BRAINS are of different sizes and weights.

There are large and small brains—in avoirdupois.

Bodies are of different sizes and weights.

There are 500-lb. people and 100-lb. people—in avoirdupois.

Is Innate the same in a large brain as in small?

Is Innate the same in a large body as in small?

Does a large brain or large body have more tissue cells than a small one?

Is difference in size and weight but a difference in the amount of water in transition and solution in the same number of cells?

Does it take more Innate to power a large body than a small one?

Or, does the same Innate generate more power in one than the other?

Does Innate adapt itself the same as it does with a woman with another child as in pregnancy.

Assuming there was no Innate living in a natural composite unit, how account for this adaptability to varied conditions cited?

CHAPTER 31

HOW CAPABLE IS INNATE?

INNATE IS CAPABLE, within itself, to produce and reproduce a body at birth and subsequently in health; is it *less* capable, within itself, to reestablish that body *back* to normal, in cases of sickness, insanity, burns, broken bones, abrasions?

Is Innate diminished in times of sickness, or approximately at time of death, than when the body is in full health?

If so, from whence comes the mending of fractures, or healing of cuts?

From whence come health *to* the sick and restoration of sanity following Chiropractic adjustments?

Does life come *from the inside* in times of health, and *from the outside* in times of sickness, as educated medical men think?

CHAPTER 32

HOW DOES INNATE RESIST INVASION?

BY WHAT MEANS does the body personify the law of invasion and resistance to shocks, injuries, accidents, blows, assuming such occur?

Is there a resistance to invasionary forces?

If so, how does the body receive such information, where does it go, how does it think to best react to save the bodily structure?

Does this same law apply to chemical, mechanical, germ, accidental traumatic invasions?

If invasion is normal and resistance is normal, who is the judge?

If invasion is greater than normal resistance, who is the judge of how best to handle the situation?

If invasion burns skin, if accident fractures bone, if knives cut flesh, who determines how to heal, cure, and mend the break? Does educated man do this?

If so, how about other animals, aside from man, in which no educated man intervenes?

Will a burn, fracture, cut, heal in a cow, horse, dog, cat, or what-have-you?

Does this process of mending and healing call for the display of intelligence?

One would agree if he were to study more than 20,000 osteological specimens in the world's largest traumatic, anomalous, and pathological collection in The P.S.C. Osteological Laboratory.

CHAPTER 33

WHAT IS INNATE'S TRANSITION?

ONCE MENTAL IMPULSE reaches tissue cell, efferently, what transition does nerve force go through which converts it into muscular action, which is equivalent to function when multiplied by many cells acting in unison in any organ or set of organs, eventually ending up into the totality of action in any living human body?

What is the action of the mental impulse, in the tissue cell, upon chemicals therein which, in addition to action, simultaneously produce combustion, thereby heating the body?

What occurs when mental impulse reaches liver, for instance, which produces bile?

These and many more questions of similar character could be asked, eventually leading to where is the General who guides and directs the whole to one harmonious whole called life, health, sanity?

What occurs once mental impulse has performed its needed action in the tissue, created its function, leaves tissue cell and passes out of it into afferent nerve to eventually become an interpretation in the Innate brain of Innate's sense of feeling which gives Innate knowledge of what to do, in response to the efferent activity or inactivity?

What is the change that occurs from mental impulse of action to mental impulse of impression of sense of feeling?

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CHAPTER 34

ARE ALL SENSES ALIKE TO INNATE?

Is THE IMPRESSION, picked up by the afferent nerve, of the sense of seeing, the same to Innate as sense impression of hearing or any other of the senses?

Are impressions from the five senses known to educated man the same as impressions which originate in other organs and viscera?

Is sense, after all, a question of *quantity* of vibration which is mentally interpreted in measurements of quantity by Innate, or has each sense a special and different *quality*?

Are there more senses known to Innate than the five commonly known to educated man?

If so, can educated man know and use them?

If so, will they be acquired or absorbed from Innate?

Or, does Innate feel that educated man, if he knew and used them, would abuse them?

Is there a duality of five senses known to educated man—five to be used by educated man for *external* limited purposes and five or more to be used by Innate beyond the reach of educated man to protect and preserve *internal* integrity of tissue structure for the purpose of its use to perform a living function?

Is there a sense of direction, balance, distance, telepathy, etc., known to birds, animals, and fish, unknown to educated man?

Does Innate sense, through an independent nervous system of its own, the same impressions educated man perceives?

A hot iron burns the skin.

Educated man knew it even though his knowledge comes after Innate has sensed the same damage to its structure and has already jerked the finger away.

CHAPTER 35

IS INNATE ONE SINGLE FUNCTION?

TO INNATE, how many *different* kinds of function are there?

Is motion of a definite mental impulse quantity in a definite time, in harmony with similar actions in all other parts?

Is the quantity of mental impulse that activates a cell in liver the same quantity that activates a cell of the bowel—except in cases of the abnormal?

Can this quantity be normally increased or decreased under stress or in time of need, or decreased as in times of sleep when no such necessity exists?

Is function, after all, to Innate, just *one* thing— normal motion, within a normal range, even though it is believed to be many things of many different kinds to educated man?

If function is based on different *quantities* of mental impulse supply, which quantities are generated in the brain, sent out, and those quantities are interpreted as they return in sense impressions, it would complicate computation of the mathematics of memorizing what happened yesterday, what is happening today, to coordinate with the needs of tomorrow.

The tendency of Innate is to build singleness of purpose and to simplify the process to bring about a steady flow of life between birth and death.

On the reverse, all tendencies of education are to amplify, multiply, and complicate every understanding of anything and everything—to blow it up microscopically or magnify it telescopically.

CHAPTER 36

IS IT INNATE'S PLAN?

WHY DO SOME nerve fibres carry mental impulse *only* efferently *from* brain *to* body, and others carry impressions *only* afferently *from* body *to* brain?

Why are these nerves builded in the beginning to form complete circuits, from brain cell to efferent nerve, from efferent nerve to tissue cell, from tissue cell to afferent nerve, from afferent nerve to brain cell?

How does Innate send out impulses only over certain nerves and receive impressions only through certain others?

How great is the Master Mind that coordinates and harmonizes sending out and receiving millions of these every second, normal and abnormal, healthy and sick, from birth to death?

Can any ordinary, mere, educated man do this, regardless of how many years he spends studying the soul or the body in a college or university?

We are not aware we have organs at work when they are working normally.

We are aware they are not working normally only when they are sick.

How do we know this?

If something is wrong at the periphery of an efferent nerve, the tissue cell has slowed up its action, its function is jammed, then impression it sends up afferently will be interpreted by Innate as pain, discomfort, headaches, uneasiness, nervousness, and many similar terms used by educated man to indicated that *he* knows something is wrong somewhere in some way.

What is the difference between normal sense feeling and abnormal sense feeling which makes us unaware of the one and aware of the other?

CHAPTER 37

DOES INNATE HAVE A LAW OF INTELLECTUAL ADAPTATION?

WHEN AN EXTERNAL invasionary accidental force clashes against normal bodily continuity resistance and produces a fracture, dislocation, subluxation, misalignment or prolapsus of organic structure, what does Innate do when she receives impressions of such invasion?

How long does it take for superficial impressions to reach Innate, to be interpreted, and responsive intellectual forces directed to the right place to best resist such invasion?

If unable to resist invasion and damage occurs, what does Innate do to circumvent damage?

In the event damage is a vertebral subluxation with its sequential occlusion, pressure upon nerves, interference to the normal quantity flow of mental impulse supply to get through that obstruction, what does Innate do to mental generation of normal brain supply, at point of obstruction, or at periphery of that nerve or nerves under pressure?

Does Innate know there has been an invasionary force with damage to structure?

Does Innate know *where* obstruction is?

Does Innate know what is occurring at peripheries of those nerves in organs? If Innate knows, how?

Does Innate possess the intelligence and ability to build a law of intellectual adaptation and circumvent the obstruction as is true of anastomosis of arteries and veins, or are nerves direct continuity fibres between brain and body, body and brain, having no anastomosis?

If there is a law of intellectual adaptation, how, where and when does it work?

In what structure can it and does it work?

In what structures can it not and does it not work?

CHAPTER 38

DOES INNATE KNOW THE DIFFERENCE?

WHEN AN EXTERNAL adjustic invasionary intentional force invades and penetrates the body where the bodily continuity has produced a fracture, dislocation, vertebral subluxation, misalignment or prolapsis of organic structure, what does Innate do when she receives such impressions?

Does Innate cooperate with or resist such?

Does she construe such an aid or injury?

Does Innate know the difference between an invasionary force which aims to help or hinder?

How does Innate interpret that difference, if there be such?

If Innate cooperates, to what extent?

In the event of a corrective adjustment, given at right place, right time, in right manner, will Innate help the Chiropractor to not only set but seat the vertebral subluxation to its exact correct articulation?

Does educated man know as much?

In the event of adjustment of a vertebral subluxation with its sequential opening of that closed foramen, release of pressure upon nerves, and restoration of normal quantity flow of mental impulse supply through what was formerly an obstruction, what does Innate do to mental generation of normal brain supply at point of obstruction, at periphery of that nerve or nerves formerly under pressure?

If actual damage has been done to nerves under pressure, such as laceration or contusion, will Innate begin an immediate repairing process?

Does Innate know the vertebral subluxation has been reset to its normal position?

If the nerve force efferent flow has been restored to normal, does Innate know that? How?

If function is or has been restored at peripheries of nerves, does Innate know that also?

Does Innate know this of each individual single cell, singly and/or in multiple?

Does educated man know he is getting better except in gross quantities of structure?

If a brick fell on the head of a *dead* man, would a vertebral subluxation occur and, if so, would it cause sickness in him?

If another brick fell on the head of a *live* man, would a vertebral subluxation occur and, if so, would it cause a sickness in him? How?

If another brick fell on the head of a *live* man *with* a vertebral subluxation, could a vertebral subluxation be adjusted and the sick man get well?

If so, how did *brick* do it?

If so, did brick correct the subluxation or did Innate in the *live* man correct it?

If the sick man got well, did brick get him well or the Innate within?

CHAPTER 39

MUST INNATE NEED A CHIROPRACTOR?

IF A CHIROPRACTOR "punched backbones" and did nothing else, accidentally, at the right place, at the right time, in the right way, even though he did it on the wrong theory that he was "stimulating or inhibiting nerves," and even though ignorant of the existence of Innate Intelligence, could not answer questions or give any consistent explanation of what occurred when he did, Innate still is so great that it would get the person well.

I am aware of millions of examples of thousands of years, of people who had an accident and got sick, had another accident and got well, and yet no Chiropractor was in existence, showing that under proper conditions the law can be perverted to sickness and converted back to health without the brick or the fall downstairs knowing anything about what happened, or why.

We are aware that millions of people for millions of years have gotten sick down through the ages.

A small percentage have gotten well.

A larger percentage have died in spite of everything done for them by savage medicine men; prayers and incantations have availed none; scientific physicians, regardless of their empiric and arbitrary experimentations practiced, have also failed.

I am aware that thousands, for many years, have gone before shrines of various faiths, with a high exultation of beliefs expressed. A few have gotten well and the many have continued sick and eventually died, regardless of what or how they expressed their faith and beliefs.

The principle and practice of Chiropractic, being in accordance with the natural law of life, sickness, death; life, sickness, and restoration of health—then that law was in existence millions of years ago and was working within those who unknowingly, unwittingly, and ignorantly got sick as well as those who got well.

Difference between what happened previous to 1895, and what is happening since 1895, is *they* did *not* know the how or why; and today *we do* know that law, principle and practice, and work intelligently, knowingly, and understandingly *with* it.

The law of life works even though the educated man knows nothing of that law.

This accounts for many so-called "miracles."

The law too often works in spite of educated man rather than because of him, what he does, or how he does it.

When one realizes the greatness of Innate and the feebleness of educated man to duplicate its works, it makes educated man feel most humble.

Does Innate increase its quantity or quality of wisdom or ability because of having lived in one human form for a short period of years?

Does Innate become contaminated or poisoned in its concepts or ability because of having come in contact with man's education accumulated between birth and death?

Does man's education increase in length, breadth, and depth because of having associated with Innate in the same home for a period of existence in this present form?

If education is a matter of accumulation of impressions, interpreted, filed, cross-indexed, and accumulated for a period of years between birth and death, starting with a minimum of knowing nothing and ending with a maximum of observations, then from whence comes this gigantic, massive, monumental wisdom of Innate which takes possession of the human baby form in one second of time at its birth of independence into this world?

Why is *time* so necessary for man to accumulate a small education, and time is *not* necessary for Innate to possess the wisdom of the ages?

Why was time necessary in one instance and how was time obliterated in the case of Innate?

CHAPTER 40

IS THERE A PLUS TO INNATE FUNCTION?

Is DIS-EASE a plus or minus of function?

Can Innate be plus in one case and minus in another, such as fever and chills, atrophy and hypertrophy, paralysis and paralysis agitans, constipation and diarrhoea, myopia and hyperopia, bradycardia and tachycardia, etc.?

Can there be a more-than-normal slowing down process of less than normal, induced by interference to normal quantity flow of mental impulse supply?

Is the apparent plus but an adaptative process to the minus of function?

Is there only *one* dis-ease, minus of function, lack of action, slowed down motion, below normal speed of action per second of time?

Are all the opposites to this, adaptation on Innate's part to try and establish balance?

Is a fever, for instance, adaptative to burn up poisons brought about by the slowing-down process of the paralysis of organs to eliminate those poisons—elimination being the primary dis-ease to which fever is adaptative?

Because the usual adaptative symptoms and pathologies *are* more noticeable, prominent, obvious, and objective than the dis-ease from which they have their origin, why diagnose and treat *them*?

Are diagnoses most always based on objective rather than subjective, on adaptative rather than the less known?

Would any prescription or treatment applied to the adaptative help or hinder Innate in her attempts to help the body?

Would not such be an unnatural process and interfere with Innate's natural process, interfere with Innate's attempt to save life, at the same time the dis-ease itself upon which adaptative symptoms and pathologies are based, is neglected?

Is dis-ease communistic—in the community?

Is its cause communistic—in the community?

Is its cure communistic—in the community?

Is the dis-ease in an individual—or in the community?

Or

Is dis-ease individualistic—within the individual?

Is its cause individualistic—within the individual?

Is its cure individualistic—within the individual?

If dis-ease is a community entity, how can Innate correct the cause and

cure the dis-ease in the community, that is in the one individual and not in many others of the same community?

How can Innate in *one healthy* individual correct the cause and cure the dis-ease in many other individuals of a community that might be sick, if the cause and cure of dis-ease lies in the community?

Can Innate in a healthy individual correct the cause and cure a dis-ease in another individual who is sick?

Does Innate work in and through the body of only *one* person, or is Innate individualistic that works through other bodies in a community also, which are sick?

Therein lies another fundamental difference between medicine and Chiropractic.

CHAPTER 41

ARE ALL INNATES ALIKE?

Is INNATE of one person similar or dissimilar to the Innate of another?

Is Innate of a human different from that of any other natural composite production of Innate?

If conceivable, could Innate of one person be transferred to another with equal or similar results?

Could it be that Innate of one person, upon leaving his body at death, enters the substance of another created object such as a cow or horse, and again performs all the same functions in that animal it did in the human?

What difference exists in any or all natural functions between a man and a cow, for instance?

What natural function has one which the other does not have?

Is there such a natural process as the transmigration of souls passing upon the death of one person into the being of another to be born?

When Innate leaves a dying body, does the Innate that lived therein disintegrate, disperse, or does it retain its identity as such until time for it to enter the body of a new born unit?

If education as we know it is an accumulative process between birth and death, how account for all obliteration of all time when a complete Innate *intelligence* takes possession of the new born baby in one second after birth?

Are there reasonable and consistent answers to these questions to be secured from research into the realms of Innate?

CHAPTER 42

WHAT IS INNATE'S PERMANENT ADDRESS?

WITH ALL THAT WE NOW KNOW about the insignificance of educated man, and the magnitude as "The Kingdom of God Within You," is it within the province of man's education to say where his Innate is or will go to when he dies?

Does he think that by saying a few words or expressing an opinion, that he can direct it where to go and so will it there. Or, can he keep it from going to some other place, assuming there is such?

Is it given the servant to tell the Master, the child its parent, the small to tell the great, the failure to command the success, the pygmy to tell the giant, that which was born today to tell that which has existed for millions of years, that which can't successfully run his own little world to tell the Creator who runs all worlds?

CHAPTER 43

DOES CHIROPRACTIC NEED INNATE?

I CAN HARDLY CONCEIVE of any "chiropractic" school being of any service to its students, or those graduates to their patients, without a workable knowledge of Innate Intelligence behind that sees all, knows all, does all.

To ignore Innate smatters of the medical approach of the materialities of the vertebral subluxation, "punching backbones," "stimulating and inhibiting nerves."

Without something more fundamental, there is no reason or logic for the existence of such a "chiropractic" school as it adds nothing to the sum total of materia medica or Chiropractic in principle or practice.

Nobody can know the fundamentals of Chiropractic unless he knows, understands, and has a workable knowledge of Innate Intelligence in and behind that makes all things possible in a living, sick, and healthy body.

To call "uneducated Innate Intelligence" is to perpetuate ignorant medical approach to all things Chiropractic.

To "punch a back" without a sane and sensible explanation of what goes on behind the scenes in a living body is the grossest folly, for he who does this possesses no logic or reason for how well bodies get sick, sick bodies get well; how the living die, or what cures and heals anywhere at any time in any way.

It is not given to any man to know all the answers to all the questions asked.

Neither is it possible for finite man to know the infinite.

If that time should arrive when any educated man could answer all these questions with the accuracy and efficiency that Innate Intelligence acts upon them, then finite man's education would be infinite; and the moment he reaches that degree of wisdom, he would cease to be finite.

But the fine part is that it is *not* necessary for any mere educated finite man to know any of this to reproduce his kind, to have the body run and regulate itself, and to heal, cure, and get his sicknesses well when abnormal.

All this is as perfect in the ignorant as the wise, in the savage as well as the university graduate.

This law within us has been working before any of us was born, and it will be at work after all of us are gone, therefore we are not necessary to the working, notwithstanding educated man thinks he is the all-important factor in life, health, and sanity.

CHAPTER 44

RESEARCH PROVES INNATE

RESEARCH ALONG THESE LINES has been going on for fifty-four years, especially since 1935, when The B. J. Palmer Chiropractic Clinic was established as a research organization to find answers to these questions—not to satisfy idle curiosity, but to gain accurate knowledge of how Innate thought and acted, that we as educated men could and would act more in accordance with the law that built man, rules and regulations of his living.

Many questions suggest this answer.

The world is not ready for these observations and applications.

Too much of the older order of thinking still permeates and saturates our thinking and acting.

The Chiropractic profession itself cannot entirely divorce itself from the past.

Too many still think in terms of give or add something from the outside to influence right doing on the inside.

Only a few of our following understand and live the Chiropractic principle and practice correctly.

If this research is sound, given time it will be in universal use and a new day will be upon the human race, and a newer and fuller and more abundant life will belong to sick people.

Then, and then only, will pioneers of this work come into their own.

In 1935, we introduced the electroencephaloneuromyograph into our clinic, building a special housing and series of labs to carry on one single study—what does Innate do, how does it do it, when, under what circumstances?

We wanted *to know* answers to questions we have raised here.

There were two avenues of approach to studying the workings of Innate Intelligence.

One of these we had been researching from 1895 to 1935, viz., what *has* Innate done, what established record has Innate left in permanent form for us to study?

No greater opportunity existed than the study of the traumatic, anomalous, and pathological osteological specimens we had in the Osteological Laboratory in this Clinic.

Here were more than 20,000 specimens in which Innate once lived and worked and left behind a mute language which revealed its work in thousands of bodies that once lived.

All this convinced us that Innate was a master mechanic, chemist, biologist, physiologist, psychologist, architect, designer, builder, welder of broken bones, logician, student, reasoner, overcoming handicaps beyond the scope of educated man.

It was in these Innate exhibited a super-human series of talents.

It was this study which convinced us that Innate should be further studied in living man.

But how could humble man do this?

Where to begin?

More mysteries are unsolved in living man than have been solved.

Myriads of unknown wisdom lie buried within the recesses of Innate Intelligence within us.

Chiropractic is the first philosophy, science, and art that has studied living man with the intention of parting the veil between the unknown and the known, with the ultimate desire to make it a practical working necessity to man's life, health, and sanity.

That we have unlocked the door and opened it part way, is evident by results we got in restoring health and sanity to the sick and insane—results beyond that of any other profession, even though they were thousands of years in the making.

None of this could or would have been possible without studying Innate behind it all.

In studying Innate, we have accomplished what all religions have always *wanted* to do, viz., make "The Kingdom of God Is Within You" a tangible working integral part of living man.

We have accomplished what medical therapies have always failed to do but *wanted* to do, viz., found a *specific cause for all dis-ease* (as there is but *one*) and a *specific for the correction of that cause*, thus making a living healthy sane God live healthily and sane in man.

We figured we would again have to take to the trackless fields, again become pioneers in a new study, approach this problem from a different angle than had been investigated before.

Where did Innate live? In the brain!

Where did Innate motivate motion? Through flowing forces through nerves between brain and body!

Where did Innate physically express its mental intents? In the tissue cell, organs, and viscera!

When Innate was *not* personifying its full mental intents in the body, why not? In answering this last question, we fell back on the Chiropractic explanation—concussion of forces, vertebral subluxation, occlusion of foramina, pressure upon nerves, interference by resistance to normal quantity flow of mental impulse supply between brain and body, slowing up of motion per second of time of tissue cell structure—hence, dis-ease.

When dis-ease existed, what did Innate do to help save life? To answer

these *living* questions, there was no other way than to study *living man* as he Innately lived. This forced us directly to find a means and method of studying actions and reactions of brain generation, mental impulse supply flowing through nerves, speed of action at tissue cells; from source in brain, through efferent and afferent nerves to tissue cells themselves.

How to do this?

There was *no such method known to science*. We had to build one.

The electroencephaloneuromentiograph was the answer.

This instrument could and did calibrate, measure, and evaluate the mental quantity generation, flow and action of that which Innate manufactured for that purpose.

Having nine channels at our disposal, each channel being timed per second of flow, we could place very sensitive electrodes at various places and simultaneously record eight accurate graph wave patterns of what Innate was doing in a living body, whether sick or well, stimulated or inhibited, before and after adjustment.

We could thus study actions and reactions of any treatment, adjustment, or therapy used, and establish its actual value or detriment to Innate.

This information told us in no uncertain terms what to leave alone, what to use, where to use it, and how.

It proved beyond question whether this or that was right or wrong, as interpreted by Innate—and, after all, Innate *was* the final arbiter of life, health, and sanity.

We have been researching with this instrument for thirteen years.

We have taken hundreds of miles of graph wave patterns, on thousands of cases, from all countries of the world, of all types of cases.

Its proof, today, is the last word on internal knowledge of what gets well people sick, and sick people well.

In securing this *knowledge*, we established a new and complete science, unlike anything in the world, still unknown to the rest of the world. We were fearless in our approach; we had no pattern to follow; there were no books or literature on the subject, for all others ignored Innate.

To date, this is the *only* laboratory of its kind.

The entire subject was builded from basement to superstructure, interpretations of our graphs were original.

From all this monumental job, we have been able to answer practically all questions we have herein asked.

We have not attempted to answer them in this article. To do so would be to write a library of books.

We have proven the Chiropractic philosophy of D. D. Palmer to be sane, sensible, and sound.

We have proven the science and art builded around that philosophy of your speaker and author to be equally as sane, sensible, and sound as the philosophy of D. D. Palmer.

Around all this we have builded a principle and practice which is strictly followed in The B. J. Palmer Chiropractic Clinic today, which is getting a larger percentage of worse cases well quicker than ever before in our fifty-four years of history.

Out of this gigantic task, for the first time in history, has come a demonstrable science of a knowledge of a single and simple specific for *the* single cause of all dis-ease, and a simple workable art of its correction.

That all this has been an evolutionary revolution goes without saying.

That it is radical, we admit.

That it is not in general practice amongst our people, is admitted.

This does not disprove our facts, but it does prove that the human mind evolves slowly and usually against its will.

And yet people sit by and mourn that all the doors are shut and all the interesting things have been done!

CHAPTER 45

THE UNINHIBITED MAKE HISTORY LAYING THE FOUNDATION

HOW OLD IS INNATE?

Is Innate an accumulated series of experiences of generations?

Had Innate to go through that which education goes through?

These and more questions can be and are asked by education.

The answer? Nobody knows!

Innate is born with the birth of a new assemblage of matter.

You and I, as units, carry two mentalities, intellectualities, personalities—
Innate and Educated.

Innate is complete and functions perfectly. Time in one life seems to add nothing. Innate comes finished at birth; but education *begins* at birth.

Two of us live in the same house. Each uses senses, acts and reacts upon them. At so-called "death" we lose education. What becomes of Innate? Who knows?

We like to and want to believe many futures of glorious character.

Many people *know* so far as *they believe* which implies the doubt.

This hunk of matter, called man, carries within himself an intellectual *super-man*, the Innate. This hunk of matter, called man, also carries within himself an educated—a baby by comparison—which begins zero at birth and accumulates whatever capable of absorbing, correlating, digesting—some more, others less; some little, others much.

Two thinking mentalities are at work. One works twenty-four hours a day; the other sleeps approximately eight to ten hours daily. The *super-conscious*, giant mind works within us with and for the benefit of the baby mind. Conscious or baby mind is worked upon and with by the *super-conscious* mind. The giant mind works with baby mind to get baby mind to work with giant mind; but reverse is never true. One thing is certain: giant mind will never become baby mind. One thing is hopeful: baby mind might some day reach heights of giant mind. Whenever such does happen, genius is in our midst—"genius" as interpreted by the baby mind; "being natural" as interpreted by the giant mind.

To the materialist, strict scientist, physicist, all talk about a super mind—an Innate—is rank anatomical and physiological heresy. He ridicules its possibility. Yet, the physician will *always* say: "*Nature* heals; the physician only assists *nature*." He knows no explanation for "Nature." There is that

inevitable gulf behind which he denies, cannot affirm; admits in language, denies in practice, and cannot ignore—that something that is all, does all which he cannot prove.

To those of us who break down an analysis of the component conditions many live with, who think of man as a living quality of mentalities—one superior to other; one possessing superior wisdom of the ages, the other a mere fragment of the whole—we realize that one knows all and gives much to the lesser. The superior mind is *always willing to give*. The lesser mind is *seldom willing to receive*. It rejects most of the time. Now and then one person who *seeks to receive does receive* and makes history in his chosen line of activity. This is the man who has learned how to release his inhibitions.

And that's what this talk is about!

CHAPTER 46

SOURCE IS PRIMARY

YOU AND I ARE.

We did not happen.

We are a result.

We are replicas of many who have gone before.

We represent a pattern.

In this pattern everything is properly placed, started running, and keeps on keeping on until its destined time to end. All viscera and organs are functioning as fore-ordained. Because we are, all are prone to take all for granted, giving little thought to what it was and is that made us.

Within each of us is an Innate Intelligence.

This Innate is a great reservoir of limitless potentialities.

To the man who begins at birth, finds it impossible to continue at death, and does some thinking between, it is an untapped, unexplored continuity of all good constructive vital necessities, the length, breadth and depth of which no man has yet fathomed.

Innate within us is as great as the country, continent, and universe it arises from and causes to come into being. The Innate within us is as great as the product of the universe, continent, country, and man and woman it made. To observe the man and woman and deny the intelligence which made them is not sufficient, for behind all products is the producer. The intellectual producer works, and the intellectual product is no less than its source.

Man was builded by the Innates of the male father and female mother.

Man was produced and reproduced by the Innates of male and female. Any Innate that *made* man is the Innate that keeps man alive and sane in his physical and mental functions. To ignore Innate because Innate cannot be seen under a microscope or measured quantitatively or qualitatively in a chemical test tube is common-sense folly, even if it is scientifically nonsense. We admit the product and deny the producer.

To study Innate is to gain knowledge of the source of that which works to rebuild man if he digresses from normal; to rebuild health to sickness; to restore sanity to insanity; for, as one fades in, the other fades out—all coming from within outward. Nothing that comes from the outside inward, or from below upward artificially, has permanent value.

Notwithstanding man's boasted sciences, there exists an intelligence that conceived male and female, man and woman. It further conceived the pregnancy method, the time of gestation, the manner of birth of male and female,

the balances of sexes in reproduction. This intelligence has been following that definite and positive pattern for millions of years with millions of people. Not only does *that* intelligence reproduce, but it is intelligent sufficient to produce man *after* he is born; regulate and balance his functions; keep him in life and health; and restore health and sanity if sickness and insanity exist. It is *this* intelligence which is *the* basic factor to which every Chiropractor looks for restoration of health following adjustment. When any Chiropractor loses sight of this factor, he has lost the fundamental upon which Chiropractic rests. When he seeks to substitute materialistic theories, he fails to accomplish the necessary.

Any intelligence so great that it can conceive the sexes, generate the generations, bring them forth, perpetuate them and keep them functioning for endless time beyond the scope of educated man, is certainly a great enough intelligence for us educated people to look to for things beyond our ken and understanding as a source of further enlightenment when we desire to know more than we do. Certainly it is a sufficiently great source to go to for more knowledge than the mere pittance we think we now know.

Within the confines of each Innate Intelligence is stored, index-filed, cross-filed, catalogued, systematically, everything that ever was, is, or will be. Much within has come out. Much is in it yet to come out. All the poetry, prose, discoveries, music, inventions; all the knowledge of how birds fly, fishes swim, man walks; every device that has been produced by it is within it. If man could and would draw upon it, he could do artificially, within artificial limitations, everything it does naturally, except in a more limited manner.

There are only 310 mechanical movements known to science. They are all in the bodies of objects Innate has made in natural objects. To invent the submarine, man needed to study how fish sink and rise. To fly, man needed to study how birds fly. Genius, in man, is nothing more or less than opening the gate, unlocking the inner recesses between Innate and Education, letting the flow come from within outward.

To repel this inner knowledge is to stagnate our greater self. To embrace this inner knowledge is to develop ourselves to be greater than we are. Innate can no more break through an educated inhibition to change thought, than through a vertebral subluxation to change function.

Innate knows *all* about man and woman, in the gross as well as the minutest minutia. Educated man could know *more* about man and woman *if* man would let Innate instruct, guide and direct his thinking. But it must come from within outward. It is entirely internal. Education, on the reverse, thinks it can force the reverse, from outward inward, from below upward; and when it attempts the artificial reverse, he defeats the internal natural knowledge of knowing more about what Innate knows. Innate has known about vertebral subluxations since man was conceived. Innate also

knows about correcting them. Perversion of Innate's law has made man sick. Working *with* Innate helps to correct them.

Abnormality, sickness and insanity are inhibitions between Innate and the body it made, running normally when it was. Normality, health, life and sanity are restored by correcting the vertebral subluxation, removing the physical inhibition to normal quantity flow of intellectual energy between Innate and its living objectives.

Inhibitions, artificially manufactured by Educated man, between Innate and its living objectives, create an obstacle between Innate and those objectives. To build a *mental* educated inhibition is to inhibit Innate function from bringing forth to the world what it has learned down through the ages which would work if permitted to freely and naturally express itself. Educated man, in his narrowest thinking, inflicts *his* ideas upon things natural and thus often starves history from a newer and better service to mankind.

There are those Chiropractors who explain memory, mentality and function as an assimilated molecular kaleidoscopic pattern and if, as, and when the pattern duplicates and repeats itself, the same memory, thought, or function pattern of matter duplicates itself. The absent important point is: *What is it* which intelligently, consistently and persistently duplicates the pattern hour after hour, day after day, and year after year, between birth and death?

CHAPTER 47

GREAT IS THE SOURCE

GOD IS A NAME mankind ascribes to an intellectual law that creates, governs, runs all living things; has run the world for a long, long time. Has done a good job of it.

Within the accomplished fact is a better judgment than man could substitute with all his intelligence.

"The Kingdom of God is within you"; the God of the Universe of which we are a part. Anything and everything the God of the Universe knows is potential knowledge within us.

God knows all, sees all, is all.

Therefore, mankind represents that which knows all, sees all, is all.

We are a manifestation of it, as it has worked through us.

Each of us is a potential Edison, Watt, Stephenson, Mozart, Longfellow, etc. Why, then, aren't we what we want to be?

Out of 1,000 people, we have 1,000 potential geniuses.

Out of 1,000 people, we have only *one* Edison.

Why are 999 out of tune with the Infinite within?

Two reasons:

Artificial education and vertebral subluxations.

Education is of two kinds:

That which draws from the great exhaustless and boundless within—the 1 of the 1,000;

That which veneers, plasters on from without—the 999 out of the 1,000.

That which veneers, builds a coating, a shell, which thickens as time goes on. The more education, the tougher, harder, and more impenetrable it becomes.

The shell is cottonwood which we stain and varnish to make the world think it mahogany.

This pilastered, superficial, exostotic surface education builds inhibitions, "don't do this," "don't do that," "it isn't being done," "people will think you crazy," "it isn't the fashion," "it wouldn't be admitted by the masses." Medicine teaches 4-years-of-9, therefore Chiropractic should, to be as good or equal to it; hence builds more on the outside and stops more of the inside coming out. *That* is our contribution to the great crime of education.

The Edison or Beethoven that is in cannot get through the cement polish we have builded on the outside of us. Inhibitions stop us mentally from trying.

The banded and organized minorities have always accomplished great objectives.

15 per cent destroyed slavery in Civil War days.

8 per cent brought about woman suffrage.

5 per cent drove this country into prohibition.

CHAPTER 48

IS THERE AN ANSWER?

IF THIS BE TRUE, why wait until *this* past fifty years to develop some of these issues—to harness electricity; to speak over, through and in, with and without wires, long distances; to build the horseless carriage so man could move an automobile like other animals; to swim like fish and fly like birds?

Why was it necessary to wait until 1895 to find *the* secret of the specific of the cause and cure of all dis-ease, when every Innate in every man and woman knew it millions of years?

Medical colleges have wrapped themselves into a sacro-sanct endless maze of complexes to prevent lay people seeking facts regarding themselves in sickness and health. We, with Chiropractic, know how true that is.

Each age had to bring forth some man who by nature was so endowed that he broke down inhibitions within himself, gazed into the in-behind, and dragged forth what was always within. It took D. D. Palmer, uninhibited as he was, to break inhibitions within himself regarding the mystery of medical sickness, and make it Chiropractically simple and workable.

People who have inhibitions never do anything. People who do things have no inhibitions. D. D. Palmer had no inhibitions, therefore he did things. People now in our midst who have abundant and unlimited inhibitions endeavor to kill his work. People who have no inhibitions, like D. D. Palmer, are constructive. Others in our ranks who have a multiplicity of inhibitions are destructive and destroy his work.

Two groups of people can afford to have no inhibitions—the hobo who is so poor, with nothing to live or work for, who doesn't care what people think about what he thinks, says or does; and the successful person who has become successful because he *did* deny inhibitions in his make-up. The big mass that exist between, accept educational and environmental inhibitions as the inevitable, thinking they must float down stream *with* the mass.

How can one get out of the middle class? By eliminating inhibitions and climbing up and out by frustrating them.

CHAPTER 49

HEED THAT HUNCH

"EVERYONE HAS HUNCHES, but most of us fail to cultivate them. *Children share with geniuses* an open, inquiring, uninhibited quality of mind. As we grow up our minds *become crusted over with conventional ideas*. Often at six a boy displays real inventive talent, only to lose it a few years later.

"What stifles the creative spark? *It could be that our present system of teaching quashes originality*. 'Education' literally means a 'drawing out' of powers within the mind. In most classrooms today *it is anything but that*. Instead of being taught *to think*, children are taught *to parrot* the great thoughts of the 'authorities'—which all too often turn out to be wrong. If we want more Edisons—and America can use them!—our schools will have to *de-emphasize mere memory drills and start teaching intuition*. For intuition can be taught. We've proved that in our laboratories in Schenectady.

"Prior to the war the General Electric Company provided an experimental course in creative engineering for a selected group of college graduates, to see if we could teach inventors to invent. The 20 boys who entered the course each year were circulated from laboratory to laboratory to get the stimulus of the company's most creative minds. Bull sessions were organized in which the men were *encouraged to discuss their own hunches* and tear apart one another's bright ideas. Classroom work consisted principally of projects *offering a challenge* to their ingenuity—questions like: 'How would you go about inventing a machine to typewrite music?'

"One young man who had never invented anything before was inspired during his two years with the class to produce 13 patentable ideas. *Among the 200 graduates there have been practically no failures*. One man can claim credit for a significant improvement in the magnetos on our military planes. Another has done important work on superchargers. A third is still engaged on a secret project for the War Department.

"These men in our laboratory pick their own subjects for research. *They follow their own interests, wherever they may lead*, and it's wonderful and exciting fun. That's why I'm convinced, they have so many and such productive ideas.

"How do inventions come about? It's generally *a hunch* that starts the inventor on his quest—an *inward* feeling that the solution of the problem lies in a certain direction or a certain group of facts.

"'A man may think he reasons out the answer to a problem by cold logic,' says Dr. Willis R. Whitney, dean of General Electric scientists, an

inventor who has contributed to almost half a century of electrical progress. 'Actually he reaches the solution *through a hunch and works out the reasons afterward*. I used to disregard my hunches. But I've learned from my friend the turtle that *you've got to stick your neck out to get any place*.'

"Of course, hard work invariably precedes *the flash of inspiration*. As Pasteur observed: 'Intuition is given only to him who has undergone long preparation for receiving it.'

"Intuition *may strike when one least expects it*. A prize-winning idea popped into the mind of one of our researchers while he was chopping ice from his front steps. Another man tells me that a discovery occurred to him in the midst of shaving. In my own work with high temperature arcs and electric circuits, my hunches come to me most frequently in bed, in a plane, or while staring out of a Pullman window. I always have pad and pencil handy on my bedside table to jot down thoughts occurring in the night. Pocket memo cards receive the hunches that I get by day.

"*Be on the alert for hunches*, and whenever you find one hovering on the threshold of your consciousness welcome it with open arms. Aim to keep an open mind. *Don't rely too much on logic*. Try to locate the treasure chest of ideas which lies hidden at the back of your brain."—(C. G. Suits, Sc.D., Director of Research, General Electric Company. Condensed from The American Magazine as told to Frederick G. Brownell. Reader's Digest).

Radio's Second Chance, by Charles A. Seipmann (P. 189) says:

"Commissioner Durr of the FCC provided a fitting comment on this policy when he said: '*Never to offend* anyone may be good salesmanship. But is it good radio? Is it good sense in times such as these in which we are living? The best in literature and drama, and even art and music, *has offended*. Milton *offended* in his time. So did Shakespeare and Victor Hugo in theirs. Tom Paine and Sam Adams and Jefferson and Hamilton and Madison and many more whose names we honor today did *a lot of offensive speaking and writing* in their time, but it was a time which required a challenge to greatness. Out of their *courage to offend* came a Declaration of Independence and a Constitution and Bill of Rights.'

CHAPTER 50

THE FAILURE OF EDUCATION

EDUCATED MEN have been studying male and female, functionally and physiologically, for 5,000 years. What kind of a male and female would this educated male and female build if possible? Fortunately, he still has nothing to do with reproduction, but he does try to dictate his terms upon production after reproduced. He would attempt to introduce and inject his needless experimental external artificial theories he promulgates and constantly changes from year to year. He would scheme him without God, without Innate Intelligence; psychiatrists would permit a *sub*-conscious mind to a limited degree; he would be without tonsils, appendix, and other "useless organs" which his education taught him man does better without than with. In spite of this, God and Innate have kept on building babies the same way, the same pattern, regardless of creed, color or country, for millions of years. The blueprint and pattern of Intelligence has not changed in spite of man's educated ignorance.

CHAPTER 51

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

HISTORY IS REplete with uninhibited men who let Innate come through with new ideas and ideals.

Socrates—accused of making new gods or listening to new voices—the charge of heresy against the state religion and corruption of the youth—did he get his ideas out of books written before his time? Did he blindly repeat them?

Joanne D'Arc—she who heard the voice of God—she of the farm-girl type—she of whom the ecclesiastical court said: "How serious and dangerous it is to examine the things which are beyond one's understanding and to believe in new things";—she who said God directed her to save France from the English—did she get any or all of this out of a school?

Galileo—he who said that the earth moves around the sun—did this new concept come from some academy he attended to secure his A.B.?

William Penn—he who spent years in jail in the Old Bailey in London—he who held public meetings and preached the equality of men—who dared question the right of judges to direct the verdict of juries who caused the Court of Common Pleas to say, "You may try to open the eyes of jurors, but not to lead them by the nose."—did this new sense of righteous legal indignation in him come from prattled education of his day?

What was it that impelled Thomas Paine to plead for the common man in the days of royalty in America? He was guilty of having too keen a nose for the crises of revolution, too sharp a tongue with the idiom of common sense, and a brain too busy for the rights of man. It was he who sounded the tocsin of freedom for America. But, from where did this spring, that forced him—even to the loss of his freedom in Paris, and almost his head? Did it come from the William and Mary College in Virginia?

Did Abraham Lincoln get his common sense, good judgment, sound foresight, his vision of the far to liberate the slaves, saying that no country could long survive half free, half slave? (That could be paraphrased today to say that no profession could long survive, half medical, half Chiropractic.) What was his great possession and expression which subsequently made the world respect his value? Did these come from the University of Illinois, with him a graduate and an alumnus?

Did D. D. Palmer get his inspiration for the specific internal cause and cure of all dis-ease, discover the vertebral subluxation and its adjustment,

from medical anatomies, physiologies, symptomatologies, pathologies, diagnoses and treatments of diseases, after spending four years of nine months each in some so-called student-of-his "accredited" Chiropractic college; or did it come out of the great inner cosmic consciousness of all men who create rather than be copy-tags?

Go back to the days when many in our ranks, including no less than D. D. Palmer, were prosecuted and persecuted for practicing medicine without a license. The Scott County jail still stands, the room still there, in which D. D. Palmer was incarcerated. For what? For helping mankind get well under a system not then recognized or tolerated. There was the campaign in California, Ohio, and other states, where many went to jail for as long as a year or more, even to the dirty, filthy workhouses, rather than pay fines and give tribute to Caesar. The memories of many today seem short. What was *it* which made martyrs of these men? Only that they might build a bridge yesterday that *you* might walk over safely today. And what are many doing to that bridge today? Blowing it up with legislative bombs, blasting it with 4-years-of-9 educational bombs; rutting the very roads you now travel over at their expense. These men were disciples of a just and righteous cause. Many today are financial pirates bleeding others that they might live in the lap of luxury. How short is memory?

Go through history—the great and near-great—from whence came that which placed their names on its pages? Was it a manufactured product spewed forth from the four walls of a class room? Was it academic emanation passed from book to teacher and teacher to pupil? Was it based on 4-years-of-9 in a college? Did it depend upon cribbed examinations before State Boards? Was it pumped into him at so much per gallon or month? Was it a process out of the mouths of pedagogues who couldn't earn a living? Was it read out of books that were out of date before they were printed; written by long-dead professors? Was it a mass of dead fish that some failure was forcing them to accept?

A visitor once asked the Poet of the Sierras where his library was. He said: "Library, hell! I have no library. Books are for those who don't think. I write them!"

Every man who has ever done anything worth while for the world, who drove it forth another notch in its upward swing, has always received whatever he gave from the only source from which all great things are—the Innate within us.

The inhibited group—and they are in the majority—stifle and suppress history. Because they have failed to take their places amongst the great and near great, the inhibited thinkers and doers are jealous and envious. First come the uninhibited—for example, D. D. Palmer. His first disciples were uninhibited. Later came those who *are* inhibited, who inhibit the uninhibited work of D. D. Palmer with restrictive and constrictive legislation, and higher pro-medical education of 4-years-of-9. This type introduce superior and

inferior complex medical inhibitions until simple Chiropractic is inhibited into a complex mass and mess.

Let an uninhibited idea come forth from the womb of the long-established centuries, tested, tried and not found wanting, out of Innate's vast storehouse, and what does inhibited educated man do to it? He hurls ridicule and sarcasm. "It can't work. What does this man know who champions it? Has he been to college? What college degrees does he have?"

The meric system was ridiculed in its day, even as the specific is now by many of our people; yet both came from the same brain. Failing to break the meric system, they tried to reason its fundamental unsound, little thinking they pit their feeble inhibitions of a few years against the tests of Innate's ages. Today, many advocate the child and deny the adult of the same parentage. "There is no such thing as a specific vertebral subluxation; and, if there were, man would not adjust it alone," *ad infinitum*.

These smug, self-complacent followers of Yale, Harvard and Johns Hopkins point the finger of scorn, accuse, bring forth indictments of devious characters, try and convict the new idea in the Court of Public Opinion, of breaking down all respect for the newer order of things. Against this accusation, there is no defense. It is admitted. Convicted, the idea is sentenced to oblivion's prison. Puny man now builds a small cement and steel cell with bars at the windows and bars on the doors, thinking to imprison it and keep it from escaping into circulation. Surrounding that unit cell, he builds a structure of organized men who form a cement and steel framework within which he tries to further incarcerate Innate's idea. And, outside of *that* structure, to make further escape impossible, he erects a huge high legislative wall, over, under or through which the idea cannot escape. On top of that legislative wall, he has high powered State Board searchlights to spot any semblance of that idea, should it try to climb the fence—each of which makes arbitrary, empirical rules and regulations. In each corner of that legislative wall he has placed basic science men with high powered rifles to shoot to kill future developments. And, if by some miracle this progressive and growing idea *should* weave back and forth through the warp and woof of these, and seemingly is going to escape, all these groups turn on the screeching sirens to notify interested bystanders to be on the watch for these dangerous escaped criminals, catch them, return them to prison, and shoot to kill if they don't surrender.

There comes a day, perhaps many years later, when the idea proves its innocence of aught but good for mankind. Meanwhile the inhibited group cloaks this simple, natural and practical idea with the complex, unnatural and impractical suits of clowns and Jacob's coat of many colors. Their claim is that they desire to give it the touch of respectability in the market place with the money changers in the Temple. They aim to do this by taking it to college, giving it a 4-years-of-9 suit of accepted ethical training in the accredited arts and sciences, put a mortar board on its head, mix into

its composition yesterday's elements, so people will smile benevolently upon it with gracious favor. By this time, this simple, uninhibited Innate idea of service to raise the standard of the human race, has become an emasculated hybrid mongrel which has lost its power of virility in reproduction, lost its identity, and is no longer capable of propagation in its true and incipient form.

CHAPTER 52

TWO TYPES OF PEOPLE

MEN AND WOMEN are of two kinds

- floaters who drift down stream like so much flotsam on the surface of the tide; like blood-suckers, they live off the efforts of those on whom they leech;
- those who swim up stream, buck the tide of adversity, and struggle to support themselves as well as others.

The floater is a type who attends state conventions of Chiropractors, gets his ear to the ground, finds which way leaders, their majority, and indifferent followers think; then, when he speaks, agrees with them, talking their ideas and language. He leaves their convention a hero because he agreed with them and they agreed with him. He is an opportunist; he takes advantage of every circumstance. Such a person is a traitor to sincerity, to any honesty of purpose he may have; weakens himself every time he speaks, and weakens those who surround him because he encourages them to do what *he* does, viz., weaken the race of the future. We have many such amongst speakers, who are in demand at a certain type of convention. If he should be invited to a state where Chiropractors know *Chiropractic* composed of *Chiropractors*, he is worse than a fish out of water. He cannot and does not meet *Chiropractic* facts, he is embarrassed and blushes red, stammers his talk and beats a hasty retreat immediately after the banquet. Having no convictions, he meets none.

When an inhibited man meets an uninhibited man on the same subject, he meets his Waterloo. This was exhibited so vividly recently when this situation occurred at a state convention. A political-Chiropractor spoke to a group of genuine Chiropractors.

The swimmer is a type who *comes* to a convention, is indifferent to what majority or minority, leaders or followers think. He seldom talks the language of those present. He usually rubs fur the wrong way, bristles their motives—not that he delights in being different, but because he speaks for the future whereas those present are more content with the present. He does not indulge in personalities, but presents sound, sane, and sensible indisputable reason and logic. What he presents is resisted and resented, not on the ground of logic and reason in opposition thereto, but on the ground of personalities, sarcasm, attacks on the speaker direct, rather than on subject matter he presents. None attempt to break down his conclusions, but attempt to slur him personally.

This type of speaker cares nothing for opportunism. He usually says the

right thing to the wrong people at the right time. Such person is honest with himself; he endeavors to convince others the right path to follow. We have few such amongst speakers who grace our conventions. He is always in demand when conventions want *Chiropractic*.

The floater cloaks himself with inhibitions. He not so subtly seeks advantage of his opportunity as a speaker to agree with the mass to plug for his business. The floater speaks on today's beliefs to a weak group. The floater lives within the horizons of his inhibitions; exists with a decadent yesterday.

The swimmer sheds inhibitions. He does not use his position as a speaker to agree with anybody, but gives utterance to inner convictions of helping those who are willing to listen to help them become better advocates of that which they claim to espouse. He cares little whether or not business comes his way as a result of what he says, knowing full well that if he proves right, the profession will recognize it and him as a leader. The swimmer speaks for tomorrow to strong individuals.

CHAPTER 53

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MEN?

THERE IS no anatomical or physiological difference between Henry Ford and you or me. He was conceived and born of similar parents. His early life was fraught with disadvantages, far more than many of us.

There *is* a fundamental difference between Ford and you and me *mentally*. We have had opportunities to get a smattering of what we call education. He had little. The trial of the Chicago Tribune, a few years ago, against Ford, proved he could hardly read or write, could not speak copy correctly, and stumbled in reading the written word. He has been heard on the radio but once, and then he made a pitiful showing. You and I can do better than this.

Can we compare having done with our lives what Ford has done with his? Up to a certain date, Ford was as inhibited as are we. As a mechanic he began tinkering with machines. Then came the flash inspiration—and I call it that for want of a better name—that he would build a horseless carriage. This was an uninhibited ideal that came from within. The inhibited ones stood by the roadside and laughed at his feeble attempts to make a buggy run without horses. They called it “Ford’s Folly.”

Ford was one of the world’s greatest industrialists. He made walking a luxury. He made the “Tin Lizzie” famous. He made the assembly line a new device in production. We did not do this because *we* had been educationally inhibited with the idea that you can’t run carriages on the highway without horses. He shed, cast off, and refused to be blocked by a false educational start. We accepted, added, begged for a superficial artificial education of “It can’t be done”; therefore we don’t start to begin to get ready to commence to do it. Ford drew from his inner resources. You and I are handcuffed, leg-ironed, imprisoned our Innates.

Henry Ford weighed about 150 pounds—physically. Mentally he weighed billions. You and I weigh about 150 pounds—physically. Mentally we weigh dollars. Whence came this difference between him and you and me, upon which he built an empire, you and I build a shanty. He had no book larnin’; he did not attend schools, colleges and universities; nor did he hold a Chiropractic license or a basic science license—for which we can all be thankful. He was one of the richest men in the world, in finances as well as the satisfaction of service rendered mankind. Who are you and I to criticize him and say what he should have done or that he should have had a university degree before he could serve the world?

Beethoven, Mozart, and many others were ordinary men physically—extraordinary musically. Whence came this music which they composed? For that matter, whence comes music in any composer's history? Did they go to kindergarten, grade school, pre-academic 2 years, 4-years-of-9, before they knew how, could, or did compose? Were they taught how to lay down notes, compose harmony and form operas or songs that made them famous? Would it be proper for us to force these men to go to a 4-years-of-9 college before they can compose more? Merely because *we can't*, is that a reason why we must force them to our inabilities? Because we fail *with* an education, is that any reason why we must cramp their genius to our incapacabilities?

Those ideas, devices, inventions and schemes originated by educated men for educated men, are for the most part failures because they are conceived out of education. They are a part of the repeated development of superficial education to bolster the weakness of a repetitive superficial education gone before that is dying.

Those ideas, devices, inventions and practices which flow from within without, are simple and single in concept. They usually come in a flash; we might call them hunches or inspirations. These are successes because they have been tried for millions of years. They have been practical in their work on millions of people. They come from the Kingdom of God within you, therefore are right. Check along the line and those which live have been conceived and were born of inspiration bolstered by hard perspiration in their perfection in application in practice.

Whether to let the inside flow easily and naturally to the outside, or

Whether to legally force the outside in, or

Whether to be natural or artificial, are questions we face in our profession today.

These are issues *you* must become an active participant in controlling. If you ignore them, our profession is sunk.

CHAPTER 54

PRISONERS OR FREE MEN

MOST PEOPLE, non-consciously, live in prison. I say "non-consciously" because walls and bars sneak up on one. These people walk down well-trodden roads. They train themselves to be conventionalized. They surround themselves with people who think as they think, say as they say, do as they do. They live a stereotyped pattern. Each day they do the same things the same way. They go to the same church, belong to the popular groups, formulate certain customs. They dress like others, eat according to Emily Post, follow same styles. They refuse to step out of character. To do so is to permit themselves to be talked about.

Then comes the day, for no accountable reason seemingly, they are impelled or pushed to unlock doors of their prison cells. They step forth into brilliant sunlight of a desire to be a Chiropractor. Possibly without rhyme or reason, their life was saved by it, and this gave them the needed and needed shove. This opened up a new world of thought and action. It stepped them out of a groove and run of taking drugs.

Then comes the supreme test—*which school of "Chiropractic"* shall he attend? One is near home, in a larger city, where he can live with relatives. All schools call themselves "Chiropractic" so what's the difference? Didn't they all stem from the pure stream—the *Chiropractic fountain head*?

Two kinds of schools exist, with gradations from top to bottom. One kind is ethical, teaches medical theories and practices, and calls them "Chiropractic." Some have *nothing* Chiropractic. Some have an adjusting table and use it; some, bed pans as a substitute. The other kind *is* Chiropractic, confines itself *to* Chiropractic—specific, pure, unadulterated, simon-pure, ten-fingered type, following the principle and practice laid down by D. D. Palmer. This type refuses to be bound by the whirlpool of opportunism that sucks many in. This type thinks more *of Chiropractic* than it does customs of those who live in medical prisons.

Eventually, these students seeking a school cast off shackles, arrive at a type of "Chiropractic" school, only to find there is little difference in its medical teachings from that which they have been taught from babyhood. Perhaps they are taught indiscriminate punches in the back without reason given therefor. They find little new to oppose, little old to give up, most of it is easily swallowed and is delightful tasting because it agrees with most everything they already know. They graduate, come forth thinking they *are* Chiropractors and what they have been taught *will* work. Given time, they

are rudely disappointed. It won't work because it *wasn't* Chiropractic. They now face two alternatives: keep on the medical road that leads nowhere, or go where *Chiropractic* is taught, *and get it*.

If they arrive at the other kind of school first, where *everything is Chiropractic*, where everything taught is different from that taught from babyhood, they find much new, in opposition to their self-imposed medical prison atmosphere. They find much old to give up, much new to absorb, most of it hard to swallow and bitter tasting because it disagrees with almost everything they thought they already knew. They are rudely awakened to a new lease on life.

They now face a series of hurdles. Can they accept new teachings, or will they reject them? A few accept and go on from there; become *Chiropractors* of whom the profession is proud. Many reject and try to assimilate a little new with much old; try to mix medical oil with Chiropractic water. They resent some of the new and permit the invasion of much that is old. They argue for and try to support yesterday, and wonder why there should be any difference. They think they can *think* medicine and *practice* Chiropractic. They think it reasonable that germs cause disease, but are willing to adjust a vertebral subluxation as its cause because the law won't permit them to give drugs. They think a blood clot on the brain causes paralysis, but are willing to adjust a vertebral subluxation to permit cure of paralysis. They argue infection and refuse to accept resistance to invasion as the correction. And so on, ad infinitum.

Some students unlock the door of their prison, come forth, walk the highway, and refuse to turn back. Others unlock the door with provisos, padlock the key to their hands, take a glimpse of the sunlight and, because it is bright and demands much in return, walk back into prison again, lock the door and throw the key away.

The early pioneers of Chiropractic went forth boldly as disciples of a new gospel. They walked highways and by-ways teaching all who would listen a newer and better way to health and life. They cared nothing for the ridicules and scoffs of smug multitudes. They listened to their teacher, D. D. Palmer, and followed his teachings and proved he was right. They cast all inhibitions to one side. They cast their lot with his, and lived it. This group put Chiropractic on the map. They laid a solid foundation, for it to grow and thrive on. Many followers today pluck fruits of trees planted in those early days.

To be inhibited, to have inhibitions, and to recognize you have such, is knowing you are a prisoner in a cell block. Each person has many cells between him and liberty. Each cell has a separate door to be unlocked. Each cell locked or unlocked is a phase of human failure or human accomplishment in imprisoning or freeing oneself and those with whom he associates.

Many kinds of human cells exist. We artificially plaster them on the

outside, layer upon layer, usually making them stronger as years go on. There is the religious cell, diet cell, professional cell, educational cell, legislative cell, whether-to-give-treatments cell, whether-to-give-adjustment cell, state board cell, basic science cell. We can build any one or many, each an inhibition, until we lock ourselves into where there is no escape.

Getting out of mental inhibition prisons is like getting a body out of a physical inhibition prison: you unlock one door, step forth to find many other doors which continue to interlock each with the other, before you are a free Chiropractor. There is *one* door that unlocks *all* other doors. We can unlock *one* door and be free of *that* inhibition. We can get a taste of freedom, step back into and through *that* inhibition door, lock it on the inside and imprison ourselves again. Many of our profession keep most of their doors locked most of the time.

Many students come here, unlock *all* doors *when they come*, keep them unlocked Chiropractically for a time. They keep them unlocked when they *start* practicing in the field. Then, gradually they medically *lock them*, later. Some keep one or two doors unlocked in the use of the name "Chiropractic," and have a dreaded fear about unlocking the rest, educationally or legislatively. Some deliberately go about the country advocating the clanging shut and locking *all* prison doors so there can be and will be *no* future liberty to anybody. They insist that all educational doors be locked by legislative prisons. Some keep *all* doors open so Innate is entirely free.

There are those amongst us who fear the propriety, question the motives, or doubt the right of our profession to unlock all doors and permit our people to step forth free men. They arouse the emotions, passions and prejudices of our professional cell mates and demand all doors be locked and keys thrown away. Others deliberately unlock one door occasionally, only to trap the unsuspecting inmate into automatically locking nine others behind him when he does.

The present generation of Chiropractors are in large part afraid to become uninhibited. They think people think them queer. They beat the same medical tom-toms. They follow the same legislative pursuits. They establish the medical 4-years-of-9 as the complex Chiropractic educational standard when in reality the best Chiropractors ever produced were those of 3-years-of-6 or less, including the majority of those now on state boards, even those who now advocate more for others but never for themselves. They complex simple Chiropractic into a 4-years-of-9 with medical modalities, treatments and other armamentaria now forced into his mind to fill time. And, peculiarly (or is it?), those who failed most in practice are those who now propose more education for those who have succeeded most in practice. The failures tell those who have succeeded how to succeed. It is easier to agree with people and be like others than it is to be right and disagree with people and be different from others.

When a Chiropractor, properly trained to be a Chiropractor, suffers with

a super-abundance of inhibitions, fails as a practicing Chiropractor, he goes into politics; and, as a political Chiropractor, makes all kinds of rash promises of what he *will do*, or what *he hopes* to do by way of laws which will regulate thousands of uninhibited Chiropractors who *have* been successful and who don't need the services of such. These political aspirants secure large salaries based on alleged services they claim they can and will deliver sometime in the future, none of which stand up under investigation. They beg for financial alms from you who have succeeded who do not need what they cannot deliver. They are much like the wandering hobo—too lazy to think, too indolent to work, but blood-sucks on society on handouts for his living. He would set up laws forcing Henry Ford to run his successful empire of building cars. To send them finances is to encourage these sycophants with their rash promises and empty deliveries, the same as giving food to the hobo encourages him to continue begging without sawing wood to pay for what he gets.

CHAPTER 55

SPLIT PERSONALITIES

IMAGINE an average typical business man. He is like a diamond; he has many facets, each reflecting a different brilliance of light.

He belongs to a church. He is looked up to as a deeply religious man. He teaches a Sunday school class and is regarded highly by the boys and young men he teaches.

The same man may be a lodge member, attends regularly, holds a chair in the organization, knows the ritual forward and backward, helps initiate others into the order. He is "one of the boys" and tells risqué stories with the best of them.

This same man belongs to a card club. He gambles at poker, drinks like a fish, and everybody knows him as a "real guy," and thus portrays a facet not found in the church or lodge.

He also belongs to an ex-soldier veterans' group. He could be an officer. He is on the entertainment committee and attends state conventions where they throw a stag party with strip girls. He enjoys the show as much or more than others. He cuts up and raises the devil generally equal to the rest of the boys.

At some of these, there are drinking bouts. After a few drinks, he drops his inhibitions. The sober business man becomes the party's cut-up; the quiet church-mouse becomes loquacious with complete abandon; the studious type becomes the company's active baseball player and acts the part—even to "kill the umpire."

What changes the revolving facets go through from one type of personality to that of almost its opposite. Environment, liquor, and other uninhibited conditions break-down artificial superficial educated inhibitions. They were builded to meet certain conditions and broken down in minutes for others.

What a pity some need get drunk to let loose that which should shine when sober. What a pity environment radically changes the exterior of men. We spend years to build up a restraining wall which environment breaks down in an hour or two.

Perhaps that is why, when some men wish to win over a stubborn individual, they first make him drunk, thereby breaking down his inhibitions and he makes promises when drunk which he is ashamed to break when sober.

Other men prefer to use reason and logic to accomplish the same objective, assuming of course that the man you wish to win is pervious to logic and reason. If he isn't, he is hopeless in either event.

Behind every failure in business is an inhibited man.

Behind every Chiropractor who fails as a practitioner is also an inhibited man.

The reverse is true: every success in business as well as every successful Chiropractor is an uninhibited man. Behind every business or Chiropractor failure is a man who suffers with his illusions of the nearness of himself to himself. And behind every success is one who has a better vision of service.

How true: "Where there is no vision, the people perish."

The difference between failure and success of men is not in *avoirdupois*, but the vision of their mentalities.

CHAPTER 56

THE BAND WAGON

WHAT HAPPENED during 1945-46 is to you well known, as recited in the large *history* frame or in *The Guide Book*, and is obvious in *The Greatest Show Wagon on Earth* and its permanent home here on the P. S. C. campus.

The saving of the wagon *was* important, and the giving vent to the burning obsession to fulfill a demand upon the part of our Innate for expression, to prove to ourselves that we were big enough to overcome inhibitions and blocks inside us and from outside environment *was the greater* objective in the development of self. The latter was what *we wanted* to do more, and the saving of the band wagon was a testing vehicle and justifiable hook to hang our hat on and wrap ourselves up in.

Most people, sometime in their lives, feel they are caught between conventionalized iron-bound vises, between rollers from which there is no freedom. But there is! Begin to do the thing you *want* to do, which you feel *should be* done, which you feel *impelled* to do. Do it the way you *want* to do it. If you want your office and clinics different, so be it. No matter how unique, peculiar, different the design or set-up, that's the thing you *want* to do. It may be entirely foreign to any connection, directly or indirectly with Chiropractic, but *do it*.

Develop a flare for breaking the shackles of inhibitions. Tear down blocks that hold you back. Continue along these lines and in time your mind will think *against* medical inhibitions. *Keep on doing the thing you want to do*, regardless of what people think, say or do, and some day you can be and will be a Chiropractor.

CHAPTER 57

THE BIRTH OF PROOF

THERE IS a definite principle woven into the warp and woof of this talk.

Years ago—possibly twelve to fifteen—one day Kitty and Mike Scallon and we were talking in 'Twildo.

We said:

Think what we would *know* if we *could measure* the quantity of energy made in the brain for the body;

- if we could measure the *quantity* of energy made in an organic section of the brain for their corresponding sections in the body;
- if we could measure *above and below* a vertebral subluxation and compare the quantitative difference between the two;
- if we could measure the quantity that reached a sick organ *and compare it* with the corresponding quantity in the well organ in the brain;
- if we could measure the quantity *not getting through* the subluxation, with the quantity *that got through* after an adjustment at a certain place, at a certain time, in a certain way;
- if we could measure this *from week to week*, after an adjustment, and prove the merits or demerits of *what we did* in our Clinic as compared to what others claimed to do with various modalities, treatments, systems, etc.;
- if we could do *any part or all of this*, it would prove or disprove the various theories held by various leaders of our profession and take issues now in dispute *and scientifically prove them* right or wrong;
- if we could do any part or all of this it would take Chiropractic out of being a dogma, advocated by dogmatists, delivered in a necessary dogmatic manner—ourselves included;
- if we could do any part or all of this, Chiropractic *would cease to be at the mercy of any man or set of men in its ranks*, and it would establish it as another one of the few sciences in the scientific field;
- if we could do any part or all of this, Chiropractic then would be the first and only scientific health method being used to get sick people well.

Mike said he had a patient who he was sure could do this. He was an inventor in one of the great electrical labs in the East, who had licked many great imponderable problems.

An interview was arranged. We four spent a day going over the problem and deducing it into necessary terms of accomplishment.

The electrical engineer thought he could do it.

One year later, we gathered to find he was inhibited by impossibilities and imponderables. He said he could not convert the unknown into a known, quality into quantity, abstract into a concrete, tangible reality.

Within us was still that inner urge; the consciousness that whatever is is a reality and can be deduced to terms of science. Our hunch was more active, our desire more intent, the necessity more important now than then.

We said he "could not convert the unknown into a known," meaning thereby materialistic science denies Innate, mind, thought, nerve impulse. It is "unknown." Being "unknown" in science it cannot be made into a known in science.

Innate was doing this every second, minute, hour, day, year, from birth to death, from health to sickness and back again, in every living, healthy, sick and restored healthy body in the world, and had been for millions of years.

Innate was measuring, calibrating, and evaluating function generated, transmitted and expressed. Innate had to measure sensation to know what motion had done. Innate had to measure motion to know what sensation was reporting.

Anything Innate *did* could be deduced to knowledge by educated man in terms for us *to know*, provided we could rid ourselves of our inhibitions of "the thing can't be done," because "it never has been done before," and because "there is no way these things can be done."

Between what Innate knew and was doing, and what we educationally wanted to know and prove, were inhibitions by thousands:

- it never had been done
- it couldn't be done
- others had tried it and failed
- it was one of physic's impossibilities
- no instruments existed to do it with
- no theories of approach are known
- it was a new field never scratched by man
- such hopes were outside the realms of any then known science
- a new scientific formula would have to be conceived before it was possible.

We came back to the known reality—Innate was doing it and she knew how; and if Innate knew, could and did, so could we deduce how Innate knew, and duplicate its understanding.

We backed up to other studies developed years ago, which we had lectured on, written, printed, now almost forgotten, laughed at then by our profession. We correlated those with studies before us, brought them back to life again—such as the Superior and Inferior Meric System, digital nerve tracing on living sensing bodies.

We called on Otto Schiernbeck and our radio electrical engineers, who knew exactly what we wanted, who had worked with Dossa Evins, who knew Chiropractic better than the majority of mixer-chiropractors. Mr. Schiernbeck hooked all that we wanted with their combined knowledge and science, and between the two—spending years of time and conducting endless tests—we came out with the electroencephaloneuromentimpograph, which today does *all we* want and more than we had any right to expect.

Between hopes, desires, theories, and actual reality were inhibitions galore which had to be broken down and eradicated, any of which baffled and floored many men. We started with a hunch and saw it reach fruition.

From whence came the idea, or hunch, of wanting to do this work? Innate! From whence came the development? Education! From whence came the persistency of sticking it out against overwhelming odds? Innate! For Innate to contact Education and keep that contact, required diligent, persistent, and consistent application, hard work, plenty of patience and much study—a price the average person would not, and the average “educated” person would refuse to pay.

CHAPTER 58

ARE WE MOVING FORWARD OR BACKWARD?

IT TOOK EIGHTY YEARS of unrestricted and unhampered medical legislation to build high walls to keep out any and all other methods.

It took specific, pure and unadulterated Chiropractors of tested honesty and purpose less than thirty years to break that down and establish a standard of 3-years-of-6-months each in 75 per cent of all states.

It took eighty years for medicine to build up a high school, pre-academic A.B., 4-years-of-9, to be graduated as a physician and surgeon.

It took less than thirty years for Chiropractors to establish a new educational standard to practice a simple and practical internal principle and practice.

And now, at the end of fifty-four years, what do we find?

Many in our profession are dragging Chiropractic and Chiropractors back to medicine; calling themselves "physicians"; practicing the principles and practices of medicine and minor surgery; professionally, educationally and legislatively.

In those early years we grew, thrived, multiplied; were going places and doing things. We claimed up to 30,000 members.

In the last ten years we are rotting at tap root; rapidly killing off our own numbers; decimating our strength. We are growing weak, debilitated and emaciated. We are becoming medical weaklings.

We started out as a virile uninhibited profession. By sheer force of logic, reason and results, we became an uninhibited race. Now the inhibited are dragging the uninhibited back to the inhibited stage. It has taken less than ten years to break down all we once had and reduce our numbers by 66 per cent.

The inhibited stifle, choke, strangle and suppress history in the making. The uninhibited made it.

First came the uninhibited D. D. Palmer. Then came those who are inhibited, who become uninhibited studying and practicing Chiropractic. Now come the inhibited who inhibited the uninhibited work of D. D. Palmer with their restrictive and destructive legislation, with pro-medical and lower anti-chiropractic educational standards. This inhibited type introduce superior and inferior inhibited medical complexes until simple Chiropractic is inhibited into a complex snarl of disintegration.

CHAPTER 59

THE MAN WHO MADE US, WHOM SOME NOW DENY

IF D. D. PALMER, fifty years ago, *had* listened to the smug, satisfied, complacent, conformist, opportunist, so-called educated people, there would never have been a Chiropractic, Chiropractors, and you would not be here today celebrating his memory.

So-called educated people believe in disease being a thing, symptoms and pathologies to diagnose, something to treat and cure, something material to be cut out.

D. D. Palmer believed dis-ease was *a condition* in which matter found itself. Whether diagnosed or not, its cause was mechanical and needed adjustment.

Smug people believed in disease having its cause and cure *outside* of the body.

D. D. Palmer believed all cause and cure for all dis-ease was *inside* the body.

Satisfied people believed in germs, effluvia, in immunizing and vaccinating the community, etc.

D. D. Palmer believed all these were *the result*—effects of dis-ease.

Conformist people believed in privy practice, violet rays, pills, potions, powders, dope via mouth and injection.

D. D. Palmer believed there was nothing that could come from outside inside, that could or would cure anything.

5,000 years of medicine established it as the proper, legitimate, accepted, fixed, and stable as well as correct method to be believed, taught, and practiced. It was and is still a failure in getting sick people well. If they got their sick well, there would be nothing for Chiropractors to do, and nobody for Chiropractors to adjust.

It has taken Chiropractic less than fifty years to work from the idea in the mind of one man, from a correct basic theory to an established and proven science, to locate the specific for the cause and the specific for the correction of that cause, to get sick people well.

D. D. Palmer was an uninhibited individualist. He lived a life that was an extremist in that respect. It takes an extremist to produce radical thoughts. "Radical" thinkers differ from conservatives. "Conservatives" are those who think today what was thought yesterday. Every man who ever brought forth anything new *was* an extreme radicalist in his day.

He drove a pair of spotted Indian ponies. He and his wife rode a tandem bicycle over the streets of Davenport. He was a magnetic healer. He wore long hair down to his waist, black as coal. He wore a broad-brimmed Stetson hat, made to order, which you can see in our museum case. He gathered and collected the finest and largest collection of animal game heads and antlers in the world, all of which were later presented to and are now in the Davenport Academy of Sciences. He invited people to see them. He bought and sold goldfish as a hobby—thousands every day. We were their nurse-maid. He thought differently, he lived differently, opposite to what inhibited individuals did. He was indifferent to what inhibited people might say about his "peculiarities."

Whether he did any or all of these for relaxation, to change pace, to break the monotony of the daily grind of sitting at the bedside of sick people; or for the purpose of rejuvenating himself from that constant, every-fifteen-minute drain on his vitality, is beside the point. They were all foreign to anything allied to magnetic healing or Chiropractic work which came later. The fact remains he gave vent to a pent-up desire to *want* to do them; and in giving vent he was developing a breaking down of a line of uninhibited thought which permitted him later to be free in giving full and untrammelled values to his Chiropractic reasoning. Men who have these inner urges are much like volcanoes—suppress and choke them back, and some day there'll be an explosion with consequent damage. All of these came from fires raging within himself, including his Chiropractic.

Eventually, out of all this characteristic uninhibited thinking and living, came a new line of uninhibited thinking, viz., discovery of the vertebral subluxation as the cause of all dis-ease; and a method of correcting by hand only. He did not re-discover this from the Greeks, but he did tap his Innate and let it flow from inside out. His new reasoning came from the only source where such had always existed, was known, and how to correct it was also known, viz., Innate Intelligence of all people of all time; for the *production* of vertebral subluxations and their *reduction* have been going on within the cognizance of Innate for millions of years in millions of people—all well known to Innate but never known to education till 1895 when D. D. Palmer drew it out of the void of the mental vacuum and forced its understanding into the consciousness of men.

Had D. D. Palmer been an inhibited person, thinking same thoughts as those who surrounded him; had he done same things same ways as others of his day, he would have been one of the mass, coming and going as they, knowing no more, no less, and no different than they; and he would have left no imprint upon history, and you and we would have been products of our new day the same as those who surround us now.

Only from an uninhibited individual who lives an uninhibited life can come uninhibited products.

It's the so-called highly touted, super-educated who are inhibited. Edu-

cation breeds inhibitions with all it stifles. It's the inhibited who choke progress. Let an uninhibited one come forth with a new idea, ideal, plan, method, system, device, or invention—it's the inhibited who say it can't be done, it shall not be done, and build barricades, barriers and hurdles to prevent its coming into its own.

Chiropractic is an uninhibited product. Chiropractors should be uninhibited individualists. Chiropractic as an uninhibited product cannot long live or survive in a body that is inhibited. Chiropractic today is surrounded with inhibited people who think we must be conformists, and agree with all others to attain its opposite end.

Even as a magnetic healer, his theories were different from others of same thought. Others rubbed and stroked the body for a period of time each day, thinking to impart their body magnetism from their bodies to that of the patient, imparting strength from them to him.

D. D. Palmer would find the organ that was sick, debilitated, run-down or weak and, placing one hand on the abdomen or chest *over* that organ and the other hand on the back *under* that organ, would hold his hands still for a period of fifteen minutes daily, thus *flowing his magnetic strength through that organ*, thus rebuilding or strengthening the sick organ rather than trying to build the entire body.

It was easy to go from that theory to the next step of *why* this organ was weak and sick. *Why* did it not receive its organic strength? *Where* did its strength come from when it was healthy? *Why* was it not getting there when it was sick? Thinking along those lines led him back to the nervous system conveyance of energy flow; from that back to the blocking obstacle, the barricade, which stopped the flow from getting where it was to where it should be. Everybody in his day believed in impure, obstructed, stagnated, all-disease caused by blood flow. He denied this as having no sense or foundation. Having once "discovered" the vertebral subluxation, it was but another step to its "adjustment" by hand only. Gradually ideas accumulated into a major premise which he announced in 1895, although in the boring five years previous. When that stage of understanding was reached, a new name for a new system was inevitable.

We could recite "peculiarities" of this man by the hour. He was a "marked" person. Many older people of Davenport still recite the uninhibited things he did. Time will record these as unimportant. Time will record, as it does all individuals, that it took this kind of an uninhibited individual to bring forth that for which his name will go down in history, viz., the sum total of that type of thinking and acting known as Chiropractic. Many people lived then who ridiculed and hated him because of his foreign and peculiar freedom of thought and action which expressed themselves radically to the disadvantage of the listener. They could not see then what we see now, that all this was necessary as a formulative process to develop the man to develop Chiropractic. You and we today forget the eccentricities

of this man; they fade out of memory. We do pay homage, fifty-four years later, to the one great thing that these minor issues led up to his producing.

While he lived, people remembered and resented the odd and peculiar things he did. They enlarged upon and nursed them. They told and retold them, often exaggerating them beyond belief. He could not see why they did not see what he saw. He could never understand why they could not understand what he understood. He would spend patient hours with anyone who tried to understand. He ended all conversations abruptly with ones who interfered with his work. Today, were he here, he would be the first to damn every person who would erect a monument to his memory, and then deny everything Chiropractic he discovered and gave to the world.

Time has a way of eradicating issues of no importance to time. Time has a way of making permanent issues of importance to mankind. D. D. Palmer will go down in history as having "discovered" the secret wherein lies the cause of all dis-ease and a method of correcting same by hand only. All else that made him unreasonable and distinctively different will be forgotten.

All his thinking was off the beaten path; he took the side roads; he wandered alone into the jungle, cut down virgin forests and beat out a new road. The price he paid was to be alone, followed by few, shunned by many, misunderstood by most, fought on all sides by those who profited most from his labors. But the sum total of that life led eventually to the great accomplishment for which history will know him best.

D. D. Palmer went through life a stranger to all but a sincere, honest friend within himself to himself. He knew as none others did what he was doing. He was a world of people in his own understanding of what he was doing for them. They sponged on him; they picked isolated sentences from his writings and twisted them to mean the opposite of what he believed and taught; they thrice denied him, even as many are doing today. They glorify his name; they erect monuments to his birthday at his birthplace; they praise Chiropractic and then say he stole it from the Greeks; and spit on what he stood for and fought so strenuously to preserve for the sick people he loved. If he were alive today, he would damn with no faint praise those who do these things to his Chiropractic and those who would fence it in so the sick people could not get it.

CHAPTER 60

BROADCASTING STATION G-O-D

THE ONLY PERMANENT THING is change. Space is in perpetual motion; everything is in change and motion.

All things are in vibration, and *understanding* is based upon perception and interpretation of the rate of speed. That is true in life and death, for in the midst of death we are in the midst of life; in the midst of life we are in the midst of death; for life and death are comparative terms—neither exists in definite form. It is but an apparent reduced rate of vibration of matter.

The world is in motion, vibrating; so is every atom or electron.

Back of all is a first great cause—an intelligence that began and keeps on keeping on—Broadcasting Station G-O-D.

God has been and is a *permanent* broadcasting station. It is the oldest, largest, most powerful station in the universe.

Broadcasting Station G-O-D has *one* wave length.

There are many ministers and preachers who *rebroadcast*, but the *rebroadcast* absorbs more or less of the earth's static.

Many ministerial rebroadcasting stations have many different wave lengths—so many that the mental air is jammed with their conflicting programs.

Too many independent local broadcasting stations, on wave lengths too close to each other, cause personal interferences which smear the dial, preventing the average human receiving set from getting any one clearly. If the net-station or chain-station idea could be applied, human crystal sets could get every program clearly.

God is broadcasting harmony, good, bright, cheerful, constructive, growing, healthful, legal thoughts and actions to all the world, all the time.

God broadcasts music, literature, knowledge, children, animals, insects, vegetables, fruits, flowers, fish and birds.

Ideals are like the stars. You will not succeed in touching them with your hands but, like the sea-faring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guide and following them you reach your destiny.

Your mind is a receiving station; you may tune in on any wave length you wish, whether it be kindness, high and steadfast thoughts, beauty, helpfulness, or the lower ones of evil. And remember, when you tune in on one, you are tuning out all others.

Man is a transitory, temporary, assembled receiving set.

A man may be but a *crystal* receiving set and get but the smallest and

nearest rebroadcasting station. He may be a *one tube* set, capable of more selective tuning, thereby separating some of the rebroadcasters. He might even be a *nine tube* super-heterodyne, capable of further selectivity tuning, thereby getting the best on the air from Broadcasting Station G-O-D; and, in the getting, he might also reradiate energy and interfere with his neighbors' right to get the same.

Man is a finite receiving set, trying to interpret an infinite broadcasting program. Man, as a receiving set, wants to understand the broadcaster. Man is a spiritual, electrical, mechanical, chemical being. Man, as a reasoning animal, is a very unreasonable manifestation of divine intelligence.

Man's receiving set can pick up direct from Broadcasting Station G-O-D. If there be a fault in his set, he blames static or the broadcasting station. Man's receiving set can pick up a re-broadcast from some minor human ministerial station. If there still be a fault in his set, he still passes the fault to other than himself. The faults of human reception are either in the receiving set or with interference.

It all depends upon the receiving set of man, whether or not he gets the G-O-D station direct; whether he fulfills the commands of the Great Announcer. The fault is not in the station, it is in man. Some men get a local station, other men get distant ones. Some get excellent reception direct; some get poor reception through re-broadcasters. It's a question of man's human receptivity and selectivity.

We call some men *men of vision*. Others merely heterodyne with local receiving sets, blocking reception for others.

Interference often exists between broadcasting station G-O-D and man. Man needs to improve and tune his set more carefully, more accurately. This means getting in tune with the Infinite.

Between heaven and earth are many minds religiously fogged. Many a minister gets mired in his own illusions and delusions in leading his flock through the interference of a static fog into the correct interpretation of where the road is.

The *end* of the road is certain. But, between here and there we are beset by fogs—many of them—for out of the ether come visions, only to go into man's mentally fogged vacuum. There is that ever-present, intangible fog of the finite, studying to understand; to make tangible that vision of destiny—the infinite. When we pass through that religious fog and have arrived at the non-religious, non-sectarian spiritual vision, we will be dead here and alive over there. We cannot retrace time to return, here, as of now, in the finite, to know here what the future is over there. We can't go there because we are alive here, for the same reason that we can't come back because we are dead.

While we are passing through the youthful universal fog of the alphabet, it is impossible for us to see the future matured vision of the last word. Many a volunteer guide appears on the road and desires to direct our footsteps.

Shall we make haste slowly, or shall we run in on high? One man beckons us to the right, another to the left; one tells us the road turns to the right, straight ahead, another directs us to the left; and still another tells us to detour down into the valley; another wants us to go up over *his* hill, over *his* exclusive road.

What we *do* determines what we *think*; what we *think*, determines what we *do*. If we suffer from fogs, then that's what we *do*, for that's what we *think*. If we exult in a vision, then that's what we *think*, for that's what we *do*.

Fogs can't last always! We are surrounded with light! We are blinded to the facts about us! We have eyes and see not where to go! We shall see when the fog rises.

Given time, the fog rises, vision appears, and man *has religiously found himself*. From now on, he will pave for himself a concrete road upon which he is certain to reach the objective he long has sought and mourneth much because he found it naught.

The trouble with science is it hasn't enough religion. The trouble with religion is it hasn't enough science.

Get your Christianity scientifically. Get your sciences Christianized. Get more God in your sciences and get more science in your God.

When there's foggy interference, the receiving set is not getting the vision the broadcasting station is broadcasting. Too much static! Too much local interference! If man will tune his human set carefully, he will find that his reception will not be that of fear, nor of subserviency and passive obeisance, nor striving for merit, nor a state of doubt, nor one of striving to attain favor, nor a desire to be able to avoid God or to do without God—but one of understanding connecting one to the other.

If man will tune his human set carefully, he will get more G-O-D station in his set; this will give him a true and just service-vision through his loud speaker, which will give him more power with which to do in accordance with the instructions received from God's broadcasting station.

CHAPTER 61

MAN SUBJECT TO LAW AND ORDER

IT IS NOT DIFFICULT to reach the conclusion that *man* is subject to creative *law* because he is a product of that *law*. It is reasonable to conclude that each product of nature is subject to the *law* which produced it. It is reasonable that certain *laws or rules* control, guide and direct everything in Nature. Man's job is to find out *how* to use or work with these rules. It is now possible to understand much about the principles which control man's body and mind; also his mind as it works through his body, and, as it comes in contact with other bodies and minds of its kind.

It may be wise for us as we look into these principles which govern man's body and mind to remember some may be confused by former ideas, conceptions, opinions and training. If so be patient. Remain calm. Look at all sides of the question under discussion. Willingness to do so will with patience bring understanding in time, or help to clear it for us.

WHAT CAN THIS PRINCIPLE BE?

Ten friends become ailing and sick. Having grown up in varied environments and having had different kinds of training, different teachers, each chose the medium through which they would get well:

Two went to physicians

Two went to osteopaths

Two went to a hospital

Two decided to do nothing, wait for time to heal them

Two went to Chiropractors

In the course of time they all met again in one place, each reporting that he was now well. Let us examine into the matter.

The two who went to a physician placed themselves unreservedly under his care and advice. They threw all responsibility of the case upon him. All fears, doubts and misgivings were gone. Almost immediately they began to improve. They took medication without question believing that they would get well. When signs of improvement were pointed out to them it gave them added confidence and faith. They gained new courage and happily looked forward to the time when they would be back at work, well.

The two who went to the osteopaths had great confidence in their chosen medium to get well. Without a question they placed themselves under treatment. The osteopath applied his method of stimulation and inhibition. He

manipulated and gave advice and the patients received it without question. Soon they were able to go back to work.

The two who went to the hospital faced the great possibility of getting the rest they knew they needed. They would just relax, give down completely and really get well. All restraint, fears, doubts were dumped outside themselves. Full confidence in doctors and hospitals was indulged in. Sedatives, to make them sleep; foods to build them up; tonics to make them eat were given. Soon the report went out to friends that they were doing nicely and making a fine recovery. Friends came to see them and told them of glowing reports. Everything conspired to make them get well. In time they were out and about ready for work again.

The two who did nothing as a treatment, decided that Creative *Law* had made the body by rules and it was best not to interfere in the least with these rules. They, not knowing any of the rules, would rather do nothing than to risk doing something that would interfere in any way with natural forces at work. They had a few pains here and there, aches, soreness and general physical discomfort. In the course of a few days or weeks they were safely back on their jobs at work, reporting that they felt good.

We have ten cases, choosing five different ways to get well. In due time each one of them reported that he was doing well and feeling good. Each one able to go back to work. Each one reporting that he was doing well.

What really did the work for them?

Each person sincerely believes that what he chose to do was sufficient in his case, and that it would be sufficient for any person who is sick and ailing.

The physician says that Nature Cures.

He also says that what he does (artificially) is to assist nature.

The physician says in effect that you can plant artificial seed and produce the natural product (health). One might as well plant artificial corn and expect to reap the real thing.

The osteopath says that Nature does the curing. He only manipulates to stimulate organs to work. He inhibits to slow down organs that work too much. He assumes that he knows which organ to make work more and which to make work less. He calls the results good.

The hospital personnel says that Nature cures. They enforce rest, through putting the patient to bed and by giving medication to produce sleep. Various artificial means are used to produce . . . *a natural result*. Is it possible? Yet the result is hailed as good.

The patients who went to Chiropractic . . . the chiropractor says that Life within the body does the healing. . . . All function within the body being controlled from within the body by the nerve system. He locates and releases impingement of nerves or spinal cord, to restore functional control. The results are looked upon as good.

One may begin to see that no matter what a patient suffering with ordinary ailments does, he gets up and about or as he reports it well. I have

heard doctors say, "No matter what is done to a patient, they usually get better."

Dr. Richard Cabot states in effect, "The human body rids itself of most diseases unaided. Scars may be found in most people, due to the body's victory over disease of some kind which the patient never or rarely knew that he had."

What does all this mean to you? What does all this mean to *me*?

To me it means that there is a Creative Principle or *law* at work, within man's body. This Principle is at work so long as the body is alive. It strives at all times to keep the body going correctly and repairs any damage done to it if within its means. It works in spite of the little or much that is done by any patient or doctor. Dr. Cabot states again, "If the patient recovers the doctor takes the credit. If he dies he refuses to accept the blame."

All this should mean that human bodies do work perfectly by certain rules. When these rules are disturbed the body shows certain kinds of ailments. Chiropractic is the science which corrects or restores these rules in their work. If our science is correct then the better we understand and apply these rules the better we succeed. The more skill we develop in the use of these rules; the more knowledge we have of these rules the better we can apply them and obtain results for those people whom we serve . . . the *speedier* will be our results . . . the more people will turn to us for aid.

What we should be doing in Chiropractic is to perfect our knowledge and skill in using these rules which do restore function to organs of the body. These *rules* are so well known *now* . . . by a few . . . that twenty times worse cases get well ten times faster than ever before.

Milder cases get well very quickly and lose little time from their regular activities. All this is very good. The real gain, however is, people suffer less, have less or no pain, discomfort. They build better health, stronger bodies and a clearer mind. They are better fitted to succeed in life and they lose their fears of ailments and disease. Perhaps it is safe to say that "The Chiropractor who can unerringly locate and correct the impingement of the nerve or spinal cord is rendering the greatest assistance to Nature."

What of the patients who went to the physician, the osteopath, the hospital and those two who did nothing except wait for time and natural forces? Each of them recovered in proportion as the *rules* which run their body were able to function. If the impingement of the nerves was only 10 per cent of the total nerve-current-flow then that patient would recover only 75 per cent of normal.

Many cases that have been sent home by hospitals and physicians were recovered only in part. They had some aftermath . . . some sequel of disease. Usually they report that it is an "after-effect" of the disease from which they suffered. The writer's experience is that once the nerve pressure is located and corrected in these cases most of the "after-effects" of disease will entirely disappear.

It has been our observation also that when nerve pressure has been definitely released that "complications" are an unknown factor. Recovery is the rule, rather than the exception.

Too often doctors of all kinds are prone to accept as good, any "results" that are noted following varied kinds of treatments. Changes of symptoms are often regarded as recovery symptoms, when what actually has happened is that the nerve impingement was only "teased," disturbed or actually switched to the opposite side of the nerve or spinal cord.

Our experience leads us to understand that many thrusts given to adjust a vertebra do not attain the desired adjustment. In such cases only temporary changes take place, if any. Invariably subsequent tests have shown that no adjustment was made. No recovery is noted. When proper adjustment is made subsequent tests will show that it has been made and recovery of patient is noted.

H. E. Stanford, D.C., *The Research Bulletin*—Georgia, December, 1948.

CHAPTER 62

THE STORY OF A LITTLE TIN WAGON

WE WERE BORN in 1881. In 1890, our father moved from Burlington, Iowa, to Davenport, Iowa. This would make us nine years old. In 1895 our father named Chiropractic. From 1890 to 1900 our father was conducting an infirmary on the top floor of the Ryan Block, Second and Brady Streets. Meanwhile, patients came to him as a magnetic healer, between 1890 and 1895. From then on they came to him when he was beginning to establish his Chiropractic practice.

In those days, we were but a kid trying to get along—sort of a waif. You could have seen us much like a Huckleberry Finn or Tom Sawyer, hair tousled, barefoot, ragged clothes, standing on street corners or walking into office buildings offering to shine shoes at five cents a shine—a box and a strap with all the necessary fixin's. Occasionally somebody would offer us ten cents; rarely, a quarter. We always remembered what those extra tips meant. Realizing what they meant to us, as a kid, we have always tipped waitresses, porters, and others who performed a trifle extra service.

One lesson our father taught us then was, "It is as important to shine the heel of the shoe as the toe," a condition we never forgot when we were scrubbing floors to get into the corners, or washing windows, or any other job—that it was as important to get into places the eye couldn't see as it was to get to the out-in-the-open places the eye could see.

In those early days, when we were a kid between nine and fourteen years of age, people used to travel with trunks, round tops from end to end or from front to back. We were offered the job of hauling these from depots to the infirmary, at twenty-five cents each. We purchased a little red tin wagon with wooden wheels. We would go to the depot, the baggage man would place it on top of the tin sides, and off we would go. The distance was anywhere from three to eight blocks, up curbings and down off curbings. Oftentimes the trunk was so large and so heavy we had to wait until some man would help us down or up. Later, we had a blacksmith build a small wagon with iron wheels and oak body. It took all our money to pay for it—and \$20 was a lot of money because it came only in quarters.

We recall very bitterly that a train came into Rock Island. The depot was three miles away. We hauled our little wagon from Second and Brady Streets to the bridge, over the two bridges to Rock Island, down to the depot. We got the trunk and started back—six miles, up and down sidewalks, hauling that trunk on that little wagon. What did we get? Fifty cents.

As we look back now we wonder how we had the stamina to do this. It seems so impossible, yet those experiences taught us the hard way through to earn money, and taught us the greater lesson of how to overcome obstacles that now seem beyond a kid's comprehension.

Such was our humble beginning to learn how to conduct a business, whether it was shining shoes or hauling trunks on little wagons.

CHAPTER 63

THE STORY OF A YOUTH'S VOW

AFTER LYCEUM each year, B.J. used to take several of his executives on a vacation trip with his car.

We were on one such trip to California. We had a cabana, facing the ocean, on the grounds of the Hotel Miramar at Santa Monica. Evening came, and we were sitting in the yard, just doing nothing.

Having spent all my matured life studying man, wanting to know why and how he ticked, what made him mentally run, I asked B.J. what made him so determined to stay put on his Chiropractic principle and practice. Let's let him tell us his reply:

"We found ourselves when we were seventeen. We knew then, as well as we know now, we were going to focalize and specialize doing one thing, viz., if possible, solve the riddle that no man has ever solved—find a *specific* for the cause of dis-ease and find a *specific* for its correction, if such were within the realm of possibilities. And anything is possible within educated man's mind if he would but listen to Innate as Innate *knew* what that specific cause and correction was within itself.

"Medical men have been seeking that information for centuries. They sought for it *outside* of man. It existed *inside*. We began hunting for it *inside* of man. The farther medical men sought it outside, the farther they drove themselves from it; until, today, they have such a complexed mass and mess of studies they are lost in a maze of imponderables and impossibilities.

"Today, we have the proof knowledge of a specific for the cause of *all* disease. That information proved that dis-ease was singular, simple. That data proves there is *one* place for that specific, *one* way of its correction, done usually *once*, in some six possible different directions.

"Of all the various and varied things we have done, we consider this the most valuable to mankind; the one that will lift him into higher mental and physical achievements.

"Obviously, it is a radical departure from the accepted theories of medicine, but so have been all greater advances. Education is a slow process, but adopt and adapt it the world will, given time."

After B.J. was through telling me this in his simple way, I realized that I had linked my fortunes with a man of destiny—one who was making history, not now, but in the future. I felt proud to know I was a helpmate, helping him produce this wonderful principle and practice.

CHAPTER 64

THE STORY OF OUR HOMES

SHORTLY AFTER we were married, we lived in one room in the Ryan Block, downtown on 2nd and Brady Streets. We had a common dining room with the patients. All had a common kitchen.

When we moved up the hill to 808 Brady, we had three rooms. As the business grew, students and patients increased, so we cut to two rooms and later to one room. It was in this one room Dave was born.

Living in the corner house, at Eighth and Brady, South of 808 Brady, was Wm. D. Petersen, a multi-millionaire. His home was said to be the second finest in Davenport at the time it was built. As neighbors, only one property apart, it would be expected we would pass the time of day as we met on the street from time to time. Not so! Willie Petersen was the big department store man, man of society, man of influence, man of money. Who were we? Looked upon as a fake, a quack doctor, with no standing in the community, no influence, no money to speak of, by comparison. We were strangers to all intents and purposes.

Once upon a time, we were in New York City on business. We spent the evening at a theater. Between acts we went out to take a smoke—and whom should we run into but Willie Petersen. One would have thought we were long lost friends, the effusive way he shook hands in expressing delight at seeing us. He asked what we were going to do after the show. He suggested we go to supper as his guest. It was then he proposed we buy his home.

We asked his terms. He said \$25,000; \$5,000 down, \$1,000 a year. He was in no hurry if we could not meet the annual payments. We told him that while \$25,000 might not mean much to him, to us it was a fortune.

In spite of this, we came home, looked over the proposition, talked about it, and decided to buy if we could borrow the \$5,000, as our two properties were mortgaged, even to chattels.

Upon arriving home, we went to our banker, stated our proposition. He said he would take it before his Board of Directors and let us know that afternoon—which he did. The check was issued and it was paid that same day. All we did was to sign a note. The banker said he was more interested in character than he was in mortgages; that he considered our character good as we had met and paid our regular installments on the two other properties and he felt we would do so on this.

When this home was built by Mr. Dessaint, he owned a sawmill back in the days when he could pick lumber carefully and secure choice grains.

The entire house is in solid butternut, which is impossible to secure today at any price. We understand all the facing bricks came from the kilns wrapped in paper, and he stood by and watched to see that none were scratched as they were unwrapped and laid. The partition walls in the basement are of stone eighteen inches thick, and the outer walls two feet thick. It was built in the days of fire-places and gas lights.

Later, when Willie Petersen bought it, he made a trip to Italy and imported three carrara white marble fireplaces to replace the downstairs cheaper ones. He later installed electric lights and a boiler in the basement to heat the building. He also had the first floor music room, parlor, and dining room painted at an expense of \$1800 per room, which we have maintained to this day as he had them done. He also laid two-inch tongue and groove solid walnut floors in these three rooms. Evidently he grew tired of walnut floors, for in the living room and dining room he had parquet floors laid on top of that. The newell post on the main floor in the hallway is the finest we have ever seen. It and the hand railing are of solid black walnut. The treads are butternut tipped with black walnut.

When we moved over from one room at 828 Brady to 808 Brady, we were lost in and amongst those twenty-two rooms. We moved everything we had into one room, and locked the doors that night for fear, of what we did not know. Possibly we felt cramped so many years in such small quarters that when it came to getting into a twenty-two room house, it was much like a pea rattling round in a great big boiler.

In the rear of the house was the two-story stable. Upstairs was the hay mow with bins which had corn, oats, etc. Downstairs were the stalls for four horses, and two carriages. We gave the carriages away (how we wish we had them today as relics of a bygone age), tore out the bins and stalls, tore up the floor and laid a new one, and even then it was months before we got away from odor of urine of horses. We combed upstairs and, between paint and floors, made two very much needed class rooms out of the barn. Many of our older students will remember how hot it could be upstairs in summer; but they knew we were struggling and they struggled with us. Later, we built the D. D. Palmer Memorial Building which replaced the barn.

Years later, we too took our turn at remodelling and adding on to the original home. We built a "porch" across the East and South sides. It was 150 feet long, 16 feet ceiling, 18 to 20 feet deep, varying at places. On the north side was a home-office; next to that, south, was the vestibule to the main entrance; south of that was the music room, then the rustic room, then living room, with dining room in an alcove. Leading down several steps we built a small wooden greenhouse with a pool, fish, and plants. Later, we replaced this small greenhouse with a larger one on the same spot. This is now the Oriental Solarium, everything being from some country of the Orient. This porch is bricked in, steam heated, with terraza floor. We moved

the furnace out of basement of the home and put it in the basement of the garage.

All-in-all, there has been plenty of "horse sense" turned out from that barn; and a massive pile of deep thinking out of the house.

CHAPTER 65

THE STORY OF JOHN EAGLE

SOMEWHERE, way back and in behind in this boy, was something pushing him on to do certain things, certain ways. It is evident many times. It is only when I can get him alone, when he begins to retrospect, that I glean many items which prove that, even in his youth, character was dominantly a part of his make-up.

Like all kids, he had a craze for gathering stamps. He used to go up an alley behind John Eagle's grocery store, go in, get the waste basket, take it out in the alley, tear off the stamps, put the paper in the basket, and take it back into the store.

Diagonally across from John Eagle's store was John Hageboeck's saddlery. On a certain day when this kid did this, John Hageboeck was standing in the rear door of his shop watching. The next day when he went in to get the stamps, John Eagle began giving this kid a beating. John Hageboeck, seeing the fracas, asked John Eagle the reason. John said he had stolen some apples the day before. John Hageboeck came to the kid's rescue and said he saw him come in and go, but he did not take any apples. That kind act of John Hageboeck was laid away in the mind of this kid, hoping that the day would come when he would be able to return the favor.

Many years later, after this kid had entered practice in Davenport, John Hageboeck was sick with typhoid and was given up to die. The kid, now a doctor, broke all ethical rules and went to John's home and insisted on seeing him. He adjusted John, got him well, saved his life. Later, John asked the doctor for his bill. "That bill was paid many years ago," said the doctor. The following Christmas, John Hageboeck sent the doctor a large framed mirror for his adjusting room in his home. It is there today. Years after that happened, it was through the kind good graces of John Hageboeck that he fought for the doctor's being accepted into Kaaba Shrine of Davenport. It was then he got the most expensive hair cut in history—it cost \$75 for the privilege and \$1 tip to the barber who did the job—\$76 for a hair cut. When he was through, the doctor was as bald as a billiard ball but, as the doctor said, "It was worth it."

CHAPTER 66

THE STORY OF THE WRECKING CREW

THIS IS A STORY of how B.J. organized a crew of boys and girls, students of The PSC, to raze one building to raise a greater one.

At 822 Brady was a three and one-half story duplex boarding house. It was a large frame building such as was built 70 years ago.

B.J. wanted to build a reinforced concrete structure—The D. D. Palmer Memorial Building.

One day was set aside. The men students were issued hammers, crowbars. Women were organized into a wiener and coffee brigade. At 7:00 A.M., all were on the job. They started at the roof; they worked down from floor to floor. At 6:00 that evening, the entire building was down, lumber sorted, nails pulled out, basement knocked in.

Everybody had a good time. The next week, the contractors started digging the cellar for the new building.

There was an incident that happened that day which has been told many times. This was back in the horse and buggy days. A man drove up, asked a chap standing on the sidewalk, who was directing the work, "Where will I find Dr. Palmer?" He was directed to The PSC offices. Jerry Green met him, took him out to the sidewalk, and pointing to this dirty fellow on the sidewalk, with a dirty handkerchief over his head, said: "There he is, holding your horses."

CHAPTER 67

THE STORY OF THE RUSTIC ROOM

WHERE THE PSC PROPERTIES now begin and end—between Eighth and Eleventh Streets on Brady—was once Chief Blackhawk's stamping grounds. Indians camped hereabouts. Later, it was farm property.

In the basement of The PSC Cafeteria is a surface well, fed by surface springs. It was the well to the farm that once stood behind the farm house on that site. When we moved the farm house, we decided to save the well. It was full of ashes; it was cleaned out. It was stone cobbled. It is still fed by those springs, although the water is not used by us in any manner. The well is 108 feet deep.

On another piece of property, as mentioned, there were several huge white oak trees. Counting the yearly rings of growth, they are about three hundred years old. They had to be cut down to make way for our Clinic Building. What to do with the logs? Some of them were three feet in diameter, all in perfect condition. We could haul them to the city dump; we could saw them up for use in a fireplace which we contemplated building into our porch; or, we could do just what we did do with them, viz., build a rustic room in the porch.

Four of these huge trees act as perpendicular corner pieces, which support four horizontal cross logs. Between the square thus formed, they hold up a self-supported ceiling of the large branches from these trees. In all, thirty-eight tons of logs make up this room. The various butt ends of these trees made tables, chairs, settees, chaise lounges, etc.

When we suggested to the contractor that was what we wanted done with these logs, he threw up his hands in holy horror, refusing to consider—much less assuming the responsibility of moving and erecting them. They were too huge to get through any door; they had to be dragged through the center large window. We told him frankly if he wouldn't assume the job we would get another contractor who would. He finally consented and did the work. The architect said we were crazy.

Ever since, both of them have been very pleased with the finished work. It is now one of the show rooms of our city, for in no other place would one expect to or find such in a home.

CHAPTER 68

THE STORY OF AN INSURRECTION

YEARS AGO, back in the 828-834 Brady Street days, in the days of the old frame shanty erected at the rear of these two properties, B.J. was a strong, firm, determined advocate of exactly what his talk herein is about. In those days, that was radicalism, unethical, heresy from accepted reasoning used by church people.

As a result of his talks along that line, rebellion often flared up in his classes. Once that rebellion broke out, and a walkout of students occurred. One morning, thirty-five students and several instructors walked out, marched down Brady Hill, and started the Universal Chiropractic College. Obviously, they did not teach what they rebelled against. They did not teach about the Innate within. They taught physical sciences minus anything that was the backbone of Chiropractic. Any school that attempts to teach Chiropractic *without Innate* is doomed to die.

The Universal College moved to Pittsburgh. Then they busted for want of Chiropractic to keep them alive. They died a prolonged, miserable, cancerous death. Today, B.J. teaches the same consistent philosophy he writes about in this book. Today, it is accepted as a fundamental necessary to Chiropractic. Today, such ideas are eagerly sought, asked for, and wanted. It proves that it takes time for the human mind to grow. It also proves that you cannot force a truth ahead of its period of gestation.

CHAPTER 69

THE STORY OF A LITTLE BIT O' HEAVEN

IN 1934, B.J. introduced the Neurocalometer to our profession.

A vertebral subluxation must have four elements: 1. a misalignment; 2. an occlusion through which nerves pass; 3. a pressure upon nerves; 4. an interference to the normal quantity flow of mental impulses between brain and body. First two, the spinograph proved. Second two were still conjectural, problematic, dogmatic, and empirical, depending upon who spoke and what they thought.

The neurocalometer took last two out of theory and put them in field of science.

Neurocalometer is an instrument used to measure minute degrees of heat. It is based on use of a thermo-couple. A thermo-couple is based on two dissimilar metals opposing each other as a result of which electricity is generated and can be registered on a sensitive galvanometer. A thermopile is several or many thermocouples in series. It is used by the Chiropractor in gliding up and down the spinal column to determine the *location* of interference to transmission, *when* and *where* it is present, *when* and *where* it is *not* present.

As a result of a vertebral subluxation, there is resistance to transmission of abstract energy flowing through a physical medium introducing excess heat at point of pressure. This was a condition the eyes, hands of man could not sense, but a more sensitive instrument could. Principle of thermopile is used to measure heat as high as 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit as well as measure minute heat of stars fifty million miles from the earth. It is well known in physics and was nothing new except in its application to prove the second two elements of the Chiropractic principle.

This was revolutionary. Our profession resisted its invasion into their sacred thinking and acting. It radically upset what they thought and what we had taught was possible. As a result, we had another rebellion and a walk-out on the part of four of our strongest faculty men. Time marches on and so does progress.

For two years, there wasn't a day but what B.J. received from one hundred to two hundred letters a day of the most vitriolic, vicious, and condemnatory character. No matter how strong any man is—even as strong as B.J. was in his convictions—or how much he feels his position is sane, sound, and sensible, the constant bombardment of a derogatory nature, with little, if any encouragement, is bound to break him. Constant dripping of water will wear a hole in granite. B.J. began to break. His grip was slipping. His

mind was cracking under the injustice of it all. He was irritable, cranky, and crabby with everybody, including his closest friends. We who were most close to him were worried. We wanted to help but what could we do? He was determined to stay put.

To overcome this external heart breaking pressure, B.J. and his yard man, Wilhelm Stahmer, went up and down the banks of the Mississippi river, gathered "nigger heads," granite boulders deposited by an ancient glacier; went into fields and collected rocks of all kinds by tons, even to having a carload of "Arkansas watermelons" shipped in. Some boulders weighed as much as ten tons each. Wilhelm Stahmer had been a "rock man" for the former Kaiser in his Potsdam rock gardens in Germany.

These two men worked side by side, one putting them together, the other directing the design and pattern. Month after month, for two years, Wilhelm devoted all his time, and B.J. as much time as he could steal from other labors. They toiled and sweat; eventually out of the tragedy came that thing of beauty—*A Little Bit O' Heaven*. Some called it "B.J.'s folly"; others, "a foolish pastime"; others thought he was crazy to waste his time on such.

Then they built fish pools, waterfalls, bringing in a carload of rose quartz crystals from South Dakota.

Obviously, it was a vent, an escape valve to let off pent-up irritations. People began to get curious. They came, they saw, they asked questions, they raved over its beauty. We let them come. We invited others. Eventually, they began to get in our way. In self-defense, we began to charge the hundreds of thousands who came to revel in its beauty. To the millions who have come, have seen, and loved, it was a beauty spot. Up till this time we had not named it. One little old woman came, saw, got down on her knees and prayed. It was she who named it *A Little Bit O' Heaven*.

Through it all, though, to B.J. it was an insane asylum, a place where he buried his insanity. True it is, the way of a transgressor is hard.

CHAPTER 70

THE STORY OF THE HINDU IDOLS

TO THE ORDINARY PERSON, one religion of the Orient is much like all the rest. Little distinction is made between one and the other. There are sharp distinctive lines between them. The religion of Buddhism is different entirely from that of Mohammed or the Hindu faith.

The eight idols of the Hindu faith which we have in *A Little Bit O' Heaven* are:

Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva, Kali, Ganesha, Krishna or Indra, Hanoman, and Rama.

All of these idols came from the isolated island of Bali, otherwise known as The Last Paradise. The island is 100 miles long, 50 wide, and has 1,000-000 population. It lies off the southeast coast of Java and is a Dutch possession. The inhabitants are entirely Hindu. No missionaries are permitted on the island.

Only one other group of these idols has ever left the Island of Bali. They were purchased by the King of Siam about 1928.

This set was secured when B.J. visited the Island of Bali the latter part of 1930, and arrived in Davenport the latter part of 1932. It is hardly necessary to say these are genuine antiques, carved of stone, and make a marked distinction of tranquility, peace, and poise of the Buddhist pieces in The Buddhist Garden.

The following interesting items regarding Hindu gods and Hinduism are extracted from a chapter on Religions of the Orient, in "Round the World With B.J."

1. Brahma—the one impersonal and spiritual being which pervades everything. One god called Brahma, having three personal manifestations; Brahma, the creator; Vishnu, the preserver; Siva, the destroyer and reproducer. Sarasvati is the wife of Brahma—the goddess of music, speech, art, and literature.

2. Vishnu is distinctive and worshipped because of his many incarnations and being capable of opposing the power of demons to restore the authority of the other gods, and preserve the health and power of the universe. Vishnu is the god who delivers men from lust, anger, avarice, and from beasts, snakes, and wicked men. Has the power to elevate his worshippers to eternal bliss in his own heaven. Lakshmi is the wife of Vishnu—the goddess of wealth and beauty.

3. Sive or Shiva—worshipped in the form of a symbol—the Lingam. Siva

is the destroyer and chief god of the priests. He is also the reproducer because of the reproductive powers of nature. Parvati is his wife.

4. Kali or Durga or Devi—the terrible, who requires to be propitiated by sacrifices.

5. Ganesh is the son of Siva, having a fat man's body and elephant's head. The god of good luck, success, and of learning. Kartakkeya is the second son of Siva—the god of war, leader of hosts of good demons.

6. Krishna is the god of the lower classes or peasants—the god of romance and love.

7. Hanuman—having a monkey form, is the god of model life and a faithful and devoted servant.

8. Rama is the hero of the epic poem—The Ramayana.

9. Indra is the Triad of Vedism: Indra—God of Rain
Agni—God of Fire
Surga—God of Sun

The Garuda is a mystical being, half man, half bird, and is considered the vehicle of Vishnu.

The Bull of Siva

The Goose of Brahma

The Elephant of Indra

The Tiger of Durga

The Rat of Ganesh

The Buffalo of Yama

The Ram of Agni

The Peacock of Kartakkeya

The Parrot of Kama

For an occidental to gain an unbiased point of view of the religions of these various countries, their various beliefs must be accepted in the way they are presented by the native, and looked at through his eyes, and one must forget his own prejudices and form no opinion until he is well on his way from it all. When we went to the temples of wats, or mosques, or wherever it might be, where these people on the other side of the world worshipped, we respected them and their belief in whatever they had been taught to believe.

Hinduism was originally Vedism, or the worship of nature, the chief gods being rain, fire, and sun.

The Vedas, the sacred books of the Hindu, belong to the dawn of history in India, and they form the chief record of the time at which they were composed.

Then came Brahmanism, introducing the idea of a universal spirit which pervades everything, men, gods, and the visible world, by its many manifestations. Brahma is one god but having three personalities. Brahma, according to tradition, is supposed to have been born of a water lily, therefore the reason why we find the image of Brahma often seated likewise, for some

followers of Buddha claim he is the incarnation of Brahma. Brahma was originally considered as having been born with five heads, but he outraged the wife of Siva to such an extent that he avenged himself by cutting off one of the heads, and thus we find Brahma now represented with four heads, a four-faced god with as many arms, and holding in his four hands a book of manuscript containing parts of the Veda, a pot for holding water, a rosary, and a spoon.

The swan is the symbol consecrated to him; particularly is this emblem very much in evidence at Elephanta, the caves out of Bombay on Elephanta Island.

He is considered the god of fates, master of life and death, and endowed with supreme eternal power. Though the word "Brahma" is usually referred to as "he," yet it is merely a neuter noun and considered the symbol of everything in existence.

Brahma is the author of the Veda, which consists of four books, and therefore he is regarded by all Brahmans as the great teacher of India. The worship of Brahma is believed to be the oldest religion in India, they adopting Buddha as one of the many incarnations of Brahma, this being done to bring about a compromise when Buddhism was introduced in India. Though certain learned Brahmans will tell you that the incarnation of Brahma has not yet taken place, when he does appear they claim he will teach atheism to all; he will lead even the gods into sin; there will be no caste system; starvation will prevail, and great plagues will visit the land; in fact, so little virtue will occur on the earth, all practicing vice to such an extent, there will be no one who will receive merits sufficient to insure a home or existence in the next world.

The great mass of the Brahmans pay equal veneration to the three parts of the mysterious trinity, but some attach themselves more particularly to one person of the triple god head. Thus the Vishnuites are distinguished by an orange-colored dress, and the mark called "nama" on the foreheads. The devotees of Siva wear the lingam, and are distinguished from the former by their great abstemiousness.

The god Brahma is considered of the highest rank. As stated previously, Brahma is supposed to have issued originally from a flower; born with five heads but lost one of them in a single combat. Later we find in the development of Hinduism, that Brahma is represented as one impersonal being which embraces everything—his three manifestations being Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer.

Brahma the Creator is the one generally represented as having four heads, holding in his four arms a manuscript, a spoon, a rosary, and a vessel of water. Vishnu the Preserver, a single body but having four hands, holds in one hand a quoit, in another a shell, in another a club, and in the fourth a lotus flower.

Vishnu receives the least attention as a matter of worship among the

modern Hindus, for he is too much of an idea, a conception of which the average ignorant Hindu knows nothing.

Vishnu is represented as the redeemer and preserver of all that exists, and for that reason he is credited with having gone through many incarnations, the principal ones being in the form of a fish; a pig; a tortoise; a monster, half man and half lion; a dwarf; as Rama, the famous hero of the epic poem; in the form of a horse, and in the form of Buddha, and he is expected to go through more.

Siva, the Destroyer and Reproducer, holds in his four hands a trident, an antelope, a noose, and a drum. He is the continuing force of nature, the worship of him being very popular, perhaps more so than any other idol in India. He is less human and a more mystical god than Vishnu. As a destroyer, he is represented under a horrible form in allusion, no doubt, to the power which he possesses of destroying everything. In the temples you find the Lingam, the emblem of Siva, in the form of a rounded stone, encircled by a ring of clay.

Siva had much trouble in finding a wife; but having done a long and austere penance in the desert, Parvata was so touched that he finally consented to give him in marriage his daughter Parvati. Her name was Kali or Durga the Terrible, also she is called Devi. Kali is represented as a black bloodthirsty one, a monster with grotesque face, a red tongue reaching to the waist, and as holding a bloody sword and a human head, and is far more important than Siva. She demands the sacrifice of human or animal life to appease her anger. It is stated she is the devil in Siva and causes him to haunt burying grounds and behead and rob the deceased, and bring home the skulls for her personal adornment. One finds temples dedicated to her in many places, and all of them, like Kalighat, at Calcutta, reek with blood.

She can be seen in the many temples where she stands in all her grotesque attitude being pacified by the worshippers slaughtering goats (formerly children were sacrificed), or flinging wads of fat and oil at her, or strewing freshly cut flowers about her image to appease her wrath. Also she is depicted in many places as giving herself up continually to carnal pleasures.

Siva and Kali had two sons—Ganesh and Kartakkeya. Ganesh is represented as having a fat body, disproportional limbs, an elephant's head and with a rat at his feet. Kartakkeya is the god of war and cares for nothing but weapons. His ambition is solely to be the leader in wars. Ganesh is a great favorite and is venerated by Hindus of all sects. He is worshipped for good luck or success and is always the first god to be worshipped at public ceremonies and one always finds this idol in all the frequented places. He is considered the god of learning and, as his name implies, the god of obstacles, so no Hindu will begin a serious undertaking without first seeking to propitiate him. He is said to have given himself up entirely to meditation and to have never married.

Why this elephant's head, you ask? This is the story and you may believe it as much as we.

The first time that his mother Kali saw him, she reduced his head to ashes by the brilliancy of her look. Siva, on learning of this misfortune, and being sorely grieved at having a son without a head, considered earnestly how he might provide him with this eminently useful member. With this intent, he sent his servants with orders to cut off the head of the first living creature they met sleeping with the face turned towards the north, and to bring it to him. An elephant happened to be the first creature they perceived in this position, and following Siva's instructions, they cut off the animal's head and hurried back with it to their master. Siva took it and fitted it on his son's neck and since then Ganesh has preserved the shape under which he is still represented.

The idea of Karma, which is so much a part of Buddhism also, is deeply grounded in the minds of all Hindus. The following is an explanation of Karma void of its perversion by the modern Hindu:

The doctrine of Karma holds that men are what they have made themselves, that their lot has been fashioned by their own acts, that they suffer or enjoy because they have earned either suffering or enjoyment. The condition in life is not an accident, it is an effect. But most men will say, "How is this possible? My condition began with my infancy; how can it have been determined by my conduct since? Your doctrine implies that I am as I am because I so prepared myself in a previous state." According to Karma, yes. This is not your first earth-life, nor perhaps your hundredth. In the slow process by which Nature led you up from infancy to manhood, your life was composed of distinct days, separated from each other by nights of sleep. So, in that slower process by which she is educating you from the lowest stage of human littleness to the highest plane of godlike wisdom, your existence is composed of distinct lives, separated from each other by periods of withdrawal. In these lives you act and learn, and form your character, as is that character, so are the lives which follow and express it. Rebirth, re-incarnation, is the law of human development; you come again and again into the world, that you may improve and advance and struggle upwards to perfection. Karma expresses the extent to which you have done so, you are now what you have made yourself; your condition is that for which you are fit.

Each god is carved from one solid block of stone. No part, contrary to appearances, goes outside the lines of the original block from which cut.

Owing to the soft porous nature of the stone, all of us were somewhat in doubt as to its being stone. We did think for quite some time that it was lava dust mixed with some material to give it the appearance of stone. We are now quite certain that it is lava dust formed into stone, in some valley where it gathered as such. The Island of Bali is volcanic in formation, containing active volcanoes even now. Pieces of burned lava were found buried in the figures and, where it came to the surface of the block of stone, was carved as was the stone surrounding them.

The elephant god has short elephant tusks because of being kept within the block of stone. The face and trunk are characteristic. We are convinced that many peculiar twists in different portions of some of the figures were necessary to keep within the block of stone and still represent the figure being carved to represent.

The monkey god has a well developed long tail in the rear which curves upward, forward and takes a turn above to keep it within the block of stone and still get a long tail in the carving. Note the monkey feet with the short, thumb-like big toes characteristic of simians.

Characters representing animals have protruding eyeballs, tushes, etc. Human faces have mustaches and beards carved on the stone.

All figures have normal sized heads, as compared with the genus homo, but abnormally small bodies, short and fat legs.

All figures are exquisitely carved. This is easily possible because of the softness of the stone. The rear of the figures is as thoroughly carved as are the fronts. For that reason we have set mirrors in the rear so they can be seen as well as the fronts.

In the center of the front base of one god is to be found the emblem of the sacred cow. On the same figure in several sides of the base are to be found faces with lapping tongues.

Because the block of stone is very soft and porous, easily absorbing water and subject to possible disintegration by freezing in winter, we have painted all of them and waterproofed them to prevent this. Under each figure is placed a separate and extra cement block to keep the base from doing the same. It also makes them easier to move about. We mention this because observers might see the base, with iron handles, and wonder why it was there.

There are four main castes into which the Hindus were originally separated. The Brahmans are the first and highest class, and the Brahmans claim that they came from the mouth and head of God and their duties and privileges are to study and teach the Vedas; the Rajahs or military branch, second, proceed from the arms, and are the warriors and rulers; the third class, merchants and farmers, come from the thigh; and the fourth class come from the foot of God and include the laborers and servants. From these four original castes have arisen the thousands of others that have caused more unhappiness, more degradation and ignorance than anything in the world today.

What conclusion can be drawn from all this? Two viewpoints may be given; first, that the Hindu's life is punctuated with nonsense or with philosophy, according to the way we take it; but this much can be said, that the life of the Hindu is essentially a religious life. By this I do not mean that it is a superstitious life or one filled with pious performances. It is that and it is more than that; it is a life lived in conscientious and constant recognition of wider environment than the merely immediate and physical, and the unflinching realizations that bind human life to a supernatural world. Second,

taken as a whole, Hinduism as practiced today in India means degradation of women and children, the complete exclusion of widows from society, child marriage, the worship of animals, the mendicant priests, and revolting extravagances of paganism.

And out of it all does it not seem true that a wise and reasonable religious belief cannot be evolved by human agency alone, and that false teachers of idolatry may invent dogmas and systems, but they can never reconcile them or build upon them any stable structure?

CHAPTER 71

THE STORY OF THE YARD

ENTERING FROM THE SIDEWALK, you pass two massive outer gates that are locked at all times except when A Little Bit O' Heaven is open. They are made of scrap burned tile.

Upon your left is the fishpool. In it are usually kept fish of various kinds. This pool is surrounded with three ancient museum pieces, Buddhist wayside shrines. There are eight ancient heads of Buddhist shrines from Siam.

Up over the Spanish olla drinking fountain hang three monkeys. They are made of cement and were created in our own shops by our workmen. They typify the "Speak-no-evil, see-no-evil, hear-no-evil" of the original found in Nikko, Japan. Before we get through dolling up this tree, we hope to have a monkey zoo, including gorilla, orang-outang, chimpanzee, etc.

CHAPTER 72

THE STORY OF A LITTLE BIT O' HEAVEN

(Continued)

WHAT IS IT that surrounds this little spot that draws people? What is it that attracts people from all walks of life—philosopher and laborer; thinker and worker; professor and student? What is there here which every person comes without, and goes away with, that gives a soul-satisfying state of mind? What is that irresistible force that draws in one of a family, only to have him or her come out, get the rest, and take them in, too? What is that pulling value that makes one friend who has seen it, return home and insist upon his friends also seeing? What can be that magnetic pull that makes even our home-folks bring visiting friends to this “one famous spot in our city which you must see while here”? And then again, what is that peculiar force that exerts itself over thousands, which impels them to drive long distances, time after time, satisfied for the moment, promising themselves that they will return again and again with more friends—and doing it? What is that spell this place casts over the multitudes that makes strange faces friendly faces because of their returning time after time? The answers can be had only by coming yourselves!

One likes to think and speak of the people who come to see A Little Bit O' Heaven and to visit The Buddhist Garden as “pilgrims”; and such, in fact, many of them are, or rather become before they leave. They may come simply as sightseers, alighting from their motor cars. But in many cases they go away as something more: as insight seekers. What they see and hear affects them, appeals to them, allures them. There is much beauty before their eyes; beauty both of art and nature. The oddity of it all; the beauty of scraps; the naturalness of an artificial beauty stirs the imagination, draws our aspiration and creates a desire to go home and do likewise. They want somehow to relate and connect themselves to what they see in process of construction. So tourists and visitors become pilgrims, and so A Little Bit O' Heaven and The Buddhist Garden have a chance to lead them on a little in their pilgrim's quest.

WHY?

The purpose of it all? Simply to preach the gospel and influence of beauty, reaching out to visitors through tree, shrub, flowers, birds, waterfalls, fish and fowl, superb architecture, music, all wonderfully blended into one gorgeous setting. And a restful, quiet, beautiful spot where visitors may feel, as John Burroughs once said:

"I come here to find myself.

It is so easy to get lost in the world."

That is what thousands of visitors are doing each week. Tired and exhausted from the world, they are seeking and finding repose and quiet amid the stillness and beauty of a marvelously conceived and beautiful sanctuary.

A SUFFERING IDEAL

Every great and beautiful thing was born of sorrow and suffering reversed. Visions are conceived in pain and given birth through the agony of a human soul to bury its sadness and forget its misery. A Little Bit O' Heaven is no exception. Its builder produced better than he knew. This bit of a spiritual dream, was, once upon a time, a desire of one man to lay aside cares and responsibilities and muse with the gods. It was personal and, originally, was not intended for visitors. It was a vent where excess baggage was done up in a nature-lover's dream, love being unloaded onto pebbles and boulders; ponds and pools; fish and flowers; petrified wood, agates, shells, and growing plants. It was—and is—a place where humans commune!

Friends heard, friends came, friends invited themselves to be invited, friends saw, friends told friends. The multitude came. It is a show place of America. It is one place travelers, convention sojourners, and friends visiting friends make a direct objective. Many famous architects, designers, builders, contractors have sketched its designs and garnered its ideas. Famed people in musical, commercial, financial, social and political life have wandered its walks, hesitated, and lived in peace and poise of its powers of plenty.

Dreams create ideals. Ideals create ideas. Ideas take tangible form. The housing structure over and about A Little Bit O' Heaven has gone through four stages of growth. It was first a little frame house, 12 x 12 feet. This was torn down and another, 12 x 24 feet, substituted. Our next step was one 40 x 83 feet, and a 20-foot ceiling and wide, sloping roofs. The present building is 40 x 83 feet, with a 40-foot ceiling and comparatively flat roof. The present steel building was erected in the fall of 1928.

THE OBVIOUS DOLLED UP

Necessity became the opportunity for utility of service with beauty of design. Necessity needed a house for the caretaker of The Shrine of the Wishing Buddha. Utility builded a Pagoda House, Japanesey in design; weather-beaten, ready to collapse, indicating age; beautified with modern and antique scrap tile.

Necessity needed a frame for sample photographs on sale. We could have made a "rack" as most everybody else would have done; instead, utility builded a billboard and "dolloed" it with tiles, shells, crushed rock, and then put life on the top of it with a hen with a worm in her mouth. In the center is a hooded cobra, the deadliest of snakes, fighting a mongoose of India.

People coming here by thousands in summer, desired a drink of cool

water. Utility could have installed an electric refrigerator cooling water system as most everybody else could have done; not so with us. We wanted "something different." How did the natives of oriental hot countries cool their water? The olla! We builded a rack and wrapped it around the tree, dolled it with shells, letting the drainage water the roots.

In B. J.'s travels around the world, he noticed natives of the South Pacific Islands making and wearing seed bean strings. We imported a few during the summer of 1929. Finding there was a market for the genuine native bead strings, B. J., during 1930, imported varied strings from Samoa, Fiji, Hawaii, Fusan, Japan, China, etc. Now that we were in the business of importing and selling direct, we could have builded a showcase as most everybody else would have done. Not so with us. We went to Russia for our idea of the circular kiosk to which we added the dome effect of the Taj Mahal, which originally came from Russia. This makes a sales house unusual, unique, and different.

Each structure represents a necessity and adds utilitarian atmosphere to this retreat unique.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

A Little Bit O' Heaven has the two largest giant clam shells in the world. They weigh 449 pounds. When asked how he got them, B. J. told this interesting story:

"Several years ago, it was reported that sometimes giant clam shells weighed 2,000 pounds or more. I decided to get the largest possible, even to beating that if possible, for A Little Bit O' Heaven. I investigated in the United States where such might be on exhibit in museums, or for sale. The largest pair in the United States weighed 157 pounds.

"We decided to wait until we took a trip to where Giant Clam Shells are found. Everywhere we went, we made inquiries about size—only to meet rebuff that such never grew to such size.

"We met a man in Australia who lived twenty years in the Solomon Islands, where the largest of the giant clam shells come from. He said the largest pair in the world were in the museum at Sydney, Australia. They weighed 364 pounds.

"We engaged this man to get us the largest he could. They float a lighter about two miles off shore, having on one end a derrick which has a grappling hook. They bait it with a chunk of horse meat; let it down; scrape the bottom of the sea until the meat finally hits the open mouth of one of these fellows. He immediately clamps onto it and they pull him up. One hundred twenty-two smaller pair were dragged to the surface before they succeeded in getting this set. Alive, this giant clam weighed 638 pounds, allowing 189 pounds of meat for the clam itself. The shell measured 2 feet by 4 feet.

"By comparison with the other large pair in the Sydney museum, this pair exceeds that by 85 pounds."

THE SERPENT

Even as Heaven was supposed to have its serpent, so has A Little Bit O' Heaven its snake. One was inside and driven out, the other has never been in. It is 30 feet long, builded of rock, tile and chipped stone. The weight of the frame and snake is 7 tons. An annual free pass, good any time for bearer and party, will be given every person who accurately estimates the number of tile, rocks, and chipped stones in its structure.

At the entrance, over the stone and shell umbrellas, are two objects with monkey bodies and human heads with mustaches and beards. These are Hindu idols from India. The Hindu believes in the reincarnation of souls from animal to human and vice-twista.

The entrance—a boulder and a glacial stone court—is Purgatory. The outer gates, which weigh 4 tons, are revolving doors within which are opening doors. They are covered with petrified woods and polished agates from many countries. (The agates and petrified woods on these outer doors were collected and furnished by the store of Pohndorf's, 400 Seventeenth Street, Denver, Colorado.) It is dark and dreary, lighted overhead dimly.

BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA

In 1756, during the English conquest of India, Fort William was captured and the city sacked by the Nowah of Bengal. Most of the English residents escaped by vessel, but those who remained (146 persons) were soon compelled to surrender and were locked up in the guard room (The Black Hole of Calcutta) twenty feet square, from which only 23 persons came out alive the next morning.

The border and center tile on the floor of Purgatory and in The Black Hole of Calcutta are antique French, English, Italian and Spanish. None is less than 100 years old and from that on to 400 years old.

On your left, is a replica of The Black Hole of Calcutta in size only, except it was about three times deeper.

The custodian, "St. Peter"—who takes your entrance fee and passes the babies free—passes judgment upon your fitness to enter Heaven. (Being a baby or possessing a coin passport are the best records.) Your money, received at door, automatically turns back into making A Little Bit O' Heaven a more beautiful place for others who will come after you.

The Pearly Gates of St. Peter weigh 1,400 lbs. The inlay work on the inside of the doors is a replica of the semiprecious stones inlay found in the Taj Mahal, Agra, India. The round plate on the right door (as you enter) contains 8,000 pieces of inlay and is a replica of the piece found immediately over the head of Mumtaj Mahal as she lies in her sarcophagus in the basement of the building Taj Mahal.

THE CHAPELLE PETITE

Immediately to your left is The Chapelle Petite, or Small Chapel. It is the smallest church in the world. It is 8 feet deep, 8 feet wide, and 10 feet

high. The general color is the papal red, the same as is found in the Audience Chamber of the Pope in the Vatican, at Rome. This antique red tile is imported from Italy and England. It is in The Chapelle Petite that so many weddings take place in A Little Bit O' Heaven.

The two bronze plaques, on the outside of the outside chapel doors, are 15th century Italian bronze pieces. Being religious subjects they are in keeping with the spirit of this section. On the right wall, is a beautiful mosaic symbolic of the "Opening of the Gates to Heaven," and was created especially for A Little Bit O' Heaven. On the walls are various sacred images, idols representative of many and varied forms of religious worship of the world. Directly ahead, on the rear wall of the chapel, is an altar, the background of which contains some magnificent agates. The Crucifix is a 14th century Spanish piece. It is one piece of elephant ivory tusk except for the arms. The position assumed by the body—slightly curved to the left—indicates the curve of the tusk. Note that the spear thrust is on the right side of the body, not on the left as is so often pictured. To each side of the crucifix are two candelabra made of moss agates, petrified wood and agate spheres. Above the crucifix is a section of the Ecce Homo, carra marble, head of the Christ. The sculptor is unknown. Studied, it produces an overwhelming overflow of sympathy for The Man of Calvary. It is one face, but the student of faces can see four character studies, each with its own well defined features. The Superior One-Half (from the tip of the nose up) indicates "spirituality and the sublime." The Inferior One-Half (from the tip of the nose down) indicates "physical suffering and the resignation to the inevitable." The Left One-Half of the face indicates "spiritual exultation of attainment." The Right One-Half indicates "the torture of the body." The four faces, pieced together, blend and make for indescribable immortality.

Tree Worship. Amongst the rest of the varied collection of religious idols found in The Chapelle Petite, note those two gnarled, fearfully and wonderfully twisted roots of trees. It takes no stretch of any imagination to see in one a marked resemblance to a monkey and in the other a resemblance of a stork. These roots grew as you see them. Because of their likeness to living objects, the worshiper believes that those spirits took possession of the roots, caused them to grow as they are, hence now contain these spirits, therefore are venerable objects to be worshiped. They are frequently found in shrines or other sacred places. These are particularly peculiar pieces for peculiar, particular people to study.

The general coloring and lighting effects of the Chapelle Petite, while extremely simple, are gorgeous in the extreme. This alcove was created to meet the constant demand of the many who wanted to be married in A Little Bit O' Heaven. What could be more beautiful than a wedding, with a minister, bride and groom standing at the altar, with the waterfalls as a background? Where else are people married than in "Heaven"? Weddings

may be held here any week day between 10:00 A.M. and 5:00 P.M. Evenings by appointment. A nominal charge is made. Should you care to pray, you may.

"Heavy, heavy hangs over thy head," is literally true. The granite Japanese Stone Lantern below the steps on the lower level weighs three tons. Passing through the supports is Fat Man's Misery.

THE WATERFALLS

There are more than 1,500 tons of glacial deposit rocks in A Little Bit O' Heaven and Purgatory. Five hundred tons are in the waterfalls. Three hundred gallons of water per minute pass over the waterfalls. It is kept running night and day to oxygenate the water. There are approximately 100,000 gallons of water in all the pools. The water, for the most part, is pumped over and over again, although there is an "iron spring" at the base of the waterfalls which is rarely shown to visitors. Goldfish fill all of the pools. (These are supplied by our good friend Bruce, at Thornburg, Iowa.) (The aquaria, the tropical fish in them, bog plants, ornamental grasses, rock plants, snails, water lilies, etc., can all be secured through William Tricker, Independence, Ohio. He issues a catalogue which will be furnished upon request.)

Up on the waterfalls is The St. John Weather Vane. The right hand is outstretched in pontifical blessing. In his left hand is the "Johannis Standard" of the cross and pennant. It dates from about 1700 and is from the Church of St. Permin in Pamplano, Spain. St. John was one of the Crusaders.

Parrots are in the cages and should be talked to; but to tease them is to make them cross and irritable. The large blue and red parrots are Macaws from South America. Singing birds are in the cage. The floor is scrap tile, made over into a serviceable pathway. Various figures are noticed in it.

The island in center of second pool is illustrative of a Japanese tea-house.

THE BIRTH OF VENUS

The Birth of Venus (a Carrara marble piece of Italy, by Bruno) weighs four tons. It is an original and has never been copied.

People admire A Little Bit O' Heaven by day, but it can be truly said that when night comes and the multi-colored soft lights are on, and they cast their blended shades of subdued colors in the hidden recesses, it then becomes one of those oft-written-about bowers of beauty, where, amidst the sweet and soft sounds of rippling waterfalls, you wish your youth were returned (When You and I Were Young, Maggie); and there, all alone, just you and your sweetheart could sit in its enchanted corners and coo those sweet nothings as all of us have sometime done. It is well worth a trip, at night, to see how beautiful beauty can become. When all lights are on, it takes 33,000 watts of electric current to completely light this fairy retreat. This is equivalent to 660 lamps of 50 watts each.

IN A BACK YARD

We began working on A Little Bit O' Heaven in the spring of 1923. It was opened to the public on July 1, 1924. The builder, since May 1, 1909, has traveled some one million, three hundred thousand miles. The many things you have seen were secured during these trips abroad, in the Orient and around the world. The same is true of the many art objects in his home. We have been twenty years collecting specimens, growing plants, and getting ready.

A Little Bit O' Heaven and The Buddhist Garden are surprising examples of what can be done with a back yard, in beauty, service, and income. Have *you* a back yard? Is it doing anything? Have you a hobby? Suppose you "ride it" in that back yard.

Our back yard has started many another back yard on its way to beauty. Our rocks have chased many a man, woman, or child seeking, gathering, sorting rocks. Thousands of fish pools, bird baths, and other hobby-inclined ideas have had their conceptions and births here. Style for women's clothes may be created in Paris or Hollywood, but styles for back yards are created in A Little Bit O' Heaven. It is now quite the popular thing to beautify your back yard and concentrate your interest on the constructive.

Truly it can be said: "Build A Little Bit O' Heaven and a Buddhist Garden, use Radio Station WOC and tell the world, and even though they live in the midst of our back yard, the world has beaten a path to our door." (Paraphrased to suit this occasion, with apologies to Emerson.)

THE BUDDHIST GARDEN

Many ask: "Why the Buddhist Garden here?" We have brought to occidental America a resetting of the atmosphere of the oriental Japan. We have gone to Nippon, so to speak, picked up a Buddhist shrine, brought it to Davenport, and asked you to stay home and yet see what a touch of Japan looks like. For the moment, we ask you to become Japanese in Japan, do here as they do there, become a pilgrim going to one of their shrines. Pass by the Entrance House, and as you walk the walkway leading to the shrine, with incense burning in the incense burner, as the Japanese people do, make a wish—and then see this magnificent, genuine, bronze Buddha. Few people are fortunate enough to travel. Fewer still can go to Japan. This, then, is a touch of Japan brought to you by one who is able to reconstruct it here for that purpose.

Are you in trouble, unhappy, worried over business, family, or love affairs? Let me suggest that you come before The Wishing Buddha (as millions have done for 1,100 years); make a wish and have it come true. It may—who knows?

A few visiting friends know little about the spiritual aspect of religions other than their own. Or, perhaps, they do not understand the value of antique art objects. They look and all they see is a cast bronze object that

bears no resemblance in comparative values to anything they know. These people appear before The Wishing Buddha and make facetious remarks that are not becoming to it or worthy of them. To those people, the best impression of the religious or antique art value of The Wishing Buddha is to speak of it in terms of dollars. The Wishing Buddha is valued at \$250,000. Some people may laugh at The Wishing Buddha, but few will laugh outright at \$250,000.

BUDDHIST TEMPLES

The temples of the Orient are builded of wood. Time decays them. There is no future glory to one who would preserve or conserve a decaying or rotting temple. Glory comes in building a new one. Temples are preserved only because of the lacquer and other external saving finishes. As temples disintegrate, it is possible to secure the Buddhas and altar sets from them. This Wishing Buddha, more than 1,100 years old, was purchased several years ago from priests of one of these decaying temples, located away up in the mountains north of Nikko, Japan. No difficulty was had in its purchase outside of the usual "haggling" as to amount so the priests could "save face." Getting this old piece out of Japan was quite another question. They refused to let it go. Endless correspondence was indulged in, back and forth, for 7½ years. True to type, the Japanese masked their reason so well that it was 7 years before they revealed *why*. It finally developed: "This Wishing Buddha is one of our most sacred pieces. It has been worshiped by millions of our people. The ambitions, aspirations, and hopes of our nation have been wrapped up in it for more than 1,100 years. Around it, our national history has been made. It is as dear to us as your Washington's Monument symbolizes George Washington's place in American history. We fear you will take it to America and not respect its reverence as we have and do now have for it. We fear you may call it a 'heathen idol' and hold it up as an example of the necessity for converting us by and through foreign missionaries."

Finding the nature of their real objections, we assured and promised them that we would do all within our power to build a proper, respectful, reverential, and religious setting and shrine with which to surround this Wishing Buddha; that we would at all times keep incense burning; that we would request all men to remove their hats when in its presence; but we could not ask our people to remove their shoes when in the shrine, such as the Japanese people do. With this promise upon our part, they withdrew all objections, and The Wishing Buddha arrived in Davenport, Iowa, in December, 1927. The "proper, respectful, reverential, and religious setting" has been builded; the incense is kept burning; men are asked to religiously remove their hats "in its presence." We are certain all Japanese people would be proud to see the deference shown their sacred piece as it is now in America.

The ensemble setting in The Wishing Buddha is typically Japanese in architecture.

The Buddhist Garden was conceived some years ago when its builder first saw The Wishing Buddha. He was eight years getting his wish fulfilled. When he first saw The Wishing Buddha, he wished for it. We had been for ten years gathering the shells, tiles, and marbles, for something we knew not what. The Buddhist Garden was three years in the building.

The Wishing Buddha was unveiled to the public on July 1, 1928.

"SCRAPS"

It is interesting to know that, outside of a few essentials, everything used in the building of The Buddhist Garden is "scraps" which would have otherwise been "waste material." The reinforcing in the Pagoda House and Torii were odd ends of piping. The brick base in the sidewalks, railings, and up-rights were discarded paving bricks. The tile on and in the Pagoda House, sidewalks, uprights, and on Torii were odd ends of tiling picked up here and there and shipped home. The stones in the Shrine are ends of building jobs, misfits, miscuts, etc. The green marble is from an old bank building torn down in Davenport. The electric wiring and cement used is new. The ornaments such as the Buddha, Foo Dogs, Raku Lions, etc., were either antiques or new. This entire ensemble is an example of using that which others have thrown into the discard. The design was conceived by B. J. and was builded by our own workmen.

Every Buddhist Temple has an Entrance House, a Torii, a Bell House, and a Shrine which houses the Buddha. As far as we know this is the only Buddhist Shrine in America.

The Entrance House, here, is the "Pagoda House." Its shape (or lack of it) is because of its crazy-quilt pattern of scrap tile gathered from everywhere and put on any-old-way. Its exterior presents the appearance of having been weather-beaten, warped in form, thereby permitting it to fall into an age-old shape. The inside is tiled with ancient English, French, Spanish, and Italian tiles, none less than 100 and many as many as 400 years old.

On the five peaks of this Entrance House (as well as on the entrance arch over the driveway) are Foo Dogs which are antiques from the Summer Palace of the former Empress of China, at Peking. Foo Dogs are from China and we are told "guard the home against the invasion of evil spirits." According to Hoyle, Foo Dogs should not be on a Buddhistic house of Japan.

The Entrance House weighs ten tons and is builded of reinforced concrete. It is here you secure the privilege of making a wish before The Wishing Buddha, if you so desire.

SOUVENIRS FOR SALE

In The Pagoda House and Russian Kiosk are sold post cards, books, incense, and souvenirs. Buying post cards you may address, secure stamps, and mail them at the beautiful rock-work writing stand.

THE ELEMENTS

The Torii (pronounced tor-ee-ee) is always found at the entrance to sacred Buddhistic shrines or temples. It is so placed that the pilgrim passes under it to enter or leave the temple or shrine. We have here faithfully carried out that idea. Our Torii is made in the same general style of architecture as the ensemble. Its weight is approximately twenty tons. The lanterns hanging from its frame are Japanese bronzes. The Raku Lions, on top of the Torii, were made in Czecho-Slovakia.

Close by the temple, under a shed of its own, is found a Buddhist Temple Bell. The symbols around the top of the gong, translated, are "Belongs to Kodi Temple." They have no clappers, are usually rung three times or multiples of three, by a second instrument, usually the end of a log, in the hands of one of the priests of the temple. The large "hammer" which you see close by, is used to "ring" the bell. The bell is struck close to the rim and can be heard at great distances through the woods or hills. The ringing process is done by an upward, gliding motion of the "hammer" against the side of the bell, hitting at a spot about two inches from the actual top. It is rung at sunrise and sunset and at other religious times. It is rung three times to conform with the mysterious rule of numbers which prevails in Japanese lore. We have timed its reverberating sound for eight minutes. This bell is more than 700 years old and was used in "Kodi Temple" during its lifetime.

THE BELLS

Hanging from various parts of the frame are various bells gathered from out-of-the-way places of the world. One of the small hand bells was cast by Paul Revere, few people knowing that was his business. If you have a bell, new or old, it will be received by us without either of us breaking any of the Ten Commandments.

A Chinese War Gong is nineteen inches in diameter and eleven inches high. It was cast in the year 913. It is a Chinese war gong and is the age mentioned, according to the inscription on same. It belonged to the Laos tribe, Shan District, now a part of Siam. It was used to call the tribes together, as the deep, booming vibrations could be heard from a long distance in the forests. The gong was in charge of the priests and was a part of their sacred paraphernalia. This gong is the second finest in America, the finest being in the Riverside Inn, Riverside, California. Its cost was \$700.

We have translated the "*Bell House*" into *Bell Tower* by carrying forth the same style and introducing some nine American cast bells as well as other bells gathered from various sources. The American bells have some of B. J.'s epigrams cast in their rims.

The Buddhist Shrine is made of stone and marble and weighs thirty tons.

In Japan, it is believed the "evil" spirits travel only in straight lines. They cannot go around an obstacle. For this reason, screens are found in front of entrance doors to homes, shrines, and sacred places. We have erected

screens on the outer walls to follow the custom. "Good" spirits will pay and go around these.

The steps and walks leading to and from are builded to conform with the general style carried out, embodying the usual rule of three in dimensions and numbers.

BUDDHA

"Buddha" symbolizes an attribute of mind. "Buddha" is not the name of a person. It means "One who has attained perfect enlightenment." It is applied to Prince Gautama, the historical Buddha of the fifth century B.C., as well as to numberless other deities. This figure represents Amida Buddha, The Personification of Boundless Light. In a general way, Amida is the Buddhist's conception of the deity. It was in his likeness that Shaka (Gautama Buddha) appeared on earth.

The original Kamakura Buddha had a nimbus (halo) behind it. An earthquake destroyed it. This Wishing Buddha has its nimbus in perfect condition, and is one of the very rare, large reproductions that have. The nimbus is the Mother's Wish, as exemplified by the smaller Buddhas. Each smaller Buddha, on the nimbus, is representative of the differing wishes to differing Buddhas.

THE WISHING BUDDHA

This is *The Wishing Buddha*. Millions of heartaches and joys, millions of wishes and thanks have been poured forth before this Buddha. Millions of Buddhists have brought before this Buddha their every human emotion, passion, desire, and hope; and, according to tradition, are always gratified; therefore the name.

The five bronze altar pieces were collected from a temple in Japan and are genuine pieces and have been in use for centuries. Every Buddhist altar is set as you see this and always has the five pieces arranged before the Buddha itself.

It is the great desire of every Roman Catholic to appear before His Holiness at Rome; so is it the great ambition of every Hindu to die on the banks of the Sacred Ganges; also is it the great delight of every Mohammedan to visit Mecca, or the Christian to visit the Holy Land; so, also, does every Buddhist want to once visit The Great Diabutsu (pronounced "Die-Boots") at Kamakura, Japan.

This history of this Diabutsu is obscure. It was in use for eleven centuries in one of the great Buddhist Temples in the mountains north of Nikko, Japan. Its sanctuary was a shrine and millions of pilgrims have walked long distances to place their wishes at its feet.

A translation of Japanese imprints found engraved on the base of the nimbus, in the three sections, from right to left facing it from the external of the ring, is as follows:

First section—date: The second year of Kanoe.

Second section—location: Ashyu Unekisan—name of a mount.

(In selecting sites for temples, a sacred portion, usually an elevation, is selected; hence the mount.)

"Kenritsu" Erection.

"Senseiji" The Temple "Sensei."

Third section—constructor or moulder: Smith artisan, named Naotana Fujiwara.

ITS MANY FACIAL VIEWS

From different angles, at differing distances, differing expressions will be noted on the face. So wonderful is the caster's art expressed that at times the shadows seem to cast upon the figure a melancholy life. Artists and students of the occult study the features and see the swiftly and constantly changing mystical depth of expression. The hands and fingers indicate the contemplative. A study of the face, which is never twice the same, will make it difficult to exactly decipher what this face is thinking.

On the head of this figure there appear coils of hair. These symbolically represent live snails. It is said that Buddha was one day sitting by the roadside in the hot sun, his bare head exposed. Snails took pity upon him, climbed his clothing, and gathered themselves over him to protect his brain, to keep it cool, that he might better meditate peacefully and comfortably. The base is of sacred lotus leaves and flowers, the upper portion facing upward, the lower facing downward.

This is the finest and largest Buddhist temple piece ever brought to America. Its height, from bottom of base to top of nimbus, is ten feet. Its size in diameter, at base, is five feet. Its approximate weight is three tons. It is cast and is of boiler bronze. It came to this country and was in San Francisco until moved here for The Wishing Buddha in the fall of 1927. Millions paid it homage in Japan. Thousands paid it homage in San Francisco.

Particular study has been given to the proper and correct lighting effects of this Buddhistic ensemble to bring forth the weird, mystical, and ancient mysteries. While beautiful by day, it is marvelous by night when all that it is is highly accentuated, glorified, and deified, by the colored lighting effects.

A SERIOUS REFLECTION

Although The Wishing Buddha has been unveiled but a short time, as human events occur in the great scheme of things, many thinking and intelligent people have approached it with incense burning and made wishes in perhaps more or less of a jocular sense, and have reported to us in a serious statement, "The wish I made *has* come true." Already people are returning to make their second and third wish. This is but a repetition of what millions have done in Japan for more than 1,100 years before this very Buddha. They found, even as you and I are finding here, that there may be some mysterious universal force at work which convinces them against their contrary reasoning that wishes so made seem to come true with peculiar and satisfying satisfaction.

The total weight of stone, tile, marble, and cement in this entire ensemble is ninety tons.

THE HEALING BUDDHA

Immediately after passing The Wishing Buddha, you come to the bronze figure of The Healing Buddha. It is believed that if you have a disease or infirmity in some part of your body, to rub with your hand that corresponding part of this Healing Buddha, is to get well. Hundreds of thousands of Japanese Buddhists have rubbed this figure and many miracles are to its credit.

Farther on, you pass a magnificent bronze vase with marvelous casting and carving work. It is well worth study.

WANNA SUN TAI'S COFFIN

It is the custom in China, while the person is living, to present him with a coffin as a mark of esteem and appreciation for those living. It is kept in the home as preparation for death. At time of death, the body is placed on top of the ground. In under the bushes, close by the Shrine of Fugen and Monju, is an all-cement, shell-covered coffin. It has been presented to our Chinese Pekinese poodle while he is alive. Upon his death, his body will be placed therein, sealed, and buried on top of the ground, Chinese fashion.

In the corner of the yard is The Buddha of Wisdom found in the campus of intellectual institutions. Buddhas take on many phases and apply to various attributes. Before leaving the Buddhist portion of our A Little Bit O' Heaven, sitting by the pool is The Laughing Buddha to whom those in distress and sorrow pray.

THE LOTUS POOL

Buddhist shrines are always in the proximity of Bo trees or surrounding lotus pools. To carry this realism, we have created a lotus pool in which are planted genuine Egyptian or Chinese lotus plants. All Buddhist figures are either seated on a base of lotus leaf design, or carry lotus flowers or buds in their hands, or they may have the lotus plants as are found in the altar pieces of The Wishing Buddha. The purpose of the lotus is "Out of the muck, mire, and mud, comes forth the sweet, pure, and beautiful lily."

In building this Buddhist corner, we have endeavored to make it as true to history as possible.

THE BRONZE PIECE

The center piece is one of the grand pieces of Japanese bronze castings. Study carefully; give thought to its detail. Conceive, if you can, how such a massive and marvelous piece was molded. Gauge those fine chisel cut edges. Consider the finish, then think of the entire piece in terms of American workmanship, and you will see that there are no artists, molders, or casters in our local life who could duplicate it.

At the base is the proverbial dragon, which is cast of solid bronze. It weighs 700 lbs. The dragon plays a mysterious part in the mind of the

oriental. It was that great unknown, that undecipherable, that always appealed to the imagination of what was either in the bowels of the earth, that caused rumblings and earthquakes; or, up in the air, that caused typhoons or simoons, or was to be found in the unknown depths of the ocean, which is deepest off the coast of Japan. Every hero went forth to slay that dragon, to conquer this enemy of the people.

Crawling around the next piece (from bottom, up) are the sacred monkeys which are found flocking around Oriental shrines and temples. In the shrine of The Buddhist Garden are monkeys, creating and carrying out that symbolism of their presence. That famous monkey triplet of "See no evil; hear no evil; speak no evil," is found in a Buddhist temple of Ieyusu, in Nikko, Japan.

Drifting our eyes upward comes that gorgeous bronze vase with its flowers and birds, with the dragons again hanging on the side—the evil fighting with the beautiful for supremacy of existence and position.

Eagles inhabit the high places, on crags, but even here is found the serpent, in the snake questioning the right of the bird to even alight on its crag.

The swastika design is supposed to have been originally an American Indian concept. It is found on several places in this Japanese bronze. It is also found on the more than 3,000-year-old Satsuma vases in B.J.'s home.

All in all, this is one of, if not the finest piece of Japanese bronze in America. It is a museum piece and deserves a place such as it now has.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN

What is that Great Unknown, just beyond, behind the veil, yet out of reach; that mysterious know-it-all that is all; that makes us all wish to take more for less than we give; which gives us more, perhaps, than we deserve; that concealed "something" we wish revealed; that is not human, although we wish it to be, yet wish it to stay put up there where it is?

What is it that makes us want to draw down the hidden intangible, right now, for nothing; to beat the game; to take an empty hat and make it produce bread and butter; push in a dime, pull out a dollar; pay streetcar fares and ride limousines; a beer pocketbook with a champagne taste; reduce sacrifices and multiply successes?

What is it that makes women bet at bridge; men stake the ponies; all pick up horseshoes, spit over their little finger, throw spilled salt over the right shoulder, carry a buckeye pocket-piece against "the evil eye," wear a lead ring to prevent rheumatism, refuse to walk under a ladder, make a wish over the new moon, wear an amulet around our neck or have a blessed talisman in our automobiles—and the negroes believe in hoodoo?

On one side, it's the religious awakening that Greater than ourselves governs us, which, if desired long and strong enough, will create a request that will be heard and answered. And instances exist which seem to prove it!

On the other hand, it is that elusive and delusive snare, that will-o'-the-

wisp that ever beckons us on and on. Some call it "Lady Luck," the gambler's "hunch," the dice-thrower's "break," that hope-against-hope that beats in every heart that the game of averages can be defeated and the law of compensation conquered. And instances exist which seem to prove it!

But this much you can do: wishing is often the father and mother to the birth of a deed; for as man affirms and reaffirms, he concentrates his powers upon the created desire to do, which gives rise to greater demand for greater expression in positive focalized action, which compels man's pride in himself to live up to the higher ideals he expects of himself, which draws more deeply from the great untapped reservoir within, and this—given time—produces the finished objective. Those are the three reasons that have drawn millions to making and placing their wishes before The Wishing Buddha.

THE SHRINE OF FUGEN AND MONJU

The shrine of The Wishing Buddha is a shrine *for* the Wishing Buddha. The shrine of Fugen and Monju is a shrine *for* the disciples of Buddha, for Buddha had his disciples the same as Christ, as well as for Kwannon, the Buddhist Goddess of Mercy. The disciples stand close by, to guard and protect Buddha from evil and harm.

The wall work of this shrine is built of scrap rock, purchased at \$1.00 per ton. The reinforcing in the roof was scrap steel from the old greenhouse that formerly covered A Little Bit O' Heaven. The brick in the bases are paving brick that once did duty in the street in front of the shrine itself. The pebble rocks on roof and side walls weigh eleven tons, alone.

The entire interior wall of this shrine is a shell mosaic of flower patterns. Almost every imaginable and unimaginable flower is represented. There are four tons of shells in these flowers, the cost of which was almost \$6,000. It has taken our workmen two years to build this shrine.

The lighting effects are odd. In the ceiling is a touch of "the theosophical purple"—that mysterious color that has a "religious value" upon those who view it; for it "awakens a keen spiritual exultation" within one, and "imparts a supernatural aura over the place" where it is.

The artificial or electrical lighting is by neon line lighting. Behind each "nimbus" or halo, is a blue color; behind each base, bringing forth the figures in silhouette, is a red color; and imbedded in the base of the front wall is a green which imparts to the whole, that green-bronze effect which is so highly desired with aged bronze pieces.

THE TWO DEITIES

These two bronze deities, Fugen and Monju, mounted respectively upon the bronze elephant and lion, were made by a country artist of Fujiwara line (family), about 1770 A.D. This period is called by the Japanese Anyei or Kyowa era of Tokugawa generation.

These magnificent bronzes were formerly placed in the old Buddhist

temple Ichozan-Hosenji, this being located in the village of Nanakaichi, Japan, Itakagori Ise Province.

The old Buddhist temples received their support from the Sogun (aristocracy of Japan) and this temple had a certain subsidy to carry on its financial support, until the Muji (the present royal family) restoration when this financial support was withdrawn from this temple. Treasures such as these bronzes were of necessity placed for sale, and subsequently sold and sent far from their original settings. The temple was forced to dispose of these and other pieces, or they would have remained, honored and worshipped in the temple or upon sacred soil as they have been for so many generations.

These two figures are known to the Buddhists as the symbols of generosity and righteousness—Fugen and Monju or Sanmanto-Bhadra and Manjusri. The figure of Monju is the one seated upon the lion. These two figures are bystanders of Gautama (Buddha).

MONJU

Monju holds in his left hand the thought piercing scepter, and holds in his right hand the jewel of the law. Monju, the bronze figure seated upon the lion, is the god of transcendental wisdom. The right hand of Monju holds the tama or sacred jewel upon a lotus pod base. This tama is used for the exorcism of evil spirits; it is the "tide compelling jewel, the gem of transcendental wisdom, the symbol of supreme intellect and of spiritual being; it is the vehicle for the expression of the very essence of the gods and of the soul of man." The left hand of Monju holds the sword of knowledge, whose shining two-edged blade dissipates the clouds of mental darkness and dispels the blackness of ignorance.

The lion was not indigenous to China or Japan but there are two types represented in the arts both derived from foreign sources. Monju's mount, though grotesquely modified, its general aspect suggests the lion. Its hideous, grinning face, curly mane, and bushy, flame-like tail, are familiar objects before both Buddhist and Shinto shrines and before temples, palaces, and tombs. It is commonly known as the protector of power and always as the mount of the beloved Monju. It is also called the Karashishi, kara meaning China, and shishi meaning lion.

FUGEN

Fugen is one of the important Bosatsu (Bodhisat, disciples of Buddha). In the later Buddhistic groups of three deities, he is often represented seated upon an elephant on the right side of Gautama Buddha, the familiar figure generally thought in regard to Buddhism. He, Fugen, also symbolizes the power of church organization, of ritual, of the communion of saints. In Buddhist tradition, Fugen is the spiritual son of the Celestial Buddha. He is the "all-good" and is the divine patron of those who practice Hokke Zammai which is an intense kind of ecstatic meditation.

The elephant, as symbol, comes through a maze of legend from Indian

Buddhistic sources. According to the old stories, "when it came time for the Bodhisat to leave the Tushita heaven, and be born upon earth as Gautama Buddha, he descended into the womb of his mother in the form of a white elephant."

Fugen has in his hands the branch and flower of the sacred lotus, the symbol of purity, because it blooms above the surface of the muck and mire from which its roots take nourishment, unsullied and untainted. Having once been adopted as a symbol, the lotus has lent itself to many beautiful conceptions. As an emblem of Nirvana, its expanded flower, reposing upon the calm waters of a mirror-like lake, suggests the peace and rest for which man longs. Its wonderful pale pink or pure white blossoms, rising untainted from the mud and ooze which give them birth, suggested the idea of purity to the poetic imagination of the early oriental mind, and were inevitably symbolic of the soul of man rising unsullied by the sordidness of worldly desires to a state of being spiritually undefiled. The early myth concerning this deity informs the reader that this body was "luminous and was standing on a white elephant." The Japanese direct translation reads, "having shined body as moonlight, on white elephant."

The ponderous elephant upon which Fugen is seated has long been the symbol of wisdom of the Far East, just as the roaring lion upon which Monju is seated has been used to symbolize the penetrating voice of the law. The elephant to the Westerner is suggestive of longevity, it being a well-known fact that the elephant attains greater age than any living animal.

AN INTERESTING HISTORY

Guarding the entrance to the mausoleum of the Emperor Yung Lo (1403-24), about 25 miles north of Peking, are found two colossal stone men in armor. One of these is an early representation of Amitabha, the ideal Buddha of boundless age and light, whose paradise is in the western heavens. He stands on a lotus pedestal, with a threefold nimbus (halo) around the head, under a jeweled canopy surmounted by a diadem and hung with strings of silken tassels. The following inscription is engraved underneath:

"Spiritual truth is deep and wide, of infinite excellence but difficult comprehension. Without words it would be impossible to expound its doctrine, without images its form could not be revealed. Words explain the law of two and six, images delineate the relations of four and eight. Is it not profound and co-extensive with infinite space, beyond all comparison lofty?

"Chang Fa-shou, the liberal founder of this temple, Wu Sheng Ssu, was able, under the manifold net of a five-fold covering, to cut the bonds of family affection and worldly cares. In the 2nd year (A.D. 517) of the Hsi P'ing epoch, he gave up his house and built the temple there, and in fulfillment of old vows had the images carved, so that this happiness will be endless. He joyfully accepted the salvation of the law and after searching out its intricate doctrine, entered its sacred borders. It must verily have been the fruit of seed sown during previous existences and cherished for many generations, how else could he have accomplished such a grand votive deed?

"His descendants Jung-ch'ien and Hsunho, benevolent in deed and filial piety, have carried on in their generation the good work, and proved their far-reaching love in completing the fulfillment of the great vow. They have carved in stone and erected statues of Shih-chia-wen Fo (Sakyamuni Buddha), Kuan Yin (Avalokitesvara), and Wen Chu (Manjusri), thus reverently accomplishing the wishes of their late grandfather in his prosperity.

"In addition to these images they have also had engraved the above likeness of Wu-lian-hou Fo (Amitabha Buddha), in the hope that felicity will be extended to their deceased father and mother. They have given their means for the faith and devoted all to make a monastic retreat, and may they both pierce the clouds of Badhisatvaship and ultimately attain the enlightenment of Buddaship.

"Inscribed in the Great Wei (dynasty), in the 2nd year (A.D. 535) of the T'ien P'ing (epoch), being the cyclical year, yi-mao, on the 11th day of the 4th month, by the Pi-ch'iu (Bhikshu) Hung Pao."

(Page 34, "Chinese Art," S. W. Bushell, C.M.G.)

The descriptions of these deities and bronzes are taken from the volume written by Maude Rex Allen, entitled "Japanese Art Motives"; Bushell's "Chinese Art"; Williams' "Buddhism"; "A Contrast of Religions," by an unknown Monk, and from a translation in Japanese by Harishin Ohta, as well as from some personal knowledge of the present owner.

The incense burner is an old temple piece, surrounded by the dragon to scare away evil spirits that the smoking prayer may not be damaged, as it wafts its way to the outer world. Its color is different, slightly, from the other pieces. This is accounted for in the different composition of the alloy mixture of the bronze.

Chinese bronzes have always, as far back as we have any record, been executed by the *cire perdue* process, and finished, when necessary, with the hammer, burin, and chisel. The largest pieces have been produced by this method.

Ancient bronzes are divided by Chinese archaeologists into two great classes, the first class including the relics of the three ancient dynasties, Hsia, Shang and Cou, the second class those of the Ch'in Shih Han and later dynasties. The year B.C. 221, in which Ch'in Shih Huang proclaimed himself "the first Emperor," is the dividing line between the two classes. One of the lost books of the Shu Ching was called *Fen Ch'i*, the "Distribution of the Vessels," and is referred to in the preface, attributed to Confucius, in these terms:

"When King Wu had conquered Yin, he appointed the Princes of the various states, and distributed among them the vessels of the ancestral temple. With reference to this there was made the *Fen Ch'i*."

The motives of decoration of Chinese primitive bronzes are of two kinds, geometric and natural. The geometrical motives, simple or complex, symmetrical or unsymmetrical, consist of scrolled grounds and bands of varied design, the most usual being the rectangular scroll known as the key pattern, which is so frequently found also on Greek and Etruscan pottery. This is called in China *lei wen*, or "thunder scroll," and it often represents a background of clouds enveloping the forms of dragons and other storm powers of the air. Meanders of this kind occur in the primitive art of all countries, and they afford no evidence of communication between Greece and China in ancient times. The natural forms of the second category are of more interest from an artistic point of view, because they give an idea of the early Chinese interpretation of nature. The human figure never occurs in these primitive bronzes, and vegetable forms are very rare as motives of decoration; we see only sparse outlines of hills and clouds and occasional sketches of animals

such as tigers and deer. The artist, in fact, neglects the ordinary animal world to revel in a mythological zoology of his own conception, peopled with dragons, unicorns, phoenixes, and hoary tortoises. The Chinese genius is unrivalled in its original composition of monsters, fantastic and gigantic beings more powerful than man, resembling the most fearful visions of a bad nightmare. Perhaps the most malignant of these beings is the t'ao t'ieh or gluttonous ogre, which has already been referred to as the special monster of old bronzes. The tiger may have suggested the conception as the king of wild animals and the chief opponent of the dragon in the eternal cosmic conflict of terrestrial and celestial powers. The handles of the vase are shaped in the form of dragons projecting from a ground of diapered clouds.

The bronze incense burners of later times are often modelled in the lines of the ancient ancestral vessels, like the four-footed urn illustrated in Fig. 58, which came from the summer palace of Yuan Ming Yuan, near Peking, in 1860. The rims and four feet are fashioned in the shape of jointed bamboo stems; the sides of the bowl, the openwork cover, and the knob surmounting it are decorated with conventional dragons and scrolled clouds; and the two loop handles at the sides are also outlined in the form of dragons. The ku t'ung lung "dragon of old bronzes," also known as ch'in lung, is of peculiar form, with a slender, lizard-like body terminating in a cleft, curving tail, and four feet, usually three-clawed. Its curling, bifid tail is displayed in the foreground of Fig. 59, the picture of another incense burner, which is moulded in strong-relief with the forms of a pair of these dragons, disporting in the midst of scrolled clouds and projecting their heads to make two handles for the urn. This incense burner (hsiang lu) is stamped under the foot with the mark Ta Ming Hsuan Te nien chih, i.e., "Made in the reign of Hsuan Te of the great Ming dynasty." It is a good example of the reign (1426-35), which is well known to be celebrated for its artistic bronze work, so that the "mark" is very often counterfeited. The story goes that a great fire in the palace provided an inimitable blend of metals for the handicraft of the period. Many of the shapes of the urns, according to a special Chinese book on the subject, were copied from porcelain vessels of the Tang and Sung dynasties, which were themselves modelled after ancient bronze forms.

The eighteen Arhats, or Lohan, a group of the early apostles or missionaries of the faith, are often moulded in bronze, each one posed in a fixed attitude with his distinctive symbol or badge, in the same way as our apostles are represented—Mark with a lion, Luke with calf, etc. The number was originally sixteen, the later additions being Dharmatraa, the chief of Kanishka's synod of 500 Arhats, a lay devotee with long hair, a vase and a fly-whisk in his hand, a bundle of books on his back, gazing at a small image of the mystic celestial Buddha Amitabha; and Ho-shang, "The Monk," the familiar Pu-tai Ho-shang. "The Bonze with the Hempen Bag," the only one of the group born in China, where he represents the last incarnation of Maitreya, the Buddhist Messiah. This last, the Hotei of Japan, is an obese

image with smiling features of Chinese type, holding a loosened girdle in one hand and a rosary in the other, and reclining on a bulging sack. He ranks as a Bodhisat, having only once more to pass through human existence to attain Buddhahood, and under this title, contracted more sinico to pou-sa, or poussah, has become proverbial in French, as an emblem of contentment or sensuality, and given besides an imaginary title rank as the *dieu de la porcelaine*.

The most popular of all Buddhist divinities in China is Kuan Yin, often called the "Goddess of Mercy," who also ranks as a Bodhisat, and is identified with Avalokita, "The Keen-seeing Lord," the spiritual son of the celestial Buddha Amitabha, who shares with him the dominion of the Paradise of the West. The bronze effigy of Avalokita takes many forms. The four-handed form represents him as a prince sitting in the Buddha posture, with one pair of hands joined in devotional attitude, the others holding a rosary and a long-stemmed lotus flower. Another form has eleven heads, piled up in the shape of a cone, and eighteen or even forty hands, grasping symbols and weapons, and stretched out in all directions to rescue the wretched and the lost; and some of the manifestations are endowed with a thousand eyes ever on the lookout to perceive distress. In another shape as Kuan Yin the maternal, the favorite image of the domestic shrine, she appears with a child in her arms, and is worshiped by women desirous of offspring, who load her altar with ex-voto offerings of doll-like babes made of silk or moulded in ceramic wares for the purpose.

Such images are often cast with a jewelled cross on the breast suspended on a necklace of beads and have been mistaken for representations of the "Virgin and Child."—(Pages 61, 67, 77, 78, 81, 82, 86, and 87, "Chinese Art," by S. W. Bushell, C.M.G. Vol. 1.)

WEIGHTS AND SIZES

To give you a better appreciation of the weights of these figures, note the tail of the lion upon which Monju rides. It alone weighs 300 pounds.

Monju is cast in four pieces: the lion, the tail, the figure, the nimbus or halo.

Fugen is cast in three pieces: the elephant, the figure, the nimbus or halo. The following are the dimensions of the two figures:

Monju—5 feet across the front,
5 feet, 7 inches high,
22 inches in width.

Fugen—4 feet, 10 inches across front,
5 feet, 7 inches high,
24 inches in width.

The value of these four pieces is \$45,000. We mention their value here for the same reason that we have mentioned the Value of The Wishing Buddha, as described in another portion of this book.

THE INCENSE WE BURN

Incense burned here is the Lotus—vibratory, complimentary to “My Rosary.” It is made from the sacred Tulsi plant of India often called “the lotus flower incense” in the Far East. Simulates the rose and spice bush odors. It is a Bengal incense of most delicate and pervasive aromas and is used as the one hour morning devotional. Motif—“Through odors sweet, the prayers arise unto attendant ears.”

You may purchase taper incense from the attendant, if you wish, pass through the turnstile, place same—lighted—in the incense burner, making your wish as you do. It is said that wishes so made will come true.

Thrice blessed is that person who gazes upon Buddha for he gains a peace, poise, and a prosperity for himself and his posterity.

CHAPTER 73

THE STORY OF SAILFISH

HIS HAUNT is the blue Gulf Stream, where the flying fishes play, and the porpoises blow and roll.

Aristocrat of sport fishes, a gallant warrior well-deserving of freedom after his fight is done, the sailfish is found nowhere off the Florida coast more abundantly than in the Stream off St. Lucie Inlet, and in ocean waters between the Stream and the coast.

More than 200 anglers caught their first sailfish in Stuart waters last season, became members of Stuart Sailfish Club, and were awarded diamond, gold, silver, or bronze buttons in accordance with the size of their catch. All charter boat captains are officials of the annual contest, and will register your fish for you, make arrangements so that you will receive your button and Sailfish Certificate.

Bronze buttons are awarded for your first sailfish measuring less than 7 feet, 6 inches from tip of bill to fork of tail; silver buttons for sailfish measuring from 7 feet, 6 inches to less than eight feet; gold buttons for sailfish measuring 8 feet and over. In addition, two special diamond buttons are awarded the man and woman catching the largest sailfish during a special contest period from November 15th to March 15th.

Sponsored by Stuart Junior Chamber of Commerce, the Sailfish Contest draws increasing entries year after year.

Largest sailfish recorded in local waters was an 8-foot, 7-inch specimen caught by the former George Emener of Stuart and New York, which won the Spaulding Sailfish Trophy for 1932.

The sailfish does not take the bait at once, but attempts to stun it with his beak, and unless you let the bait fall back, as if stunned and helpless, it will not be seized.

Once hooked, your sailfish will leap in air, skid on its tail, and perform unbelievable marine gymnastics. Once landed, its beautiful sail will go limp, its colors will fade, and will be just a dead fish. So, unless it is your first sailfish, or a prize which you wish to have mounted, release it to live the good life and furnish sport for others.

Oh! for the thrill of the singing reel;
The sudden joy as the line pays out
The threatening bend of the slender rod;
A sail is hooked, the eager shout.
The battle is on and fish and man
Settle down to a wary fight;
The finny flash is up then down,
Beneath the blue then in full sight.

Its sail-like dorsal a lovely hue,
 Its body a gorgeous purple and blue;
 It's game from beak to flashing tail
 And pulls with the strength of a mighty whale.
 It takes an angler who knows his stuff;
 For a sail's not gentle, he's "plenty" rough;
 He's strong and swift and wary, too;
 He'll trick, he'll play with and tire you.
 When you have brought him to the gaff,
 You've learned a lot if it's your first sail,
 And wherever they yarn of the finny game,
 You'll be ever ready with your tale.

"STUART FISHING IS BROADCAST OVER CONTINENT"

"Col. B. J. Palmer and Party Land Three Sails Thursday. Praise Angling—'Greatest Thrill in 839,000 Miles Travel,' Says Visitor.

"Stuart's famous sailfishing received nationwide publicity last night when Station WHO of Des Moines, Iowa, broadcast a feature news story of the capture of three large finny gamesters in the Gulf Stream off Stuart by Col. B. J. Palmer, head of the Palmer School of Chiropractic at Davenport, Iowa, and party, here on a short vacation as guests of Dr. Reginald Kitching, Jr., of this city.

"Col. Palmer, Ralph Evans, Dr. Herbert C. Hender, and William Ovens, who arrived here Saturday, lured by a tall tale of fine fishing told by Dr. Kitching, a graduate of the school, left this morning for Miami, convinced that Stuart has Florida's finest fishing.

"Palmer himself caught a 7-foot, 9-inch, silver button sailfish, Evans got a 7-foot, 4-inch sailfish, and Ovens caught a 7-foot, 2-inch 'spindle-bill' in the Gulf Stream off St. Lucie inlet Thursday. Stuart Sailfish Club, a division of Stuart Junior Chamber of Commerce, awarded a silver button and certificate to Palmer, bronze buttons and certificates to the other two. Dr. Hender, fourth member of the party, landed other fish, but failed to connect with a prized sailfish. They fished from Capt. Robert P. Fulford's 'Hiepus.'

"Immediately after landing at Pittman's wharf, where the party and fish were photographed by the Stuart Daily News, Col. Palmer, who controls the Central Broadcasting Company's radio station at Des Moines and Station WOC at Davenport, wired in the story of his party's luck, and at 11:45 last night, Stuart radio listeners heard a 'round by round' account of the catch over those stations.

"The two smaller fish were released. The large one will be mounted and placed on exhibit in The B. J. Palmer Chiropractic Clinic at Davenport.

"Appended to his wire, was this note from Col. Palmer: 'Sailfish are the gamiest of deep sea fish, and are much sought after; this is no fish story, because it is authenticated by two bronze and one silver button issued by Stuart Sailfish Club.'

"Col. Palmer told the Stuart Daily News:

"'We have traveled 1,288,000 miles (1948) over the globe, but never in our life have we had such a thrill as we felt with that big sailfish lunging and leaping at the end of our line.'

"The party had intended to go straight through to Miami for a two weeks' fall vacation, but stopped here at Dr. Kitching's invitation. They fished the north fork of the St. Lucie for small tarpon, caught a number of other fish, but no silver kings, spent one day outside, catching king mackerel and dolphin, then waded 'knee-deep' into the sailfish yesterday. The fish were caught 7½ miles off the coast on the Gulf Stream edge.

"Changing their plans, the visitors announced that they would go on to Miami today, visit Havana by plane, then return at the first of next week to get in some more Stuart fishing.

"'We have enjoyed ourselves so much,' said Col. Palmer, 'that we are determined to return again just as soon as possible, and will certainly do everything in our power to spread the word of your unexcelled angling.'"—The Stuart Daily News, Stuart, Martin County, Florida, Friday, October 8, 1937.

CHAPTER 74

THE STORY OF THE SPINOGRAPH

IN 1895—the same year the Chiropractic principle and practice were discovered—Roentgen discovered the X-ray. It, like Chiropractic, was accidental like many other discoveries have been. In its first few years, the X-ray was temperamental; many opposed, few for. Each year, an annual electrical show was held in New York and Chicago. B.J. attended these to keep up with progress and particularly to keep in touch with the development of X-ray work, hoping some day it could be used to prove or disprove the debatable question of vertebral subluxations. Medical men denied their possibilities. B.J. *believed* such but he had no physical or tangible “scientific proof” to convince the scientific world.

In 1910, the development of the X-ray had gotten to the point where pictures were being made through hands. Believing if the X-ray could go through hands it could go through necks, B.J. bought the first X-ray—a Scheidel-Western. It was installed in an upstairs bedroom at 828 Brady Street.

Progress was slow. He had to beg people to permit him to take exposures. They were afraid. The first use of the X-ray was to verify or deny palpation findings and to verify or deny proof of the existence of vertebral subluxations.

Better instruments were made. B.J. bought them one by one, not only keeping in pace but leaping ahead, especially in spine work. In his research work, he found he could not verify or deny palpation findings. He eventually tabulated 64 per cent of palpation was wrong. When fully convinced, he announced his results, only to have a rebellion of his Faculty who could not or would not realize that a deaf and dumb instrument could prove more accurately what was right and wrong inside than could the sensitive and intelligent fingers of human beings on the outside. One was trying to feel outside what was inside, while the other actually saw what was inside and produced a permanent record of it, trusting nothing to memory or variables of men's minds.

When he insisted on putting the new spinographic work into the curriculum of The PSC, some of his faculty resigned. B.J. couldn't see why they couldn't see what he saw, especially when he demonstrated and offered incontrovertible proof. It is too often as Elbert Hubbard said: “The obvious is the last thing we think, see, or do.” Like other steps made by B.J., this did not deter or discourage him in following through.

B.J. called this new work “spinography” because the Chiropractic prin-

ciple and practice were confined to the research of living human spinal columns of sick people, both before and after adjustment.

As the art of the development of the X-ray and research in spinal subluxations continued, practically all research came from The PSC. Today the existence of vertebral subluxations is an accepted fact in medical colleges and is taught as such. Much developed by The PSC has been adopted in medical publications.

So little was known about the dangers of over-exposure of X-rays that B.J. worked in the open with no protection to himself for years. It is a wonder he was not burned many times, many ways. Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise. Today he shows no evidence of having received any danger from its extensive use.

B.J. was the first Chiropractor, and The PSC was the first Chiropractic School to introduce X-ray in its work and base its procedures upon its findings. Because it was denied by all other Chiropractic schools, they advertised "We teach the old and reliable palpation method," thus attempting to belittle The PSC in advocating the greater superiority of X-ray proof of what was right and wrong. It was many years before the next Chiropractic school adopted it. Today, all schools teach it as an accepted fact.

Here was one example of where the educated B.J. had scientific logic, reason, and proof of what was right and wrong; but what was more important to him was his Innate kept prodding him to go all the way through and all the way back for what Innate also knew to be right—that it was more reliable to rely on internal picture proof than to think your fingers on the outside could be more correct when they could not feel what existed inside.

CHAPTER 75

THE STORY OF A CIRCUS TORNADO

B.J. probably knows more show folks than any other American outside of show business. His Palmergrams brought him in contact with practically everybody in theater, circus, vaudeville, radio, and movies. Wherever he goes he meets them and they meet him. He told me once about a tornado that almost hit a circus. I have asked him to repeat it for you:

"We don't remember now how or why we were in Devil's Lake, North Dakota. It was Ringling Bros. Circus day. Devil's Lake sits up on a plateau and slopes down from the town in all directions. One can stand in town and look down into valleys in all directions. This day, in particular, every highway was black with teams, wagons, people on horseback; Indians with their teepees—all on trails coming into town.

"The town is about 5,000. That day, the circus put up an eight-pole tent (usual is five). Afternoon performance 'strawed 'em,' which means they sat them on the ground. 15,000 people in the afternoon; 15,000 in the evening. One wondered where they all came from.

"At noon, we contacted Bird Millman, Merle Evans, Felix Adler, May Wirth, and several others. We decided to drive over to Devil's Lake, about eight miles, for a swim after the afternoon performance. We engaged a car, started out, and had gone about two miles when we saw a tornado coming across the prairie. It was a circular fellow, and was kicking up a great fuss. We drove into a farm yard and waited for it to blow over. It came right into the farm yard, moved the hen house in which we were hiding, moved the home about five feet off its foundation. In a few minutes, it had gone beyond us.

"The first thing Bird Millman said was: 'I wonder if my tights are on the line.' Merle Evans said: 'I wonder if the big top is still up.' From where we were, we could see the circus grounds. The tornado had not even gone near the circus. We went back to town, all relieved that it had not hurt any of us or the circus in any way. Circus people have an interesting life, after all."

CHAPTER 76

THE STORY OF HOW B.J. SAVED A CITY

I, WHO WRITE this preface, have been trying to delineate the dominant personality of this man B.J. I could not do him justice if I were to write about all his experiences. No biographer produces quite the same color as does the autobiographer who writes his own. He can produce color of minor and major incidents so vital. I have been compelled at times to ask B.J. to write them. He lived through them and knows them better than I.

Anybody who lives in Davenport and is associated with The P.S.C. and B.J., and gets around, will pick up bits of gossip regarding things he has caused to become parts of Davenport history. Davenport people, knowing I am close to him, often ask me questions re instances that happened before my time; for example, this instance of how he saved Davenport from bankruptcy. To get it straight, I asked B.J. to give me the story. Here it is:

"The 'Quad Cities' consist of Silvis, East Moline, Moline, Rock Island, Milan, in Illinois; Davenport and Bettendorf, in Iowa. Combined, a total population of 165,000.

"Between Illinois and Iowa, in the Mississippi River, lies an island of 1,000 acres, on which is the world's largest Rock Island Arsenal. During World War I, it was augmented by many thousands of employees. To secure various kinds, they stripped factories, merchants, and business institutions of their expert, efficient, and experienced labor, leaving private businesses destitute. Uncle Sam paid several times more in one day than private business could afford to pay in a week.

"Realizing this and believing it was a harvest for them also, merchants boosted their prices up and up for all commodities in proportion; boosting anywhere from five to fifteen times regular or normal prices. Suits were raised from \$25 to \$150, etc. Boarding houses, hotels, eating places—everybody—sky-rocketed rates and costs. They justified this on the premise that if help got sky-rocketed income, they might as well get it back.

"Davenport was known as 'the highest-priced living city in the U.S.'

"Davenport people, who had to buy to live, to prevent paying outrageous prices, drove to Clinton (40 miles), Muscatine (30 miles), Durant (18 miles), Chicago (186 miles), Des Moines (183 miles), and other outlying towns not affected by this unseasonal, extraordinarily high cost of living, to buy everything. Davenport stores were lying idle. Davenport was commercially and financially facing bankruptcy. None knew how to save itself. The Chamber of Commerce was helpless. Merchants followed leaders.

"Because of this unnatural reputation of being 'the highest-priced living city in The U.S.', students refused to come to Davenport to The P.S.C. They could enter some other school, somewhere else, and save this tremendous difference. Merchants, business of all kinds, schools including our own, were shot to pieces and were hitting rock bottom.

"What to do?

"Drastic action was necessary. Reconstruction had to be done by somebody who had audacity and courage to face issues, clean-cut a solution and solve it quickly. It was time to call a halt to Davenport merchants gouging Davenport people, merely because Davenport people had more money given them by Uncle Sam; and, although they gouged Uncle Sam, taking deliberate advantage of a circumstance, they refused to be gouged in turn by people they had left high and dry in times of need.

"We invited 400 Davenport business men to an evening dinner in our cafeteria. It was the best we knew how to provide, and even though costs were prohibitive and unreasonable, we went through with it.

"During this crisis, Davenport merchants stripped of competent and efficient help, fell back on employing hundreds of P.S.C. students to act as substitutes in all positions. Because of the 'high cost of living' in Davenport, P.S.C. students were glad to get extra positions for additional money to live on while going through school. These students were in position to know and verify the retaliatory gouging of Davenport people. Even though they took advantage of the jobs offered, they resented what they were witnessing in places of business. I asked them to keep track, give me exact and correct information. They collected data. We finally gathered more than 5,000 affidavits of specific items, instances, stores, names, dates, and prices that were raised.

"After dinner, we invited all to the Roof Garden Auditorium of our Administration Building, where we talked for two hours, telling them what they already knew, but no one dared face or start a crusade against. Up till this time in our Davenport business life, we were under *no* obligation to Davenport for anything. They denied us, our business, put any and all obstacles they could in our way. We had to fight *against* Davenport to get, retain, and gain what we had. We were a lone wolf. On the opposite, Davenport merchants were intertwined, interwoven interests—social, commercial, financial, etc. For any one to turn against the rest was an unheard of impossibility. We owed Davenport nothing; Davenport owed us everything. We were a free lance and could do what we pleased. We had nothing to lose and everything to gain.

"We told them in brutally frank, unvarnished language, they had to come down in their prices, quit gouging, if they wished to save themselves and Davenport from financial ruin. We approached this presentation by stating generalities in abstract terms, how they were gouging Davenport people, how Davenport people were spending money in thousands of instances in other

cities. They were not satisfied with this soft approach. They denied such was occurring, and demanded proof of outrageous prices being arbitrarily extracted. The meeting was in an uproar. Business men were losing their tempers and calling us most everything but being honest. Rebellion was on our hands. A riot was evident. The time had come for the hard way through. We cited a few, reading some of the affidavits. They saw we had facts! They asked what we were going to do about it, as though there was nothing we could do. We replied we would buy space in both local papers and print affidavits, giving names, dates, prices, etc., and thus acquaint the people of Davenport with issues they already knew but did not have positive facts on, and none had the courage to start a crusade of reform. Both Davenport papers, being present through their representatives, refused to sell us space for this purpose. This met with a tremendous cheer. We then called to their attention that we owned a radio station which reached all homes right now, and nobody could stop us from using that medium for days, weeks, or months, if necessary, at little cost to us to do so. This fell like a wet, cold blast on their ardor. They were licked!

"Our ultimatum was 'come down in your prices *tomorrow*, or our radio campaign is on.' Evidently, many slept on the problem, realized the solution was sound. The next day each paper added eight additional pages advertising reduced prices on everything from furniture, clothing, board, rooms—everything from soup to nuts. In two weeks, everything was practically back to normal and 'business was as usual.' True to the motive, we used our radio station to encourage Davenport to buy now in Davenport. The city was saved!

"Once this reform got started reconstructing Davenport, it necessarily spread to the cities across the river. They had to follow in self defense, to retain business which was logically theirs.

"Merchants, although admitting the necessity, admitting its solution sound, were sullen and bitter for week and months. Eventually, they saw that this bold move had saved them and the city from financial bankruptcy. And although we were social, commercial, and financial outcasts in the city, they gradually began to see the power of one man who was independent and had nothing to lose by the exercise of his Innate judgment. Today, many years later, they thank us as the savior of them and their businesses.

"As if all this were not enough, as we finished speaking several members of our faculty came to us saying: 'Now you have ruined everything. We quit as of now! All these years we have been with you, we have helped you rebuild back what you wanted to do. Tonight you have killed it all. We do not care to be a party any longer to such actions.' Quick thinking prompted us to ask them to go to the rear door and shake hands with our guests as they left. The next morning, they had cooled off. With the reformation taking shape, they saw the wisdom of the move and stayed with us instead of leaving.

"As they left the Roof Garden, we presented each guest with an eight-inch wooden miniature coffin in which was a ten-cent hammer. Up till this time, Davenport was an organized secret club for 'knocking' us and our businesses. This was a gentle suggestion to 'quit your knocking.' On the cover it said: 'requiescat in pace'—rest in peace.

"The moral of the recital of this episode in the life of one man is to suggest that this lone man could not and would not have had the courage or guts of pitting his one common grade school educated opinion against 65,000 organized educated opinions lined up solidly against him. But, when his Innate directed him to pursue this line of action, he knew he had the righteousness, justice, and power of the universe directing him what to do, how to do it; what to say, how to say it, and when. He knew the single power of Innate, even though working through one person, was greater and more powerful and could and would direct the combined educations of 65,000 weaker people. His one education and that of 65,000 others could be wrong, but Innate never was. It was a case of one tremendous Innate giant against many minute educated pygmies."

CHAPTER 77

THE STORY OF THE PATHFINDER

WE FACULTY MEMBERS of The PSC have our classes and, while our work is coordinated into one harmonious whole as the result of our weekly faculty meetings and semi-weekly faculty classes, each of us has his subjects to carry.

The one free lance who is unpredictable to discuss anything which may come to his mind is B.J. Instead of discussing some topic in Chiropractic, he is liable to burst out with a series of talks such as the "Baconian Controversy." So, what he may say in his class assemblies comes to our ears through the grapevine, via student talks over coffee cups in The PSC cafeteria.

We had been hearing something about The Pathfinders Club of America, so I asked B.J. to repeat it at a faculty meeting so all of us could get it direct.

Here is another of those many facets of his:

"Years ago, there lived in Davenport an insurance agent named Frank J. Wright. In some way not clear to us, he came in contact with liberated ex-cons, or prison parolees. He was convinced that while they were serving time they had plenty of time to realize that 'crime does not pay,' and had determined to be honest and go straight when they got out. When released, they are given a suit which automatically brands them; \$10 to live on until they find a job; and their prison complexion which is a dead give-away. They usually buy a railroad ticket that will take them as far from the prison town as the \$10 will secure.

"They apply for a job. 'Name, please? Where did you last work? Recommendations?' Convinced they should be honest, they mention prison, just released. 'We will take your address and let you know if, as, and when something opens up'; which practically slams the door in their faces. In a few weeks, no job, getting hungry, they steal again to live. Nobody would give them a chance.

"Frank Wright determined to do something about such situations. He formed The Pathfinders Club of America. He solicited big employers of labor—Swift, Ford, Standard Oil, General Motors, etc. They agreed to take on such men and women. We joined as a charter member.

"Wright held his meetings in the basement of the First Methodist Church, in Davenport. He was a Methodist. He made the serious mistake once of inviting an ex-con who had been tried, found wanting, given a job by a fellow member, to testify that the plan worked, at one of these meetings. For this, the elders and minister of the church kicked Wright and his club out, refusing

him future meetings in the church, contending the church was no place for ex-convicts.

"About that time, Wright invented and patented a quick adjustable monkey wrench which he sold to Ford for \$50,000. He now had the wherewithal to go ahead, build his organization, put into enlarged action his dream of helping many ex-cons and parolees.

"Wright moved to Detroit. In summer he held meetings on the upper deck of the ferry that plied between Detroit and Port Windsor. In winter, he was granted free office space in a large office building by the owner who was called an atheist, agnostic, and infidel.

"In the years we have been a member of The Pathfinders Club of America, we have had opportunities to enroll as students in The PSC parolees and ex-cons, both men and women. We meet them, talk to them, do not preach about the evils of crime, hand them tuition money in currency, and see that they become another member of our student family. They enter, go through, and graduate. Only two people know who they are, what their past is. All that is important is their present and future. We exact a promise from each to pay back, if, as, and when they get into practice and earn it, plus 6 per cent interest, all of which is kept in a separate revolving fund to help others who come after him or her. Knowing he or she was helped by somebody before, gives him an incentive to help others to come after him. We have yet to lose one dollar loaned in this way. We do not even exact a signed note for the loan. To date (1949) 288 persons have been helped this way. Nobody else in our organization, except the two of us, knows who he or she is. We could not trust this information to the many who profess to be Christians or their gossiping tongues.

"Let us cite one example of many where this information leaked out and how it came about:

"We had a woman student come here some years ago. She was a parolee from South Dakota. We do not remember what her crime was, but she was sentenced to ten years in the State Penitentiary. She served her time and was paroled to us.

"She had run a house of prostitution. During her ten years, she had recollected the many homes she had broken up, the lives she had ruined. She now desired to make restitution. 'Go thou and sin no more,'—and she had come to the conclusion that the best way to do this was to save lives and prolong others through a Chiropractic service to the sick. She came here fully resolved to dedicate the rest of her life to that objective. We enrolled her under our usual understanding.

"Everything ran smoothly for months. One day she came to us and told us she was going to quit; that a new man student who had formerly been a customer of hers recognized her and had told his wife, who told other wives, who and what she had been. It was soon gossiped throughout the student body, how she had made her living, how she had served time, etc. Men began

chasing and hanging around her like flies over honey; like proverbial leeches, giving her no rest or peace. We told her to ignore such, carry on, and between us we would complete the job we had before us.

"One day we were called to see a typhoid fever case in the boarding house in which she was staying. In passing her sliding doors to go upstairs, we noticed her standing in front of the mirror of her dressing table with a gun in her hand. Bursting in, we told her, 'Put it down. Lay that gun on the dresser.' She looked up, startled, saw who it was, and did so. We then asked her what she was going to do. She said she was going to 'end it all.' We told her this was one of the most selfish acts we had ever known. She contended her life was her own to do with as she pleased; that nobody else was interested in her or concerned over her future. We told her this was not true, as she had a ten-year-old daughter to consider; and, what was more, after she graduated she would save hundreds of lives and would add thousands of years to thousands of others. To take her life now was to take all these others with her. She saw the logic.

"We asked her to lay away the gun in the drawer and promise us she would never touch it again. She put it away and when she graduated and left The PSC the gun was still in the drawer. We have it now as a museum piece. This woman is now in practice and doing a grand and glorious work.

"It proves once again that these people are redeemable if a practical solution is offered them; they are given practical help; and that one can't trust such information to people who otherwise think they are practicing Christianity in denouncing and dragging her down again when she is trying to climb up and out of a rut. It also proves how poisonous gossip can be. We may not be construed to be Christian but we think that is the practice of The Master."

CHAPTER 78

THE STORY OF CONVICT NO. 9366

A YEAR OR SO after we became a charter member of The Pathfinders Club of America, we decided if we were to be of greater service to parolees it would be better if we knew them better. To this end, we asked the Governor of a certain state to be sent to a state penitentiary, to be a convict to all purposes and intents, that we might mingle with and study their processes of thinking and acting. We lived the life of the prison with the exception that we had the run of the place, going and coming as we pleased, talking to whom we liked. With the knowledge of the Governor and consent of the warden, we were "sentenced" for a period of six weeks. We took our summer vacation that way.

The name we were registered under, and the number given, were and are fictitious. This is done to prevent amateur and professional sleuths from detecting the truth of this story, and to prevent checking back and thus embarrassing the institution for giving us this opportunity to study the penal minds and methods.

So far as any inmate knew, we were a convict, convicted of a crime and sentenced for an indeterminate time. We went through the routines, everything, with the exception of having our hair cut. We wore the uniform, lived the life, ate with them, commingled with and knew many, more particularly the Younger Brothers who were there and who were known as the most infamous bank robbers next to the Jessie James gang. They considered us a privileged convict because of our having more liberties than they.

In here, we met hardened criminals who will never be anything but that. The minds of these people were so badly warped that we doubt if they will ever be straightened out. We found others who, in a moment of passion and anger, committed crimes which they regretted every year, month, and day. But for the grace of God, we might have done the same yesterday, or may do the same tomorrow, for all of us have submerged tempers that could fly into a rage upon certain provocations. We found others who were convicted on circumstantial evidence, whom we believed innocent, but which they could not prove to the satisfaction of a jury "of his peers," who wouldn't want to be in his position if conditions were reversed, and who would want to be set free if they were. We met young boys who should not have been sent here to live with tough characters who taught them to be worse rather than better.

Every one longed and hoped for the day he would gain his freedom. We

are convinced they had plenty of time to think that "crime does not pay," and they had every determination to go straight, once they got out. Being proud, many of them bragged, on the surface; but down deep inside they knew what they wanted to do if society would let them. Society, however, is a jealous and zealous harbinger of what is good or bad, therefore lets few of them do so; therefore, The Pathfinders Club.

In prison was found every avocation: preachers and preachers' sons; bankers, writers, painters, artists of all kinds. All the mechanical trades were represented. Many of the prisoners were very talented. Although they worked in the prison factories, many had hobbies on the side which brought extra smoking money.

In some penitentiaries, where we have since lectured at the lunch hour, we found wardens who permitted men to raise canaries, flowers, pet mice, in their cells. They permitted baseball on Sunday afternoons between picked teams inside, or even bringing in an outside opposition team. They believed in "humanizing" men. More of this should be done.

The warden was tough on those who demanded toughness. He was human to those who would let him be so. He was kind to those who tried to be good and live up to the rules laid down.

Everywhere there were underground currents of communication. None took us into their confidence because they did not know us long enough to trust us; nor did we try to worm into their confidence; neither did we have the appearance of being tough enough to take it. It takes years for these men to give confidences even to their cell-mates. We were no exception.

We became convinced that many men were worth while and would make good if given half a chance. Because we became so convinced was the reason we have taken such an interest in them in later years.

Men and women called criminals have committed "a crime" against society. For this "sin" against the common good, they forfeit their right to a certain period of physical liberty. Society, in turn, makes it possible to commit a crime against the criminal. What is a "crime" or "sin"? It is a debatable question of your doing something injurious to another person which we would not do under the same circumstances. If we would, then to us that isn't a crime. If you would and we wouldn't, then to us what you do is a crime. And who are you to judge us, or we to judge you?

As we have said in *The Story of Slipping and Checking*, the crime isn't physical, nor is it in the act of what the material body does, even though evidence used for conviction is based on physical acts. The crime was *in thinking the act* which precedes action. If *thinking* normally and naturally is controlled, physical action must be normal.

Next to hunger, sex is the dominant passion to mental stability and physical health. Hunger is natural, so is sex. Hunger is necessary, so is sex. People will kill people for food to live. More crimes are committed with sex as a root than hunger. Society at large looks upon sex as an abhorrent

subject, to be studied and practiced secretly; many regarding it as a vice. Sex should be known about as freely as food is talked about. Many a young woman goes to her marriage bed shocked with what she experiences.

When men and women are imprisoned, each to associate from then on with his or her own sex, and each is deprived of natural and normal expression of sex, he or she resorts to perversions which break down normal and natural mental stability and physical health—in itself a “crime” against natural and normal relationship intended between man and woman. It is inevitable. This is the secret evil in prison life which cannot be controlled or avoided.

If men and women who go in are not homos, they soon become such with “wives” or “husbands” in the lower bunk. When they are paroled or have served their time and are turned back into the channels of society, they are chronic homosexual perverts, a criminal in the eyes of statutes made and provided to protect society, to spread their “crime” amongst others. Being a secret vice, who knows what untold damage is done by thousands creating untold hundreds of thousands of these unnatural practices?

Realizing the necessity of sex, some modern penitentiaries, facing this problem, especially in some foreign civilized countries, permit men to see their wives, and wives to see their husbands, every so often, providing special rooms for that purpose. If men have no wives, then women are procured; and men are procured for women. Even this, without the formality of marriage, is better than homosexuality in prison and on society when they are released. The worst that can be said against such a method of correction is that in one instance they are not married in the eyes of man-made rules and regulations. The best that can be said for such a method of correction is that it permits a natural and normal use of sex. So take your choice as to which is the greater “crime”—the natural law of expression or the artificial statute of human relationships. The one does more to stabilize peace and good behavior with prisoners than any other one thing. Where this has been tried, there is far less rebellion amongst prisoners. Sex-hunger and food-hunger drive men and women mad. To provide companionship with the opposite sex does more to rationalize life behind prison bars than can be imagined by people outside.

If one person on the outside takes the life of another person on the outside that's murder and is a crime often punishable by the state taking his life. It is premeditated murder regardless of whether a free individual does it or a state does it upon a prisoner who cannot escape. It is murder whether done by the gas chamber, hanging, or the hot seat. We have seen a state-authorized “neck-tie party.” We have seen a boy have his head chopped off for stealing a loaf of bread. Murder is murder, no matter who does it. We are opposed to capital punishment regardless of how done or for what reason done, for there is always the possibility of a mistaken conviction which cannot later be corrected.

We became convinced many of these men were worth while and would

make good and respectable citizens if given half a chance. Because we became so convinced, we have taken an interest in them in later years.

Yes, Convict No. 9366 "went straight" when he got out. He has helped many others do the same. The experience so gained has given us a greater insight into the hearts of men and women, right or wrong, good or bad. In so helping others, we feel we are carrying on the practical application of the principles of The Master of old.

CHAPTER 79

THE STORY OF A "LAW BREAKER"

YEARS AGO, many of our Chiropractors were arrested for "practicing medicine without a license." Amongst the rest, were Jo and Esther Strand, at Forsythe, Mo. We were there with Tom Morris, Senior National Counsel for The Universal Chiropractors Association, of which we were president. We were there as expert witness for the defense.

At time of trial, Curry & Meyers, two Evangelists, were holding meetings each night in a tent near by. They would exhort their listeners to "come and give your hearts to Jesus," etc.

Curry & Meyers were guests at the home of Forsythe's most prominent citizens, Mr. and Mrs. Shores. One evening, during the trial, Governor Morris and our party including Jo and Esther were invited to dinner with the Evangelists as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Shores.

During the course of the dinner, Mr. Curry, in a sneering manner, said: "Well, Jo and Esther, you are lawbreakers, aren't you; and you will have to pay the penalty," and more along that line. For awhile, we choked back our resentment. Finally, not able to restrain ourselves any longer, we said: "You are an Evangelist, Mr. Curry. You are conducting meetings each night in the tent. You urge your listeners to come up and give their hearts to Jesus. Right?" To which he answered "Yes." "You should remember that Jesus was a 'lawbreaker.' He broke the laws of the Romans and Hebrews. Is it in good taste for you now to disparage other lawbreakers of today? How do you know but what they, too, are making history? You are narrow in your concepts, limited in your horizon, and prejudiced in your views, for one against the other!"

Governor Morris congratulated me for having the courage to factually rebuke these men.

Did this "Christian" Evangelist learn his Chirstian lesson? Being a preaching preacher and not a practicing preacher, we have our doubts!

CHAPTER 80

THE STORY OF THE WILSON TRIAL

IN PART, the Iowa Medical Practice Act says: "Any one who publicly professes to cure or heal, for a fee, is practicing medicine without a license."

"Pud" Wilson (E. C. Wilson, D.C.) was practicing Chiropractic at Brooklyn, Iowa, away back when there was no Chiropractic license in Iowa. He was arrested and tried under the above quoted section of the Iowa code. The UCA defended, with Governor Morris defending and "yours truly" as expert witness for the defense.

The trial followed the usual pattern. The prosecution had patient witnesses who testified they went to Wilson, took adjustments, were sick, and got well, and they paid him a fee—all of which we admitted with no cross examination.

We put "Mr." Wilson on the stand in his own defense. On cross examination by the Prosecuting Attorney (P.A.), here is what happened:

P.A. When a patient comes to you, what happens? What do you do?

W. I ask him to remove his clothing so I can look at his back.

P.A. What do you want to look at his back for?

W. So I can palpate his spine.

P.A. What do you want to do that for?

W. So I can locate the vertebral subluxation.

P.A. What do you want to know that for?

W. So I can know where the occluded intervertebral foramina or spinal canal is.

P.A. What do you want to know that for?

W. So I can tell where the pressure is upon nerves.

P.A. What do you want to know that for?

W. So I can tell where the interference to the flow of the normal supply of nerve force is.

P.A. What do you want to know that for?

W. So I can tell where to give the adjustment.

P.A. What do you give the adjustment for?

W. So the man can get well.

P.A. Then you *do* "cure and heal" don't you?

W. No, I do not.

P.A. Again let me ask you, when a patient comes to you what happens—what do you do?

And so he went around and around, again and again, trying to get "Mr."

Wilson to admit *he* cured and healed the sick who came to him. After several hours, Wilson, following this vicious circle, never admitting *he* cured or healed anything, the court finally looked down at me and said, "I think the witness has been carefully coached by our friend here from Davenport."

Finally, we were placed on the stand. On cross examination, the prosecutor kept us on this merry-go-round for several hours, neither one getting any farther to admitting that *we* cured or healed than with Wilson.

As an expert witness, we have a certain style of testifying. For the first fifteen minutes, we act dumb, perhaps acting naturally. We don't seem to understand questions, and we get mixed in our answers. This is done to lead the prosecution out into deep water. When we have him so deep that he must swim or sink, we jerk him up and from then on he knows he is wrestling with a witness who knows more about the subject than he does, and instead of him tangling the witness, the witness drives him into corner after corner and makes him look silly to the jury.

Finally, when the patience of the court, jury, and prosecution were getting on ragged edge, getting nowhere, we turned to the court and said: "We know what the court wants, what this jury should know, and if the court will give us ten minutes uninterrupted time, we will answer the questions." Without waiting to see whether the court granted our request or not, we turned to the jury and offered a verbal picture.

Aside from the above explanation, here is another travesty on this issue. Medical, osteopathic, and Chiropractic practice acts, as passed in statutes by legislators, are designed to protect the health of the public. At least, that is theoretically the stated purpose. What are the facts? *Any* person can go into any state in the U.S. and actually practice medicine, osteopathy, or Chiropractic in open defiance and violation of any such statutes; prescribe drugs, practice obstetrics, use major surgery providing his patient does not die too quickly (in which event it would be murder)—*so long as he does not charge a fee*, directly or indirectly received. It is *the fee* which makes that which is, isn't; and that which isn't, is.

Chiropractic denies the value of internal or external medication. Medicine says that the cause of all disease is outside and the cure comes from the outside in bottles, teaspoons, pills, potions, salves, hypodermics, etc. Medicine denies any value to any principle of Chiropractic in its adjustment of a vertebral subluxation, to make possible a restoration of the internal nerve force flow in the cure of dis-ease.

The two principles and practices are antipodal to each other, each denying the other as a matter of philosophy, science, or art. Yet, under statutory regulation, one is the other and the other is the one. Chiropractic *is* the practice of medicine *if a fee* is directly or indirectly charged. And, under statutory regulation, medicine *is* the practice of Chiropractic. They are one and the same thing.

If a Chiropractor did nothing else but give a vertebral adjustment and

receive a bag of potatoes in return, he would be practicing medicine, for a fee, and could be arrested, tried, fined, and possibly imprisoned. If, on the reverse, he actually prescribed drugs, delivered a baby, or used minor or major surgery, and did not receive any compensation of any kind, he would *not* be practicing medicine, could be arrested and tried, but could not be convicted for practicing medicine, without a license, for a fee.

The fee is the crime for it takes it out of the pocket of the medical man and puts it into the pocket of a Chiropractor. It is not what is done to, for, or upon the person of the sick individual that makes the difference. The greed motive is the crime, depending upon who gets or loses it. All this prattle about "protecting public health" is so much bunk in law.

Suppose a person cuts his skin; a salve is rubbed on. Why? To keep out infection. Why? Because salve cures or heals. Suppose a cow in a pasture cuts its skin on a barbed wire fence. Does it go to the drug store and get a can of Arnica to rub on? It heals without anything being applied. In man, the salve cures from the outside. In the cow, the cure comes from within. Isn't man as good as the cow? Innate cures and heals in both man and cow. Innate is inside. Neither of the witnesses would or could admit that *he* or *they* cured or healed anything. All they did or could do was to remove obstructions to the flow of the healing forces from within so they could work. It is as simple as that!

CHAPTER 81

THE STORY OF CRIME DETECTION

ONE WOULD THINK, in an institution such as ours, that any one person would know generally what was going on in all parts. When it is remembered that we cover four blocks of property, with eight buildings, some with as many as five floors with many offices, it is not surprising that no one of us knows all that is going on in all of them.

One day I saw four men coming into The B.J. Palmer Clinic, with one of them handcuffed and leg-ironed. This was unusual. Was he sick? If so, why the irons? Later, I asked B.J. what was the big idea? The answer was laconically, "Crime detection." I was curious, so I asked for an explanation.

"Man is a dual intellectuality—Innate and Educated. Whatever has happened is known to Innate. Innate does not lie, always remembers, gets the facts straight, does not equivocate, tells the truth. Educated man tells white lies, prevaricates, evades, misrepresents, avoids, and otherwise tries to defeat the ends of issues. Innate does not steal, murder, or in any way defeat the ends of life, health, and sanity. Educated man will do all these, and then avoid paying the penalty if he can.

"If educated man has committed a 'crime' against Innate's law, Innate knows exactly when, where, how and why it was done. If suspicion falls on the educated man, he attempts to evade telling the truth about when, where, how, and why he did it.

"The Keeler Polygraph—the only one in Iowa—we use in our crime detection work is a dual recording instrument. It records what Innate knows as well as what educated man wants to forget.

"Dr. Keeler takes his instrument to jails, homes, offices, anywhere the suspected criminal is. He is up against the same energetic variables in atmosphere that we are in our research work. Obviously, when he gets a graph of the answers, he is reading in the variables which does not give him a 100 per cent accurate finding on his suspect.

"In all our crime detection work, the suspect must come to us, in our shielded and ground lab. This make it possible for us to get *only* the exclusive constant of the reactions of Innate as well as education, to our questions.

"Here is our procedure: We place the suspect at his ease. We permit him to relax fifteen to thirty minutes. We place him to every advantage. In so doing, we actually place him at his greatest disadvantage because it makes our graphs more correct.

"The people you saw come into our office, Herb, were the suspect, the

sheriff, the prosecuting attorney of the county in which the crime was committed and the Chief of Police.

"We ask them to repeat the entire story of the crime. This story is taken down in shorthand by our secretary. It is then typewritten in full. On the basis of this, we reenact the crime as nearly as possible. On this basis we formulate the questions to be asked the suspect.

"When we are ready to make the test, we ask three series of questions: 1st. The norm. Simple questions, such as 'Did you have breakfast this morning?' To this, he answers 'Yes,' which is the truth. There may be twenty of these questions. 2nd. A series of simple questions to which we ask him to deliberately lie—such as, 'Did you have breakfast this morning?' Having had breakfast and knowing he did, he answers 'No.' We now have a normal reaction to questions as well as the lie answers. 3rd. These are direct questions pertaining to the crime itself, in which he is supposed to have taken a leading part. We now have three sets of questions and answers for comparison.

"To the third set of questions, his education will avoid acknowledging he was a participant, but *Innate knows* whether or not he did do the things we ask him. The educated reactions will answer 'No,' whereas the *Innate* reactions will answer 'Yes,' assuming he is guilty.

"By conducting these tests in a shielded and grounded booth, in our lab, we eliminate any extraneous factors that might react to his disadvantage.

"These graphs have four simultaneous records. They may be as long as ten or twelve feet.

"We have tested murders, stealing, raping, kidnapping, etc. To date, we have had a 100 per cent accurate record. When the graphs said the suspect was guilty, courts and juries have convicted. When we said he was innocent, courts and juries have acquitted. How long we can keep up this record remains to be seen. We base this accuracy upon the process we use to secure the records.

"We recall one case where the state, through its prosecuting attorney, wanted the tests made on a murder suspect. Our records revealed he was innocent. When it came to trial, the prosecution refused to let us testify to what our records revealed. It would have been damaging to his side of the case. However, we secured sufficient offer to prove which was before the jury, and he was acquitted.

"So far as we know, there has been only one case carried to a Supreme Court wherein such evidence has been adjudicated as permissible testimony on the innocence or guilt of the suspect.

"The general belief is that any strong-minded individual can defeat the records of the graphs. We are convinced no person, no matter how strong his education, can defeat the knowledge of *Innate* when recorded and taken under the most exacting conditions, eliminating extraneous variables.

"We could tell some interesting cases we have had. Some day when we

have more time and when it is for some other purpose than this Preface you are writing, we will tell them to you.

"Why do we do this crime detecting work? Because it is another way of proving the fundamental Chiropractic principle that Innate is our source of correct and accurate memory. Innate knows what *did* happen and Innate does not lie; therefore, in getting Innate to record her thoughts, we are studying another means of communicating with Innate."

CHAPTER 82

THE STORY OF "MARGARET"

MARGARET was a "stigmata" case. Somehow, that isn't quite the proper word. Webster defines stigma as

"A red speck upon the skin, esp. one due to extravasion of blood produced by nervous influence, as in hysteria, or by capillary congestion, as in the case of drunkards. One of the signs or marks characterizing a specific morbid state or disease; as, the stigmata of syphilis or of mental degeneracy."

Sigmata is plural of stigma; and stigma is not the right word for what we describe. We suppose it is called "stigmata" because it is presumed to be a blemish on a normal skin. This would apply as in pathology, but should it be apropos to that which we have in this case? What other word would you suggest? Would "religious stigmata" apply?

As we recall, what we are about to relate occurred about fifteen years ago. Two students who were then in school, both Roman Catholics, told us about Margaret: "Margaret was a Protestant, studying botany in an exclusive girls' school in Illinois. From time to time, she would wander in the fields and woods, picking leaves, flowers, studying plants, vegetables, trees etc. Close by was a seminary for priests. Amongst the rest was one who was also studying botany, the same as Margaret.

"One day they met, they discussed botany, eventually religion. Margaret became converted and joined the Roman Catholic church. (It has been said that a converted Catholic is more devout than those born in the faith).

"One night, in a fervor of religious ecstasy, Margaret woke up to realize there was a stigmata on her left breast. Her breasts, being well developed, it was plain to be seen."

These students went on to say further:

"During Holy Week, the stigmata changes color, blood oozes from nail imprints on the stigmata, Margaret suffers increased pains—greatest on Good Friday and ceasing on Easter Sunday."

We asked: "What is the nature of the stigmata?"

They replied that they never had met Margaret, never had seen the stigmata, therefore did not know. All they knew was what they had been told, viz., that "it is like a welt, or elevated bas relief on the skin in the form of a crucifix."

We expressed a desire to see and talk with Margaret. We were told it would be difficult, because everybody believed Margaret was blessed and considered to be a saint. Permission had to be refused to all, because every-

body wanted to have Margaret bless them. The Father Confessor was the only one who could grant this audience. These folks knew the Father Confessor and they would try to see that we saw Margaret.

After several weeks of correspondence and interviews, it was arranged. We went to Chicago. Margaret was in Mercy Hospital, suffering with general arthritis which would account for pains; but would it account for increased pains during Holy Week, to reach a climax of suffering on Good Friday, and ceasing at Easter? It might be said this could come about by mental intensity of thinking about the religious significance of that week.

Our first interview was during the winter, early in the year. Arriving at Mercy Hospital, we were escorted down the hall by the Sister Superior. As we were approaching the room we asked that we be permitted to go from there alone. We don't remember now why we asked this, but it was significant in the light of later events.

Up till this time, what has been related was what was told us. How much was true? How much was imagination, gossip, or tales? How much was fiction? The reader can believe as much or as little of the story so far told us as he cares to believe. From now on, what is told is what we saw, tested, know to be facts. We are not able to explain what we saw, felt, and heard, but we recite it as it occurred.

We approached the door, knocked, and a voice inside said: "Come." We turned the knob and *tried* to open the door. It was as though a sandbag were on the floor on the inside of the door. We looked, saw nothing. We looked for tight springs, but there were only ordinary hinges. We went out and tried it the second time. Same result! Entering the third time—with same resistance—we asked Margaret, "How come?" She said she didn't know; that others had noticed the same condition.

We asked permission to sit on the bed. We then told Margaret what we had heard about her having a stigmata of a cross and crucifix on her left breast. She said all was true. We asked to see it. She opened her nightgown. There was an elevation of the skin superior to the nipple, in the rough shape of a cross with a figure on the cross. It was not as clear as though one had laid a regular cross on it. The lines were slightly irregular, but no great imagination was needed to see what it was supposed to represent.

Knowing there is much in religion that has been faked to inspire the credulous, and possibly expecting trickery, we brought a high powered pocket microscope. Such a stigmata could be branded with a hot iron creating a cicatrix, or it could be an acid burn like an imprint, or it could have been grafted on or implanted under the skin with some harmless substance. Close study—which Margaret welcomed—revealed no artificiality we could detect. We believed it to be a genuine phenomenon. How it was produced over night, if it was, in the shape and form it had, we do not know. With all the research and study we have made of freaks, monstrosities, abnormalities of any and all kinds, for which we have suggested various practical solutions

which we believe sound, this was one that had us baffled beyond explanation.

While sitting on the side of the bed, Margaret interrupted our conversation and seemingly started another with some other imaginary person on the opposite side of the bed. When questioned afterwards, Margaret said she was talking with Mother Mary who told her to tell us not to go to New York on the Twentieth Century Limited on a certain date which was specified. We told Margaret we had no intentions of going to New York, were not scheduled for such on that date or any other date near there; that we had no reason to go. Margaret again repeated the statement, with more emphasis. The day before the date in question, we received a long distance call from New York asking us to come to New York for a conference the day after that date, in relation to a new contract for radio. Without giving it further thought, we phoned for reservations on the Twentieth Century for that day—had them all set. Our train from Davenport to Chicago was late that day. We missed our connection that afternoon, for the Century, and that night the Century had a wreck. We caught a later train that got through safely in time for our conference.

Did Margaret know? Was she guessing? Was her imagination running wild? She could not have read our mind, because it was a total blank in reference to such a trip that day. Was it thought transference? If so, how—when our mind knew of none such? Or, did our Innate know such was to be, and did Margaret contact our Innate that knew? Was she talking to some other personality, to us unseen, unheard, and unknown? Did that other personality have a certain, definite, and positive perspective of the future? Is there a blueprint plan of things to come that is known to our greater inside fellows; and, if so, did Margaret contact that, thinking she was talking to the Mother Mary in her religious fervor? Why should Margaret warn us in particular? Is there such a thing as the meeting of two Innates—Margaret's and ours; or was there a meeting of three minds: one over there that knew, Margaret's that was told, and ours to be told? You figure it out!

On this first visit, we talked with Margaret about what was supposed to happen Holy Week, the changing of color from flesh to light purple, light purple to dark purple, like a macerated deep bruise; then drops of blood from the nail wounds and increased pain up to Good Friday, ceasing entirely on Easter Day. She verified all this. We asked permission to come and see for ourselves on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Easter Sunday. She would be pleased!

It was done. Everything was as stated. Was the bleeding or oozing of drops of blood the result of needle punctures? It could be. We had no way of proving or disproving, but we have our doubts that it was produced artificially. It is not uncommon for people in religious frenzies to torture the body in many ways. India is full of Holy Men who do such things. On Good Friday, Margaret was apparently suffering far more than on Wednesday or the Monday preceding. On Easter, appearances led us to believe

she had no pain whatsoever, and she appeared to be at peace with all the world. The question of pain, great pain, or no pain at all can be explained, for all of us have had patients who exhibit such delusions mentally.

It was on Easter Sunday when we were talking to Margaret that she purported to have another conversation with the Mother Mary. It related to a piece of property we wanted to buy, were anxious to get, were having difficulty in closing and it looked as though we wouldn't secure it. Her report on her mysterious conversation was, "Do not worry—you will get the property you want one week from today, and the owner will come to you at 10:00 A.M. and he will accept your price." We made notes of this, as we did the previous conversation, stating the particulars as she stated them to us. And that is exactly what happened! Date and hour were exactly as stated. Was Margaret guessing again? Was she getting something from somewhere out of thin air? Nothing between us even referred to such. Did she read our Educated or Innate mind? How did she know—if she knew—about the correct day and the exact hour? How did she know it would come our way as we wanted it? Again you can figure that one out also!

We have investigated spiritualism—the business side—at great length. We know all the usual methods of fishing expeditions to solicit data upon which longer conversations are based. We know the tricks of the trade intimately. None of this was resorted to here. We readily understand how a spiritualist medium with Chief Ossawinamakee can tell a tall tale about an imaginary past, but none can state with any degree of accuracy exact facts, instances, day, or hour of things to come in the future, like Margaret did.

Later, Margaret moved to Glendale, California. She married. We visited her there and the stigmata was still present. Because of publicity given, Margaret hid herself from the public and it was only by chance we learned of her whereabouts. She was a patient of one of our graduates. They discussed our visit in Chicago. The Chiropractor wrote me.

This was an unusual case. It was one of those Bob Ripley "Believe it or not." We record facts as we knew them. Few such cases are on record. We consider ourselves fortunate to know this one. If it was a fake, it was clever. Margaret was too simple for that, in our considered judgment.

CHAPTER 83

THE STORY OF B.J. AND ROYALTY

ONE MAY ASK wisely why I insert in this preface various incidents that happened in the life of B. J. They show the way his educated mind has reacted to suggestions from his Innate. Each is a classic; but, piled up, one on top of another, it weaves a definite pattern from boyhood on through his adult age.

One evening, in Florida, a group of us were sitting in the yard in mid winter, enjoying the balmy breezes from the ocean. I again asked B. J. to tell the story of how he was commanded to appear before royalty.

"It was like this: We saw a large calendar on which was a beautiful eery white castle, as though it were floating in the sky. Down front was a beautiful blue lake. We always believed such could exist only as a phantasmagoria nightmare dream of some fanatical and fantastical artist. Little did we think we would ever see its counterpart in reality.

"We were on one of our trips to India. We went to Udaipur, which is one of the central states owned and ruled by an independent Maharajah. Our hotel was a crude, cheap, stone structure located in the middle of a Mohammedan cemetery. Few tourists visit this place.

"One morning we were sitting on the front porch, wondering what to do, where to go, what to see, when there appeared a coach and four with two liverymen dressed in red. Whenever red is worn in India, it means they are servants or have served royalty in some capacity. One came in and asked for 'the famous American doctor.' Little did we think he meant us until the proprietor pointed us out. We received a command to appear before His Royal Highness, the Maharajah Singh of Udaipur—the man who ruled this principality. We got into the carriage. We arrived. We were escorted into the Audience Chamber where we met His Royal Highness. He was a sick cripple. We went over his case. We knew we couldn't stay long enough to be of any service direct, so we advised the court physicians what to do, as best they could. After this was over, His Royal Highness asked our fee. Not being on a professional tour, we made no charge. He then asked if there was any favor he could grant. We asked for two things: an autographed photo, which now hangs in our Clinic office, and to have a guide show us through his royal palaces and grounds.

"The first of these was his native palace. It consisted of hundreds of rooms. We saw only a few of them, because it was here he housed his royal harem. The second was for foreign guests. It consisted of four hundred

rooms, many suites. One, alone, consisted of everything in solid crystal—beds, chairs, tables, mirrors—everything was crystal. We asked its value. Very casually, the guide said, 'About a half million of your dollars.' We were shown the money vaults and jewel rooms in the basement containing untold fabulous wealth. Room after room was loaded with shelves of jewels and precious stones of all kinds—billions of dollars. This Maharajah owned that province of India. The people were his chattels. He exacted taxes from their labors. His wealth was accumulative of many generations handed down. And, right next to all this wealth was the direct poverty we had seen anywhere in India—a land of poverty.

"His stables contained more than 200 elephants, 400 full-blooded white Arabian horses with pink eyes and ears, 150 camels.

"In front of these two castles was a huge artificial lake. In the middle was a gorgeous small palace of carved marble where he sometimes went when he wanted to get away from the affairs of state. It was said that it was here that Muntaj Mahal and Akbar the Great used to rest also.

"Across the lake was the arena where he put on fights between elephants; or a lion and tiger; or wild boars and tigers; etc. He put on a special show for us. We stood up on a large balustrade above and looked down into the pit.

"As we rowed back across the lake to the palace grounds, it suddenly dawned on us that the phantasmagoria nightmare dream was a reality, and here it was transported off the calendar in all its glory."

CHAPTER 84

THE STORY OF THE BIRDS AND BEES

IN CORONET (Feb. '49) is an article titled *Mysteries of Animal Energy* by Ivan T. Sanderson. It is apropos of the purpose of this book. We quote it entire:

"If man could equal some of the astonishing feats of birds and insects, he could get along nicely without atomic energy.

"While man is boasting about his discovery of atomic energy, there are little birds no bigger than robins that fly 2,000 miles nonstop, twice a year. There are insects that can jump 100 times their own length and 500 times their own weight.

"Where do they get their energy? That is a question to which science is still seeking a complete answer.

"If we could match the effort of the beetle that lifts 500 times its own weight, we could raise 36 tons. And what about the tiny insect which jumps to 500 times its own height from a standing start? To match the insect, we would have to clear two Empire State Buildings, one on top of the other.

"Now, at first glance, it might seem that tremendous leaps, phenomenal lifting powers or sudden spurts of speed could be attributed to perfection of engineering, combined with the miraculous strength of the materials which go into the structure of animals. For instance, a beetle with an external 'plating' only a hundredth of an inch thick can fly into a brick wall at 20 miles an hour, fall to the ground apparently unhurt, and bumble away.

"Yet such feats cannot be explained by man's tried and tested principles of mechanics. They call for expenditures of energy that seem to exceed the amount available from the combustion of the 'fuel' taken into their bodies in the form of food, water and air.

"There are certain ants in tropical America known as Leaf-Cutters. They excavate vast underground nests and clear roads radiating in all directions, sometimes extending for hundreds of yards. They live on a certain fungus that is found only in their nests and which they cultivate as we do mushrooms.

"They spend most of their lives cutting little pieces of green leaf from treetops and carrying them down into their nests to make hotbeds on which to grow the fungus. We weighed hundreds of these leaf fragments and found them to average exactly twice the weight of the ants. Few men can carry two other men, at least not far.

"We followed scores of marked ants from the nest to their labors and back again. To our amazement we found, by simple calculation, that on each of their journeys—and they often performed three during a single day—they walked the equivalent of eight and a half miles to work, then climbed a tree relatively equal to 28,000 of our feet in height, cut a piece of leaf twice their own weight, bore the fragment down the tree, and carried it eight and a half miles back to the ant city!

"Birds provide similar examples of endurance that appear to defy our accepted mechanical principles. The Golden Plover of Alaska flies every fall to the Hawaiian Islands and then back again in the spring. This is a nonstop distance of 2,000 miles over landless ocean.

"Since the birds' beaks are not adapted for catching insects in the air, it is practically certain that they do not eat during the long flight. And unlike certain animals, they carry little reserve fuel in the form of fat. Where, then, do they find sufficient fuel for such a tremendous expenditure of energy?

"Since they manifestly do so, they must either take advantage of principles of aerodynamics unknown to us, utilize their fuel in a much more efficient manner than we do, or draw upon secret sources of energy of which we as yet know nothing.

"The dictionary defines energy as 'vigorous or effectual operation,' and physicists say that it is 'a body's power of doing work.' Our engines ultimately depend upon combustion of fuels for their power to do work. So, we have been told, do animals. They take in 'fuel' in the form of air, water and solid foods which they 'burn' by various processes of oxidation. Their power output should therefore be calculable by the amount of food they take in. But sometimes it isn't, for there are aspects of this slow combustion process employed by animals that we still don't understand. Long ago, the famous French entomologist, Jean Henri Fabre, spent years patiently watching the small creatures that he found

in his garden. Among his favorites were scorpions and spiders, many of which he kept in confinement in order that he might observe their habits.

"He noticed that his baby scorpions, although they had not eaten for the first week of their lives, were constantly moving about, expending energy. Certain young garden spiders presented a greater enigma, for they were even more active, although they did not eat for the first few months of their lives. Where, Fabre asked himself, did they derive their energy?

"His first thought, logically, was that they used oxygen from the air; then he discovered that during this period the animals did not decrease in weight. What is more, they *increased* in size.

"Fabre wanted to know how an animal that is constantly burning material by a continuous output of energy could remain static in weight and yet increase in size. He was equally puzzled by somewhat similar behavior on the part of adult scorpions. These he kept in glass jars containing nothing but air and sterile sand for as long as nine months. They had no obvious reserves of fuel and they did not eat, yet they lost no weight until the very end, and continued to run about all the time.

"Fabre puzzled over these mysteries—and we are still puzzling over them today. Whatever the fuel used by scorpions and spiders may be, there is no question that these creatures are astonishingly perfect little engines, much more efficient than man's modern machines.

"In fact, if we could build a machine of the same material as a beetle, with the mechanical perfection of a grasshopper, power it like a baby scorpion, and give it the concentrated drive of a whale, we would truly have a miraculous device. We could drive the thing out of a 20-story Manhattan skyscraper, bounce in the street without a fender dent, jump across the Hudson River and motor to Alaska, towing four loaded trucks, all on a single tank of fuel.

"Animals learned how to do these things hundreds of millions of years ago. What is more, they did so without endangering our whole planet. Perhaps if we knew how to imitate them, we would have no need for atomic energy."

The obvious is that animals referred to and their great energy to do things beyond the scope of educated man have lived a natural Innate life. They have no known education as we understand it. Birds, insects, beetles, ants have not gone to schools, colleges, or universities to be taught how to do things differently than Innate intended they should.

Man, on the reverse, has been educated to do things differently than Innate. Man has been educated to an external artificial method of doing things; hence, as he robbed Peter to pay Paul, he weakened his Innate energy ability.

Man, too, could be just as great in ratio, if he were to quit thinking that he and he alone knew everything about everything and could do everything better than his Innate.

CHAPTER 85

THE STORY OF THE PALMERGRAM

ON THE CEILING AND SIDEWALLS in The B. J. Palmer Chiropractic Clinic Assembly Hall are more than 8,000 8 x 10 professional photographs of theatrical folk—vaudeville, legitimate, movie, and radio. The ceilings and sidewalls are a solid mass—every available spot has a photo. I knew the story of how they came here because I have heard B. J. tell it many times, but no one can bring forth the facts better than he, so I asked him to do so.

"We had a Chiropractor practicing in New York City. One day a certain big vaudeville star came to his office. The Chiropractor was drunk. He placed this patient across the divided adjusting table (that was the correct table to use at that time) but he spread it too far apart. He lunged on her lumbar vertebrae and, in his drunken stupor, fractured her back. Her abdomen was jacked-knifed to the floor. She was taken to a hospital, and has been there ever since—and that was years ago.

"This vaudeville artist was tops—\$5,000 per week. She was a close friend to Mr. Albee who owned the Orpheum, Keith and Albee vaudeville circuits. These circuits included thousands of theatres in the United States and Canada, playing to more than eight million people a day.

"Knowing what this drunken Chiropractor had done to his friend, Mr. Albee instructed all acts, when they came in off the road, to knock Chiropractic and Chiropractors at every performance, in some way or other. Thousands of acts proceeded to do just that to more than eight million people daily. It wasn't long until our profession began to feel the effects. Patients dropped by thousands. The Chiropractic profession appealed to us to 'do something to save us.'

"We could not undo the drinking of that Chiropractor. We could not undo his drunken lunging on this artist's back. We could not undo his fracturing her back. We could not undo her paralysis. In the light of what we could not do, we were helpless to recover the losses daily piling up on us.

"Theatrical folk are clannish. Injure one, you injure all; and they're not one bit bashful saying so in open meeting with no punches pulled. Benefit one, you benefit all; and they're just as strong in saying so anywhere, to anybody, with full intent to help him who helps them.

"One evening we were at a vaudeville show at the Columbia Theatre in Davenport. The whole show wasn't running smoothly, something vaguely was wrong. We sensed it, but if asked what was wrong, we couldn't tell. Towards the last of the show, Innate suddenly hit us with what was wrong

and what to do—every act, actor, and actress was sick. The singer had a bad cold; the acrobats had kinks in their backs; the pianist had rheumatism in his hands; and so it went down the line. We listened with chagrin to every act hitting our profession hard. People were laughing, agreeing with their sarcasm. And this in my home town, the birthplace of that which they were ridiculing—and we sat there helpless.

"Innate told us what to do. We acted upon that advice at once. We went to the theatre manager whom we knew well, asked him to gather all acts together back stage after the show. He did. Then and there we called every act's attention to their incapacities to put over their best. We asked them to come to our office at 9:00 next morning when our profession would render to their profession a free Chiropractic service, get them well, send them on their way rejoicing, able to do their best. They came, next morning. We rendered a full and complete service without charge.

"At the end of the week we inquired where each act went next. We wrote a letter, which we gave to each act, introducing them to a Chiropractor in the town to which they were going, asking him to render the best service he had at no charge to the act itself.

"Here is a copy of that letter as issued:

"Dear Doctor:

"This will introduce to you Mr. *****, performer, introduced to us by (name and address of Chiropractor). He is of the good people of the road—The Knights of the Grip. His path thru life is strenuous, with many downs and few ups. He is a booster for us and will do much for you.

"He has troubles that need adjusting. Get busy. Give him the straight, specific, pure, and unadulterated type. He knows that adjusting subluxations in the spine is Chiropractic and that anything else given him under the guise of Chiropractic is proof that you are not a thorobred. So, cut out the electricity, baths, stretching machines, and the rest of the bunk, give him of your best and charge it to profit and loss. If though, in the conduct of your business you do not agree with me in this policy, make no charge to him—make out a statement and send it to me.

"I send you, with this kind friend, my wishes and best regards for all they will bring.

"I am

"Chiropractically yours,
B.J."

"In a few days with some acts, in a few weeks with others, we had these folks well, doing better than ever before. Singers were reaching higher notes with clearer tones; acrobats were tumbling better than before—and so went the service.

"The word spread. Other vaudeville acts wrote for letters. We sent them. At one time we had as many as 8,000 letters out annually. We spread the service to evangelists and their helpers, traveling salesmen, anybody who was 'on the road' who would spread the gospel.

"Feeling the good we were doing, knowing Chiropractic was good if done right by competent sober people, the acts began boosting Chiropractic from the stage. They refused to knock it any longer, as requested by Mr. Albee. Our business began to take sudden leaps upward. Patients returned and new ones accumulated. And no one was more pleased than the theatrical profession.

"One day we received a letter from Mr. Albee asking us to drop in and see him when in New York. We did. He challenged our right 'to tell his acts to boost for Chiropractic.' This we did not do. They did it voluntarily and of their own free will and accord. They quit knocking because they knew it was good.

"We asked Mr. Albee, 'When you have a bad act and it doesn't go over, what do you do?' 'We call them in and cancel the act, actor or actress.' 'You can do that, Mr. Albee, but once *we* have graduated a Chiropractor, from then on we have no strings on him, what he does or how he does it. He can get drunk and injure an actress and we have no way of stopping it.' Being a reasonable man, he saw the justice of that statement.

"We asked Mr. Albee, 'Should we, the audience, condemn vaudeville in general because one actor or actress is a bum, gets drunk? Neither should you condemn Chiropractic because *one* Chiropractor got drunk and injured your dear friend.' Being a reasonable man, he saw the justice of that statement also. As a result of that interview, Mr. Albee presented us a silver life membership card to the NVA house, a hotel he built for his theatrical people when they were in New York between jumps.

"Vaudeville is no more. It is gone; but *Palmergram* letters go on forever. Our profession still renders service by honoring these letters. They are renewable once a year upon the request of any Chiropractor. He picks up the expired ones, after one year, returning them to us.

"The average Chiropractor practicing in a small town thinks he is very unimportant and doesn't amount to much in the great scheme of things. How untrue! See how important *one* drunk man in New York was. He almost obliterated an entire profession by one action on one person while drunk. See how important *one* sober man in Davenport was, in realizing the seriousness of this situation, being told what to do, and doing it. How foolish was the educated drunk! How wise was the Innate in the sober man!

"The vaudeville artist is still in the hospital, paralyzed.

"The moral is: If you drink, don't adjust. If you adjust, don't drink!

"The only thing we had to gain by this generous act on the part of our profession was that we asked for an autographed photograph of each person to whom we issued a *Palmergram*. That's how come all those photos of theatrical folks on our walls. We still have about 4,000 for which we have no wall space."

CHAPTER 86

THE STORY OF ELBERT HUBBARD

ELBERT HUBBARD was a natural. He lived, loved, thought, wrote, and printed without inhibitions. What he thought was what he said. When he found no words to express a thought, he coined them. His works on *Journeys to the Homes of the Great and Near Great* are masterpieces of modern thinking. He wrote one about B. J. and Chiropractic.

Elbert Hubbard admired handmade arts. In B. J.'s home is a bedroom suite of handmade furniture. In his cafeteria are many epigrammatic carved slabs. In his Clinic are many handmade, hand-carved chairs. In his library are hand-tooled leather bindings of Hubbard's autographed writings. Hubbard made hand-hammered metal ware of various kinds. 'B. J. has many hand-hammered lamps. Hubbard maintained a great hand-set printing plant using "hobo" type. B. J. was a great admirer and intimate friend of Elbert Hubbard for twenty years. They were both national speakers of note, often meeting on the road.

The Roycrofters was Hubbard's desire to build a village of craftsmen who would work with hands rather than stamping products by machine. He maintained shops in which all this was done, even to a hotel where he entertained guests. His buildings were built of cobblestone rather than bricks. The bedrooms were named after authors of note. It was one of those distinctively different institutions.

Whenever Hubbard was lecturing West, he broke his journey to spend a day with B. J. He never knocked at the doors of his friends. He walked in unexpectedly and was always welcome. He traveled with his secretary, "Percy." To him, "Percy" was the essence of nothing. One morning he came in B. J.'s front door. He looked like he had ridden the bumpers all night. He was dirty, clothes unkempt, linen wrinkled, etc. B. J., at the time, was reading Hubbard's current issue of *The Fra* in which was a full-page advertisement and picture of Hubbard in an immaculate Royal tailored suit. Without hello's or greetings, B. J. looked up, saw the dilapidated Hubbard, and said, quoting the full-page ad: "Behold the Royal Tailored Man." Hubbard smiled and said, "That is an advertisement." Hubbard was followed by "Percy" lugging a big, heavy Underwood typewriter. B. J. turned the pages of *The Fra* and again quoted another full page advertisement which said, "I wouldn't travel without my trusty Corona." Hubbard smiled and said, "That is another advertisement. We are on to each other." On these trips, Hubbard always addressed the PSC student body.

Whenever B. J. was lecturing East, he broke his journey to spend days with Hubbard at The Roycrofters Inn, which is in East Aurora, New York. You could meet most anybody of note there, any time. It was there B. J. met Nazimova, Carrie Jacobs Bond and many others. It was at luncheon. After lunch, Hubbard introduced B. J. to Carrie Jacobs Bond. She retired to the music salon with her back to the empty hall. She started strumming her tunes, singing to herself. B. J. sneaked in quietly and listened to a private recital by this famous woman, for three hours. Shortly after she began, Hubbard entered, saw what was taking place, went to his shops, closed them and, quiet as church mice, all his helpmates came in, sat down, and listened. Some time later, Mrs. Bond looked up and saw the crowd. She was pleased at the compliment. It was then B. J. asked how she came to compose some of her numbers such as *The End of a Perfect Day*—the death of her husband; *The Little Pink Rose Bud*—the death of her little daughter. Out of tragedy came beautiful songs.

Hubbard had a log cabin across Nazimova Creek which he called *Pigeon Roost*. It was here he retired from the world and wrote his *Journeys to the Homes of the Great and Near Great*. He never invited guests; yet in spite of the rule, he frequently invited B. J. where, between wiener roasts and twilights, they settled every problem of the world.

The most famous and most publicized article Hubbard wrote was *The Message to Garcia* which sold into millions in every language. One night, around the big fireplace in the big room of the Inn, he told B. J. how come—which is a story in itself.

Hubbard built the Roycroft Inn in self-defense to house his friends who came and stayed. He had farms on which he raised fruits, vegetables, meats, poultry, dairy products, etc., which he served at the Inn at so much per day. He knew there were rich men's sons and daughters who were useless except as social butterflies. He offered to take these boys and girls, at a fee of \$500 each per year. He put boys on farms to pick fruit, slop pigs, feed cows, horses, churn butter, and what have you. This was turned over to girls at the Inn where Alice Hubbard (The White Hyacinth) taught them to put up fruit, wait tables, and act as hostesses to guests around big handmade tables which seated eight. Hubbard made useful people out of rich sons and daughters, but he was paid for so doing. He also reaped a rich harvest on hotel fees and fees collected from guests, he collected from labor who paid to work for him.

On one occasion when Hubbard visited B. J., he was taken to the Osteological studio where B. J. showed him a spinal column of eighteen vertebrae and another of thirty. Twenty-four were normal. One had six less; the other six more than normal. Hubbard asked the reason. B. J. said, "Man is still in the process. He has not yet arrived." Hubbard was delighted. He later wrote a story around that idea. It was published in *The Philistine*. At dinner that night, Hubbard said, "You gave me something to think about today.

I will give you something to think about now. What are the two greatest words in the English language?" B. J. had his two words, but what were Hubbard's? "*Survival value!*" B. J. didn't think much of it at the time. Hubbard said, "I didn't think you would. The more you think about it, the more you will."

"The more B. J. thought about it, the more valuable they became. He enlarged upon them later to say, "*Accumulative constructive survival value*" and "*accumulative destructive survival value.*" Everything some men do is *destructive*. Longer they live and more they do, more destructive value accumulates and survives after them. Ghengis Khan, Atilla, Napoleon, Hitler are men in that class. They leave behind a persistent trail of evil and suffering. Everything some other men do is *constructive*. Longer they live and more they do, more that *constructive* value accumulates and survives after them. Abraham Lincoln, Hubbard, Edison, Ford, D. D. Palmer, and many others are in that class. They leave behind a persistent trail of good and helpfulness to mankind.

The analysis of those actions is that the destructive type leave only the results of their educated emotions, passions and prejudices to follow. The constructive type leave the good of their Innates to follow them through life, which lives long after they have passed on.

CHAPTER 87

THE STORY OF PASSION PLAYS

AS THE OWNER of two radio stations, B. J. is the directing and guiding hand of their policies. I once asked him what was his motive in their use. His answer was, "Although the title is in our name, they are community stations, owned by the community, for community good."

Since going on the air in 1919, and at this writing in 1949, there are thousands of examples of how these stations have been used to further that objective.

I remember his telling me once how he used his stations to boost the Passion Play at Bloomington, Illinois. I never did get the full story, so I asked him to write it so I could incorporate it here.

Anyone who knows B. J. would almost see an inconsistency in his getting behind a Passion Play, because he does not belong to any church, rarely attends any, does not support any sect, creed, or denomination. He has nothing against religion, as such, but he does have little use for churchianity. He contends that prayers are but thanks for something you would get anyway if you earned the right to it; or they are a plea to get something you might not otherwise have deserved because you hadn't earned it. He looks upon sermons as shallow use of silly words. He says that if you listen-in on Sunday morning, on any station or net, between 8:00 and 12:00, you would become disgusted at the bellowing. He contends there is little said which appeals to logic, reason, or common sense. He contends that practically all religions, as preached, are impractical.

I must interject here that B. J. is not a religious man in the generally accepted use of that term. He is a dominant advocate of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. He is deeply religious—but it is his own. You will realize that, with him, it must be a practical working knowledge. When you read what he says later, you will understand what I mean.

Here is his story of why he got behind the Passion Play:

"In our travels 'round the world and in the United States, we attended various Passion Plays, and every one of note in the world. These included the Passion Play, Rome, Italy, during Holy Year; the Freiburg, Germany, Passion Play; the Passion Play of Oberammergau, Bavaria. We met and knew intimately the principals of each play. There are many minor productions, especially in this country, most of which are travesties.

"Then we heard about the Passion Play at Bloomington, Illinois, pro-

duced by the Consistory players in the Consistory Temple. In a series of talks on travel we mentioned various other plays. One day, Louis Block, a 33°, an attorney in Davenport, called and asked if we had seen the Passion Play at Bloomington. We hadn't heard of it, much less seen it. Louis Block then said, 'I have not seen it, but I know Del Darrah, a 33°, the producer of that show, and I know anything that Del Darrah has to do with would be done right.' Our reply was: 'We do not know Del Darrah, but we do know you, and if you say it is worth while because of your knowing Del Darrah, we shall talk about it over the air.'

"Before seeing the production, knowing the integrity of Louis Block, we mentioned it over the air. Soon people who had seen it phoned in and said it was worth while, contending it was a perfect production but was struggling for recognition. It seems that the churches and preachers of Bloomington were condemning Del Darrah for its production, for no other reason than that they construed it sacrilegious. They were condemning without having seen. It was another case of a prophet is without honor save in his own town. We knew what this meant because we had gone through that issue in our home town in trying to promulgate Chiropractic. Our sympathy went to Del Darrah. It also proved what we believed of churches and preachers in general.

"The play had poor houses because preachers advised their members to not attend, or become members of the cast, or support it. It looked as though it would be forced to discontinue.

"We encouraged people to go see and report what they thought of it. Immediately, ticket sales increased. Telegrams began pouring in from every quarter of the United States. Instead of putting on five shows that year, they were compelled to put on eleven. Every house was sold out. Without saying anything to anybody, we went to Bloomington to have a look-see for ourselves. It far exceeded our most sanguine expectations. It was by far the finest and greatest passion play of all we had seen. The play lasted three and one-half hours. We arrived home that evening having been given a spiritual uplift that would last for years to come. We came home enthusiastic. We again boosted it over the air—this time from positive knowledge of how deeply the cast made that lesson sink home. We said then, and we repeat, that play was doing more to sinking into the heads, hearts, and hands of its listeners than any 1,000 sermons any 1,000 average preachers could possibly preach.

"The following year, we again boosted it. We arranged a special train, bringing more than 500 people. Upon the arrival of our special train, about 11:00 A.M. Sunday, we marched from the depot to the Temple. Lunch was served by the ladies of the Eastern Star, in the basement of the Temple. After the play, supper was served and we again marched back to the depot. We also had several automobile caravans from Davenport. They sent us tickets which we sold direct. We were a happy group; all were glad they

went; all lifted out of this mundane, selfish, sordid world and inspired to go home and urge others to get the same uplift we received.

"The play was produced upstairs in the Consistory auditorium. As a courtesy to our party, and as an expression of appreciation for the boost we gave, all the principals of the cast, in full regalia, came into the dining room and greeted us off-stage. We bought the entire house so there was nobody else concerned.

"We were asked to address the gathering of the cast. Our remarks were directed to telling them the great good such a production does in helping mankind to become better fortified against the evils of mankind and to benefit them in helping mankind.

"This special train from Davenport was the beginning of many other special trains which later came from other cities. That march through the streets proved to Bloomington people that, no matter what *they* thought, people away from Bloomington were flocking to see it. It did more to break down prejudices of local churches and preachers than any other one thing.

"The second year, some eighteen plays were produced. Each year we kept boosting it on the air. Each year crowds grew. Each year increased numbers made a pilgrimage to see the show. Each year the influence of this story spread like an avalanche into the hearts of hundreds of thousands.

"We saw the Oberammergau Passion Play some years after we saw the Passion Play at Bloomington. We wrote an article, which we sent Del Darrah, telling him of the tremendous differences between the two, all favoring Mr. Darrah's presentation. Mr. Darrah reprinted our article sending it forth to all inquirers. The result of that article was that it builded the Passion Play at Bloomington as *The Greatest Passion Play in the World*, taking precedence over that of Oberammergau which, up to that time, was reputed to be the best.

"Mr. Darrah was meticulous in having every particular detail historically accurate. This was a fetish with Mr. Darrah.

"There were more than four hundred in the cast. All were local business and professional citizens, of all colors, countries, nationalities, and faiths. No fees were paid anyone for it was a labor of love on their part. All incomes derived from the sale of tickets were used to pay the debt of the Consistory Temple.

"On one of our annual trips we found that the sacrifice of time on the part of the cast, plus the earnestness of Mr. Darrah in having every part exactly right, and the frequent rehearsals, were getting on the nerves of the cast and there was apparent discontent brewing. We asked Mr. Darrah what we could say to the cast that would do most good. He asked us to stress the great good this play would do mankind. We did exactly that, it allayed all unrest and put the entire cast in a spirit to carry on, regardless of what it cost them.

"Mr. Darrah was a Christian Scientist and, true to his belief of Christ in

'the laying on of hands,' prominently displayed the curing of the leper, the lame, halt, blind, and other instances of healing. It was a very impressive series of scenes.

"After seeing the play, Mr. Darrah asked what we thought and whether or not we had any suggestions or criticisms. The Christus, as portrayed and built up by Mr. Darrah, was very weak, mild, and almost insipid character. At times, as the character was portrayed, he was actually so simple that it was pitiful because it was a travesty on the purpose of His life. At the same time, he had built Judas as a very strong and dominant character. The Christus had a weak voice. The Judas was a strong theatrical voice. We suggested to Mr. Darrah that he rebuild the Christus character or get another person to play it. We could not visualize a character of the Christ type being any other than a robust, strong, firm, resolute, emphatic, determined, fighting character, with a message of reformation for the thinking and acting of people.

"The Christus of the play was a local merchant. The Mother Mary was actually a mother of several children.

"Let it be said to the credit of Mr. Darrah (now deceased) that he saw the wisdom of our challenge of his character and did attempt to rebuild this local merchant, and eventually changed him to another person. We could not see where it was getting over the great message to see the greatest character in the show as the weakest in the portrayal of his part; and the worst character, the strongest. Mr. Darrah never weakened his Judas, which was wise, but he did rebuild his Christus until when we saw the play again the next year, he was the strongest character and dominated the eye and ear whenever He was on the stage.

"What we did on our part to boost the production was a labor of love, never receiving compensation, direct or indirect. We did it because we were convinced that seeing this play would do more good, down deep, to everybody who witnessed it, than would any series of wishy-washy sermons usually peddled out on Sundays from sanctimonious preachers in the average church."

CHAPTER 88

THE STORY OF A BOY IN A DEPARTMENT STORE

IN SOME OF THESE STORIES we mentioned we scrubbed floors, cleaned spittoons, washed windows, cleaned toilets, etc., in a department store. Some boys would start and stop there, standing still from then on until old men.

However, Innate in this fellow kept shoving him. From the above, he went to the packing room, to trimming wall paper, to linoleum, carpets, window shades, shoes, upstairs to linens under Jim Howe, to silks—the most important in any store.

We didn't start out to prove any boy can rise above any position if he has an Innate partner pushing him on; but we want to tell some experiences when he was No. 52 Special Delivery Boy between packing and unpacking goods in the packing room.

One day "Hi" (in charge of deliveries) told No. 52 at 7:00 A.M., to take a special delivery to Fifteenth Avenue, Moline. That was about six miles from the store. We asked for car fare and, in a semi-jocular and semi-serious voice, he said: "Walk!" We took him seriously and started out. We took all day. We hooked rides over and back. It was time to teach him a lesson, which it did. He never told us "Walk" again. He gave us streetcar fare.

The entire district of Davenport from the bridge west three blocks, and from the bridge north four blocks, an area of twelve square blocks, was "the district," the tenderloin, the houses of prostitution. It was this area that made Davenport known as the third most vice wicked city in the world.

When a boy is fourteen or fifteen, he is impressionable to wonder about things he hears men joke and talk about in whispers. We were no different. We were curious. What did men see down there; what did they do; what kind of people were these girls that lived there? Were they as bad and as wicked as preachers said; or were they kind, thoughtful, and generous as others told about? What kind of a chap was Ned Lee who ran a mission down there for the kids of these girls? These and other questions came to our mind.

These people live a peculiar life. They stay up all hours of the night, drinking and carousing. They had nickel pianos that played loud and strong over and above shouting and singing of the people who frequented such places. They go to bed when "good" people are getting up. They sleep till noon, 1:00, 2:00 or 3:00 o'clock. They get up, find their bedrooms in a mess, their clothes torn, ragged from rough man-handling the night before.

The store with which we were connected had all the business from that district. We were the closest to them. Perhaps it was their choice to buy from us; or perhaps they got better goods for less money. Anyhow, all their trade came to us.

Every day, from noon on, some of them would phone the store: "Send me down so-and-so, the best you have, size so-and-so, and make it snappy so John can pay for it while he's here." Next thing we knew, "Hi" was calling for No. 52, and away No. 52 would go with a bundle or two under his arm, to one or the other of these houses. Arriving, the colored maid would let him in, tell him to "go to room 6." Arriving, he would knock on the door and some raspy, throaty voice would say "Come in." In, we would see the dirtiest, filthiest mess, with clothes strewn around everywhere, bottles of stale beer and glasses of dead whiskey, the air fetid, the girls bleary-eyed, and the men half dead to the world with a hang-over.

No. 52 would untie his package, the girl would look them over, try on what she wanted—yes, indeedy, in front of the kid. When she made her selection, she would go through John's pockets, take his money, pay the kid cash—and that was that for that house, that girl, that day. But it was a regular daily thing. If it wasn't this house, it was some other. We got so we knew almost every girl by her first name. We knew many men we saw there. It didn't take us long to realize that "the smart kid" was the one who saw nothing, heard nothing, remembered nothing, told nothing.

Perhaps, had we gone in the evening, when the girls had had their baths, put on their lipstick, and rouged their cheeks; when they were sober and dressed to receive company; when you could smell perfume rather than drinks, it might have made a different impression upon our simple impressionable mind. As it was, we saw dirt, filth, the morning after the night before. The girls did not look good to us then. We have often wished that every boy could see those houses under conditions we saw. It would lose its glamour and instead of enticing them, it would repel them.

And what kind of girls were these? They were kind, thoughtful, generous to a fault; ready to hand out to any worthy cause. They were generally quiet, serious, reading serious books, intelligent, educated, helping others to keep out of this racket, never trying to drag any in. We found them entirely different from what is generally believed. Many of them had children whom they dearly loved. Others supported mothers and fathers. When one got under the outer surface of things, conditions were much better than they appeared. Ned Lee knew all this and that's why he helped so many in so many ways.

One person who stands out vividly in our memory is Ned Lee and his mission. His financial support came from these houses, not from "respectable people" and churches of the city. He rented a building, fixed it up for the kids of that district to come to; they played games. He revolutionized the kids of the alleys. Our department store gave him unsold odd sizes and

supplies to keep him going. He did more to clean up that district than all the churches and goody-goody people in Davenport who wanted the district closed. He did not preach religion. He lived a good life and helped others be good who wanted to be good. Ned Lee was the most potent factor in destroying sin in Davenport than all churches combined. He did not preach to the girls, he talked common sense. He showed them a better way to live.

Would that there were more Ned Lee's and his wonderful wife in this world. It would be a better place in which to live.

CHAPTER 89

THE STORY OF A PRIZE FIGHT

OBSERVATIONS here justify my knowing that there's always an inside story to what happens. I had heard various versions of how Graham McNamee, over the NBC net, mentioned he saw B. J. at the Dempsey-Tunney long-count heavyweight championship fight in Chicago. I asked B. J. to give me the low-down. We were driving through Jasper Park in Canada; time was hanging heavy, so I took advantage of the occasion to "put the question."

Here is the story as he told it to us then:

"Graham McNamee had been an opera singer. He was tops Special Events Announcer on the NBC net. He was engaged to speak before the Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs at Davenport. He was to arrive on the 2:30 P.M. train. A committee of women were to meet him, take him on a ride around the city, dine him at 6:00, and otherwise chaperon him until he appeared on the program at 8:00 that night.

"We knew Graham did not want to be 'henned' all afternoon, so we wired him, explaining the situation, told him we would meet him at Moline, bring him over home where he could be by himself until time to go on the platform. He wired back, saying that was what he wanted.

"The committee was at the train at Davenport. Graham did not get off. They were frantic. They phoned the hotels. In desperation, knowing he was an NBC announcer knowing our stations were NBC, they phoned us. The gossip was that 'he was dead drunk; we had taken him off the train drunk, brought him home to sober him,' etc. We told the committee we knew where he was. He was sober, and would be at the Masonic Temple at 8:00 to keep his commitment.

"Graham was so appreciative that he said, 'Some day I will return the favor.' Graham announced the Dempsey-Tunney fight. During the preliminaries, he said: 'Amongst the rest of the notables and famous people, I see coming down the aisle is my dear good friend, Dr. Palmer of Davenport.' He did not actually *see* us, although we were there. We had one of those \$50 'ringside' seats out near Gary, Indiana. That statement was heard by more than ninety million fans.

"We were the invited guest, later, at the estate home of Major Lenox Lohr, on the Hudson, at a Fourth of July party. Major Lohr was president of NBC. It was a family party the Major gave to his executives of NBC. There were only two 'outsiders' of which we were one. *Life* was there photographing the affair for their '*Life Goes to a Party*.' We played croquet with

Graham. Major Lohr is now president of the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago. During the summer of 1948, he was president of the railroad show in Chicago, where we had lunch with him in his private office car on the show grounds. But, that's another story.

"With Graham, it was a case of 'cast your bread upon the water and it will return buttered on the other side.' Innate prompted us to wire Graham, and Innate again was proved right."

CHAPTER 90

THE STORY OF B.J.—WOC TOURS

ONE DAY I was showing some friends through *A Little Bit O' Heaven* and I again noticed, over the garage doors, a round glass sign which read:

"B.J.-WOC TOURS. WHERE THE WEST BEGINS."

I had noticed the sign many times, but right now when I was thinking of things to say and how to describe the various and multiple facets of this man B. J., it struck me that here might be a story different from any of the rest.

I asked B. J. to give me the low-down on that sign. Here 'tis:

"That sign was always placed on the rear of the special train of tours we conducted before World War I. We made regular schedules of trips, broadcast them over WOC and WHO, and gathered in people at either point and took them on the journey. While we made several minor tours, the three majors were:

"1st. To Omaha, where we switched to Union Pacific, to San Francisco, by boat to Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. There were 140 people on that voyage. We arrived in Honolulu Monday morning. We addressed the Advertising Club that noon. That day we lay over and rested. Tuesday night, we took the Inter-Island boat for Hilo to visit Halemaumau or Kilauea, the most active volcano in the world. For three years, it had been 'pau,' meaning inactive. On Tuesday afternoon, the Honolulu Advertiser issued a 'special' announcing that Kilauea was violently in eruption. Thousands of people come to Honolulu, stay there for months, waiting for such an occasion. Tuesday night we had our reservations completed for all staterooms on that boat. Hundreds slept on decks, in deck chairs, in lounges, anywhere to get over to Hilo. And here we were sitting pretty. We arrived in Hilo Wednesday morning with every available car at our disposal, by reservation. All these other poor devils had to walk miles to see the volcano. Wednesday night, we stopped at the Volcano House where we took every available room. All others had to sleep anywhere they could rest their weary heads. We left Thursday morning, by cars, back to Hilo. On Thursday afternoon, Halemaumau went 'pau' again and remained dormant two years. Ever after they called us 'I fix' because this eruption was special for our people.

"2nd. To Yellowstone Park, Seattle, by boat to Alaska, then by railroad to Yukon River, up over Arctic Circle, back to Seattle, and home. Jokingly,

one day we said to our party of 110 people: 'Today, for lunch you can have bear, caribou, reindeer, venison, beef, or fresh salmon. Take your choice.' Little did we think it would be true, but it was just that. Again, 'I fix.'

"3rd. To Salt Lake City, Bryce Canyon, Zion Canyon, Grand Canyon North Rim, and home. Our special of 115 arrived in Salt Lake City early in the morning. Buses waited to show us the town. At noon, we took in the organ recital and then had lunch at the Hotel Utah. We had a room reserved for the women. The men used the lavatory on the main floor.

"On this trip we had one old couple from Iowa who had made brooms all their lives. They sold the factory and determined to step out and see the world. This was their first trip on any kind of train. We had to explain to them how to undress and sleep in the Pullman. On the noon in question, the old gentleman went to the men's room. He tried all the doors. They would not open without a nickel. After trying all the doors and knowing it would cost a nickel, he finally said: 'Hell, it ain't worth it!' That, we *couldn't* fix!

"They were dear, sweet folks. Quite frequently other much-traveled folks resented their ways of doing things. Adroitly and pleasantly, we would explain how to eat at table, what to do here and there, etc.

"All in all, being a tourist agency was fun and we gained a tremendous knowledge of how to handle all kinds of folks, old and young, crabs and congenials, experienced and inexperienced, rich and poor, nicely dressed and uncouths.

"What did we gain by such tours? We got ten per cent of railroad fares, fifteen per cent of meals, fifteen per cent from hotels, boats, etc. By the time we paid tips to porters, waiters, and counted in value of radio time to advertise, we were actually out—but not much. We charged each tour to experience and good will of meeting some mighty fine people.

"After about six such tours—one each summer—World War I came on and our touring days went 'pau.' We never took it up again, but we enjoyed it while it lasted."

CHAPTER 91

THE STORY OF PSC-WOC PRE-LYCEUM, LYCEUM TELEVISION

IN RADIO, much is abbreviated, such as AM—FM—TV, for Amplitude Modulation, Frequency Modulation, and Television.

In other stories we have frequently reiterated that we were never afraid of a new thought, new idea, new method, new technique, so long as such was consistent within the purview of the ultimate objective sought. If it side-tracked into other avenues, off the main path, or went into tangents involving contradictory and antipodal principles and practices, then we were "agin' " it.

When we introduced radio into our thinking, it was because it was another more modern, quicker, more pungent method of advertising Chiropractic than the printed word issued from our printing plant. We did not discard our printery, but we did *add* radio.

In those early days, there existed only AM radio. Later came "facsimile" which was a method of printing a newspaper in your home via AM radio, between midnight (when entertainment went off the air) and 6:00 A.M., when we went back on. This is still a potential factor to be more developed before we adopt it, although WHO was one of the first to secure a permit to test and conduct such.

Following AM came FM. We were amongst the first to contact Mr. Armstrong, inventor of the FM process, on which he had a patent. As soon as was practicable, both of our stations—WOC and WHO—went FM. Both such are on the air now.

Meanwhile, TV was being developed in a crude way. Millions of dollars were being sunk trying to make it work. We kept our fingers on the pulse, making frequent trips to the East. When we felt it was beyond the playboy stage and was a reality to where it possessed commercial value, we secured two "CP's" (construction permits) from the FCC (Federal Communications Commission) and proceeded to place our contracts and secure equipment.

Newspaper men were afraid of radio. They had so much printer's ink in their nostrils they couldn't smell a kilowatt in the air, the same as railroad men bucked the aeroplane on the ground that it never could replace railroad for freight, express, and passenger business. That proved a shortsighted policy. Coming of aeroplanes did force railroad men to improve their

service with stream-lined trains cutting time. One would think radio men would be the first to jump into television. Not so. They were as afraid of it as were railroad men of aeroplanes.

In 1947, NBC, being pioneers in its development, began building TV shows for the eastern seaboard. It took like wildfire. People installed sets and went "nuts" over it. In 1948, it took the radio industry by storm. Today, TV is an established necessity for radio men.

Movies at one time were sight without sound. Then came Al Jolson with *Sonny Boy*, which introduced sound to sight. This was sensational and brought Warner Brothers back from bankruptcy to taking the lead. Radio at one time was sound without sight. Then came sight added to synchronized sound. This revolutionized radio.

Why should anyone in radio, knowing what radio is and can do, be afraid of TV? Pick up any magazine, such as *Saturday Evening Post*, *Look*, *Fortune*, or any newspaper; look over page advertisements. What are they? Words or pictures? They are more pictures and less words; two-thirds pictures and one-third words attractively displayed to catch the eye. Some of these pages cost as much as \$15,000 per issue. Advertising men do not throw money away. They seek and expect a high return for every dollar spent. "One picture is worth 1,000 words."

Can anyone—no matter how great his vocabulary, how vocal his imagination, how perfect his enunciation, transmit what *he* sees, to get *you* to see what *he* sees? Could *you* do it? Can he describe, in words, over the air, to you as you listen in your radio loud speaker, what *he* sees? He can describe it, but can you *see* it, except as you imagine you see it via words? Can *he* carry *his* mental picture which *his* eyes see, to you, with words? No! Can he portray football, baseball games, wrestling, boxing; horse, boat, or auto races, as *he* sees them? You can close your eyes *and think* you see it, but do you?

TV supplies that missing link between what actually happens so *you* see it, too; which, supplemented by words, gives you full visual action.

As TV is being received in your home, it actually sees it better than you could or would if you were actually on the gridiron, in the Garden, or in any other large crowd, sitting away back in bleachers, grandstand, or circus tent, in a crowd. Why? Because from where you sit, you are too far away. The TV camera eye, with tele-photo lens, is closer to the act, ball, or performance than the closest person is. Tele-photo lenses bring your eye closer via the screen in your home. Yes, there is a grand and glorious future for TV.

Why do people go *to* the theater, baseball parks, river boat races, circus, etc.? Because they want to hear *and* see. Notwithstanding radio brings sound, free, they persist in going *to* these places, away from convenience of home, because they insist on preferring to hear *and* see. Even *when video* radio brings all places *and* events into their pleasant surroundings in homes, free, multitudes still will flock away from home *to* these places, because

they want to live the enthusiasm and get the thrills that only direct contact gives.

Does this seemingly deny the value of audio and video? There still will be those to whom staying at home is preferable; and those to whom going away from home is a preferable inconvenience. Each will stimulate interest in the other. Millions never heard or saw either, which is now a new awakened activity. More people are traveling on trains today because airplane advertising aroused their desire. Competition awakens more people to the value of each, who otherwise would have had no interest in either.

We either grow out of one thing into another, or we stand still. We must train ourselves to adjust ourselves to shifting scenes. Conditions change faster than most of us thought they would or could. And in many ways we must keep our lives fluid and elastic to meet changing tides and times.

The automobile made going rough for buggy builders, harness makers, horse breeders, and livery stable operators. The world survived—and so did foresighted and flexible people.

Radio came and displaced phonograph record makers. Record makers came back to make more records than before. Television (and no doubt countless other innovations as yet unforeseen) will change the pattern for innumerable people. The world will survive, and so will people. We must not, however, uproot ourselves from firm foundations. It would be unwise to be flexible to the point of being foot-loose. There are many things to which we must hold fast, tenaciously. We must not shift foundations which hold up the structure. Because the pattern won't stay put, is no reason why we can't make a new pattern—and perhaps a better one.

Twenty years ago, movies flickered, producing eyestrain. Not so today. Three years ago, television produced eye-fog from slow-moving televised shows. Not so today. Now you can see televised shows an entire evening, and enjoy them. Audio radio took youngsters off the street and kept them at home. Video radio will do the same, only more so. The most enthusiastic video enthusiasts are kids, teen-agers and other kids up to eighty years. It is difficult now to get youngsters away from video radio long enough to eat their dinners. As it affects the present child, it affects the future nation. Entertainment, education, world news, all will build a strong youth. There are greater possibilities in video radio than was ever possible in audio radio.

As another story reveals, we have been building our AM-FM and TV building across from our home on Brady Street. We shall move all WOC over there in June, 1949. We will not be ready to take the air with TV until September or October, 1949. Meanwhile, we have equipment ready to go and use—but our TV crew need training, experience, and practice. Where more naturally than that they "try it on the dog," viz., the 1949 Pre-Lyceum and Lyceum? We shall use it to teach Chiropractic technique in the auditorium and bring speakers right up to those in the tent at Lyceum, even though in the rear, 120 feet away. As to hearing, our PA system brings sound

to you, no matter where you sit. Just as we distribute loud speakers throughout the tent, so they can *hear*, so will we distribute television sets throughout the tent so they can *see*.

Referring to Lyceum difficulties, we have had them, too. Each year, where can we get a tent; what kind of tent can we get; how large a tent can we secure; what condition will it be in; will it be fireproof or only said to be so? These questions do not arise sometimes until it is almost too late to be erected. In 1948, we thought we had a large enough tent rented and signed for. During the week before Lyceum, it was in use at the Wisconsin State Fair in Milwaukee. A violent windstorm came, ripped it to pieces. We did not know until a few days before Lyceum, whether or not we would have one. The one we did get wasn't large enough. That taught us a lesson. We decided to have our own tent, especially made to fit the lot on which we use it. It is new, ours, bought and paid for; we will have no trouble from now on in those respects. It is 120 feet long, 100 feet wide, 40-foot roof, 10-foot side walls, and it is guaranteed fireproof. (We would like to guarantee that it will be cool, but that is beyond our control.)

The PSC is the *only* Chiropractic school that owns its own tent. The PSC is the first Chiropractic school to introduce television in instruction of technique to its Pre-Lyceum School and Lyceum Homecoming. Only The PSC can, does, and will use TV because of our combined interests with radio stations WOC and WHO. WOC, incidentally, is the first TV station to get on the air with television in Iowa. Another first!

The future of TV is certain. The future of movies is uncertain. TV, in addition to everything else, will bring movies to you, in your home, at no cost to you except that you buy commodities which sponsors advertise via TV. Other things being equal, you should do that for him because of what he is doing for you. Your continued support of his articles sustains TV for you. If TV doesn't pay him, he will discontinue TV and you will have nothing to get something for nothing.

WOC and WHO will both be on National Broadcasting Company network sight-shows from New York, Chicago, Hollywood, and all points north, south, east, and west; and, eventually, all points on the world's compass, the same as we now broadcast voice. What more could one ask—for nothing?

CHAPTER 92

THE STORY OF BILTMORE HOMESPUNS

B.J. HAS PROVED many times that radio can be a most practical and useful medium of spreading the gospel of good will. One of the outstanding instances which B.J. likes to tell occurred some years ago when WOC was on 400 meters and there were but few stations on the air, when WOC was pounding all over the United States.

For many years, the mountaineer people of North Carolina made home-made looms and spun their own woolens for suits for men and women. Mrs. Vanderbilt, living in Asheville, North Carolina, in taking drives through the mountains, bought all surplus material, taking it to her Vanderbilt estate and farms, to her huge, many-rooms castle. She insisted that her guests buy yardage to help the mountaineer people of her State. The industry finally grew too large for her to handle. She sold it to Mr. Seely who owned, managed, and ran Grove Park Inn, the finest resort hotel in the world.

Mr. Seely had English thatched houses built on the grounds of Grove Park Inn, where he brought in the mountaineer people and had them spin their yardage on the grounds. He called it the Biltmore Homespuns. He had bolts of yardage on exhibit in the *Large Room* of Grove Park Inn.

One year, we decided to take a vacation at Grove Park Inn, playing at golf. The rates were \$15 per day, per person, American plan. We stayed ten days. Seeing the Biltmore Homespuns, we bought yardage for two suits and had them charged to the hotel bill. Upon checking out, the entire bill of close to \$500 was "with the courtesy of Mr. Seely." We had never met Mr. Seely and couldn't understand why we had been made guests. We tried to find him, to thank him, but couldn't.

That fall, B.J. got on the air of WOC and told the story of Biltmore Homespuns, suggesting there could be no finer Christmas present than that the husband buy the yardage for a suit for his wife, and the wife buy yardage for a suit for her husband. Mr. Seely received more than 800 orders that fall. B.J. repeated this the next fall. Mr. Seely kept receiving orders until the time of his death. As long as he lived, he used to send B.J. two suitings each Christmas, with his compliments.

The Biltmore Industries are still selling Biltmore Homespuns at Grove Park Inn, Asheville, North Carolina.

CHAPTER 93

THE STORY OF THE PSC PRINTING PLANT

I HAVE SEEN books, booklets, leaflets, Educators, The Chiropractor, and many lectures of B.J., all printed in The PSC Printery. Somehow, it was like Topsy—it just grew. It all started before I was associated with The PSC, so to get the straight of it, I asked B.J. to give me the details.

“Away back when we had our school, boarding houses, and dining room at 828 and 834 Brady, there was a long, narrow strip of land between the north side of 834 Brady and south side of the next lot north. From somewhere, long since forgotten, we gathered a lot of old lumber and, without asking the city’s permission or having an architect draw up blueprints, proceeded to build a long narrow building from sidewalk to alley. It was about 20 feet wide and 120 feet deep. We brought in the paper from the rear, stored it in odd corners, and worked it forward through what we then thought was a real printing plant. Actually, it consisted of several mimeograph outfits. Gradually, we went from that to one small hand-fed press; then another; then another, slightly larger.

“Eventually, we tore down those buildings and built the Administration Building. Architects drew the plans, including a cafeteria in the half-basement, a printing plant on the entire first floor, a stock room for the finished printed product on the mezzanine floor, offices on second and third floors, and Radio Station WOC on fourth floor, with a Roof Garden on the roof.

“Today, we have a warehouse for paper which we buy by the carload. We have one large Miehle press which prints a sheet 36" x 48". It automatically feeds in and stacks up the paper when printed. We have three small automatic feeder presses; one small off-set, and one large off-set automatic feeder and stacker press; four small Kelly and two large Kelly presses, all automatic feeders and stackers. We have three paper cutters—one 24 x 36, one 36 x 48, and one three-way cutter for books; two paper folders, both automatic feeders and stackers; one assembly line and stitcher. We are equipped to do any kind of large or small job. We have one intertype which sets type in addition to all kinds of hand-set type for headings, etc.

“The equipment is the best there is. The only advantage any other plant has over ours is that they may have more of what we have, therefore could turn out larger jobs quicker. We print some runs by the millions.

“Our original objective was to print literature for ourselves. Later, we printed literature of many kinds for the profession.

“Our printery foreman is an old hand—in fact, many of our help have been with us as many as twenty-five years.”

CHAPTER 94

THE STORY OF B.J. AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER

WHAT DOES HE KNOW about *how* to lecture? Yet he does lecture. Innate told him how.

If this chap had been obliged to attend a 4-years-of-9-months lecturing school on *how to lecture*, to secure a *how to lecture* education, to graduate, secure a diploma on *how to lecture*, and was compelled to appear before a *how to lecture* State Board, take an examination, secure a license before he could deliver his first public lecture before an audience—he wouldn't lecture yet. Yet this man, without one hour's schooling, has lectured before groups of all kinds—commercial, professional—thousands of times in every state in the United States, Canada, and many foreign countries. One talk, alone, he has given more than 5,000 times before civic bodies everywhere.

When he speaks, does he say something which awakens a greater desire in men to do greater things and to make more of themselves in a greater service to man?

If so, then such talks are worth while, whether they are couched in proper or improper language.

He has yet to know of a person who is a grammatical shark who has ever written anything worth anything to mankind. Being grammatical hounds, they eke out an existence in a college, with a pittance of a living, teaching the youths how to grammatically parse a sentence, but never teaching them *how to think* to say *something* of genuine worth to mankind. These types tend to hold the world in status quo. The men who move worlds *think*.

The Poet of the Sierras was once asked where his library was. His answer was characteristic: "I have no library. Libraries are for people who don't think. I write them."

Of what value is the use of words if they fail to express thought?

Words are vehicles of ideas. If they express that idea, then this man is satisfied whether or not the grammar is correct.

When a certain demagogic senator, now happily retired, was holding forth in Washington, he was constantly engaged in feuds with his fellow-legislators, and in consequence spent most of his time on the floor of the Senate denouncing his enemies in potently picturesque terms. Whenever this gentleman arose to speak, most of his colleagues fled the Chamber; but one, a former college professor, always remained in his seat listening to every word with profound attention. A fellow member demanded one day, "Why do you always stay here to listen to that insufferable windbag?" The pro-

fessor laughed. "He fascinates me. I have yet to hear him make a grammatical error!"

Any speaker who has knocked off more than a million and a quarter miles over the world, has talked everywhere, thousands of times, on many diverse subjects, as B.J. has, and, amongst all the rest, has delivered one talk over 5,000 times, has had many unusual experiences.

B.J. and I were on a train once, going to a Chiropractic convention. To kill time, I idly asked B.J. what were some of his experiences along that line. I was anxious to find his "tricks" because I had to appear frequently before groups. About an hour was all I could hold an audience, but I have seen him hold them spellbound for three or more hours on a given subject that was ordinarily dry and difficult to grasp; yet he wove in so many personal touches, with here and there an appropriate joke, that he could build up a tension and then let them relax. B.J. started, and I thought he would never end. I asked him to write two or three, to be embodied in this book.

Here is what he told me:

"The greatest flop turned out to be the greatest success. We were in California on what started out to be a vacation. We were going deep sea fishing off Santa Catalina Island. No sooner was it bruited about that we were in California than we were flooded with invitations. Our headquarters was at The Biltmore Hotel, Los Angeles. Invitations came from as far north as Santa Barbara, as far south as San Diego, and as far east as Riverside.

"Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, Gyro, Quota, High Twelve, Masonic bodies, Knights of Columbus, and many others—more than are found in any other part of the United States. Every noon was regular, many night groups, and one Breakfast Club. Often various groups would combine into a Ladies' Night. The average group would range from one hundred to five hundred people.

"On this particular occasion, we addressed the Los Angeles Rotary Club. Immediately after, we were invited to address the Motion Picture Directors' Ass'n, the brains of America's third largest industry. Up till this time we took civic clubs, luncheons, and associations in their stride, but to be asked to address *the brains* of the third largest industry in America and to tell *them* anything they didn't already know, appalled us. We had stage fright. What could little we say to the brains, where brains were paid fabulous fortunes *for brains*.

"We accepted with a certain fear and trepidation. The Rotary Club met on Thursday noon. The Motion Picture Directors' Ass'n (MPDA) held their meetings in their club house the following Tuesday night. We were to speak at 8:00 P.M. We asked Cecil B. DeMille, the president, how long we were to talk. 'As long as you have anything to say.' How will we know? 'They'll let you know by walking out if, as, and when you have nothing to say. You don't fool this group. We know how you wowed them at Rotary, or wouldn't have invited you here.'

"Our usual jokes that *always* got the laugh of the house, even at Quaker meetings, fell flat. We thought we had laid an egg. There was *no* applause; not even a snicker or a smile. They sat there with poker faces. Only sign of interest we observed was that in about thirty minutes they stopped smoking. We were not only getting but holding their interest. We talked for two hours. No one left. When through, we walked down the center aisle towards the exit. As we did, men on the aisle stood up, shook hands as we passed, as though they were pulling and pushing us *out*. There was *no* applause when we finished.

"We crossed the street to get into our car, with several Chiropractors. We expressed deep regret, telling them how sorry we were to make such a blundering flop. We were disgusted. We had the one big chance of our life and we had failed our friends and this group.

"We were getting into the car when a committee of three came running out and asked us to wait. 'When can you address *all* the branches of the Motion Picture Industry?' The MPDA was but *one* small but most important section of the whole. We gave them the following Tuesday evening as it was the only one open because we were scheduled to lecture around San Francisco and we had to keep those dates.

"They tried to get the Hollywood Bowl, the largest in the West. It was taken that night. Next, they tried to get various large sound stages in the motion picture companies. All had sets on them which made it impossible. They had to cancel out because there wasn't a place large enough.

"Later, Director Earle asked the privilege of putting our story in the movies. It was granted. We furnished him the material, and it appeared under the title, '*It Pays to Advertise.*'

"So, after all, our greatest flop turned out to be our greatest success, even though it was not delivered as requested.

"Later, on a tour of the world, we addressed the Rotary Club in Bangkok, Siam. Because of mixture of English and Siamese, they had two presidents, vice-presidents, secretaries, interpreters, etc. We would give one sentence—the English might laugh; then we had to wait until the Siamese interpreter translated it into Siamese. Maybe they would laugh, but usually they did not see the humor. It took more than twice as long to deliver the same talk because of interruptions and translations of each sentence; but time means nothing over there.

"In speaking before foreign groups, we made many social and commercial contacts which gave us entree to many places to visit and study, to which the average traveler, visitor, or tourist could never gain entrance.

"New York City Rotary Club is the one club in the United States which has more speakers than it can accommodate. They have opportunities for the selection of thousands, and at best can accommodate only fifty speakers if one a day, or one hundred speakers if two a day. They meet only fifty weeks a year. Being the port of entry from Europe and the port of

exit from the United States, they have the pick of the cream of the crop of national and international speakers.

"We have been invited at various times, but finally it was convenient because we were in the city that day.

"There were two speakers. The first was on at 12:40 to 1:10. We went on at 1:10 and had till 1:30. At 1:30, the alarm clock rings—and that automatically notifies all long-winded speakers to stop pronto. They do not run overtime in New York Rotary.

"The presiding officer was a lawyer. During luncheon he asked the first speaker: 'Who are you, where are you from, what have you done?' getting the data to properly introduce him and give him the build-up to which he was entitled.

"The speaker gave his name, home town, and then told a long string of *all* organizations and corporations of which he was president, vice-president, chairman of the Board of Directors; all books he had written, articles he had collaborated on, what publications they appeared in, etc. All this certainly made him a very famous personality. With great gusto and no little pride, the lawyer told all this. It took about three minutes to go through the list. The audience of about three hundred were vitally expectant.

"The speaker got up, hemmed and hawed, hesitated and stuttered, moved napkin, dishes, spoons from here to there on table, took a swallow or two, wiped his lips with handkerchief, put it back into his pocket, slowly drew his prepared written manuscript from his pocket and began to read in a hum-drum, monotonous, sleepy, whiny voice. He soon had audience sleeping.

"During all this, the lawyer, disgusted with his great build-up of the speaker and his great let-down to the audience, turned to us and said:

"'And who in the hell are you?'

"My name is B.J.

"'B.J. what?'

"That's none of your damn business.

"'Where do you live?'

"Davenport.

"'Davenport what?'

"That's none of your damn business.

"'What is your subject?'

"*Selling Yourself, and for God's sake put it up to us!*—for we were as disgusted as everybody else.

"It must also be remembered at this time we were far from presenting any appearance of being an able speaker. We wore our hair long to our shoulders; we wore a big chest-protecting flowing necktie; we looked more like an oddity or male monstrosity than one that might grip and hold his audience, and say anything worth listening to.

"The lawyer got up and said: 'Our next speaker is B.J. of Davenport. His subject is *Selling Yourself*, and we're going to put it up to him.'

"This secretive, brief, and pungent opening electrified the audience. They gave us the once-over. We got the applause of the house before we said one word—not that they were applauding any expected worth while talk *from us*, but they showed their disgust for the manner of presentation of the speaker who had just sat down.

"The alarm clock went off at 1:30. We were in the middle of a sentence. We broke it by saying, 'I am not through. I am sorry,' and sat down. Shouts of 'Go on' came from everywhere. We were granted, by popular acclamation, twenty minutes overtime—the first and, so far as we know, the only time such was ever granted on New York Rotary.

"Our talk was full of pep, stuffed tight with down-to-earth logic and reason, pungent with vitality, bubbling over with fundamentals which appealed to business men who wanted to learn how to better *sell yourself*. Our talk was everything the preceding speaker's wasn't.

"We were subsequently invited back for the second time, to a repeat performance on the same subject—also unprecedented in the history of New York Rotary, up till that time.

"Ever since, we have used that speaking title, 'B.J. of Davenport'—nothing more, nothing less, when addressing groups outside our profession. We never reveal our full name, where we are from; our profession or business is never mentioned. We insist upon its being done that way. We always leave the audience guessing, even after we have finished. *We sell ourselves* by indirection rather than by direct reference. We know they will inquire and find out, so we let them do it. In later years, after we began to address radio groups on *Radio Salesmanship*, we used our title of Colonel in radio, and Doctor in our profession; but we still hold on to the 'B.J. of Davenport' to all other groups outside these two.

"On another occasion we were engaged for the Annual Anniversary Ladies' Night of a Chamber of Commerce, after dinner talk. At 4:00 P.M., it began to rain as bad as any tropical torrential rain we have ever seen. At 7:00 P.M., it was over the gutters, on sidewalks and in basements. The secretary phoned all members and postponed the banquet. He told everybody *but us*.

"At 8:00 P.M., we were on the stage, waiting. One lone man sat in front row center. We said, 'Any man who would brave this storm to hear a talk deserves the best we have.' To which he replied, 'You don't have to; I'm just the janitor waiting until you get through so I can lock up and go home.' Were we relieved!

"We were invited to deliver a talk on Chiropractic in Alberts Hall, London, England. In the afternoon, a committee of Chiropractors called and said: 'Remember, B.J., you are a pungent, positive speaker. You tell jokes. We suggest you be conservative and don't tell jokes, our people might not understand them,' and more of that approach. We told them they didn't want *us* to speak so much as they wanted us to speak as *they* would speak, to put our thoughts in *their* way of speaking, none of which we could do. They yet

had time to get another speaker who could speak as they wanted him to. They replied they wanted *us* to speak. 'Then,' said we, 'if it is *I* you want, then I must be *myself* and nobody else.' When any speaker tries to make himself over into any other person, he spends half of his speaking time thinking what he shouldn't say, how to say what he wants in words couched to fit an audience, rather than to speak what *he* thinks. This way, he divides himself and delivers only half of what he is capable of doing because his mind is split at the time he speaks.

"There is an English custom that when a speaker is through, the presiding chairman reviews the talk to the audience as *he* thinks the speaker intended to say. When we speak, our subject is complete and we don't like another to garble it, construe or misconstrue what we said. The audience heard; what more is to be said? The audience is capable of understanding, why repeat it through a second mind that might not understand?

"After the chairman has finished his review, the speaker is thrown to the wolves for questions and answers; the disagreeing audience heckles; the agreeing people ask questions for further information. We did not want heckling.

"We finished our talk. The chairman proceeded to review it. We suddenly interrupted, saying: 'Mr. Chairman, may we interrupt? You have a custom here in England of singing the national anthem, God Save the King. We wish we did that in America. It is a fine tribute as you do it here. May we pay courtesies to your custom by asking the audience to stand and now sing God Save the King?' They arose, sang the anthem. After that, there is no more said by anybody.

"After we finished and the audience was dismissed, the 'committee' came back stage and told us how disappointed they were, that we had failed to get our message across. We told them how sorry we were.

"The next noon, the 'committee' called at our rooms in the hotel to tell us we had made a great hit, the audience was delighted and well pleased. We asked why this difference in opinion between last night and this noon. The reason was, several physicians had called and told them, 'We admired your speaker last night. He spoke truth from the shoulder without quibbling. He said things we would like to say, if we dared, but don't have the courage to say in an open meeting.'

"The life of a public speaker, especially on Chiropractic subjects, is not without its potential dangers. It is known in our ranks that a declaration of war has been declared and is constantly being contested in our ranks, especially before conventions of our people. We are the advocate of a straight-down-the-line Chiropractic principle and practice, to make it a separate and distinct profession, to maintain Chiropractic in its purity for posterity. The other group is all out for anything and everything that belongs to any and all other professions—an outright stealing of everything that is not nailed down and locked in a professional vault. Our side has never, does not now,

and will never yield one thought one minute on that vital question. This produces a bitter feud between the forces. This also develops a hatred for the man who strongly advocates the purity of the stream from the fountain head.

"Many times threats have been issued upon his safety and life. One such occasion was an open declaration of a threat in New York City. 'If he speaks tonight, I will shoot him at sight,' said one man. To protect the speaker, three men were delegated to watch this violent flaring of the uncontrollable temper of the man who issued the threat. During the talk that night, this man did reach for his hip pocket. The man to his right immediately grabbed his arm. A loaded gun was found in his hip pocket. What might have happened, nobody knows. We were not aware of this danger until afterwards.

"We were scheduled to speak in the Veterans Hall in San Francisco, February 13, 1949. Before leaving home, one of our students said, 'If B.J. speaks in San Francisco he will find himself floating in the bay.' We dismissed the statement as idle gossip. Upon arriving in San Francisco, however, we found that The California Chiropractic Association (composed of anti's to our program) had held a meeting in Room 361 of the Hotel St. Francis, San Francisco, on Tuesday, February 8, 1949. A motion was made by one Chiropractor, seconded by another, 'That Dr. — be appointed Chairman to raise a rumpus to embarrass and heckle B.J.' Physical violence was contemplated and discussed. One said, at this meeting, 'We do not want to listen to his damn lies because we are putting his school out of business.'

"Drs. —, —, —, and — raised their hands agreeing with the motion to try to still B.J.

"Experts have tried to embarrass and heckle us. If what we had to say were 'damn lies' then no one need worry much for they would be so obvious as 'lies' that they would kill themselves for lack of truth. The fact that such action *was* taken was indicative of a fear that the speaker *would* say something which would be detrimental to their position. Experts before their time have tried to put The PSC out of business, and The PSC is still the largest, finest, and only all-Chiropractic school in the world.

"Suffice to say we had three plain clothes men in the audience, and three uniformed policemen in the hallway to guard the speaker, if needs be, and to quell any disorder should such arise. It has been an observation of ours that hotheads usually go with cold feet—literally and figuratively. Usually, people who shout threats are cowards at heart; but in a moment of uncontrollable temper, they might do some rash act; therefore, the protection deemed necessary.

"And so we could go on for hours telling the odd, peculiar, believe-it-or-not incidents. We could string them out by the hour."

I asked B.J. once: "To what do you attribute your success as a public speaker?" His answer was about what I expected:

"We always place ourselves in a receptive mood so we can innately sense the personality of the group. While we have an outline and aim to follow it, we often ad lib, ex tem, far from the outline. It is on such occasions as though somebody else were thinking for us and speaking through us. No, it's not spiritualism or some Indian control or anything of that kind. Often people will quote something we said and ask what we meant. We can't remember having thought it, nor can we recall having said those things. Our own writings are often seemingly foreign to us. At such times we believe Innate is directing our thoughts and speech."

CHAPTER 95

THE STORY OF SLIPPING AND CHECKING

EVER PLAY GOLF? Or, rather, play at it, for few, if any, ever play it. It's a game that baffles you every hour, every day, every time you go out to play.

Before you leave home you have your mind all made up to play a good game. You have fully set yourself, your mind is trimmed, your joints properly oiled and cleaned so they work easy—all is just hunky-dory and you play rotten.

On another occasion, you go to tee 1, your mind is clear, you have no particular worries, you are relaxed, your stance perfect, your swing just right, yet for some reason—darned if you know—the club toed your ball and you sliced away off and disgraced yourself in the eyes of all.

You go on to another tee. You think you have found out why—only to correct those defects to find that now your ball hooks and makes no distance.

It is a tantalizing game. If *everything* is *just* right, your ball takes a long jump down the fairway and then rolls about fifty yards and lands you so you can get on the green with an approach. *But*—and here's the game—betwixt and between your *mind* and the *score* is the difference between doing those thousands of little things *just right* and doing hundreds of them *just wrong*.

And—here's the lesson to be learned—betwixt and between your mind that *wants to* succeed and the score *that fails* is the mind that either cares or doesn't care, concentrates or doesn't, slips and slides and checks and corrects.

For, between the man who plays golf and the man who plays at it, is the one man who keeps slipping, but he keeps checking and the other man who keeps slipping, does not know it and therefore doesn't check, therefore goes on playing a rotten game until the end of time.

We write this from the book of life, from actual experience. We are writing now from a room in Grove Park Inn, at Asheville, North Carolina, between lecture dates. We have been here ten days trying to play golf; rather, trying to master our mind to make it do what we know it must do if our hands are to do what our head tells them to.

Grove Park Inn is the finest resort hotel in the world. Even as we write, we can look out the window down upon one of the finest golf links in the world. Two miles away is the famous Biltmore Country Club, built by Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt. We have played at golf over there, too. We have been spending ten days, morning or afternoon, trying to train our head

to master our hands, for golf is a game of where mind is master. Golf is a state of mind.

As we sit here, or try it on the links, we have seen hundreds of worthwhile men going through this struggle which, after all is said and done, is a fight of checking on the slips and slipping on the checks.

Golf is a game of ups and downs. Today, a good game; tomorrow, a rotten one. The man who plays a consistent game, day after day, is the man who has mastered his mind, gotten it under control and trained to do his bidding.

We have watched and studied these men, at playing golf or at work at the game of golf—for golf is a play at which you work, or work at which you play, which is always but a viewpoint.

We saw one man the other day dub a shot. He got mad, rared, fumed, cussed the caddy, the hill, the grounds, and then deliberately broke a club on the ground. He surely was in a rage. He was an old player so far as time goes, but he was a novice in the game of himself.

We saw another man dub his shot. Quietly, and without a single word, and without any visible trace of changed expression, that man took another ball from his pocket, stood there on the tee, stroked his chin, looked over into the Blue Ridge Mountains, took inventory of his slips, checked them, teed his ball, took his time, took his stroke and drove a long shot straight down the fairway.

Golf is a game of minds. The first man lost his. The second man used his. Some men never play the game because they never think. Other men are learning to play the game because they study and never get beyond that stage.

Golf is an obvious lesson. What we think is expressed the next minute later in the attitude of the ball. If the ball slices or hooks, our mind sliced and hooked. If the ball goes straight, our mind was thinking along straight lines without resistance.

We think one minute and our action expresses that thought the next minute. There is no lost time between the time when we thought and the time *that* thought demonstrated its character.

How different is business! We think today and perhaps do not see the net result until that thought has gone out into the channels of business and been bounced and bounded about for weeks or months, and then comes back later to slice or hook; and we do not associate the sliced or hooked thought of months before with the sliced or hooked business months later.

And that leads us to the full object of writing this epistle at this time to you folks.

For years, we have seen our profession slicing and hooking. We have seen our fellows slipping and sliding. At present, everybody is well aware that we are not where we were a few years back. There is a generally well-known depression on. Everywhere it is said that "business is slow" and "I

have not the business I had a few years ago." The whole darned thing seems on the fault-crack and the earthquake has all but engulfed us. Why?

For two years the best minds in our profession have been traveling and checking, backward and forward. We have held conferences, here and there. We have verified, corrected, and certified in many parts of the country where conditions are different—and the conclusion we herein give is universal.

We have had men out on the road visiting you failures, you successes. We have been out ourselves. We have watched, checked your offices, your business, and we conclude that facts herin given are true and hit the taproot.

We have talked with many Chiropractors, at home, from many places. We have talked with many Chiropractors, at their home towns, in different states in which we have been. We have pumped hard and they didn't know why. We even did so to many at Lyceum, last year, and this, and they couldn't understand our motives. We did.

The Chiropractic profession has been slipping.

The Chiropractic profession has not been checking.

And, as we made this application to ourselves, we did so knowing full well that what applies to our mind and muscle is no different from what has been applying itself to all other businesses and professions in America, until today the entire United States is in a mental slip and without its mental check, hence we are damning the caddy, the ball, and finally blaming external conditions even to breaking our club by getting mad and refusing to any longer play according to the rules of the game.

Business is just as much a state of mind as is golf. If the golf mind slips and checks itself the stroke is improved. If the business mind slips and does not check itself, the financial returns are bad.

Our profession is in a slipping slump.

Many people have offered many reasons for this. One says it is because we do not conduct a larger national publicity campaign; another says it is because there are too many Chiropractors for the patients who know about it; another says it is because we are wedded to selling a "ticket" rather than selling a health service; another says it is because taxes are outrageous and should be reduced; another blames the Republican party for throwing the country into hell.

All of these may be true, but why?

We have seen golf players alibi until they were disgusting as to why they failed to make a good drive. Few, however, blame themselves.

We have been in this game of Chiropractic for 54 years and have never before witnessed a single slipping, sliding, or slumping in business. In "hard" times our business has gone upward and forward. In "good" times we have gone forward by leaps and bounds. Times, good or bad, have never before affected any of us—schools or practitioners. Why *now* the desire to blame everything else when everything else has been much worse in former times and we grew in spite of them all?

The cause of our growth, in those days, was *in us* in spite of the obstacles before us. The cause of our present decline is *in us*, in these days, and is because of the obstacles before us.

Even now, in these "hard" times which some of you say is the cause of your slump, there are many who are forging right ahead and have larger businesses than before. And in these same times, others who have had large businesses are now in the slump. Why? That is what we set out to find and what we give you here.

Here is the problem in a nutshell. Its truth is observable in every business or profession, ours included.

Before the wars, our profession and every person in it was up on tiptoes fighting for existence, fighting a common enemy against extermination; everybody's shoulder was to the wheel.

On came the war. Prices went sky-high. Chiropractors made fortunes, where before the war they made dollars. Schools made fortunes where before they had made nothing. With many, prosperity acted like booze; they became prosperity drunk. *And then we began slipping.* We have been slipping ever since. We are *now* in the valley of the slipping process.

We are now suffering from the post-war depression which is national, and all are despondent. In trying to solve it, we are, as usual, suffering from the illusion of the near. We are blaming the caddy, the tee, the lay of the ground, the club, the everything else that is outside of ourselves.

In one state recently one fellow explained away the depression by saying that it was because it became known that they did not get legislation and people then knew they were illegal practitioners. That same condition existed in other states, but business grew in that state with those men whose minds grew.

In another state the slump was accounted for on the ground that they had gotten legislation and now everybody had lost interest in fighting for Chiropractic. That same condition existed in other states, but some businesses grew in exact ratio as the minds of a few fellows could see ahead of their ball and study the play and make it according to the well-laid rules of the game.

So those were not reasons that affected all, universally, alike.

When these facts are sprung—*that we have all more or less slipped*—everybody is quick to jump to the defense and deny it. But facts have a peculiar way of getting under the hide of every man who is slipping and sooner or later he admits his weaknesses, one by one, puts himself to the acid test just as does the sincere and conscientious golf player, begins a deliberate process of checking himself, analyzes the slips, figures out the correct play, and finally he has checked himself so hard that he comes through with a re-winning business.

The salient points are:

1st. He *thinks* he is up on tiptoes just because he can't see the immediate

bad effect of his play as can the golf player. If what you thought now rebounded back in two minutes on your business, you would *know* you slipped.

2nd. *He thinks* he is perfect in his detail just because he doesn't see the immediate reaction of his bad play in his business slicing or hooking as can the golf player. If what you now did, by way of detail, dubbed your pocket-book in two minutes after what you did, you would *know* what you otherwise don't see for months.

3rd. He doesn't realize he wasn't doing right things because he can't immediately see that they are wrong.

4th. He doesn't realize he is doing what he is.

5th. He doesn't realize he is doing what he was.

6th. He realizes that the cash register is slipping, but he knows that *he* isn't—and that's where the *slip actually occurs*.

Back of the money he doesn't get in, is him.

Back of him is the way he is thinking.

Because of internal mental slipping, and not knowing it, he blames the external physical conditions which he does know. Because it is a fixed fact in playing golf, if you do all things *right* the ball will go where you want it to.

The average Chiropractor today, as all of us know him, as we have studied him in many states, those with and those without legislation, began to slip in his thinking during the wars; he's been slipping ever since. Nobody has suggested that he ought to check himself, nobody has checked him, much less himself on himself; therefore he goes on slipping *and doesn't know it*.

This article is intended to be a lesson on slipping and checking for *every* Chiropractor in our ranks, whether you sell tickets or health service, for we have been selling tickets for 54 years and succeeded; whether or not you have a certain make of sign, for we have been succeeding without those signs for 54 years.

As you slip, results slip, business drops.

As you slip, confidence drops, business slumps.

It all begins and ends with you, and you is your mind.

We see many applications of the slipping process. We have seen them for months. They permeate every avenue in our profession; but that with which we are most concerned now is that slipping of the honest and sincere fellow who commences with the right education, right ability, right application of his art and then gradually begins to slip and slide, thinking he is upholding his exact and definite education, ability, and application that he *thinks* he has and *thinks* he is using, but isn't.

By the above you will note that we do make a distinction between him who is *careless* and him who is *slipping*. The "careless" man doesn't care; "it doesn't make any difference," "I should give a fig;" "when farmers get their pay, business will return, and not before;"—always hunting alibis and forgiving his failures because of things over which he has no control and doesn't want to change.

The fellow who is "slipping" is the one who indicates that the man does care, is interested, is honest, wants to know why, will listen and will study. When somebody comes along and tells him to "keep his head down and his eye on the ball, his left arm stiff and close to his body, and his club head to follow through," and he diligently applies himself to accomplish those things, some day that chap will play golf.

And, if that man, after being told many times, continues to slip, *then he's still slipping and does not know it.* This article is intended solely for *that* fellow, the one who is slipping and doesn't *know it.*

We must check until it hurts. Check whom? Check what? *Ourselves*—not the caddy, club, or ball.

If this is done by every man and woman in our ranks, in one year we will be back on our feet to pre-war prosperity and success again, stronger for having gone through the ordeal of finding ourselves.

We have said a good deal about slipping, but just what do we mean? We can best explain by proving an actual example:

On our last southern trip, we took sick with cramps. We were actually suffering. We needed an adjustment—one that would get results. We went to the convention and picked out one whom we thought could give an adjustment.

This man was a PSC graduate—a mentally alert fellow—no fool and no slouch. We got out of bed, got down in the Palmer Posture, and then we saw, heard, and felt what he thought he was giving—an adjustment. We say that we saw, heard, and felt it. It isn't often that a patient can sense an adjustment with three senses. Our face was toward the dresser mirror. In this way we saw it. We felt it because it hurt unmercifully. We heard it because of *how* he did it—and that's what we want to describe, because in that was the slipping.

His left hand was laid down all and entirely flat on our back, entire palm on back skin. His right hand was upraised and away from left hand. Fingers of left hand were at right angles to our spine. Fingers of his right hand were perpendicular to our spine. Fingers of right hand were raised up in the air and came down with a slap-like sound on the back of his left hand. He then moved his left hand down to another spot and repeated the upraised slap-like sound. He did this in four places, every one hurting and doing us no good. Not a single vertebra moved.

We got up, mad, and said: "What in the hell do you think you are doing?" He told us in no uncertain manner that he had given us an adjustment. Said we: "Like hell you did!" The poor fellow was taken off his feet, surprised, astonished. He was indignant.

He then got mad. Said he: "What are you trying to do, kid me? I have just given you a genuine Palmer recoil, such as I was taught in school. What's the idea of bawling me out?" We stated that we were sincere in our remonstrance and he retaliated by saying so was he.

Here was a right up-to-the-minute intelligent man who was right then thinking that he had given us what we taught him at The PSC. It wasn't. It was as near like it as a cat is like a canary. It suddenly knocked us down with the reality. It focalized much that up to that time was rambling around hunting for a conclusion. This man had previously said that his practice was up for sale, and would we help him sell. His business was for sale because his business had dropped down to nothing, gradually slipping for months.

Here was a man who thought he was thinking The PSC teaching, but in reality his mind was thinking slipped thoughts *and he did not know it*. This man was honest in thinking he *was* checked, but he wasn't.

And there is the lesson. Thousands of us have been slipping. We take it for granted that we haven't. We have been taking too much for granted. We can't see where the ball is going except for months after, hence do not know that we have slipped.

This man knew that his business had failed, but he was blaming everything else. The fault lay in his slipping and not knowing it. Because of just what he had done to us and to others, he was hurting all. Being hurt and not getting results, they were quitting him, and because his business had slipped (covering a period of many months) he had offered it for sale, blaming the local town conditions.

What was the moral—with him? We talked over the entire matter. Being honest, he saw what we proved to him to be true. He checked himself then and there. He said he could understand why people would quit. We have since heard from him and he reports that his practice could *not* be bought, business is picking up rapidly, he is rebuilding himself, reestablishing himself, and thanks us for checking him on himself—a condition he would not admit, yet when proven knew it to be true.

The gathering of many details now crystallized into a stubborn act. We then went after the idea to make a study of it. It hit us hard. We found that condition existing everywhere.

While on that same trip, we spent one afternoon in a certain state penitentiary. We were introduced to a cultured, refined, well educated, genteel and intelligent murderess. We talked with her and could not understand how this woman had taken a pair of scissors and jabbed them into the throat of her husband and killed him. She was anything but that type. Here was a woman who was not a murderer, yet she had murdered, showing that she had done the thing she was not by nature and education capable of doing. Why this inconsistency?

We asked the woman to tell her story. She said the husband was a nagger. He nagged and nagged. Her *resistance* to the *invasion* of his nagging was 100 per cent. She ignored him and never let it enter into her or become a part of what she thought. One day she grabbed those scissors and killed him. She then realized, as never before, that for months his nagging *had* penetrated her system; had been stealthily reducing her resistance; but she did not realize it until the act of murder had been committed.

Gradually her resistance had weakened; *gradually* the penetration had increased; gradually the one was worn down and the other built up, both of which were occurring and *she did not know it*.

Could she have but recognized what was occurring, she could have checked on herself and the murder would never have been committed, and she would not have been where she was.

She was slipping and didn't know it. She couldn't check because she didn't know she was slipping.

One fellow recently told me that he was so busy that he "didn't have time for all his patients to undress, so when he was busy he adjusted some of them through the clothing."

That man *is slipping*. He doesn't think so because he doesn't *think*.

Yet others are busy, and they *take time* to have every person undress, that they might do what they do *right*. They are *checking*.

Another said: "We think we will throw out our rest rooms; rent is so high." That man *is slipping*. He didn't think so because he hadn't thought it to a conclusion. Rents were high on 34th and Broadway in New York, but Dr. Dueringer kept his rest rooms. He checked his business in results, not in rents.

"*It makes no difference*." Ever hear that as an excuse for why certain things were being neglected, not done, or alibiing why they were not necessary? "*It makes no difference*" is the shoal on which more businesses are wrecked than any other one condition. The minute any person in business makes that statement *once*, and believes it, he is slipping and needs checking of his mental state.

Go out on the golf links and pull your club with the left arm. "It makes no difference," but your ball goes hook. Look up and follow your ball. "It makes no difference," and you find you dub your ball. Do lots of things you shouldn't do; "it makes no difference" until you count the sum total of your score at the end of the game, to find the man across the hall from you, who knows that these things that "make no difference" *to you* make a difference *to him*, has secured *your* business.

Those things which "make no difference" to you on the first tee are the very things which make the difference on the 18th hole at the end of the game. Slip at the beginning and you may check all you please at the end, but your score is against you just the same.

A few weeks ago, we were talking to a certain Chiropractor who was talking "blood pressure" in cases. This person took "blood pressure" thinking "it was nice to know and to tell the patients." Blood pressure is not nearly as important for that Chiropractor to tell the patients as *nerve* pressure. It's the difference between urinalysis and *our* analysis. This person is running to seed on "blood pressure," even to asking us, in front of a consultation case, whether we thought the adjustments would reduce his blood pressure. This individual is slipping into the language and ideas of yesterday, of medicine,

of the patient's understanding of his sickness. This individual does not know she is slipping, but she is. If she does not check it will be but a question of time until the only thing the patient will get, different from the physician, will be the punch; and even that may be slipping because when *the mind* slips on one thing it usually slips on many others.

Why shouldn't she talk "blood pressure"—"it makes no difference"?

Talking the other day to a PSC graduate—a mixer—we asked him, "Why do you mix?" His answer: "I can't get results without." He also said: "I got excellent results *for a while after I graduated*. After a while I believed I had been fooling myself in thinking I was; so, to get results, I took to mixing." Now came the turning point question: "Are you *today* using PSC methods of analysis and adjusting?" His answer came true to the form of the slipper: "Yes, and they won't work."

Knowing about the unconscious slipping of men's minds, we asked him to analyze a case, and give the necessary adjustments and *let us see all that he did*. At first he hesitated (showing a lack of confidence), and then he consented.

What he did was not what he was taught at The PSC.

Here again was another sample of proof of our conclusion. Upon questioning him firmly, he thought, and admitted that he thought that what he had just done was exactly as it had been taught him in The PSC five years previous; and while it worked for us, and worked for him at first, it wouldn't work for him any more.

The unconscious slipping had been going on and *he was honest in admitting that he didn't know it*.

We went all over his work, checked him point by point, pointed out where he was wrong, demonstrated his way and then demonstrated The PSC way, and *not until he saw the contrast would he admit that he had slipped*.

That boy promised to cut mixing at once, get back to exclusive *Chiropractic, by checking himself all along the line*. We have since heard from him and he is rebuilding back his mind, his delivery has stepped up, his results are what they ought to be, his business is coming back, he is getting the old-time PSC Chiropractic spiz, he has cut all mixing and he's as happy as a lark.

It has paid him to check.

R. H. St. Onge of Seattle graduated from The PSC. He was our close, personal, and intimate friend for years. He came back one summer to visit us. He stayed at our home. He came at a time when we were thinking about slipping and checking. Rufus had not been back to The PSC since he graduated ten years before. Had he slipped? We were anxious to know. We asked him for an adjustment. He put us through a case of sprouts, perfect from A to Z. His adjustment was improved. He gave a *better* adjustment now than ten years before, notwithstanding he was ten years older and by the usual rules of the game he should be slower.

'Slipped? That boy's mind didn't know what it was to slip. We talked with him about this slipping and checking after the test was over. He told us that he put himself through the acid test *every day*. For ten years he had checked himself *every day*. He did not mix, *never had to* because he got all results anybody could want with adjustments.

R. H. St. Onge was one of the men who put the kibosh on this alibi financial depression stuff; he tended his knitting, prevented himself from slipping by checking; therefore he had more business than ever before.

We checked those Chiropractors whose businesses are normal or above normal, and each of them is a checker. The fellows who are next door, whose businesses have slumped, who are complaining about this and that, are the slippers.

W H O is the largest, best, best programmed, best modulated radiophone station in America. It is universally conceded. Other stations have not such a reputation. Why?

To be able to intelligently answer that question, we have made it a business to visit other stations, large or small, look them over, check *ourselves* and the way *we* do things as against them and the way they do things. The entire answer is that all other stations are *slipping* on many details that "make no difference" and WHO is checking on every detail, knowing that *it does* make a difference to the listener-in.

Just recently we took occasion to copper-ribbon-ground all metals of any kind or quality on all our roofs. It's a small thing that others say "makes no difference" but by actual tests we found that those metals *were* absorbing some of our modulated energy which was being sent into the air to go to you. Instead of going *to you*, *we* were absorbing it at the seat of distribution.

This is a detail that costs, which other stations do not even think of—WHO does.

A few weeks ago, we went into the WOC studio while a certain songbird was warbling. We noticed she was standing *by* the piano, reading her words off the music which the pianist was reading from, and she was singing toward the piano. The microphone was to her right. She was singing *away from* the microphone when she should have been singing *into it*. We checked her, as well as the program manager, in no uncertain terms, stating that such will not be permitted in Station WOC. It embarrassed the singer, and it hurt the program manager, but we would rather offend two than injure the quality of modulation and quantity of sound that went out to millions on the air.

Careless isn't the word; it's slipping that better explains it.

The PSC is the largest and best Chiropractic school in the world. Other schools try to duplicate and imitate us in "Palmer methods" and quality, as well as quantity. But no other school equals ours in any one feature, let alone all of them. Why? Because this school does not slip; it checks all along the line, and checks hard, and without mercy.

Other schools are constantly slipping on all things. This school will not

knowingly slip on a single thing. That is why we have been begging for you field people to constantly check *on us*. When something goes wrong here, *tell us*. If you get a letter from some student at The PSC and in that letter he states something that isn't right, report it to us and his name, and we'll go clear to the bottom and make it right. We insist on checking.

If you order goods and don't get them, or they come wrong, or the count isn't right, or they are damaged, or a mistake has happened, or the book-keeping account is in error, don't save us one minute. Tell us *all* about it; give us the particulars, and it'll be made right if it takes a leg and an hour's time.

The PSC will live *if it checks everything and everybody all the time*. And it will slump if it slips and slides. We want every Chiropractor in the field and every student in the school to feel perfectly free to register anything that is slipping. We'll do the checking here. And that man or woman who reports our slips to us, and gives us an opportunity to check our business, is our best friend.

We are a master of detail. We check the faculty, business management, cafeteria, burning of coal, burning of lights, cleaning of halls, advertising matter, WOC, printing plant, etc. The department heads call us "eagle eye." That matters not, so long as things are *done right*. It may hurt them, but it pays the business. It hurt you, but it will pay your bank account.

Your friends tell you your faults. They pick out your weak points and show you where you are falling down. Your friends also point out a correction, show how to strengthen it, how to save yourself, and how to keep you on your Chiropractic feet.

If this article is taken seriously, weighed carefully, and every man and woman immediately admits that he has been slipping and begins a merciless grind on his habits, he will benefit and so will the Chiropractic profession.

We have all been slipping and don't know it. Now that it is called to our attention, we can all check, and do it intentionally.

It would be presumptuous on our part if we were to infer that we had not slipped and slid at The Dear Old PSC. But, as soon as this slipping idea took definite hold of our consciousness, we began to check ourselves first. We soon found hundreds of leaks in our mentality. One by one, we pruned ourselves. Then we called in the department heads and we pruned them all along the line. They took it in the same good, constructive sense we intended it. The faculty came next in line. We pruned our ideas, ideals, methods and results. It was surprising to see how much we were suffering from war-prosperity.

We began checking about January 1, 1923. We have been at it from that day till this. Everybody has been glad to check. We are now pulling up and out. We have slipped and didn't know it, but we have checked, and everybody knew it because we checked so hard that it hit and hurt everybody somewhere,

Having actually gone through the process, we can well understand the human nature of humanity other than ourselves, but we can also now speak from experience. We are still checking, and we expect we will continue from now on, indefinitely.

The PSC is now beginning to see its way clear, although it has taken months of checking to catch up all the slips. It may take you months to observe the same thing, but if in the end your business materializes into bigger things than before, the price you pay is worth the investment.

Slipping and sliding, mentally, is slumping professionally and commercially. To check mentally is to cash financially.

Check until the dog-goned thing hurts you all ways, always.

As careful as we have been, we didn't think we could slip. But we have been; but never again. We are now back on terra firma and we propose to stay there and help every other fellow come through in the same big way that we fought through. We say "fought" because when any man takes hold of himself and struggles through weak spots within himself, builds them up until they are strong, that is some fight he has to go through.

Check until it hurts and your business will prosper!

CHAPTER 96

THE STORY OF THE BARNUM & BAILEY TWO HEMISPHERES BAND WAGON

MANY PEOPLE VISIT The PSC in a year's time. They look and wonder why this, and why that. They see no connection between many things here and Chiropractic. Some are foreign to it. Unless you know why B.J. collects and adds this and that around here, you would think him nuts, daffy, gone haywire, off the beam. When I explain why B.J. does what he does as he does it, you can see the workings of the mind of the man behind.

For instance, what has the Two Hemispheres Band Wagon to do with Chiropractic? Nothing! B.J. had only one objective in securing this wagon, restoring it, saving it, building a fireproof house for it: It was the last of the great circus parade wagons. It was falling to pieces. The kids of tomorrow would never know what those glorious days were unless this particular wagon was saved for that purpose. B.J. saw this, secured it, saved it. Now the kids of tomorrow can see what they otherwise would never have seen.

This band chariot was made in 1896, for P. T. Barnum, at a cost of \$40,000. It was drawn by a forty-horse-hitch, the greatest in the history of horses, wagons, or circuses. It was driven by one man, "Big Jake Posey." Ownership passed through various and multiple hands. Finally it landed at Des Moines, Iowa. During 1941, the Army Air Corps took over its house, kicked it out in the snow, sleet, rain, cold and hot weather. For three years it took a terrific beating. B.J. saw it, felt sorry for it, secured it and rebuilt it as you see it now.

On June 12, 1944, it was trucked from Des Moines to Davenport. Here it was given a complete face-lifting. Blacksmiths, sand blasters, cabinet carvers, carpenters, painters, gold-leaf men—all spent some six months putting it back into perfect shape, as good as the day P.T. Barnum got it.

It is 27 feet long, 35 feet with tongue; 8½ feet wide; 13 feet high; weighs 10½ tons. The gold leaf, in book, cost more than \$5,000. By the time B.J. was through rebuilding the wagon and building a fireproof home for it, he had spent more than \$32,000. Why? Because this is "the last of the Mohicans," the last of the great carved circus wagons. They are no more. They never will be again. They are gone, except for this and possibly two or three others of much less value.

In the fall of 1948, B.J. received several communications re taking the "old trouper" to New Orleans to be used in the Mardi Gras parade of 1949.

When the wagon was built, "upstairs" where the band plays had sides which folded down, making the wagon lower, reducing its height so it could go on flat cars for traveling about. When the wagon was rebuilt here, the side pieces were made permanent, thus increasing its height permanently. It is too high now to travel on the highways because of underpasses, low bridges, etc. It could not be placed on an underslung truck even with wheels off, for the same reason. The only way it could be gotten to New Orleans would be on a barge on the Mississippi from Davenport to New Orleans, and return the same way. It would need go down in the fall before the river freezes and be brought back in the spring after it thawed out.

On March 3, 1949, the following letter was received from the *Chicago Railroad Fair*:

"Dear Colonel Palmer:

"Major Lohr sends greetings and suggests I write you in regard to the circus wagon which you once offered him for the Museum of Science and Industry. Is it still available? We are adding a circus parade to the 'Gay Nineties' scene in 'Wheels a Rolling' this year and we are trying to locate the equipment necessary to stage this new bit of stage business.

Helene Ticken Geraghty,

Director of Pageant."

(A special booklet has been printed, with photographs, etc., giving the entire history and all its allied trials, troubles, and tribulations.)

Constructed in 1896 by Sebastian Wagon Company, builders of Circus Wagons, New York City.

Designed by Harry Ogden, a famous artist, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Carved in the shops of Spanger Bros., Chicago, by an Italian wood-carver of great reputation.

This Two Hemispheres Band Chariot was built for Phineas T. Barnum, and is "the biggest band wagon ever built."

Cost of this chariot was forty thousand dollars. Today, it would cost twice that.

STREET PARADES

It headed and always led the "grand, glittering, triumphant, free street parade" of the Barnum and Bailey "Greatest Show on Earth," beginning in 1897. Because of its weight and because it destroyed much asphalt and brick paving, circus street parades were discontinued in 1918 or 1919.

HORSE HITCHES

It was drawn by a "24-horse hitch" of *matched bays* in the United States and Canada; by a "40-horse hitch" of *matched bays* in Europe. Occasionally, a "40-horse hitch" was used in the United States. It was either 6 teams, 4 abreast, or 10 teams, 4 abreast, through the streets of the cities and towns when Barnum and Bailey made their tours of the Eastern and Western Hemispheres—hence its name.

These "24-horse hitch" and "40-horse hitch" teams were driven by "Big Jake Posey."

It has traveled thousands of miles, and has been "oh'd" and "ah'd" by millions of people from kings and queens to "us kids."

NO. 142-143

When on tour, from train to lot, it was officially known as "Wagon 142-143" as attested by the original canvas covering which came with the chariot. A new canvas now covers it, but the original name and numbered sections have been cut from the old and sewed to the new. Its weight is ten tons.

JUMBO

Jumbo—the largest elephant on earth, pushed this chariot about with his head, in Barnum and Bailey winter quarters (Bridgeport, Connecticut), and many places out of the mud on circus lots.

The inside of the chariot was used to carry hay, oats, buckets, etc., only for the horses that hauled it. There is a trap door on top. Harnesses were carried in a separate wagon.

BANDS

Bands led by the most celebrated Circus Bandmasters of the world, including Carl L. King of Fort Dodge, Iowa, and Merle Evans of Ringling Bros.-Barnum and Bailey Circus, have ridden in this famous chariot.

Merle Evans, who is still the bandmaster of Ringling Bros. "Greatest Show on Earth" has been a personal friend of Col. B. J. Palmer for many years.

Bill Williams, Music Librarian of Radio Station WHO, Des Moines, Iowa, has ridden for years in this chariot, from coast to coast. He tells many interesting experiences.

PASSING OWNERSHIPS

The chariot was built in 1896. It was first used by Barnum and Bailey in street parades in 1897. Ringling Brothers bought the Barnum and Bailey Circus in the fall of 1906 or 1907.

P. T. Barnum died in April, 1901. Mr. Bailey died in 1906.

When circus parades were discontinued (1918 to 1919), the chariot was willed to "Big Jake Posey," who presented it to Robbin Bros. Circus.

Robbin Bros. Circus presented it to The Circus Fans of America, of Iowa, where it was housed in the Iowa State Fairground. The Circus Fans Tent of Iowa, presented it to Jacob A. Wagner, who was a charter member and president of the C.F.A. of Iowa.

Upon his passing, it was presented by him to Zack Terrell of Cole Bros. Circus.

Zack Terrell presented it to Col. B. J. Palmer, April 8, 1944, "with the understanding that it will be placed as a memorial to my friend, the late Jacob A. Wagner."

OTHERS WANTED IT, TOO

Robert D. Good, Ph.D., Allentown, Pennsylvania, of the Circus Model Builders and Owners Association (founded in 1936), said, on June 26, 1944:

"Ever since the death of Mr. Wagner, I have been trying to have the old wagon put into some museum through the Circus Historical Society or the Model Builders and Owners Association. I also tried to interest the Ford Museum at Dearborn in acquiring the wagon, but all my attempts were unsuccessful."

Princeton University, through its alumni, also desired the chariot.

IT TAKES A BEATING

In 1941, the Army Air Corps took over the Iowa State Fairground and, as a result, the Two Hemispheres Band Chariot was taken from under cover and placed in the open weather. Through three years of winter snows and summer rains, it was taking an awful beating.

Seeing what was happening, and desiring to preserve it, Col. B. J. Palmer began negotiating with Zack Terrell to secure it. Zack Terrell, out of bigness of heart and his love for this Two Hemispheres Band Chariot, presented it to Col. B. J. Palmer.

ASSUMING RESPONSIBILITY

It was a large undertaking to ask a business man, not in circus show folk life, and not knowing what circus wagons were made of, to assume the added responsibility of taking this old weather-beaten, shop-worn, dilapidated, badly mauled band wagon and rebuild it back to its original pristine glory of the days of P. T. Barnum. Fortunately, several men still live who knew it well and traveled in it often; and, through them, data began to accumulate. Carpenters and painters were given explicit instructions. How well they have fulfilled their obligation is obvious when you study the present condition. It was completely rebuilt. All the old paint and gold-leaf were removed and a complete new gold-leafing given it.

GIVEN A NEW HOME

June 12, 1944, it was trucked from the Iowa State Fairground, Des Moines, Iowa, to the Mississippi Valley Fairground, Davenport, Iowa. Through the courtesy of the fair committee, it was given a safe place for housing. In this location, it was given a complete overhauling, repairing, carpenter rebuilding; was repainted and gold-leafed.

It was moved to the old barn on grounds of The P.S.C., in the fall of 1944. This fireproof mansion was built for it in the fall of 1945 where it now rests for the edification of all ages of circus "kids."

MUSEUMS—"BUT"

In the language of Lenox R. Lohr, President of the Museum of Science and Industry, Jackson Park, Chicago, Illinois, under date of April 14, 1944:

"We all agree that this wagon with its great nostalgic and almost historical interest should be preserved, and I think you will be doing a fine job if you can arrange to do it.

There is no doubt that in years to come, there will be great regret if it is allowed to disintegrate."

Upon receipt of its presentation to Dr. B. J. Palmer by Zack Terrell, Dr. Palmer's original intent was to present it to the Museum of Science and Industry, if they would accept it. In this relation, Major Lohr said, April 14, 1944:

"Due to its size and the difficulty of fitting it in with the other exhibits, I am afraid we will not have a place for it. I discussed the wagon with Mr. Shattack who is Director of the Chicago Historical Society Museum, and he had the same problem."

It was then offered to the Field Museum, Chicago. In this connection, Major Lohr said, April 18, 1944:

"As far as I know, Field Museum concentrates on natural history and has no exhibits of historical or nostalgic nature, being limited to collections of mammals, minerals and archeological specimens. I surmise this would be completely out of its line."

WHY!

This Two Hemispheres Band Chariot is preserved for the circus "kids" of yesteryear who will remember having seen it and those grand 24- and 40-horse hitches, in the mammoth street parades of former times; and that the kids of today can again see one of the great glories of the circus parades that no longer exist. This was the greatest circus show wagon ever built—and they are no more!

CHAPTER 97

THE STORY OF WAGON WHEELS— AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

PROLOGUE

WAGON WHEELS, what do ye in this circus museum? By what privileges have ye earned the right to be here? Have ye a tale to tell?

If so, spin your yarn. Let's have it!

MONOLOGUE

I, who speak now, am the oldest and most experienced wagon wheel here. Being older, I have seen more, been more places, and can speak a more eloquent tongue.

I shall speak for all. Hereafter, it shall be *we* who speak.

You have said it!

By all rights and privileges granted by kings to the human race, we wagon wheels are here.

By all rights and privileges of globe-trotters, seasoned travelers, having been places, seen things, and done greater ones, we wagon wheels have earned this right to be here.

We *have* a tale—stupendous, colossal, gigantic. It is almost out of the pages of a fairy tale. We speak through our spokesman for ourselves—some here, some buried.

We shall unfurl a tale of kaleidoscopic phantasmagoria, and an extravaganza that we wagon wheels alone made possible, which will amaze you—you Circus Fans of America.

Strike up the band! Give us a fanfare!

You here today, in this museum, look at us now.

We are shabby, decrepit, dejected, worn out, run down at the heels. We are dilapidated, debilitated, emaciated, and displeasing to your eye.

Please remember, we *have* seen better days; and it is those better days we shall reveal.

Yes, we wagon wheels are now all you see. But, again please remember, we were once young, verile, gay, active, doing a great job of entertaining the peoples of the world.

Once upon a time we were strong and mighty. We did our duty and we did it well.

What we wagon wheels did, paved the way for what *you* circus kids see today. We were born with the circus—or, better, we gave birth to the circus.

We helped make early circus history when it was toddling and crawling from the cradle, to the aged rocking chair we now find ourselves in.

Those were the days when we wagon wheels made millions happy, everywhere. We made cripples forget their aches and pains, and laugh with joy. We made the old young again. We made grandpappy and grandmammy take grandchildren to the circus so they could become young again and once more see and feel the thrills, chills, and spills of the circus through the eyes of kids.

As adversities, or fortunes, hit, we wagon wheels moved about, roaming like tramps from one anchoring home to another.

The Great P. T. Barnum housed us at Bridgeport, Connecticut; Sells-Floto, Denver, Colorado; Cole Brothers housed us in Louisville, Kentucky; 101 Ranch, Marland, Oklahoma; Ringling gave us berth at Baraboo, Wisconsin, then Sarasota, Florida; Al G. Barnes, Baldwin Park, California; B. E. Wallace, Carl Hagenbeck, and John Robinson, Peru, Indiana; Chas. Sparks, Macon, Georgia.

We have been shifted from pillar to post; but now some of us are in this circus museum, hoping we will roam no more. We know now we have fallen into loving hands who will look with kindly eyes upon us for all time.

Listen well and we *shall* tell the tale our relatives would have us unfold in detail.

We wagon wheels wove back and forth, like the warp and woof of a carpet, in the United States—from coast to coast, city to city. We saw them all.

We wagon wheels crossed and criss-crossed Canada, province to province, Montreal to Vancouver.

Peculiarly, as important as we think we wagon wheels are to a circus, millions saw us only as a minute part of a grand panorama painting of human beings in their efforts to please—for a profit.

We wagon wheels have crossed the ocean many times. We were squeezed into bellies of ships, and vomited out when we arrived or returned. We were leg-ironed in those bellies like elephants. We crossed the ocean many times—sometimes under different ownerships.

We traveled on dinky continental flats, from continent to continent.

We visited country after country—France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Russia. Perhaps Norway, Denmark, Sweden. (Look to the center ring at our Illustrious Sire—The Two Hemispheres Band Wagon—and you will see the national crests of some countries we visited.) Who knows where we didn't go, over there?

We wagon wheels have had mud washed and scrubbed off our necks and ears with Atlantic and Pacific salt waters: Great Lakes and Gulf of Mexico fresh waters, as well as muddy waters of the Great Mississippi and Missouri rivers.

We wagon wheels have heard languages galore, few of which we understood.

People traveled far and wide, millions of them, years on end, to come, see, and hear what we spoke.

You ask: How did we wagon wheels speak, so all could understand?

It was the voice of massive steel tires on cobble-stones, brick paving, asphalt—and then as we spoke in whispers on soft earth on dirt roads.

It was the creak, creak, creak of the rubbing of loose spokes in dry rims.

Yea, hundreds of us swelled our voices down your streets, more than once.

Oh yes, we spoke a universal language which only those who love a circus understood.

Some of us were big, strong and heavy. Others amongst us were smaller, as we carried Fairy Tale floats. Some of us weighed five hundred pounds or more. Our two rear uncles on that Two Hemispheres Band Wagon weigh over five hundred pounds apiece.

We must be big, strong, and mighty, because we pulled wagons which carried tremendous loads. The Two Hemispheres Band Wagon, empty, weighs ten and one-half tons, or 21,000 pounds. Loaded with musicians, twelve tons, or 24,000 pounds.

We wagon wheels are important. At least, we think we are. Without us, there could have been no circus. If *we* had faltered or failed, the circus could not have come your way.

It was we—humble wagon wheels—that brought you tent poles, tents, reserved seats, cook tent, cook stove, commissary, mail; popcorn, peanuts to feed elephants, pink lemonade, food for animals, side-show, bands, circus props galore, menagerie—we brought everything.

It was we—we unnoticed wagon wheels—which brought you Spaulding & Rogers, Dan Rice, Seth B. Howe, Christy Bros., Adam Forepaugh, Barnum & London, John Robinson, Al G. Barnes, Howes Great London, Gollmar Bros., Van Amburgh, Norris & Rowe, 101 Ranch Real Wild West, J. M. French & Co., Yankee Robinson, Gentry Bros., Robbins Bros., Walter L. Main, Cooper & Bailey, P. T. Barnum, J. E. Bailey, Sparks Circus, Hagenbeck-Wallace, Sells-Floto, Sells Bros., Buffalo Bill, Pawnee Bill, Cole Bros., Ringling Bros., and all the rest down through years while you were growing from a knee-pants young circus kid to a long-trousers old circus kid.

Yes, as unkempt and beggarly as you think us now, there was a time when we wagon wheels were *it*!

Think back on those days when we wagon wheels were rudely awakened by chalkers, at the crack of dawn.

We rolled along down on and off the flats. We were hooked up to great teams of dappled greys. We were rolled over your streets, followed by streams of kids, to the circus lot. All of us carried the circus loads on our backs. Each of us was identified by at least one, and occasionally two numbers. (Our uncle, the one and only Two Hemispheres Band Wagon, was honored with *two* numbers.)

We were pushed and pulled, by horses or elephants, all over the lot—seemingly in utter confusion. The kids used to wonder how anybody knew where we were to go. But, let me assure you, we wagon wheels knew where to go. To us, everything was system personified. There we disgorged our loads of whatever it was we carried.

It was we wagon wheels which got the circus from tracks to circus lot.

We wagon wheels hardly landed on the lot, early in the morning, until we had to be made pretty for the one and only grand and glorious free street parade.

Breakfast over, everybody began donning and dolling costumes. We wagon wheels were washed and scrubbed. The mud of yesterday's lot was peeled off. We were painted before we left winter quarters, but by the end of summer most of it peeled off. Our sunbursts were surely a sight to behold. That was when we wagon wheels strutted our stuff. Always we were on the job.

How proudly we wagon wheels squeaked and rumbled our way through the mazes of your streets. People would look and listen to different bands on band wagons; stand aghast at the long line of elephants; stand speechless at the forty-horse hitch pulling the famous Two Hemispheres Band Wagon; and how we marveled at the ability of one man to drive 40 horses. We wondered at ponies pulling tableau chariots; zebras pulling the African wagon; camels pulling another—it was a continuous wonder upon wonder.

We admired the beautiful men and women of all nations, in abbreviated costumes, riding famous high school educated horses.

Yes, we wagon wheels were surrounded and enveloped in a constant blaze of glory.

But, when asphalt streets came, our days were numbered. Street parades were discontinued. The entire face of circus wagons changed. Big, huge, massive, cavernous boxes took the place of carved facades. We were removed from the wagons, and blown-up monstrosities took our places.

We were all a sad and dejected lot when we were rolled into the barn for the last time. Our glory was stripped, and we—well, who knew what would become of us?

After the parade, we wagon wheels rested all day, dozing and dreaming of past and present days, and the days we fully believed would continue indefinitely, and of the great joy we brought millions.

Then came late afternoon. The matinee was over. Some of us picked up our loads. The high-ball was given, and got away on the first train section.

Then came night. Some more of us loaded the menagerie and were off on the second train section.

Later, the evening performance was over. We wagon wheels loaded the poles, big top, chairs, tents, and what was left. We were hooked up once more to great teams of Percherons, by skimmers. We were rolled over those same streets, following flares so we couldn't get lost. And, when we arrived at the railroad yards, it looked again as though it was an awful conglomeration. Wagons everywhere.

We were pulled up on flats again. The poler was again at work.

We wagon wheels went back on the trains in a certain order, exactly as we came off. System again. Just like an army rolling along from place to place, day by day. Another engine chugged, puffed and pulled, and the third section was off.

Another day was checked off our calendar. We were on our way to repeat the same show tomorrow, in another city.

And, as the train bumped and rolled from side to side, we caught a few snatches of much needed sleep and rest.

Once in a while we got off the lot late. Rain would pour down in buckets. We got stuck in the mud. Horses would strain at tugs; elephants' heads would push against our rear. When mud was ankle deep, we made up for it next morning by rolling away faster than usual.

Maybe we were conceited. Maybe we were high-hat, up-stage. But it was because of us wagon wheels that we carried the giraffes, hippos, rhinos, bears, lions, tigers, gorillas, sea cow, reptiles, seals, and what-have-you in a circus menagerie.

It was because of us wagon wheels that the great, free, street parade down the stem was made possible.

But for us, that Grand "Spec" that opened the show could not have been.

We have stood end-to-end for blocks, in many tents and scattered all over the lot. We have heard kids from four to eighty "oh" and "ah" at what they saw inside those massive cages and in the gigantic, huge big top which, but for us wagon wheels, could not have been.

But did any of them ever give us wagon wheels an "oh" or an "ah"? Did they ever realize that without us nothing else could be? Are we wagon wheels so insignificant that we are taken for granted?

We wagon wheels have seen expensive tragedies come and be written off because we kept on rolling, year after year, because "The Show Must Go On," that our kids might continue to carry water for the elephants for a free pass, or sneak under the tent to see the circus. We have seen wars come and go—but we go on forever.

Cyclones and tornadoes have hit us hard, torn slices out of our big top, which were quickly replaced.

Railroad wrecks have broken our equipment, injured some of our people, killed some of our animals, including Jumbo. Strikes have inconvenienced us for a season or two.

Shortage of labor has made us late getting set up, or putting the show to bed for the night. But, in spite of all these and more, we wagon wheels kept the circus moving.

Yes, we wagon wheels are the circus, as much as elephants, pink lemonade, or clowns. Without us, we brothers, cousins, and uncles, none other could be.

Then, how come we wagon wheels are here, in this forlorn and battered condition as even you see us now?

That's a story of premeditated progress which we could not foresee, foretell, or stop if we wished.

We were made of solid wood rims, heavy wood spokes, and massive steel tires. Our whole family tree of wagon wheels, large and small, were of the same pattern—hundreds of us. Streets changed from cobblestones to paved brick; from paved brick to asphalt. City dads said our steel rims ruined the asphalt. They ordained we were an expensive luxury. If we remained, we would have to pay the piper for street repairs. It was prophesied by our owners that we wagon wheels had to go. Steel spokes and hubs and rubber tires took our place.

What became of us? Into the circus graveyard, the ash-heap, the cemetery, the dump, we must go! There we have lain, lo, these past many years. Time has been taking its damaging toll. Our steel tires have been rusting away. Our spokes were rotting with rain, sleet, and sun breaking down our resistance. We went from bad to worse. Cold, cruel, commercial business demanded we be forgotten.

So, we were laid away, without benefit of priest or clergy, in the circus junk yard. No tears were shed. No eulogy was said.

This—sad as it is—was our reward for years of faithful service as faithful servants.

I know we wagon wheels are dirty, tattered and shattered now. All our pristine glitter, glamor, and glory is gone.

I know our Ring Master, Colonel Palmer, could doll us up, rouge and lipstick our complexions like he has that king of all wagon wheel circus wagons—the Two Hemispheres Band Chariot in the center ring of this museum. Why doesn't he?

We think *he* thinks that by leaving us as we are, he can and will leave much to your imagination as a constant reminder of the role we once played in the Great American Circus.

We think *he* thinks, also, that if we had lain down on the job, the circus couldn't have moved, and all you hoped to see once a year, you would never see again.

That's how important *we* think *he* thinks we were, once upon a time.

From time to time various peoples have come to our cemetery, looked us over, grew disgusted and walked away. They saw nothing in us but what we now are today.

One day—we remember it vividly—it was Armistice Day, 1945. We saw two men come over to our pile of junked wagon wheels. One was Colonel Palmer, the owner of this Circus Museum; the other was Zack Terrell, owner of Cole Bros. Circus. The cemetery was in an out-of-the-way corner of the Winter Quarters, Kentucky Fair Grounds, Louisville, Kentucky.

Some of us perked up our ears. We dared hope. We listened eagerly. We heard Colonel Palmer say to Zack Terrell: "It's a shame to see these famous old troupers discarded, become has-beens, doomed to oblivion, falling to pieces. When they are gone, there'll be no more. May I have six or eight of them?"

Mr. Terrell said: "You may, with my compliments."

And were we pleased!

Each of us hoped we would be the chosen one to be taken out of this muck and mire of mud and mold that was fastly decaying us.

A few days later, Dec. 1, 1945, to be exact, the same Colonel Palmer was in Sarasota, Florida, at the Winter Quarters of Ringling Bros.-Barnum and Bailey "Greatest Show on Earth." He came to see Mr. Ed Kelly, Assistant General Manager. How do we, from Cole Bros. Circus, know what took place at Ringling Brothers? After all, we wagon wheels are closely related under the paint, and we understand each other.

Some of us in this museum knew each other in former days when we traveled with the same show, for we have changed owners from time to time as we moved from one show to another.

So we have talked things over since we gathered here under this one roof.

Mr. Kelly and Colonel Palmer came over to the Ringling Bros. graveyard. It was a *big* cemetery, much larger than any other. No tombstones marked our demise. No birth or death dates told when we were born or died. There are several hundreds of us in the Ringling junkpile.

Maybe we wagon wheels shouldn't take pride in numbers, for, after all, we in the Ringling scrap-heap were no better off in ours than you were in Cole Bros. These two men climbed all over us. They looked us over and picked out several of us that they wanted to save.

And again some of us were made happy to think we would again see daylight, placed back on the stage where we could once more play our parts and be admired.

So, here we are now. Brothers, cousins, uncles, from Ringling Bros. Circus, together with you fellows from Cole Bros. Circus.

(Banking on promise made, we believed all things would be shipped us for this Museum. As of March 1, 1946, we have heard nothing regarding shipment. We know Mr. Kelly promised us in good faith. I imagine some other over him overruled him as it wouldn't be the first time that sort of thing has happened. We left the story stand as originally written because it was good.)

Mr. Kelly, for some reason, was as glad to get rid of us as Colonel Palmer was overjoyed to receive us.

We left Mr. Kelly with his blessings. We were received with Colonel Palmer's glad tidings of a better day for us from now on.

We remember one old seasoned roustabout or razor-back (raise-your-back) who knew us away back when, who said: "I don't see why anybody wants any of *this* junk." That remark cut us deeply. Some day, *you*, too, may be old, your joints may be dried up, rusty and rheumatic; you may not be as gay and active as you once were; but you, like us, will have your memories of what you once were and once did, the same as we. We have *our* memories on which we now live and thrive, our prides and joys that we live over again and again, the same as you.

So, in the passing, please give us wagon wheels a kindly thought.

How times *have* changed.

In the days of those grand, glittering, glorious, free street circus parades; those days of the Great "spec" before 15,000 people under the big top, people stood still while *we* rolled along for them to gaze at what *we* exhibited to them. Today, here in this Museum, *we* are the ones to sit still, glorified, while the human parade passes by and *we* look *them* over.

I wonder if *our* thoughts *now* are similar to what theirs were *then*? Who knows?

It has been said: "Cast your bread upon the waters and it shall return tenfold!" We cast *our* bread for many years. Surely now we have come into our own.

So, kind Circus Fans and Friends, think kindly of us humble wagon wheels. Think of us as what we were, not as we appear to you today.

Think of the joys we brought you in our and your toddling days.

EPILOGUE

You asked for our tale of woe. We had one of sadness and gladness to tell. We are glad you listened.

That's why we're here in this Museum—to cause you to reflect upon other days when the circus was different; when the circus was horses and old-time wagon wheels.

P.S. Written by Colonel Palmer in commemoration of that part Wagon Wheels played in the American Circus. Written at Palm Beach, December 4-5, 1945.

CHAPTER 98

THE STORY OF CIRCUS PARADE WAGONS

By A. MORTON SMITH

CHILDREN OF THE PRESENT GENERATION are deprived, by the complexity of modern city traffic, of one of the greatest thrills of circus days in other years—"the grand glittering free street parade!"

For nearly a century the parade was an effective means of ballyhoo, for tented amusement enterprises and rival circus owners, seeking to create the impression that their respective shows were the largest and most attractive, invested many thousands of dollars in extravagantly carved and gold-leafed parade wagons, drawn by the finest draft horses to be found anywhere.

Nowadays, collectors of circusiana, recognizing that the parade era was the most colorful in the history of circusdom, are perpetuating its memory by the preservation of pictures of band and tableau wagons and information on parade features, while circus model builders are reproducing, in miniature, many of the colorful floats which were exhibited in street processions.

The circus parade dates back almost to the beginning of itinerant exhibitions—when Uncle Nate Howes hoisted the first big top in 1815 and went on tour with Hackaliah Bailey's famous elephant, Old Bet, as chief attraction. At first, the tiny caravan of wagons, driving into town preceded by a clown who blew a trumpet, announced the approach of the company.

But as the circus business prospered and show troupes expanded, a band of musicians advertised the exhibition. In 1837, Purdy, Welch, Macomber and Company had a 14-piece mounted band, 12 members riding caparisoned horses while the drummers brought up the rear in a howdah atop an elephant.

June, Titus & Angevine and Company's Menagerie went them one better, in 1845. This show also had a 14-piece band and "in order to afford the band an opportunity of playing as the menagerie enters each town or village, the proprietors have built an omnibus for the sole purpose of carrying the band, and have attached to it four beautiful bay horses at a cost of \$2,000"—Probably America's first circus band chariot!

By the early "50's," circus owners began to give serious attention to their parades. They dressed up their wagons with colored cloth, banners and flags. And there was an occasional cage wagon with some wood carvings. But it remained for Spalding and Rogers Circus, in 1855, to use the first big parade wagon, despite the fact that the show traveled overland.

This wagon, known as the Apollonican, bore a great number of musical

instruments—including organ pipes, horns, whistles, drums and bells—operated by levers. It was drawn by the first 40-horse team used by a circus. The steam calliope was invented in the same year, but it was four years later that Sands, Nathan and Company had the first steam calliope in a parade.

The Civil War retarded circus expansion, but in 1868 Yankee Robinson Circus had a parade in which tableau wagons drew considerable attention from the public press. One was called Polyhymnia, a large musical organ on wheels. Another was the Golden Dragon. The third was the Four Seasons tableau. They were built by a Chicago wagon-building firm, Coan and Ten Brocke.

Howes & Cushing Circus, later known as Howes Great London, having returned in 1866 from a European tour, began receiving a set of beautiful tableaux built by English mechanics, and decorated with carving and gold-leaf by French and Italian artists. These wagons, obtained over a six-year period, spurred the first great rush of parade wagon building in this country.

The Chariot of India was 35 feet long and 10 feet high, drawn by elephants. The World Chariot, built so that it could be extended 35 feet in the air, featured allegorical paintings and gold and silver carvings and mirrors, was 25 feet long, 12 feet wide, and was drawn by 20 Flemish horses. Then there were the Golden Dragon chariot, drawn by 6 zebras; the Lilliputian chariot, drawn by 20 Shetland ponies; the Jerusalem float, drawn by 8 Jerusalem donkeys, the Golden Horse band chariot, drawn by 12 camels.

Adam Forepaugh, John Robinson, Sells Brothers and Barnum & Bailey were among the large circuses which acquired many fine tableau wagons in the "70's" and "80's," the Forepaugh wagons being the largest and most elaborate.

Sebastian Wagon Company, New York, built "The Five Graces" band wagon, known as Forepaugh No. 1, which had probably the most colorful career of all parade wagons during its 56-year career. It continued with the Forepaugh show and the combined Forepaugh-Sells Brothers Circus until 1896, when it was acquired by Barnum & Bailey. It was taken on the five-year European tour from 1897 to 1902, a 40-horse team being revived to haul it through the streets of European capitals. Returning to this country, it remained with the Barnum & Bailey Circus until after its combination with Ringling Brothers show, was later used by George W. Christy in his Christy Brothers Circus parades, and last appeared in the Hagenbeck-Wallace parade, in 1934. It is now at circus quarters in Peru, Indiana.

Other Forepaugh wagons included Cleopatra's barge, a large carved galley mounted on wheels; the Swan band wagon, one of the largest ever built, which passed to Christy Brothers in the "20's," thence to Ken Maynard's Wild West Show in 1936, and is now owned by United Tent & Awning Company of Hollywood, California; Egypt, Columbia and St. George, and the Dragon. The latter was a Sebastian product in 1878. It was acquired

by Ringling Brothers and rebuilt by Moeller for the 1894 season, and last appeared in the Cole Brothers parades from 1935 to 1937. It is now at Rochester, Indiana.

The Howes Great London parade wagons of the late "60's" went to Cooper and Bailey Circus, in 1878, and thence to Barnum and London, in 1881. The Barnum show also had Golden Age of Chivalry, now exhibited at the Museum of Antique Autos, in Princeton, Massachusetts; Britannia, which featured a large globe, resting on four lions; Egypt, Fairy Tales, Siam or elephant tusk wagon, and others.

Upon its return from Europe in 1903, the Barnum and Bailey show had a new line-up of parade wagons, built for them in preparation for the return to this country by Sebastian. These included the famous Two Hemispheres Band Wagon, the largest and most elaborate band shell ever constructed, which was last used by Dred Buchanan's Robbins Brothers Circus in 1931, and now rests in the State Fair Grounds in Des Moines, Iowa. (It is now in Davenport, Iowa, 1944). Others were America, later converted into a calliope wagon and now at Cole Brothers quarters in Louisville, Kentucky; Asia, now at Rochester, Indiana, quarters; Africa; Europe; Funny Folks; and Our Country.

John Robinson Circus had a number of parade wagons, built by the Olson Wagon Works of Cincinnati, Ohio, from early in the "70's" down through its long career. These included the Lion and Mazeppa tableaux and the famous Peacock and Dragon band chariots, both elaborate creations.

Sells Brothers had several fine tableaux, of which the Eagle wagon was outstanding.

In the late "80's," Barnum & Bailey had a series of small carved Mother Goose tableau wagons built to be drawn by Shetland pony hitches. Early in the "90's," Sells Brothers had a group of similar wagons built. The subjects of these wagons were Mother Goose, Santa Claus, Sinbad the Sailor, Bluebeard, Cinderella, Old Woman in a Shoe, Jack the Giant Killer, Aladdin, Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver, and Red Riding Hood.

Cole Brothers Circus carried three of these wagons for parade and special use beginning in 1935, and Terrell Jacobs acquired the Cinderella float for his circus in 1942.

The Ringling show had a number of parade wagons built at various times, adding to those acquired from earlier shows. These included Germany, Russia, Great Britain, Spain, France, Persia, Egypt, and United States—the latter now being at the Sarasota, Florida, quarters. Most of these were built by Moeller. The Great Britain wagon went to the 101 Ranch Wild West Show and is now owned by Bill H. Hames of Fort Worth, Texas.

Carl Hagenbeck Circus brought some wagons from Germany, in 1905, including the Lion tableau, while others were built for the show by Bode Wagon Works at Cincinnati. The Elephant tableau—one of these products—was lost later in a Hagenbeck-Wallace train wreck.

Pawnee Bill Wild West had a tableau wagon on one side of which was pictured John Smith and Pocahontas; and on the other side, Columbus' Discovery of America. This wagon went to the 101 Ranch Show and thence to the Frontiersman Museum of Houston. The Great Wallace Show featured fine horses and had an elaborate chariot band wagon. One of the show's tableaux showed a rhinoceros in relief on each side, and another had a running lioness as the central figure.

The wagons listed here represent but a small portion of the many shows on the road during the period.

For the information contained in this article and the one to follow, the writer is deeply indebted to Col. C. G. Sturtevant, W. H. Woodcock, Jake Posey, James O'Connor, A. L. Chumley, C. E. Duble, Robert D. Good, and Gordon M. Potter.—("Hobbies," the Magazine for Collectors, March, 1943.)

CHAPTER 99

THE STORY OF HISTORY OF FAMOUS PARADE WAGONS

By ROBERT D. GOOD

FROM THE EARLY WAGON SHOW DAYS to the day of the modern railroad circus, the great free street procession, commonly called the circus parade, has been accepted as an integral part of our American life.

In no other country in the world has the circus parade attained the splendor and magnitude it once presented to our American public. The only thing to faintly approach the magnificence is the procession given periodically by the wealthy Indian potentates and maharajahs.

The elaborately carved, gold-leaved band wagons, tableaux and allegorical floats, drawn by four to forty finely matched equines, were easily the most impressive part of the circus parades. From 1920 to 1930, the circus parade had all but vanished from our American streets because, with few exceptions, most shows enjoyed such good patronage that the parades were dispensed with. Modern traffic conditions were also conducive to the elimination of them.

In the last decade, however, the general depression all over the country changed the picture to such extent that many circuses and wild west shows were forced out of business through lack of patronage. A few of the remaining circuses revived the parade, and there is no doubt that the revival was a decided stimulus to the circus business, as the youth of America had the privilege of witnessing a real circus parade.

To make these parade shows, a great many of the old wagons were literally dug out of obscurity in winter quarter yards and other places, and a great deal of patching, repairing, and refinishing was necessary to make them again serviceable and presentable. Some of the wagons were so badly rotted that it was impossible to repair them.

The oldest and most widely traveled is the old Forepaugh band wagon, built in 1878 by the Sebastian Wagon Works of New York City, for Adam Forepaugh. This wagon was in continuous use longer than any other wagon, with Forepaugh, Forepaugh-Sells Bros., Barnum & Bailey, Ringling Bros., and was last used as the No. 1 band wagon in the Hagenbeck-Wallace parade in 1934. The wagon was also used at the head of the Barnum & Bailey parade in all the countries where that circus exhibited on its European tour.

On the European tour, the famous 40-horse team drew this wagon at the head of the parade, driven either by Jim Thomas or Jake Posey. It was with this wagon that Posey drove the 40-horse team when it tore the corner out of the "pub" in King's Lynn, England. The accident probably never would have occurred if Tom Lynch, boss hostler, had been riding ahead of the team as he usually did on a short turn. The leaders were for a time out of Posey's sight as they turned the corner. The street Posey turned into was barely wide enough for the four horses abreast, and being paved with concrete, the team started to crowd and slide around. The man at the brake became excited, which made matters worse, by jamming it on. Posey called to him to loosen the brake, but it was too late and the right front hub of the wagon struck the "pub." It being a frame structure, the whole side came out, carrying with it a lot of women who had been viewing the parade through windows. Luckily, no one was injured.

George Arlington squared the damage for thirty shillings.

Several seasons later, Posey again visited King's Lynn, with the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show, and dropped in to see the proprietor of the newly-named Forty Horse Inn, who said that the band wagon accident had brought him much extra business. By a strange coincidence, the proprietor's name was James Bailey.

On another occasion, Posey drove the Forepaugh band wagon with the 40-horse hitch through the streets of Paris from 1:00 P.M. until 9:00 P.M. with only one short stop to rest his hands. This stop was made while he was feted in the Mayor's office and presented with a medal from the city. As a result of this drive, Posey's arms and shoulders swelled to such proportions that it was necessary to cut his uniform off him. Posey is now 85 years old, hale and hearty, and lives in well-earned retirement in Baldwin Park, California.

Another old band wagon, built by Sebastian in 1878 for the Forepaugh Circus, was the St. George and Dragon, later rebuilt by Moeller Bros., of Baraboo, Wisconsin, and since known as the Lion and Mirror. Used by Forepaugh for many years, and later by Ringling Bros. Circus, it was still later acquired and used by George Christy in his Christy Bros. circus parade. This was one of the wagons that Zack Terrell and Jess Adkins got from Christy and used as the No. 1 band wagon in their Cole Bros. parades from 1935 to 1937. Fred Seymour told the writer this wagon was so full of dry rot that it is beyond repair, and its trouping days are over.

The Golden Age of Chivalry float was built in the "80's" for Barnum & Bailey, by Sebastian, and was used by it many years. It was in the line-up of the famous Barnum & Bailey parades of 1903.

The allegorical floats, Mother Goose, Cinderella, the Old Woman in the Shoe, were also built by Sebastian in the "80's" for the Forepaugh circus. They were with Barnum & Bailey, Buchanan's Robbins Bros., and graced

the parades of Cole Bros. in the last few years. These little floats, drawn by pony hitches, were a great delight to children.

The Carillon Chimes or Bell Wagon, an unusual piece, was built by Moeller Bros. in 1892, for Ringling Bros. Circus. It was later rebuilt, and was one of the features of the 1934 Hagenbeck-Wallace parade.

One of the largest ever built was the Great Britain band wagon, built in the "90's" by Moellers for the Ringling Bros. circus, and used with that show many years, by Ringling-Barnum & Bailey in 1919 and 1920, by Walter L. Main (Downie) circus in 1924, and last by the 101 Ranch Wild West Show from 1925 to 1931, as the No. 2 band wagon.

The big United States band wagon was made by Moellers in the same decade for the Ringling circus, and was used by it and Ringling-Barnum & Bailey until the parade was discontinued. This is the only old band wagon retained by Ringling-Barnum. It can be seen at Sarasota winter quarters.

The Columbia band wagon was another Moeller production of the "90's" made originally for the Ringling circus. From 1908 to 1918, it was with Barnum & Bailey where it was used as the sideshow band wagon with P. G. Lowery and his Ethiopian Troubadours riding atop. Ringling-Barnum used it in 1919 and 1920, and it was later sold to George Christy. Terrell and Adkins got this wagon from Christy and used it as the No. 2 band wagon in Cole Bros. parades, and as a sideshow property and ticket wagon.

The Russia tableau was a Moeller wagon, built in the "90's" for Ringling Bros. circus. In 1919-1920 it served as the clown band wagon of Ringling-Barnum. It was later with King Bros., Gentry Bros., Walter L. Main, and Buchanan's Robbins Bros. circuses in 1930 and 1931. Terrell and Adkins got this wagon from the Hall farm at Lancaster, Missouri, where all the Buchanan equipment had been sent at the end of the 1931 season. The Russia wagon is still at the Rochester, Indiana, winter quarters of Cole Bros. circus.

George Christy at one time had many old band wagons in his possession, having brought them from Ringling-Barnum shortly after that show discontinued parading.

The old Swan band wagon was one of the largest ever built. For many years it headed the Forepaugh-Sells Bros. parade, and later was used by Barnum & Bailey. This wagon was acquired by Christy for his parades, and was purchased from him by Ken Maynard for the latter's short-lived circus. The Swan is now the property of a tent and awning company in California.

The greatest single contribution to American circus pageantry was made in 1903 by James A. Bailey of the Barnum and Bailey Greatest Show on Earth. To herald the return of his show from its triumphal European tour, Bailey determined to put out the finest parade ever witnessed. A vast fortune was spent on new equipment, wagons, and appurtenances. New wagons

that appeared in that famous procession were the Two Hemispheres band wagon, Our Country, Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and, for the children's delight, the floats of Fairy Tales and Funny Folks, as well as a great many new cage wagons and older wagons, all combining to make a veritable exposition on wheels, all of which was presented free of charge.

It is perhaps significant that Bailey, who gave his public so much for nothing, prospered more than any other American showman.

Heading the 1903 parade of Barnum and Bailey was the massive gold-leafed Two Hemispheres band wagon, drawn by a team of forty matched bay horses, in itself the grandest and greatest parade feature of all time. Designed by Harry Ogden of the Strobbridge Lithographing Company of Cincinnati, and built by Sebastian, this wagon was the largest and finest ever constructed, being 28 feet long, 10 feet 6 inches high, and almost 8 feet wide through the spheres. Its cost was prodigious. It was in continuous service in the Barnum & Bailey parade for years, and in 1919-1920 it headed the last parade given by Ringling-Barnum. Then for several years, along with a great many other old parade wagons, it lay unused and exposed to the elements in the winter quarters yards at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Fred Buchanan acquired some of these old wagons, among them being the Two Hemispheres, and used them in his Robbins Bros. circus parade until 1930, when the Two Hemispheres was relegated to Buchanan's barnyard at Granger, Iowa, where it again lay exposed to the elements for several years. Under the leadership of Jacob A. Wagner, the Iowa Circus Fans had taken the wagon into one of the exhibition buildings on the Iowa State Fair Grounds at Des Moines, where today it occupies a prominent place which it so justly deserves. (It is now—1949—in Davenport, Iowa.)

On July 10, 1936, this grand old wagon was used for the last time when Vic Robbins Band of Cole Bros. circus rode on it at the head of the parade in Des Moines, the wagon being drawn by Coles' finest 8-grey-horse hitch.

The Two Hemispheres band wagon could truthfully be called the "Aristocrat of circus parade wagons," because it was the only wagon carried with a circus for sole parade use. It was of the hollow box type construction, having no doors and consequently nothing could be loaded in it. To the writer's knowledge, no other wagon was at any time carried for its beauty's sake. Fred Buchanan, too, must have thought a great deal of this wagon to give it space in his 25-show train.

During the course of its many years' service, quite a few men were killed and injured by this wagon. Because of its massiveness and extreme width, it was very difficult to pole on the flat cars, as there was very little clearance between the wheels of the wagon and the car's gunwales. Many a razor-back was knocked off the cars by the swinging pole of the wagon. The late Alfred Codona told the writer he saw this wagon crush a musician to death when he attempted to board it while it was pulling off a lot for parade.

The Two Hemispheres band wagon was symbolic of the circus itself,

depicting as it did, in its carvings and seals, the principal countries of the world from which is recruited the performing personnel.

The American tableau, appearing for the first time in the 1903 parade, was also a Sebastian production and finished in blue and gold with the central figure, America, seated on a bison. Other carvings and living figures were grouped around the central figure. This wagon was used for many years by Barnum & Bailey, later by Christy Bros., and by Cole Bros., from 1935 to 1938.

Our Country was also made by Sebastian, finished in blue and gold, and with States along the sides. The central figure was Liberty, surrounded by living figures representing presidents of the United States. This wagon was later used by the Buffalo Bill Wild West show and Miller Bros., and Arlington's Wild West show which used a live bison on the top as a central figure.

Europe, another new wagon, was finished in red, white, and gold, with Europe seated on a ball as a central figure.

Africa, whose central figure was an Egyptian mounted on a camel, was finished in green and gold; while Asia, finished in red and gold, had as its central figure an elephant. The Asia wagon was later used by Christy Bros. in Cole Bros. parades, from 1935 to 1938.

The original forms of several of these wagons were later changed, in that the figures surmounting them were removed, and the wagons built up to about twice their original height so that more equipment could be loaded into them. America and Asia, last seen on the Cole show, were built up and used as trunk and property wagons.

Another unusual band wagon was built in 1904 for the Pawnee Bill Wild West show. It was replete with fine heavy carvings. On one side was depicted Columbus discovering America, while on the other side were John Smith and Pocahontas. This wagon was at one time with the Haag (railroad) circus, and from 1925 to 1931 with the 101 Ranch Wild West show.

The Gladiator and Lion band wagon, one of those appearing in the 1934 Hagenbeck-Wallace parade, is quite old and its history is difficult to trace. It was probably built by the Sullivan & Eagle Wagon Works of Peru, Indiana, which made many wagons for the Wallace, Robinson, and later for the American Circus Corp. This wagon in its earlier days was used by the Howe, John Robinson, and Sells-Floto circuses. It is still in Peru.

Another large-scale addition was made to the list of parade wagons when in 1919 Frank P. Spellman promoted and organized the U. S. Motorized Circus, and had Bode build sixteen bodies later to be mounted on trucks representing different countries of the world. The life of this venture was very short, and receivers sold the equipment at auction. At this sale, Bob Schiller bought United States, Great Britain, Belgium, France, Panama, China and India, and later sold them to Fred Buchanan for his Robbins Bros. circus. When Robbins Bros. closed, these wagons were sent to Hall's farm

at Lancaster, where Terrell and Adkins got them. In 1938, they used United States, Great Britain, France, Belgium, and India in their Robbins Bros. parades.

The old circus wagons have, for the most part we fear, turned their wheels on the last mile. And because of the recent revival of circus parades, some of these wagons will be fresh in our memories so that a little history concerning them is not amiss. Undoubtedly, the decline of the circus is due in large part to the discontinuance of parades which were different from any other attraction seen throughout the year, and always drew the crowds, making them circus conscious and whetting their interest in seeing the performance.

To those of us who were fortunate to see those grand free street parades, they will remain one of our life's fondest memories, and the clattering of hoofs, clanking of chains, and the rumbling, glittering wagons will forever move down the streets of time. They are truly a lost treasure.

(The Billboard, April 15, 1949.)

CHAPTER 100

THE STORY OF FAN DEPLORES PASSING OF ERA WHEN CIRCUS PARADES REIGNED SUPREME

*Modern Show Lacks Thrill of Long Ago; Glittering
Pageants No Longer Delight Kiddies, Grown-ups Alike.*

By A. L. CHUMLEY

ONE OF THE MOST DISAPPOINTING THINGS that ever happened in the life of many youngsters and grown-ups, too, was the cancellation of circus parades.

There had been days and days of waiting and reading about the coming of the circus. Everyone wanted to see that free parade. Then came the great day, and from all parts of the city and nearby towns and villages, people of all ages streamed into and filled the sidewalks and main streets.

But this time there was no parade. It was one of those times when the circus train arrived so late that the parade could not be given.

GLITTERING PAGEANTS

Years ago, the parade was as much a part of the circus as the clowns and elephants. And they were glittering pageants, too. What's more, they were free and well worth the time and effort of going miles to see. But today they are as extinct as the dodo.

After the appearance of a circus here in 1937, the Free Press of August 23d of that year carried an editorial under the heading, "What, No Parade?" which included the following paragraph:

"The parade, from our earliest recollection, has been a joy to us, although the folks' and later on our pocketbooks always had enough to follow up the parade with a trip to the show. We are thinking also of the thousands of kids who haven't the money and who are thus robbed absolutely of all the circus fun."

This editor voiced the sentiment of thousands of circus fans in all parts of the country.

Circus parades were once such an important factor in causing people to flock to the show grounds and into the tent that one wonders why they were discontinued. According to some circus executives, there are many reasons, one of which is the exorbitant license fee. Another, that since the advent of the automobile, congested streets and traffic regulations retard the pro-

cession and make it impossible for it to return to the show grounds in time to start the performance at the scheduled hour.

But the real reason, which is an opinion shared by many circus fans, is that the extra expense of parade equipment and extra transportation facilities, calls for an investment that circus owners think they can avoid and still sell enough tickets to fill the tents.

The only sour note in the harmony of praises sung about circus parades is that of some grown-ups who recall the time when they were kids and had waited what seemed like eternity for the great day to come, their parents took them to see the parade and immediately afterward hustled them back home, making them think that they had seen all there was to the circus. In a day or so, however, they learned that there was a menagerie and circus performance they had missed.

Grown-ups who had that trick played on them can look back now and thank their stars that they saw a parade when such processions featured the finest and most glamorous wagons, floats, and tableaux that ever rolled through the streets of America. Many of the parades were more worth seeing than some of the circus performances given today.

Of course, there were various kinds of parades long before there were circuses. They date back to very ancient times. There were great processions in which nobility and royalty rode in extravagantly bedecked and costly vehicles to impress their subjects. Others were of a military nature to stimulate patriotic fervor, while still others featured tableau floats of historical and religious significance.

The Mardi Gras parade which has been an annual event in New Orleans since 1838 is said to have originated in an attempt to simulate the grand procession of mythological and allegorical floats which had reached the heights of splendor in numerous European cities. As American circus parades developed, many of the wagons and floats reflected the influence of the European and Mardi Gras processions.

One of the earliest records of the American circus parade, according to Col. C. J. Sturtevant, historian of the Circus Fans Association of America, is found in the Albany, New York, *Argus* of May 1, 1837. Four large pictures of parade features of the Purdy, Welch, Macomber & Company were used as illustrations. One picture was the band which consisted of twelve men playing wind instruments and mounted on horses, the drummers bringing up the rear atop of an elephant.

As circuses grew in size and number, so did the parades. By the early fifties they had become such an important factor that each circus tried to outdo its competitor. New types of lavishly embellished wagons were seen each season.

The Yankee Robinson circus parade of 1868 had so many new and impressive features that the Quincy (Ill.) *Daily Republican* of May 3, 1868, carried a detailed description of them. First in the procession was the Poly-

hymnia, described as a "colossal musical organ whose tones resembled those of enormous hand organ." All that the skill of the painter to render the external appearance of the car in many colors had been done. On each end and one side are pictures done by the best artists in an execution that cannot be excelled. It is 15 feet long, 13 feet high, and 8 feet wide.

In the center was "the great golden dragon" with fierce looking teeth and eyes, and having feet, claws, and tail like the fabled sea horse, and glittered in gold.

Next, "the magnificent tableau car" drawn by six white horses driven by a man, represented the god of the sea—old long bearded Neptune. In the center of the car, beneath a canopy bordered in gold, stands Amphitrite, surrounded by nereids and guarded by the Spirit of Darkness. From each of the four corners of the car, a long arm projected to the end, on which was an ornamented seat in which sat a maid appropriately dressed to represent one of the four seasons.

Next came a magnificent band wagon followed by camels and a cavalcade of mounted knights arrayed in burnished steel mail, from head to foot; then twenty-four other horsemen, in gay maroon with white feathers in their caps. Following this was a grotesque group of men on horseback, fantastically dressed to represent a gigantic rooster, a huge frog, a monkey, a mule, and a bear.

Twenty-one years later, the Barnum and Bailey Circus opened season in New York, with a parade made up of eight long divisions. This parade left from Madison Square Garden and it was five hours later when it returned. In addition to the fife and drum corps which headed the parade, there were three bands, an Aeolian organ, a bell chimes chariot, a tableau chariot and jubilee singers, four musical tableau chariots of campellican tubes, and of course a steam calliope. There were fifty-six mounted cavaliers, long lines of gilded cage wagons, open dens of animals, numerous floats and tableau wagons, performers on horseback, elephants, camels, and other led animals.

The years 1880–1920 were the golden age of circus parades. There were many railroad circuses then, and the parades given by the largest circuses—Adam Forepaugh, Barnum & Bailey, Sells Bros., Ringling Bros., Hagenbeck-Wallace, John Robinson, and W. W. Cole, left a favorable impression that was never forgotten by those who saw them.

The largest and most expensive parade wagons were the band wagons. One of the oldest and largest of those was the Adam Forepaugh No. 1 band wagon, built in 1878. It was in continuous use fifty-six years, and was successively used by Adam Forepaugh, Barnum and Bailey, Forepaugh-Sells Bros., Ringling Bros., and was last seen in the Hagenbeck-Wallace parade in 1934.

But the aristocrat of the band wagon family is the Two Hemispheres band wagon which was so named because each of its sides display a large convex-

shaped hemisphere—the Eastern and the Western hemispheres. It is 28 feet long, 10 feet 6 inches high, and almost 8 feet wide through the spheres. This beautiful wagon, which is said to have cost thousands of dollars, was first seen in the Barnum & Bailey parade of 1903. It has the added distinction of being the only wagon ever known to be carried by a circus for parade use exclusively. All other wagons served the double purpose of carrying the band in the parade and paraphernalia when moving from town to town.

Now owned by the Iowa Circus Fans, the Two Hemispheres band wagon is kept on display in one of the exhibition buildings in the Iowa State Fair Grounds, at Des Moines. (It is now—1949—in Davenport, Iowa.)

Will the circus parade ever come back? The lavishly carved and brilliantly decorated wagons, ornamented with statues and mirrors, bedecked with flags and banners, and pulled by 8, 10, 12, and even 40 beautiful Percheron horses, are only memories now.

It is significant that when there were parades there were more circuses. And in spite of the fact that parade equipment represents an extra and very large investment, circus owners made greater fortunes in that era than at any other time in circus history. This year saw only two railroad circuses and about six motorized truck circuses touring the United States. One of the railroad circuses, that of Cole Bros., and Russell Bros., the largest of truck shows, exhibited at Chattanooga in August of this year. The only other railroad circus, Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey, is to exhibit here on October 23d. But no parade.

Cherish dearly your memories of the "Monster free street parade" of the past, if you were fortunate enough to have seen them. (Chattanooga News-Free Press, October 22, 1941.)

CHAPTER 101

THE STORY OF P. T. BARNUM

PHINEAS TAYLOR BARNUM, American showman: Born, Bethel, Connecticut, July 5, 1810; died, Bridgeport, Connecticut, April 7, 1901. He was the son of a tavern-keeper and in his boyhood displayed a remarkable propensity for practical jokes upon his father's customers, as well as a decided turn for trade. Having accumulated a small sum of money he opened a small miscellaneous store. Here he was very successful, and taking advantage of the mania for lotteries which then prevailed throughout the country, he visited New York, and obtained some insight into their management. Returning to his store, he immediately entered into this business upon a large scale, established agencies in various cities and towns, and realized considerable sums from the immense sales of tickets which he was thus enabled to make.

The predominating trait in his character would not, however, permit him to settle down as a country storekeeper, and we soon hear of him as the editor of the *Herald of Freedom*, published in Danbury, Connecticut. In this undertaking he was also very successful in a pecuniary point of view, but his freedom of speech and the boldness of his opinions soon gained him many enemies, and he was several times sued for libel, and once confined in prison for sixty days.

In 1834, he moved with his family to New York, having become reduced in circumstances. Here he tried many ways to earn a livelihood, but without much success, until 1835, when hearing of Joice Heth, a colored woman, the reputed nurse of George Washington, he visited her owners. Becoming satisfied that here was an opportunity of retrieving his broken fortunes, he became her purchaser for the sum of \$1,000, which he had obtained from various friends. By widely advertising this curiosity, considerable excitement was created, and the receipts soon amounted to \$1,500 per week. This was Mr. Barnum's first attempt as a public showman; and finding the business profitable, he collected a small company and traveled through the country, realizing large sums wherever he halted. In 1836, Joice Heth died, and a post-mortem examination proved her to have been but 75 or 80 years old, instead of 161 which was her reputed age.

From 1836 until 1839, Mr. Barnum continued in the exhibiting business, but was then obliged to return to New York, again reduced to poverty. He now barely subsisted by writing occasional articles for Sunday papers, and by petty jobs. In 1841, the establishment known as Scudder's American Museum was announced for sale, and with a boldness almost unparalleled in

mercantile transactions, Mr. Barnum negotiated for its purchase. Without owning a dollar, he made satisfactory arrangements with its holders, and took possession. Here his fortune turned. At the end of a year, he was able to pay all the obligations which he had entered into on account of the museum. In 1848, he had added to it two other extensive and valuable collections, besides several minor ones, and single curiosities without number. It now became the most popular place of amusement in the United States.

In 1842, he heard of Charles S. Stratton, of Bridgeport—then 5 years old, less than 2 feet high, and weighing only 16 pounds. The boy became known to the world as Gen. Tom Thumb, and was exhibited in the United States with astonishing success, until 1844 when Mr. Barnum sailed with him for England. Throughout Great Britain he was received with a popularity surpassing even that of America, and for four months the receipts averaged \$500 per day. Tom Thumb was presented to the royal families of England, France, and Belgium, courted and caressed by the nobility, and presented with costly gifts. In Coventry, Barnum purchased the "Happy Family" of birds and animals, for which he paid \$2,500.

In 1847, he returned to America, where the "General" was again exhibited for a year with increased success, the receipts in the United States and Havana amounting to \$150,000. Barnum conceived the idea of inducing Mlle. Jenny Lind to visit America, and entered into an agreement with her by which he engaged her to sing in America for 150 nights, at \$1,000 per night, the expenses of herself and troupe to be defrayed by him. Jenny Lind arrived in New York, September 1, 1850. The excitement upon this occasion has perhaps never been equaled in America. She gave her first concert at Castle Garden, and from that time until June, 1851, gave 93 concerts which were a succession of triumphs, the gross receipts for the whole amounting to over \$700,000. The tickets were generally sold at auction, the highest price paid for one ticket being in Providence, Rhode Island, namely \$650.

He continued before the public with varying success until 1855, when, having built himself an extensive villa at Bridgeport, Connecticut, he retired from business and published his life story, giving a full account of the various enterprises in which he had been engaged. He also devoted much of his time to farming, and many improvements in Bridgeport.

Two museums of his were burned, in 1865 and 1868. In 1871, he established "The Greatest Show on Earth," a combination of traveling circus and menageries. He was defeated for Congress in 1866, but was four times a member of the Connecticut legislature. Besides his "Autobiography" (1854) he published "The Humbugs of the World" (1865), and "Struggles and Triumphs" (1869).—(*Encyclopedia Americana*)

CHAPTER 102

THE STORY OF THE FORTY-HORSE HITCH

By EARL CHAPIN MAY

NOT LONG AGO, Nicholas W. Burke, my brother-in-law, in talking to his daughter, Mary Imogene, referred casually to a livery stable.

"Livery stable?" his daughter demanded. "What, daddy, is a livery stable?"

Mary Imogene is not a dumb-bell. She was bright enough to win a short story contest long before this episode. Born at Red Oak, Iowa, fourteen years ago, she had been around this country pretty generally. Yet she had never seen or heard of a livery stable. And Daddy Burke had a mental struggle in satisfactorily picturing a livery stable. Him! Nick Burke, who in his youth called himself N. Walter Burke, looked and dressed like E. Berry Wall, and took his best girl out riding behind the best stepper in the local livery stable, as long as cash or credit was obtainable!

There are so many millions of Nick Burkes and so many more millions of Mary Imogenes in this country, I shall have to explain that a livery stable was the social and business center of every community prior to the advent of motor cars. Its full title was generally, "Livery, Feed and Sale Stable," meaning that traveling salesmen, swains, or anyone desiring to tour the town or see adjacent farms and woodlands could engage a rig at a dollar or so per hour, one or two horses, with or without a driver; farmers' or other transient teams would be welcomed, unhitched, fed at stalls and rehitched, at so much for feed or other service; horses could be bought or sold by or through the stable's proprietor.

That proprietor, by the way, was just as important in his home town as Harry Pence of Minneapolis, Worthy Pulver of Millerton, New York, or any other well established and responsible motor car distributor. My father's Livery, Feed, and Sale Stable stood opposite The Rochelle House, corner of Main and Cherry Streets, near the C. & N. W. Railway depot. All kinds of people came to that stable just as naturally as they drop in today at Curt Lazier's Garage and Automobile Agency. But instead of discussing cylinders, fender, carburetors and indicated horse power, they were interested only in live horse-flesh. A horse was a horse. Each had its own power, not measured by 33,000 foot-pounds of work per minute.

In a corner office adjoining the stable's harness room, Henry Carpenter and Fin O'Neil would lean back in yellowish, wooden arm chairs, shoot tobacco juice at an open-faced spittoon, and talk about trotters, pacers and saddle horses, until they got down to discussing the best long string drivers. Then they waxed loud in their arguments. For long-string drivers loomed

just as large in our national picture during our equine era as commanders of Zeppelins loom today. They were the personification of skill and daring, even more intriguing than locomotive engineers. And the top shelf in that Equine Hall of Fame was occupied by men reputed to be forty-horse drivers.

My father, a rather romantic figure because he had in his youth driven circus horses, could have captured and retained a spurious reputation had he been that kind of individual.

"Si," Fin might say, "I see Burr Robbins is billed to show this town. Why don't you get up on the seat of his big band-wagon and drive a forty-horse team for Burr?"

And father would answer honestly, "I never held the reins over forty horses." Then gazing modestly at his powerful wrists and heavy knuckles, he would add, "Our biggest band-wagon team on the Older & Orton Badger Circus was twelve horses, only twelve reins in each of the driver's hands. They say that Spaulding & Rogers had a forty-horse team, the season they went out on rails from southern Illinois. But the best I give them credit for is a twenty-four-horse hitch in their street parade. That's enough horses for any man to handle from a driver's seat."

By that time, the ball would be rolling freely. "How about Bill Green driving those twenty-four creams during the season of 1852, with the Robinson & Eldred Circus?" Henry Carpenter would suggest.

Henry Earl, another local horseman, would chime in with, "When Den Stone and John Murray were running their show, along between 1860 and 1870, they had J. H. Paul in charge of their baggage stock. He actually drove forty ponies, though not to a load, on the street parade."

George McMahon, father's next-door rival, would ease himself into a chair and the conversation. "Away back in 1885," he would offer, "Doc James L. Thayer, out of Waddington, New York, was driving a twenty-horse team on Dan Rice's show."

"I know," my father would slowly answer. "Thayer also impersonated Rice when the old boy was too far gone with liquor. And Thayer drove the band team on Johnson & May's circus. John May was a clown. We were distantly related. I guess Doc Thayer could hold anything; used to pull against a team of horses at every performance on the Dan Rice show."

Then the talk would drift down to date, would involve a description of young Addie Forepaugh as he went roaring around his father's hippodrome track behind forty horses, two abreast. But that Forepaugh act had a touch of "hippodrome," in a slang sense, since the horses were tied to a center rope and couldn't go anywhere but around the track while hostlers and ringmasters helped to shoo them. Bud Gorman, famous jockey rider and equestrian director, was said to have driven a forty-horse string, not to a hitch. But whether Bud did it when he was in Australia with Sells Brothers or with some show in America, none of the experts were prepared to say.

"Guess there's no doubt," one chair-sitter would hazard, "that when Dan

Rice's Great Western Circus was showing on the East Houston Street Lot, New York City, sometime in the 'seventies, he had a forty-horse hitch on his street parade."

Father was pessimistic about this item and about all forty-horse hitches in general. But before he died, forty horses were actually harnessed to a circus bandwagon and driven, by one man, through the streets of Europe and America. Two men is a more exact statement, for two individuals accomplished this feat.

Preparatory to James A. Bailey's first invasion of England, he matched up a team of forty baggage horses under the guidance of young Tom Lynch. The genial Tom, who as this is written is a youthful, sixty-year-old boss hostler in charge of more than three hundred big baggage horses on the Ringling-Barnum show, was boss hostler of Mr. Bailey's great trans-Atlantic expedition. Under Tom was a husky, big-wristed, big-knuckled, strong-armed, strong-bodied young driver named Jim Thomas.

Jim was selected to handle the forty matched equines as a single hitch, drawing a gorgeous bandwagon upon which sat Carl Clair's Grand Military band of eminent soloists and expert musicians. The year was 1897.

Horses still furnished most of our street and highway motive power. Farmers came to town in lumber wagons. Every second human being had some kind of an interest in a trotter. Six-teams were driven to tallyhos, reminiscent of Concord mail coaches and cradles stage wagons. Frank & Walker, Wells-Fargo, Ben Halladay and the Overland Mail had left fond and thrilling memories. Prosperous people kept their own carriage horses. A stable was part of every city or country establishment. Henry Whitlock, who drove the mail stage from Ridgefield to Branchville Station, Connecticut, had turned sixteen pairs of horses to a circus wagon, on Main Street, in neighboring Danbury. With a four-in-hand whip, Henry could crack a fly from a leader's ear. Henry's son, Morris B., was his father's rival. The horse, like cotton, was an uncrowned king.

In the baggage department of major circuses the mighty Percherons, Belgians and Clydesdales, averaging 1650 pounds, standing sixteen hands high on heavily caulked shoes, were normally hitched, for heavy hauling purposes, in eight-horse, six-horse, and four-horse teams. The hippopotamus and rhinoceros dens, gorgeous, ornate, gold and red tableau wagons, and the leading or first bandwagon were given special and larger hitches to make more impressive the street parade.

It was the last decade of a Golden Age for Circuses. That age was closely coupled up with horses. Jim Thomas was given his place of honor because he was a long-string driver and had handled twelve to a hitch without worrying. He had plenty of stamina and steady nerves. A forty-horse hitch wouldn't bother him.

When you see a picture of this record-making team on the streets of Brooklyn with an elevated railway overhead, buggies, delivery wagons, and

crowds of spectators on either side, and a lone driver holding twenty reins—one for each pair of pullers—you realize that circus horses were then in their glory. With a nodding plume on each handsome head, a fancy blanket on each powerful back, metal work of their harness shining, iron shoes clattering and traces clanking, the forty—count 'em—forty horses made light work of hauling two hemispheres, one on either side of a ten-ton chariot. That was a free show folks talked about!

England, always a horsey country, received the innovation with enthusiasm. Jim Thomas sat upon his driver's throne and bid all the Johnnies look at a Yankee who might not have so much style and manner; who preferred a circus uniform to a top hat, wasp waisted coat and fancy boots; but who could handle seven-hundred-twenty feet of reins, not counting the long, loose ends he had thrown behind him so he could take up or let out when turning corners.

Then Jim got under the weather and on a ship that took him back to Bridgeport, Connecticut, winter quarters. Mr. Bailey did not want to abandon his equine novelty. Tom Lynch said that Jake Posey was pretty good; son of old Jeff Posey who was boss hostler for many seasons on the John Robinson Show. The Poseys came from Indiana, where a town and county were named after them. Jake had driven big teams on the Van Amburgh wagon show. It might be a good idea to give Jake a trial.

"Can you drive my forty-horse team?" Mr. Bailey asked this Hoosier driver. "Yes, sir," the gray-eyed firm-lipped, stalwart Jake replied.

"All right. Go to it, Jake," the big boss decided.

Jake Posey went into rehearsal with forty big bright bay Percherons, beginning with sixteen in a hitch, adding four at a time until he and the forty understood each other. His pole horses weighed 2,000 pounds apiece; the others, excepting the leaders, were not much lighter. They were hitched four abreast, one rein to each pair of horses, two polers on each side of a stiff wagon pole; the two pairs in front of them on either side of a body pole; the other fours kept in line only by traces and reins, military style.

Jake did not have very large hands. He wore and still wears a number nine glove, though he had to drive bare-handed to get and keep his purchase on the slippery straps of leather which connected his fingers with the horses' bits. Even with a shortened hitch, this was no sinecure.

Jake's leaders were nearly eighty feet from the high swaying perch on which he sat. He kept his lead reins between his thumb and forefinger, his pole reins between his third and fourth fingers. The other sixteen reins were doubled between his other fingers. His hands thus divided responsibility and labor equally.

As even a long stocked whip with a twelve-foot lash, such as my father carried in his time, would not be of value with forty horses, Jake got to calling each of them by name. If they didn't behave, his helper cleverly threw pebbles, hitting them on their flanks with the skill of a sharpshooter.

Though driving forty horses in a military hitch, the man from Indiana was not assisted by postilions or outriders. Tom Lynch generally rode ahead, unless he was called back to the band wagon on other business. Tom was back when the big team turned a corner in the narrow streets of King's Lynn, Norfolk. The near corner was occupied by Mr. James Bailey's popular pub. Mr. James Bailey was not related to Mr. James A. Bailey. Beyond the corner, out of sight of the driver, a bobby beheld a mass of horses bearing down upon him at a smart gallop. The policeman promptly seized and stopped the outside leaders, Fritz and Paul. That piled up the oncoming teams and wagon, for Fritz and Paul had been taught to take all turns on the run so the whole team would be clear around before it straightened out, thus keeping the bandwagon's wheels away from street curbs.

Tom Lynch dashed for the leaders—and was badly kicked. Jake's polers pushed away from the curb with all their might. But Jake's right front hub crashed into and came away with most of the pub's glass front, along with some customers who had been standing on benches inside the front window. On behalf of Mr. James A. Bailey, circus proprietor, the circus legal adjuster settled with Mr. James Bailey of King's Lynn. Several years later, Jake made the same town with the Buffalo Bill show. Mr. Bailey of King's Lynn had renamed his pub The Forty-Horse Inn. He had capitalized on publicity. Forty-horse driver and pub proprietor drank a glass of ale to the pub's great prosperity.

Jake didn't do much forty-horse driving on the European Continent because the Germans, having seen the free parade, kept away from the show grounds and the ticket wagon, which caused James A. Bailey to cut out his street pageant. But Jake did drive his team, without rehearsal, in the M-Careme parade through the French Capital's streets—from 1:00 P.M. to 9:00 P.M., with only one stop to rest his hands. Since that time, Jake Posey has been just a boss hostler, though he can hold the reins over six, eight, or twelve horses if he is short of drivers.

For a few seasons during the Golden Age of circuses, Barnum & Bailey's parade was led by twenty-four horses in a military hitch. But no big hitch teams have appeared on our streets for more than fifteen years. We may never see another, unless they are brought back as circus novelties.

More than a thousand dapple grays, whites, bays, blacks and roans still tour this continent with our various circuses. So do more than two hundred finely-bred high-school and liberty horses. Even motorized circus carries some of them—for a circus is not a circus unless it has horses, clowns and elephants. But, away from race courses, breeding farms, bridle paths, riding schools and fancy horse-shows, equines are becoming curiosities. They are, therefore, more valuable yearly as added attractions. And big shows cannot get their heavy baggage wagons on and off wet lots without them—tractors to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Jim Thomas used to emphasize this necessity of having horses with all

circuses. He spent his last of more than seventy years at Hillside Home, Bridgeport, Connecticut. Injuries received from a falling horse began to tell on him, finally. But the undemonstrative, taciturn, efficient members of a craft which is shrinking numerically as the hustling world becomes more motorized, did not forget retired Jim Thomas.

A small tin box rested on a shelf in the Bridgeport winter quarters, unless it was nailed to the traveling stable wagon. A circus painter had marked it, "For J.T." There was a little hole in the top of this tin box. If a driver, blacksmith, oiler, harnessmaker or pony punk passed this box and carried any coin, he dropped some into the box for a veteran who had driven forty horses. Jim closed his life's season without needing anything.

Tom Lynch continues to preside with unabated energy over the Ringling-Barnum baggage stock, and thanks his stars he can winter in Florida. Jake is still on the road as a boss hostler. He has been on the road just fifty years, hale and hearty and full of ginger. If you cannot identify him by this picture, you can spot him by a gold mounted lion's claw dangling from a heavy gold watch chain across his chest.

Those ornaments and a bronze medal, bestowed on him by enthusiastic Parisians while the Hoosier boss hostler stood and bowed on the center stage of the Salle Des Fetes of the Gallerie des Machines, in full evening dress, besides the one just acclaimed the most beautiful woman in Paris, are Jake Posey's souvenirs of a Golden Age when horses and their drivers were supremely important with all worthwhile circuses.

Whenever a few good trouper fellows get together and hark back to this halcyon Golden Age, they automatically bring James A. Bailey's forty-horse band wagon into their conversation. With W. C. Coup as his partner, Barnum had featured a tableau chariot which, by using a telescoping device, could be made forty-feet high, on his street parade. The Barnum & London Circus opened its first season with a torchlight parade through New York City's streets, in which elaborate chariots, tableau wagons, drawn by elephants, camels and other animals, astonished thousands of sidewalk spectators. Forepaugh and the Sells Brothers were lavish in purchasing red and gold wagons elaborately decorated with gold-leafed carvings. But no showman approached Bailey's Two Hemispheres band wagon in expensive, artistic, impressive gorgeousness.

On each side of the ponderous equipage, largest of its kind ever constructed, a hemisphere with bas relief continents as the central figures, was flanked by lions and bears four times nature's size. Gold-leafed eagles, on the same scale, supported the red coated driver's seat; life-size wooden elephants supported the wagon's rear. Between them were large coats-of-arms of many nations, and intricate, beautiful wood carvings covered with more gold-leaf. Professor Carl Clair's Grand Military Band rode on this wagon hauled by a team of forty horses. (The Circus from Rome to Ringling, by Earl Chapin, May, 1932.)

CHAPTER 103

THE STORY OF CIRCUS WAGON DRIVERS

By GEORGE BRINTON BEAL

A DRIVER IS RATED, in the world of the circus, by the number of horses he drives or is able to drive. Anyone handling six or more horses in a single hitch or team is known as a long-string driver and he is, to use a popular slang phrase as the most descriptive that comes to hand, tops in his profession.

The most difficult wagon on the lot, or off for that matter, is a pole-wagon which carries a super-load of the fifty-foot center poles that help to keep the mammoth stretch of canvas—known as the Big Top—in the air. The easiest wagon, if you care for extremes, is the amusing, toy-like, torch wagon which vigilantly brings up the rear-guard of the circus in the wee small hours of the circus day in your town and mine, with equal impartiality throughout the circus season.

Most circus teams comprise six and eight-horse hitches, with a few ten and twelves thrown in for good measure for the handling of the heavier wagons. So long as the gaily-nodding plumes of the circus horse are subject for conversation or reminiscence, talk will always come finally to the subject of the biggest hitch ever harnessed and driven by a single driver. The record goes almost without competition, except in purely legendary form, to the famous forty-horse hitch which drew the equally famous Hemispheres band wagon of the Barnum & Bailey Circus when it made its first European tour, back in 1897.

To understand the need of any such extravagance in horses for a single wagon, you must, in a sense, turn back the pages of time to that era. It was the last period before the gradual encroachment of the automotive vehicle. Horses were owned by almost everybody of prominence, and were common everywhere, including many famous teams of horses and widely known stables. This was, of course, particularly true of England, which James A. Bailey, one of the most brilliant and greatest circus men that the world has yet produced, intended to invade.

With this general familiarity of the horse in mind, Bailey decided that to attract attention he would have to do something more with horses than anyone had done before.

The forty-horse hitch was a result of his search for novelty in the way of presenting horses in a horsey world.

There had been legends of the forty-horse hitches before, and I have in my collection several fascinating circus heralds of former days on whose

picture pages are shown elaborate turnouts of forty and even one hundred horses prancing gaily through the street, attached to huge shell-like open wagons upon which pyramided lions leered and growled at some posturing feminine beauty of the Mae West-Lillian Russell type of architecture.

And there was a story of the forty-horse hitch which young Addie Forepaugh used to drive madly around his father's big arena, at each and every performance of that great show. But that particular hitch was not strictly speaking a forty-horse hitch, as each pair of horses making up the two score were securely anchored to the center pole and could not very well go any place but around the arena. A hitch, in strict terms, is a team of horses in which each horse is individually driven by reins held by a driver and guided by him.

The late Tom Lynch, at the time of his passing superintendent of baggage stock on the Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey Circus, was holding down that same position with the original Barnum & Bailey Circus at the time of the European invasion. To him went the task of getting together the forty-horse hitch. He selected as the driver Jim Thomas, one of his crack long-string drivers. And to say that the turn-out was a sensation, was to put it mildly. But trouble—that ever-present hand-maiden of the circus man's life—was ahead. Jim and the English climate did not mix very well, and Jim had to be invalided back to winter quarters, then in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Into his place went Jake Posey who drove the team practically throughout its career on two continents. The horses of that famous forty were hitched four abreast, one rein to each pair of horses, two polers on each side of a heavy wagon pole, and two pairs in front of the poles on each side of a swinging body pole, and the rest in fours out ahead, kept in place only by traces and reins as military hook-ups are made.

Those far-flung leaders were spaced some eighty-feet ahead of the driver as he swayed on his high seat on the biggest band wagon ever built; and that wagon, incidentally, the property of the Circus Fans of America is now preserved at Des Moines, Iowa, (now, 1949, Davenport, Iowa) where on very special occasions it is hitched up and goes into some visiting circus parade—but not, so far as I have been able to learn, with forty horses drawing it. A band chariot, incidentally, that weighs an even ten tons.

Handling those forty horses required a total of 720 feet of reins of an estimated weight of 72 pounds. Both Jim Thomas and Jake Posey worked out a special technique for handling this immense collection of reins. The lead reins went between the thumb and fore-finger of each hand; the pole reins between third and fourth fingers, and the remaining sixteen were doubled between remaining five fingers.

Today Jim Thomas is dead—died in retirement in Bridgeport, in the days before the winter quarters moved south to Sarasota, Florida. Jake Posey, now nearly seventy, is still handling baggage stock, being superintendent of baggage stock on one of the smaller circuses now out. ("Through the Back Door of the Circus," By George Brinton Beal—1938.)

THE STORY OF RESTORATION OF FAMOUS BAND WAGON

By A. MORTON SMITH

MANY CIRCUS HOBBYISTS worship at the shrine of famous band wagons of the good old parade days. Geographical divisions of the Circus Historical Society are named for noteworthy tableaux; collectors of circus pictures specialize in parade wagons; and builders of miniature circus equipment reproduce the elaborately carved and decorated vehicles in scale models.

Most famous of all parade wagons is the Two Hemispheres band wagon, which for many years led the parade of Barnum & Bailey Circus, and circus fans everywhere, owe a debt of gratitude to Col. B. J. Palmer, world traveler and hobbyist, of Davenport, Iowa, who has made possible the maintenance of this notable vehicle for exhibition purposes.

The Two Hemispheres band wagon represents the acme of the wood-carver's art and is the largest vehicle of its kind ever carried by a traveling circus. It has been seen in parade by many millions of persons on two continents.

Col. Palmer, by the expenditure of approximately \$11,000 and the employment of a dozen skilled artisans over a period of four months, transformed the decaying, tarnished old veteran which long lay in a circus graveyard, into a more elaborate and glittering tableau than when it was in its heyday in circusdom.

The colonel says he was a typical youngster in that he liked circuses, carried water for the elephants, and crawled under the tent to see the show. He engages in 28 different business enterprises, among them the operation of a booking agency for radio talent in connection with his radio station and through this activity has met many outdoor show people.

He admits always having been a hobbyist, collecting various interesting things. In his 1,116,000 miles of travel around the world many times, he has assembled various curios which he exhibits in his garden he calls "A Little Bit O' Heaven."

Last year, Col. Palmer visited the Iowa State Fairgrounds in Des Moines, where he saw the famous old wagon.

"It was out in the open air and had been for four years—summer and winter, through rain and snow, taking a terrific beating," he explained. It seems the army air corps had taken over the fair grounds and needed the building which had housed the wagon.

"Somehow, I felt a close, friendly feeling towards this old trouper," Col. Palmer recalls. "It looked forlorn and almost begged me to take it home."

So Col. Palmer investigated the story of the wagon, which starts back in 1896, when it was constructed by Sebastian Wagon Company in New York on order of James A. Bailey, who at that time anticipated his five-year tour of Europe with the "greatest show on earth."

The wagon was designed by Harry Ogden of Cincinnati and the carvings were done in the shops of Spanger Brothers, in Chicago. The wagon is 27 feet long over all, 35 feet with tongue. It is 8½ feet wide and 13 feet high, weighing 10 tons.

Its driver was Jake Posey, now living in retirement in California, after a lengthy career as ring stock superintendent for various circuses. The wagon was for several years drawn by a 40-horse hitch of matched horses, ten teams, four abreast. The reins Posey carried weighed 72 pounds, 10 reins in each hand, 1 rein for each pair of horses, 1 for each pair of pullers.

Three men sat in the driver's seat. Posey held the reins while one assistant took in the slack or let out more as they made turns at corners. A third man held a bucket of pebbles which he would throw at horses if they lagged behind in the pull, since no whip could reach them.

Millions of people lined the streets of big cities and small towns alike in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Italy and other countries, to watch the processions headed by this famous wagon. But Ringling Brothers, who bought the Barnum & Bailey Circus and combined it with their own, discontinued parades in the early 20's.

The prize wagon went to Fred Buchanan's Robbins Brothers Circus, and continued to lead parades until 1931, when that show returned to its quarters in Granger, Iowa, for the last time.

There the wagon deteriorated for a number of years until J. A. Wagner, Des Moines circus fan, had it brought to his home city and installed in the fair grounds. Before his death several years ago, Mr. Wagner presented the wagon to Zack Terrell, owner of Cole Brothers Circus.

But Mr. Terrell's circus has no parade and the wagon remained in Des Moines, where Col. Palmer found it. He wrote Mr. Terrell, offering to put the wagon in shape, and present it to a museum. Mr. Terrell gave Col. Palmer the wagon in memory of his friend, J. A. Wagner.

To three museums, Col. Palmer offered the wagon. None had a building in which it could be housed so, undaunted, he remodeled a barn in which to store it until he can have a fireproof building constructed. Blueprints are drawn, awaiting relaxation of priorities on materials.

The job of reconditioning the wagon was tremendous. Four cabinet woodworkers repaired the carvings. Sand blasters took off layer after layer of paint to the original wood. Iron work had to be replaced, and as the wagon was reconditioned, two old-time circus wagon painters applied Ringling red, circus blue and 23 karat gold leaf.

Col. Palmer says, "It is now even better than the day James A. Bailey first saw it. I spared no expense. Today I am proud of it. I take pride in showing it to circus people and circus fans."

And in recognition of Col. Palmer's great contribution to the perpetuation of the famous old wagon, he has been made an honorary member by the Circus Historical Society, the Showfolks of America, and the Circus Fans of America.—(*Hobbies*, the Magazine for Collectors, July, 1945.)

CHAPTER 105

THE STORY OF B.J.'S SIMPLE THINKING

I WELL REMEMBER the time and the occasion.

There were Bill Ovens (our chauffeur who has been with B.J. 28 years, who guided our car and trailer, Palmer House I) Ralph Evans, B.J., and myself. We had gone to Stuart, Florida, deep-sea fishing. The boat was engaged for the following morning.

The next day it rained, and there was a high sea. We cancelled the trip that day.

The four of us were sitting by the side of the trailer, smoking. Ralph had cooked breakfast. Dishes were washed and put away. B.J. was sitting, smoking, and for once seemingly at ease, mentally and physically. I thought this was an opportunity to dig into one of the problems that had been on my mind for some time. I asked him: "Do you find it difficult or impossible to solve problems that confront the medical mind, which have him stumped on how to solve them; the issues which baffle medical scientists who seek an answer on how to cure disease? For instance, they seek millions of dollars in donations to try to find how to cure cancer, eradicate tuberculosis, etc."

His answer was characteristic, which showed his great understanding of the problem as well as how simple his solution:

"So long as man studies man as a physical and chemical being and nothing more; and studies those from their effects, symptoms, pathologies, and attempts to correctly diagnose them and how to 'battle' them with medical 'armamentarium' from the outside, to force the inside to change to try to fit a medical educational pattern of arbitrary and empirical par value, then the subject is complex.

They are geometrical in numbers until they reach astronomical proportions. No wonder they are beyond the reach of any solution by medical men.

"However, if man has the correct analysis of man and all is studied from *source cause* viewpoint, from the beginning, all is simple and single and the mystery unravels until it is clear. Man does not 'battle' anything because the 'battle' of life and health has been won by Innate within him before he was born. There is nothing 'arbitrary' or 'empirical' about that approach because Innate has solved all 'mysteries' of life, dis-ease, and health millions of years ago on millions of people; and every person born, who gets sick and gets well, is proof. The geometrical and astronomical processes are included in everything Innate does for man before man began the study of man. Suppose, then we leave those problems for Innate to take care of.

"What a bit of wisdom was expressed by Chas. F. Kettering when he said: 'We can send a message around the world twice in one second, but it takes 25 years to get an idea through one quarter inch of skull.'

"Man is a duality of personalities; two minds working through two brains. The body is dual in its functions, one under each mind. There is a flow of Innate to the educated brain; and from educated brain to its body. There is also another flow of Innate to the Innate body. With that as a sound fundamental, all else clarifies as we study problems of the living body.

"Let me give a few examples, Herb. The study of amnesia has worried medical scientists as well as others, no end. It is simple. Educated mind goes blank, blacked out. Innate personality takes over and runs the entire body. Innate is 100 per cent on the job now. Innate runs the body for weeks or years, directs eating, living, moving about, traveling. Innate is the 'dual personality.' What caused education to be blanked out? A vertebral subluxation caused nerve force current flow to be completely shut off between Innate brain and educated brain. Education is now nil. The educated fellow is 'not at home.' Some day an accidental adjustment may occur, or it can be intentionally given by a Chiropractor. The nerve force current between the two brains is restored. The old educated personality is back again on the job, picking up from where it left off. Simple, isn't it?"

That evening, after dinner, we were sitting chatting when suddenly I turned to B.J. and said, "You know, I teach symptomatology and pathology in The P.S.C. Your explanation of amnesia this morning intrigued me because you combined many diagnoses into one common condition and explanation. You simplified many subjects. If books would teach what you explain, people could grasp an understanding of what sickness really is. How would you explain degenerative diseases, paralyses, eruptive fevers, headaches, or insanity?" He didn't need a second urge.

"There is a great list of dis-eases in which disintegration and decomposition of tissue structure occur. It might be diagnosed as tuberculosis, caries, necrosis, cancer, etc. What difference does it make? It's a like condition, in a different organ, in a different degree.

"Then there are various forms and locations of differing degrees of paralysis. What difference does it make? It's another example of a like condition, in a different location, in a different degree.

"Let's break down *their cause* which is the vital issue as to origin and possible cure. If there is a 100 per cent flow of mental impulse supply between Innate brain and its body, we will have normal action, function, enervation. Reduce that quantity flow, and varying degrees of paralysis, degeneration, creep in on muscular contraction and relaxation; or enervation decreases. Continue to reduce that quantity flow, and eventually there is no flow. If that reduction in flow affects nutrition and such stops enervation, then disintegration and decomposition begin and continue.

"What difference does it make whether it is paralysis here or there, or

decomposition here or there? It's a like condition, in a different part of the body, affecting differing functions in a different degree; a vertebral subluxation with its consequent diminishing flow of Innate life which *is the cause* of any and all forms of paralysis as well as any and all forms of decomposition, all of which can be classified under one simple and single understanding."

(For purpose of elucidation, I interject a subject with which B.J. knew we were conversant, but our readers might not be. We, as Chiropractors, know that a vertebral subluxation is one of the segments of the backbone which has been accidentally twisted out of proper normal and natural alignment with its fellows above and below. When that occurs, it squeezes openings between them through which nerves pass on their way from the brain to some part of the body. When that occurs, it pinches the nerve, thereby decreasing its carrying capacity of nerve force flow between brain and body. That reduced, abnormal, unnatural quantity creates dis-ease at the ends of those nerves in the organ to which it or they go. A vertebral adjustment given by a Chiropractor reverses that order and restores health from its source—the Innate in the brain.)

Let's listen-in on B.J. again:

"The eliminators of poisons from the body are the kidneys for fluids, bowels for solids, lungs for gases, stomach as in vomiting, and skin for surface perspiration. If kidneys, bowels, stomach, or lungs do not eliminate, poisons dam back and come out through skin as in sweat. Innate attempts to burn poisons of surface poisons, hence fevers. Between fever and poisons coming through skin, we have an 'eruptive fever.' The degree of fever and amount of poisons determine whether it is diagnosed scarlet fever, measles, varioloid, chickenpox, smallpox, etc. The underlying condition of all is a common denominator. Because of paralysis of kidneys or bowels, damming back process occurs. Here we are back to a paralysis. Same explanation holds good here. Simple, isn't it? What difference whether we diagnose it one or the other, when kidneys and/or bowels need to eliminate and don't? A diagnosis of the skin 'eruptive fever' could be right or wrong and it wouldn't make any difference to kidneys or bowels.

"Headaches have baffled students of symptoms. Any phase of abnormal feeling in the brain in the head is an interpretation of some abnormal physical condition in the body. Once a functional symptom or a physical pathology begins in the body, it sends up afferent nerve an equivalent impression which is interpreted by contrast between normal impression that should come in and abnormal reduced quantity impression that does. Difference between is pain, discomfort, ill-feeling, headache, etc. This mental interpretation is adaptative to a remote physical condition. No good is done treating 'headache.' All aspirin does is to paralyze afferent transmission. Condition upon which it is predicated is down in the body somewhere. Backing up from 'headache' there is an abnormal physical condition at beginning of afferent

fibre or at periphery of efferent nerve in body. Backing still farther from periphery of efferent nerve back to brain, we find *between them* a vertebral subluxation which reduces the quantity of nerve force flow between what brain generates normally and amount which doesn't get through the obstructed subluxation. To correct abnormal brain pain interpretations, adjust vertebral subluxation and all ill-feelings in mind in brain will disappear. Simple, isn't it, *when cause* becomes uppermost? One bit of knowledge of *cause* is worth more than *all* geometrical and astronomical impossibilities of symptoms, pathologies, effects, and diagnoses of paralyses, decompositions, headaches, or what have you.

"Insanity is another example of simple origin. People are sane, go insane, and become sane again. What insanity is, its mysteries, its classifications, have created untold studies. From whence comes sanity when we are insane? What is it that goes wrong with the sane that makes them insane? When insane, from whence comes sanity again? To study insanity, its symptoms, pathologies, effects, idiosyncracies, and diagnoses is enough to drive any insane specialist' nuts. We know that Innate living in Innate brain is *always* sane, only educated brain goes insane; when an insane person becomes sane again it comes from the source of sanity, the Innate brain, then sanity and insanity are simple and single problems regardless of multitudinous complications and endless classifications it is divided into by those who study effects.

"Open the channels of communication between source of sanity and expression of insanity, and sanity is restored. A vertebral subluxation cutting off flow of Innate sanity to educated brain produces a comparable degree of insanity in educated brain. To adjust that subluxation is to permit normal sane flow to come from normal sane Innate to insane educated brain and this restores sanity—all this can occur without the Chiropractor knowing one thing about insanity or its endless ramifications."

Next day, I asked B.J. to recall as nearly as he could his explanations of yesterday and to write them as he told them to us; I wanted to keep his notes in my files for future reference. I had the belief that in years to come they would have historical value. It is from those notes I now write that you might better know the man and the lines along which his mind works in solving sickness.

I have often heard B.J. say, "The medical man knows everything about effects, symptoms, pathologies, diagnoses, and fruitless attempts to eradicate them, but he knows nothing about *the simple and single cause* of any of them. The medical man talks high and mighty about germs, rats, fleas, mosquitos, spirochetes, effluvia, and every other *external* condition which he calls cause, which in reality are effects of effects, none having a natural normal starting source. We know little of effects, symptoms, pathologies, diagnoses. When it comes to knowledge of a natural, normal, *internal* cause and cure source of life and health, we take off our hat to no man." And, at that, I believe he's right!

I have repeated these explanations as near as I can, for two reasons: They stand out clearly in my mind as a masterly understanding and how he impresses one with his analytical logic and how close he comes to the truth of a situation.

It is as he has said so frequently: "To gain this simple and single understanding, one must begin with knowledge of Innate and how it runs the body and works from there outwards—from above down, from within out. No other study has ever or will ever solve these mysteries that dumbfounded the medical world."

My purpose of interjecting these notes is to show that B.J.'s mind considers Innate as *the* important factor in anything and everything he analyzes. He would no more try to solve human riddles without Innate, than an electrician would try to solve the riddle of light without electricity. As some men deny Innate, others ignore it, others call it "nature," so does B.J. always mention that it would be impossible to have any intelligent action *without Innate Intelligence*.

B.J. expresses it well when he says: "With Innate, we are alive. Without Innate, we are dead. With only a portion of Innate at work, we are sick. With all of Innate at work, we are well. Innate is the beginning, source, cause, the only cause; all that follows is incidental."

CHAPTER 106

THE STORY OF B.J. AND PRESIDENT TRUMAN

WHEN HE STARTED IN RADIO, thirty years ago (1919), he knew nothing about radio. But Innate told him that radio would some day be a great service in entertainment, education, sports, world affairs; that he could and would talk to millions of people right now, everywhere; that it had a tremendous future in helping shape the destinies of mankind.

What did this man know about how to sell radio to commerce, about how to write radio commercials to sell things over the air, or how announcers should speak copy to better sell their merchandise? Yet, he wrote a book (*Radio Salesmanship*) which ran through six editions (to 1948) which is now used as a text in the following:

Radio Stations—

United States	818
Canada	77
Alaska	2
Australia	2
Puerto Rico	1
Hawaii	1
Philippines	1 902
<hr/>	
Advertising Agencies	218
Educational Institutions	232
Public Libraries	16
Miscellaneous	194

Every radio school, teaching tyro radio announcers, uses it as a text. It is a radio "must" in American broadcasting stations. This man has conducted radio schools in the principal cities of the United States and Canada. Yet he has never had one hour of radio training.

Think of what Radio Station WHO did politically in Iowa in 1948.

It was host to the National Plowing Contest on a farm at Dexter, Iowa. It invited Dewey to speak. He did not accept. It then invited Truman. He did accept. As president and owner of WHO, B.J. was obviously the social host not only to the 110,000 farmers who were on the farm, but to President Truman who spoke at that gathering as well as over the air. This was President Truman's first major talk on his long Western tour. His talk was directed to the farmers of America.

It has been said in political circles that this visit of Truman changed the political complexion of Iowa from what was normally a Republican State to a Democratic one. It has been said that the farmer vote of Iowa was what changed it. B.J. has been credited with having turned the tide by virtue of his owning WHO who sponsored the farm event as well as the presence of President Truman. He felt it was a social obligation to ride the President Special from Davenport to Dexter, as well as having him present at this national farm event. He discredits any credit for the turning of the Iowa political tide.

Today, these stations are in AM and FM. They are going into TV. What does this man know about TV? Less than nothing. But Innate has been televising for millions of years. Innate knows. And Innate will tell him what to do and how to do it and whom to get to help him do it.

Did he have any education along any of these lines?

People go to school for years to get an education, to be told how to learn how to speak, how to write, how to run business, how to run a printing plant, how to do anything.

He had *no* education—yet he has accomplished much.

From whence did he get this information? From Innate.

Commenting on this occasion, the *Homade Hooch* column, edited by Bob Feeney, in the *Davenport Democrat*, Sept. 24, 1948, had this to say:

OUR MAN OF THE WEEK

Last Saturday the President of the United States paid a visit to a farm in mid-Iowa. He came there because of an invitation to attend the National Plowing match, which drew 110,000 persons. He utilized his attendance to make a campaign speech, for this, as you may have heard before in the past seven hectic days, is an election year.

The National Plowing Match, whose sponsors claim it would have drawn 60,000 to 75,000 persons even without a president as an additional drawing card, is a project fathered by Central Broadcasting Co., which operates Station WHO in Des Moines and WOC here.

The plowing match drew representatives from 24 states and from four foreign countries, Egypt, Venezuela, England and Canada.

So, the head of the Central Broadcasting Company and The Palmer School of Chiropractic, the man whose face was perhaps known to more people in the crowd at Dexter than that of any individual there save that of President Truman alone, is our Man of the Week, Dr. B. J. Palmer.

It is not our purpose in this brief space to review the life of B. J. Palmer.

The tale of his boyhood struggles, of his early difficulties in keeping his Chiropractic school afloat and then expanding it to its present size, of his operations in the radio field, his travels and his enterprises both as showman and salesman are too well known locally to need repetition here.

We might say in passing that B.J. probably deserved the honor of being Man of the Week during the PSC Lyceum, but your Hooch column was in vacation drydock then having the barnacles scraped off the hull at the time and he missed the distinction.

It would also be inappropriate to discuss B.J. as a man of the past, for B.J. is a man not of the past but of the future. He always has his eyes on the path ahead.

We got a very thoro refresher on this point in riding about 75 miles with him last Saturday.

His thoughts are on development of television and FM radio, and of other developments that may come in the entertainment and communications field.

"It is all changing so rapidly," he says frequently. And he says it with a gleam of pleasure in his eye.

For B.J. likes to deal with things that are changing rapidly. He has no time for fishing in the still and stagnant pools of the past.

CHAPTER 107

THE STORY OF PRINCESS MERITATON

(BELOVED OF ATON)

DAUGHTER OF KING SAKERE who ruled between 1365–1350 B.C. as the King of Upper and Lower Egypt in the 18th Egyptian Dynasty.

This Royal Daughter of King Sakere is now (1947) between 3297 and 3322 years old.

Appearance of her teeth and epiphyseal plates and disks on the various bones, and the lack of union at symphysis pubis, would show age at between 25 and 28 for they are generally united at about 30.

Spinographs taken—and these were the first taken—reveal no difference in organic or osseous structure, or organic or osseous placement, or skin structure, than people of today—3,300 years later. Obviously, 3,300 years is no time, as compared to the millions of years man has been in existence; but students of evolution can at least compare 3,300 years and note there is no difference.

Left clavicle is dislocated from its articulation with the sternum and has been fractured at its distal one-third. We have no way of knowing whether this was done just previous to death or was partially the cause of death, but more than likely it was done after death during embalming, possibly through carelessness.

Question vital to Chiropractic and Chiropractors is:

Is the vertebral subluxation modern; is it of recent origin; did the vertebral subluxation come into existence in 1895 and since, because one man thought it, believed it, and discovered it then. These spinographs of *Princess Meritaton*, 3,322 years old, reveal a right side-slip of atlas on axis. They also reveal an axis rotation to left—what we now call a double-reversed subluxation. (See both A-P views). It could be thought that this might have been the cause of her death. It is hardly supposable that a person with such a subluxation could be well.

Study reveals this is a female, by the broad, flat pelvis. Comparison of this pelvis with those of skeletons in other cases in this Osteological Lab portrays a difference in that the modern female has a more narrow and smaller pelvis. Can this be due to corsets worn within the past 300 to 400 years? Some books of Egyptology, however, describe Cleopatra as wearing a steel corset to give her that streamlined effect. Cleopatra lived at a period slightly later than *Princess Meritaton*.

There appears a clover-leaf pattern in the X-ray shadow on frontal skull

structure, which may have been an opening cut through after death to remove the brains. They might have been deposited in some vessel buried in the tomb.

The Princess lost some teeth, none having been replaced, which indicates that dentistry was a little known art then.

Legend had it that there might have been some precious or semi-precious stones in a gold amulet, and bracelets, but none appear in the X-ray pictures.

After death, all organs are supposed to be removed, and the chest and abdominal cavities filled with foreign materials. This picture clearly shows heart, lungs, and liver, although much reduced in size and density, perhaps due to the embalming shrinkage materials.

The height of Princess Meritaton now is five feet and one inch. Allowing for approximately two inches shrinkage due to embalming and age, she should have stood about five feet and three inches during life, showing that the early Egyptians were not an unduly short or small people.

In certain places, some skin shows, particularly on outer portion of right thigh. It is like parchment. Toes show. On one foot—the right one—one toenail shows. Feet were evidently wrapped in linen and covered with clay. This has been removed on toe tips.

That which glistens in irregular strips is modern scotch tape put on to hold linen wrappings together. They are like dust, and crumble upon slightest touch.

The coffin itself is of cedar wood and is covered with ideographs or picture language. To read these pictures is to know who was buried in it. It also gives some of the family history and some of the highlights of major accomplishments during its occupant's life. The inside has a thin layer of clay plastered on. Knowing that these burials occur in deep mountainous tunnel tombs, mostly in The Valley of The Queens, which is a dry, hot, desert country, accounts for its perfect preservation. An Egyptologist can decode the pictures and know what he needs to know about its occupant. The head-piece on the lid of the coffin is presumed to be a pictorial photo likeness of its occupant.

According to one of the books on the History of Egypt, Princess Meritaton was buried in the Royal Tomb with her father, King Sakere.

Note: Over on west wall, between two windows, is a large frame containing pictographs on linen cloth. By turning on the two lamps beneath it, it will cast a bright light upon it. This was taken from the walls of the tomb of the Princess.

We respectfully request a proper and due respect be shown our royal visitor!

AS OF APRIL 22, 1946.

For thirty-three centuries, and a trifle over, Princess Meritaton slumbered peacefully, unmolested, in her coffin, in her sarcophagus, in her tomb, in the Valley of the Queens, on the opposite bank of the Nile, opposite Karnak, in Lower Egypt.

Then came a German Egyptologist, Baron Max von Oppenheim, who discovered her final resting place, dug her up, dragged her and her personal belongings out, shipped her and all she possessed by way of earthly possessions to his apartment in New York City.

Then came World War II, which was inevitable. He was a German alien on our soil. Upon declaration of war between the United States and Germany, his right to possess anything was subject to seizure. His collection of Egyptology no longer belonged to him.

Knowing war was coming, he tried to and did sell some of his Egyptian collection, to convert to quick cash. He sold most of the smaller pieces to a Portland, Oregon, Egyptologist who died two years later. His executor then sold the collection to a San Francisco Egyptologist who was killed in an automobile accident one year after he purchased the collection. His executor, in turn, sold the collection to a second-hand antique dealer in San Francisco, who stuck it in a back room.

On April 13th and 15th, 1946, B. J. Palmer, rummaging through the store hunting for blades to add to his collection, was asked: "Are you interested in Egyptian things? If you are, I have a collection. Do you want to see them?" This brought back memories of our going into, through, and seeing King Tutankhamen's tomb. No sooner did we see this collection than we bought.

So, here is that collection in the separate show case.

On April 16th, the day after the collection again changed hands, the wife of this last dealer died suddenly under peculiar circumstances.

The German Baron's mummy and other large pieces difficult to carry and dispose of quickly were seized by the U.S. Alien Property Custodian and frozen in a warehouse. In the spring of 1945, these were auctioned to a man and his wife who refused to accept them because of a fear of the "curse" for desecrating a tomb of royalty. It was then resold to another who refused to take it out of the warehouse for fear he and his might meet misfortune. Finally Dr. Palmer bought it, and here it is.

So, finally the eastern one-half in New York on the Atlantic coast, and the Western one-half in San Francisco on the Pacific coast, are once more and again united on the banks of the Mississippi, in the middle of the United States.

Will the "curse" carry on? Will the chain of misfortunes visit the present owners as it did others? Time only will tell!

Meanwhile, Princess Meritaton again and once more rests and slumbers peacefully in her coffin, surrounded by all the things necessary to take her on her long journey when she awakens. She is here amongst kind and understanding friends in pleasant surrounds. May it so continue.

Has B.J. broken the "jinx"?

CHRONOLOGICAL BIBLICAL ERA IN WHICH
PRINCESS MERITATON LIVED

On page 485 of the Authorized King James Version, published as The Illuminated Bible by John Dickson Publishing Company, 1941 edition, is the Chronology of the Bible based upon the findings of Usher, Calmut, and Hales, who are recognized as of best authority. From this we quote:

- B.C. 1571—Moses born.
- 1491—Moses commissioned to deliver Israelites from the bondage of Egypt.
- 1451—Moses dies; age 120 years; succeeded by Joshua.
- 1443—Joshua dies; age 110 years.
- 1155—Samuel born.
- 1084—David born.
- 1033—Solomon born.

There is a gap of about 300 years from the death of Joshua to the birth of Samuel, which is the period in which the Israelites were divided, of which era Samson (of the great strength) lived. We do not pretend to be accurate, but from research of the Book of Judges through the first 15 chapters, there is a recorded time 121 years from the time of Joshua. It is interesting to subtract the 121 years from the death of Joshua which is surmised to be 1443 B.C., and to discover that this is the year 1322 B.C. This is also the year in which it is estimated that Princess Meritaton was alive.

Is it possible that at the time when Princess Meritaton lived that the *headlines* of the times were of the feats of Samson? If this were a fact, it is only theory about these coincidental dates, but may we be allowed to assume and imagine that when she did hear of how Samson lost his great strength, being a non-Christian and not knowing the facts, her womanly curiosity might have persuaded her to steal a wee lock from the head of some Royal Suitor?

We mentioned to guests the relative Christian Era in which she lived, and interest shown by guests was so great that we pass this information on to others.

CHAPTER 108

THE STORY OF DEDUCTIVE PARALLELS

It is a *one* man's lifetime work to be present at the birth of, become an active participant in the evolution of, and to live through the development of *one* movement which has become world-wide in scope.

It is more than *one* man's lifetime work to be present at the birth of, become an active participant in the evolution of, and to live through the development of *two* movements, both of which have become world-wide in their scope.

It is *his* association with these *two* movements which prompts *this* story.

A few years ago, radio was born. Those were the days of cat's whiskers, head-phones, horn loud-speakers with indistinct mumblings, squawks and squeals, heterodyning, static, stations hard to get and harder to listen to. Those were the days when we would make a test, prove it right now, because we were working with material substances and science could prove itself.

Those were the days when we would put somebody "on the air" whenever somebody showed up, happened to be around, had something to say or sing; and then we'd "stand by until sometime later, maybe this afternoon," whenever somebody else happened to drop in. Gaps between programs were often hours.

Programs were of a low or mediocre quantity and quality. In those days anyone who was broadcasting was investing thousands of dollars with no existing quantity audience to listen, to pay any advertiser to buy time to advertise his product; thus we received no income to compensate. To overcome this, we made up thousands of "cat's whisker sets" and *gave them away*, to create an audience. Many a curious "D-Xer" stayed up all night "fishing" for distance reception, to see how many different stations he could get.

It required courage for broadcasters to go through the starvation period when everything was going out in huge gobs, for years, and nothing coming in; when well-established ideas, such as vaudeville and newspapers, were accepted, standard, regular, and believed in by "ethical" and "educated" people, until radio would come in and be accepted, adopted, and adapted in replacement.

Radio started on a starvation diet, with little, if anything, to justify its right to live. Its followers were boys. It was a plaything for kids. Grownups laughed at it. Curious young fellows were not steeped in antiquity. They did not know it could not be done.

Its followers were young, with fertile flaccid minds. They were not afraid to pursue this pastime. They could reason along original lines, were not afraid of a new idea, could and would take a leap in the dark future, hoping it might mature as they thought they saw its possibilities, and would tinker with their gadgets until they got its "bugs" licked.

Radio, then, required broadcasters who had other rich businesses which supported greedy radio, which called for continued heavy investments. All this invited criticism, ridicule, and sarcasm. They had to stand up under fire, take the gaff, withstand pressure of financial bankers who said, "A fool and his money are soon parted."

Gradually, radio developed, going from one improvement to another. This demanded a continued outlay to keep up with "the development of the art"—and still no income. It was financially heart-breaking. WOC invested \$420,000 before we were permitted to receive our first commercial dollar.

It required a tremendous spirit of courage of these "radicals" who were playing with radio. They thought they saw a new concept of a right-now voice service in your home, displacing newspapers for news, theatres for shows, and the home screen as a substitute for movies. Conservatives said all such was crazy, idiotic, and foolish. In those days, radio required a peculiar type of so-called "ignorant" but "radical" thinker. He had to be a day-dreamer of vision; fearless pioneer determined to carry on, win or lose. Its adherents were of necessity people of "peculiar leanings" who could take hold of an undeveloped and unpopular theory, with the hope that some day they and others would develop it into another well-established science.

Gradually, over the years, people of the older order of thinking began to understand and accept. Numbers slowly grew. As new numbers became addicts, old quantities decreased. Now, radio is established. It is accepted as an every-day necessity. The vision of "fools" has been vindicated.

Some of that same state of stubborn unyielding mind still exists, even in the radio group. Some radio broadcasters are still fearful to invest and change from AM to FM, or from AM to television. Seemingly, men's minds become concrete, anchored, once they reach a certain stage of development, even in their own art.

To overthrow the old and replace with the new, and to overthrow the now well-established form and replace with a greater development, requires more backbone than the average common man in the radio industry has.

We were a pioneer in *the birth of,*

—have been and are active participants in the evolution of

—have lived the development *of radio,*

—and have helped it become the third greatest American industry.

We have seen radio grow from pea-nut tubes to \$1800 tubes

—from cat's whiskers to \$1800 27-tube sound and sight receiving and television sets

- from low power of 1 watt or less, to 50,000; even to developing a new 150,000 polyphase process
- from being the 2nd station on the air, to over 1,000 in the United States alone
- from talking across the street, to covering the world and talking to millions with education, entertainment, and war news from that world.

We have been pioneers in helping get radio started on a success formula and have been at all times in all ways in the forefront, powerfully connected in bringing radio to becoming the strongest educational advertising medium within the history of man;

- helped perfect means and methods of presentation in bringing the world into homes of that world
- helped keep radio *within its distinctly separate groove*, staying on its *own highway*, and helped keep it from getting *mixed* with foreign entangling alliances
- have so extended our work and works to where we are recognized international authority.

For past fifteen years, radio broadcasting has been living on momentum of its previous years.

For past fifteen years, it has been on the decline.

Why?

The NAB, consisting of best brains of all branches of industry, tried to solve that problem.

They approached it, seemingly, from every possible angle.

Broadcasting stations are of three kinds!

- successful
- fluctuation between red and black
- failure

A station can be no greater in value than the man behind it.

Radio executives are of different evaluations according to length, breadth, and depth of their business vision, to establish a success formula to serve its interests in its ultimate buying and selling objectives.

Every man is ambitious and wants to rise. He thinks he's capable of fitting higher up. If he *were*, he would be. Every man meets his level. *Big* industries always seek *big* men to run them.

What constitutes a "successful" business man? One who *has* vision.

Who *has* vision? One who can construct a success formula and can also *see* evils in the making as they envelope him; has courage to correct them *before* they grow so strong they destroy him.

There *must be* a reason *why* some stations succeed, others fluctuate, others fail. *Why?*

The radio *business* mind *knows* that *success* comes from *insistent, consistent, persistent* use of a clearly defined, easily understood, and practically applied success formula or pattern.

The radio business mind *seeks* that *success* formula or pattern.

He *knows* *failure* methods cannot produce a *success* result; or, vice versa, that a *success* formula cannot produce a *failure* result.

Costly experience has taught him that a *success* formula *always* produces a *successful* result!

Radio is because of a mechanical and electrical success formula.

Radio broadcasting and radio television broadcasting are the results of that formula.

None could exist without it. Successful radio personnel follow those formulas *implicitly*. Why?

To try to violate them with failure methods is to be out of business! *The Federal Communications Commission* insists they *must* reach a certain high perfection *in following those formulas*—or get off the air.

The Federal Trade Commission defines and confines the radio industry within certain *honest* formulas on statements of what their advertised products do—or a “cease and desist” order is issued.

The National Association of Broadcasters confines radio industry to radio;

- defines its broad and narrow limitations

- establishes sound, sane, and sensible business policies

- and otherwise acts as policeman, judge, and jury to prevent false interloping of its members on another’s property sales rights, including newspapers, billboards, magazines, circulars, and other advertising media.

And all who succeed follow those formulas!

No two or more individualistic, diametrically opposite forks in *that* road. That’s what makes radio *the strong organization it is!*

Business men who spend millions over networks demand a success *business* result; therefore do not take private personal privileges on wild pot-shot methods in the dark, and daily change the methods on whimsies based on day-dreams, nightmares, or wishful thinking.

The radio mind *being a business mind* and being determined to make a *success* of its industry, appreciates these rules and regulations imposed by various commissions. The FCC makes them toe the mark of efficiency; the FTC restricts statements to being truthful, building for confidence in what listener hears; and the NAB holds them to sound business practices between themselves, as well as to the public they serve. All this makes radio an international, reliable, respected, and *successful* industry.

It is as easy as that!

We took it upon ourselves to *try* to break down an analysis of *why* the industry was dropping the last fifteen years.

We approached it from the *simple, single, human* approach.
All others had approached it from the *complex and multiple*.
Any plan that is complex and multiple is misunderstood.
Any plan that is *misunderstood* by the masses, fails.
Any plan that is simple and single *can be* understood.
Any plan that is *understood* can be made a *success*.
Any plan that is misunderstood loses its power and punch.
It is as simple as that!

And *who were we* to think we possessed *special* qualifications to do what others had failed doing?

What *special qualifications* did we possess to solve what others had failed to find as a problem?

One *big* hurdle we faced in the beginning was:

Was *our* analysis of evils and their corrections, of radio problem, right or wrong?

We thought it was right. Some of our radio associates thought we were wrong.

To prove *their* point, they quoted *other people*. To prove *our* point, we presented *our* success formula and asked them to reason it wrong. This they could not do.

They quoted the past, policies that had been tried and failed, what "other authorities had tried." We quoted a *new* principle and practice; established a *new* program as a *new* authority.

They could see others as authorities. They couldn't see *us* as establishing a *new* authoritative approach.

So long as that success formula was *right to us*, and *they could not logically reason it wrong*, we defended our formula.

Now we have the satisfaction of *knowing* that *they*, as well as *unanimous endorsement of the industry*, agree.

In laying groundwork for a business approach to presentation of *our* business views of the radio problem, its business and commercial evils and solutions, we had to decide whether to go a bit today, another bit tomorrow—part ways and tread softly; or go all the way and hit hard on a complete job on principles, without regard for personalities—stressing issues abruptly and bluntly.

So long as we felt business evils were business facts, and our business success formula was sound and would save this business industry, we took the latter road. We are glad we did, because it was the winning way with *this* type of *business* executive.

There are many false ways to do one job. There is one exact formula that will succeed—which cannot fail—no matter what the odds are in the minds of people willing to try many false methods of presenting or explaining opinions that are based on "feelings" which have no basis in fact.

Had we placated, pussy-footed, as though they were insipidummies, the cause would have been lost.

As business men, they would have scorned us as incapable of presenting a business success formula.

When we approached the radio industry with an *old-new* formula, to replace the *failure* methods under which they had been working, the industry *was for it* regardless of what we said or how we said it, so long as it possessed the elements of fact. This is *how the business mind* works!

They liked the hard-hitting *business* method. They liked the one way that worked when thousands of other methods of doing the job had failed.

As a concrete example:

At midwest conference of red-net stations in Chicago, Dr. Angell talked on policies established by NBC. Amongst the rest, he denounced "patent medicines and quacks."

This was important because policies established by Dr. Angell were policies of NBC; and policies established by NBC became basis upon which policies were established for NAB; and policies established by NAB became basis upon which individual stations of nation were established. Because of this, many stations refused Chiropractors time.

Who is Dr. Angell? Not a college graduate; yet president of Yale and now President Emeritus of Yale.

This reference made us boil. We knew time would come when it could be properly taken care of.

We were in New York. We were urged, as a personal appreciation, to have lunch with NBC President Niles Trammell, in his private office in RCA Building. Present were Niles Trammell, President; Bill Hedges, Executive Vice-President; Judge Ashby, Head of NBC Legal Department.

This was the time and place. Here we were, four cronies, talking over old times; talking about good things and bad things in radio industry; talking about things we should and should not do.

Now was our opportunity to raise *this* issue.

Any medicine is "patent medicine" which is not a prescription written by a physician, filled by a pharmacist, on which the physician gets a cut-back revenue.

"Patent medicines" were third largest buyer of time in radio industry. NBC could not afford to belittle the third largest producer of revenue. Neither could NBC afford to have it get noised about, amongst patent medicine manufacturers, that NBC denounced such. If it *did* become known, they would take their business to highly competitive Blue, Columbia, or Mutual Network, which obviously had more time and better periods to sell than had the Red Net.

A "quack" is any practitioner who is not a member of the American Medical Association. He could be the best physician and surgeon, yet if he

does not belong he is a "quack." Inasmuch as one-third of the population of the United States believe in natural or non-medical methods of treatment, such as Christian Science, Osteopathy, Chiropractic, etc., could the Red Network afford to have it noised about that what they believed in was being denounced by Red Network? If so, they would be alienated to listening to Red Network programs.

Said we: "Radio is a 'patent medicine' to the newspaper industry. All radio men were born 'quacks' because radio is a 'quack' to the newspaper industry."

Niles immediately issued orders to stop the propagation of such policies.

The revocation of Dr. Angell's policy has far-reaching effect. It means the revocation by NBC as *its* policy. This means the revocation of NAB policy. This means its revocation by local stations as a matter of policy.

Chiropractors have had difficulty in many radio stations, buying time, because of these policies.

From now on, the rejection of these policies means that local stations will be opened to Chiropractors.

What is the fundamental upon which American system of broadcasting exists by virtue of its existence?

Sponsor has something to sell. Listeners are buyers. Between sponsor and buyer is agency, copy-writer, commercial, broadcaster, announcer.

We approached *this* problem exactly like we did our Clinic problems:

First, we had to find multiple variable methods, then eliminate them; multiple *variables* were what *made it* complex.

Second, we had to find what the simple constant success formula was; emphasize it; simple *constants* were what *made it* understood by the masses.

None of this had any other student of radio problems done.

We predicated our entire approach to analysis of radio industry's demise to *the thinking and acting characteristic of one unit human listener*.

Did *he* like commercials or was *he* dissatisfied?

Would *he* like an announcer to come barging into *his* office, as announcer booms into *his* receiving set?

Would *she* like announcer to come barging into *her* kitchen like announcer did in *her* receiving set?

Would any of this be conducive to sound salesmanship?

The answer was simple!

Multiply *that* unit of *one* person by millions, and you had the obvious downfall of an entire industry.

We contended that because of what sponsor, agency, copywriter, commercial, and announcer *did*, they were driving *away* millions of listeners, creating a spirit of contempt, disgust, and revolt of listener-buyer against sponsor-seller.

It was as simple as that!

And that point had been entirely overlooked.

The strength of radio, strength of radio existence, strength of radio success lie inclusively and exclusively in radio sponsor getting his sales-message over to a complete understanding of radio listener.

If that fails, all in radio fails.

It is as simple as that!

If listener refuses to buy, sponsor cannot sell, and American system of broadcasting would die for that simple and single reason. It had never before been analyzed from that standpoint. The success formula was simple and single.

Make commercials pleasant to listen to!

It is the one formula that succeeds against 39,999 that fail.

It is as simple as that!

It developed under analytical scrutiny that *successful* stations were those that *more nearly and intelligently applied and exclusively confined themselves* to those principles and practices *which protected interests of listeners*—perhaps without knowing what those definite principles and practices were.

Fluctuating stations, floating between black and red, were those which ignorantly didn't know, sometimes accidentally and occasionally were right, but most often were wrong.

Failure stations were those which were almost always doing the wrong thing. Never doing the *one* success formula, they always fail.

They were busy looking after greed for the almighty dollar; disregarding all interests of listeners.

Issues *foreign to radio* were maximized in radio practice.

Income service value—which *is the sustaining issue*—was minimized and in many stations ignored entirely.

We wrote our comments. Put them in a booklet.

First edition—1,000 copies—sent free to station managers and program managers, August, 1942. They were told if they wanted more to ask for them. They did!

Second edition—2,500 copies—improved and slightly enlarged—September, 1942.

Third edition—5,000 copies—enlarged still more—November, 1942.

Fourth edition—10,000 copies—February, 1943.

Fifth edition—10,000 copies—March, 1944.

Sixth edition—6,000 copies—January, 1947.

The book met *instant* and *universal* acclaim.

Perhaps figures will give assurance on that score—how *one* industry took our idea to its bosom because the presentation was right—not because we said it was, but because the formula always works.

Up to 1949, the following have adopted it as a text:

232 universities and colleges

16 public libraries

218 advertising agencies

913 stations

197 miscellaneous, such as

7 networks

Spot Broadcasting, Inc., New York City, New York

British Broadcasting Company, Chicago, Illinois

Broadcasting Corporation of America, Riverside, California

National Broadcasting Service, Wellington, New Zealand

Keystone Broadcasting System, Inc., New York City, New York

National Association of Broadcasters, Washington, D.C.

Radio Corporation of America, Educational Department, Chicago, Illinois

Bureau of Institutional Broadcasting, Pasadena, California

General Broadcasting Company, Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Prairie Airways, Ltd., Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Canada

Canadian Association of Broadcasters, Toronto, Ontario

Western Association of Broadcasters, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

All-Canada Radio Facilities, Ltd., Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

Beacon Journal Publishing Company, Akron, Ohio

Broadcasting Magazine, New York City, N. Y.

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Allentown, Pennsylvania

The Daily News, Los Angeles, California

The Daily Times, Davenport, Iowa

Film & Radio Discussion Guide, Newark, New Jersey

Los Angeles Times, Los Angeles, California

Oregon Journal, Portland, Oregon

Pan American Publications, Chicago, Illinois

The Prairie Farmer, Chicago, Illinois

Press News Limited, Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Printer's Ink, Chicago, Illinois

Radio Daily, New York City, New York

Radiomonde (French Radio Newspaper), Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Radio Showmanship Magazine, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Time Magazine, San Francisco Editorial Offices, California

United Press Association, Chicago Bureau, Chicago, Illinois

Your Health (Published by British Columbia Tuberculosis Society),
Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

United States Department of Agriculture, Boston, Massachusetts

United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C.

United States Department of Agriculture, Decatur, Illinois

United States Department of Agriculture, Denver, Colorado
United States Department of Agriculture, St. Louis, Missouri
United States Employment Service, Columbus, Ohio
U.S. Office of Education, Federal Security Agency, Washington, D.C.
Office of War Information, Raleigh, North Carolina
Office of War Information, Richmond, Virginia
Office of War Information, (Domestic Radio Bureau) Chicago, Illinois
Office of Price Administration, Atlanta, Georgia
Office of Scientific Research and Development, Washington, D.C.
Regional Office of Civilian Defense, Omaha, Nebraska
The Library of Congress, Acquisitions Department, Washington, D.C.
United States Army Recruiting Station (Asst. to Commanding Officer in
Public Relations), Cleveland, Ohio
Ninth Naval District, Great Lakes, Illinois
Joint Liaison Committee, British Embassy Annex, Washington, D.C.
Headquarters Third Service Command, United States Army, Baltimore,
Maryland
Headquarters Third Air Force Staging Wing, Hunter Field, Georgia
Buckingham Army Air Field (Information and Education Dept.), Camp
Wheeler, Georgia
Public Relations Office, Camp Wheeler, Georgia
Public Relations Office, Selman Field, Monroe, Louisiana
Army Air Forces Center, Orlando, Florida
Regional Wartime Conference on Responsibility of Radio in the New
World, held at Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri, including
following:
International Relation Lecture Series
Association of Women Directors of National Association of Broadcasters
Inter-American School of the Air
Alpha Epsilon Rho, National Honorary Radio Fraternity
Leaders of Radio Councils
Association for Education by Radio, Washington, D.C.
Columbia Radio Council, Columbia, Missouri
Rocky Mountain Radio Council, Denver, Colorado
The Community Council, Radio Workshop, Winston-Salem, North
Carolina
Des Moines Radio Council, Hazel Hillis Director, Des Moines, Iowa
Radio Council of Greater Kansas City, Kansas City, Missouri
Radio Council of Greater Cleveland, Cleveland, Ohio
Radio Council of New Jersey, Somerville, New Jersey
Radio Council of Middle Tennessee, Nashville, Tennessee
Radio Council of Greater Boston, Boston, Massachusetts
Doctor I.Q.—Jimmy McClain

Frank Scott, Attorney, Washington, D.C.
 Walter McAdams, Advertising Executive, Los Angeles, California
 Museum of Science and Industry (Lenox R. Lohr, President), Chicago
 Illinois
 Boy Scouts of America, National Director of Public Relations, New York
 City, N. Y.
 American Red Cross, Eastern Area, Alexandria, Virginia
 National Association of Cost Accountants, New York City, N. Y.
 National Association of Cost Accountants, Cuba Chapter, Havana
 National Association of Cost Accountants, Tri City Chapter, Moline,
 Illinois
 Ernst and Ernst, Accountants and Auditors, Chicago, Illinois
 Price, Waterhouse & Company, Accountants, Brooklyn, New York
 National Research Bureau, Inc., Chicago, Illinois
 Cincinnati Street Railway Company, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Philadelphia & Western Railway Company, Norristown, Penna.
 Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, Davenport, Iowa
 General Motors Corporation, Public Relations Department, Detroit,
 Michigan—"Victory Is Our Business" radio program
 First Baptist Church, Columbia, Missouri
 Rural Electrification Adm., Editorial Section, St. Louis, Mo.
 Swift and Company, Kansas City, Kansas
 Columbia League of Women Voters, Columbia, Missouri
 Public Information Service, Public Schools, Kansas City, Missouri
 National Association of Manufacturers, Radio Dept., New York City,
 N.Y.
 National Thespian Dramatic Honor Society, Cincinnati, Ohio
 Broadway Department Store, Inc., Los Angeles, California
 Stevens Furniture Company, Saginaw, Michigan
 Sanger Brothers, Dallas, Texas
 The Daniels & Fisher Stores Company, Denver, Colorado
 Huot (Men's Shop), Saint Boniface, Manitoba, Canada
 B. Lowenstein's & Bros., Memphis, Tennessee
 Redlicks (Home Furnishers), San Francisco, California
 Canton Hardware Company, Canton, Ohio
 Kasper-Gordon, Inc. (Radio Productions & Transcriptions), Boston,
 Massachusetts
 Universal Radio-Television Productions, Hollywood, California
 Monogram Pictures Corporation, Hollywood, California
 Broadcasters (Radio School), Beverly Hills, California
 General Shows (Promotion Manager), Minneapolis, Minnesota
 Kerr Glass Manufacturing Corp., Los Angeles, California
 Hooker Glass & Paint Mfg. Company, Chicago, Illinois

Standard Oil Company of California (Standard School Broadcast), San Francisco, California
Consolidated Products Company, Danville, Illinois
Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp., San Diego, California
Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp., New Orleans, Louisiana
Burrus Mill & Elevator Company, Fort Worth, Texas
Deerfield Packing Corporation, Bridgeton, New Jersey
Deerfield Packing Corporation, New York Branch
DuPont Paint Service Store, Omaha, Nebraska
Dr. Hiss (J. M. Hiss, M.D.) Clinic, Los Angeles, California
Fedrico Elguera (Consul General from Lima, Peru), New Orleans, Louisiana
The Broadway-Pasadena, Pasadena, California
California Federation of Women's Clubs, Sacramento, California
Travelers Aid Society of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois
State of Ohio, Department of Public Welfare, Columbus, Ohio
The Community and War Fund of Metropolitan Chicago, Inc., Chicago, Illinois
Bacon & Wieck (Clearing House for public libraries), Northport, L.I., New York
Sydney Brown (Free Lance writer and producer), Toronto, Ontario, Canada
Radio Programme Producers, Montreal, Quebec, Canada
Walter A. Dales (Radioscripts), Montreal, Quebec, Canada
Lt. Frederic S. Otis, Port-Information-Education Officer, Army Service Forces, Prince Rupert, British Columbia
Broadcast Sales Club of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario, Canada
Hudson Bay Company (Advertising Manager), Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada
Topper Pharmacal Company (Sponsors), Montreal, Quebec, Canada
Haynes Stellite Company, General Publicity Dept., Chicago, Illinois
Ryan Aeronautical Company, San Diego, California
Atlas Corporation, New York City (Librarian)
Arizona Radio & Television, Inc., Phoenix, Arizona
Radio Drama Workshop, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Collinson-Wingate Broadcasting Company, Topeka, Kansas
Advertising Club of Fort Worth, Fort Worth, Texas
Unity Corporation, Inc., Toledo, Ohio
Catholic Film and Radio Guild, Los Angeles, California
Sherrill Adair, Radio Productions, Vancouver, B.C., Canada
Utter McKinley View Park Mortuary, Los Angeles, California
The Postagraph Company (Mailing Systems), Baltimore, Maryland
Young Men's Christian Association, Stamford, Connecticut
Alfred I. DuPont Radio Awards Foundation, Jacksonville, Florida

Reisman's (Book Store), Scranton, Pennsylvania
Graybar Electric Company, Inc. (Mgr. Broadcast Equipment Sales),
Minneapolis, Minnesota
United Date Growers Ass'n (Director, Radio Advertising), Coachella,
California
American Veterans Committee, Chicago, Illinois
Underwood Corporation (Branch Manager), St. Joseph, Missouri
Florida Board of Forestry and Parks, Tallahassee, Florida
Philippine Broadcasting Corporation, Manila, Philippines

Amongst the rest, the following colleges and universities and other institutions of learning have adopted it as a text book:

University of Alabama, University
University of California, Berkeley
San Francisco State College, San Francisco
Florida State University, Gainesville
University of Georgia, Athens
University of Illinois, School of Journalism, Urbana
University of Illinois, Champaign
Indiana University, Bloomington
Indiana University Extension, Indianapolis
Indiana State Teachers College, Terre Haute
University of Iowa, Iowa City
Iowa State College, Ames
Iowa State Teachers College, Cedar Falls
Kansas State College, Manhattan
University of Kansas, Lawrence
University of Kentucky, Lexington
Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge
Louisiana Polytechnic Institute, Ruston
Southwestern Louisiana Institute, Lafayette
University of Maine, Bangor
University of Michigan Extension School, Detroit
University of Michigan, Library Extension Service, Ann Arbor
Michigan State College, East Lansing
Michigan State College of Agriculture and Applied Science, East Lansing
University of Minnesota, Minneapolis
University of Missouri, College of Arts and Science, Columbia
Central Missouri State Teachers College, Warrensburg
University of Nebraska, Lincoln
University of Nevada, Reno
University of New Hampshire, Durham
New Jersey State Teachers College, Upper Montclair

University of State of New York, Albany
University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill
Ohio State University, Columbus
University of Oklahoma, Norman
University of Oregon, College of Arts and Letters, Eugene
University of South Carolina, Columbia
Pennsylvania State College, School of Liberal Arts, State College
University of Tennessee, Knoxville
Texas A. & M., College Station
University of Texas, Department of Speech, Austin
Texas State College for Women, Denton
North Texas State Teachers College, Denton
Texas School of Mines, El Paso
University of Wisconsin, Madison
State of Wisconsin Central Teachers College, Stevens Point
University of British Columbia, Radio Society, Vancouver, British
Columbia, Canada
Department of Secondary Teachers of National Education Association
(Reaches 11,000 groups in schools and colleges)
Kincaid Dramatic School, San Francisco, California
Holmley College, Los Angeles, California
Long Beach Public Schools, Long Beach, California
Los Angeles City College, Los Angeles, California
Los Angeles City High School, Los Angeles, California
Don Martin's School of Radio Arts, Hollywood, California
Modesto Junior College, Modesto, California
Pasadena City Schools, Pasadena, California
South Pasadena City School District, Dept. of Visual Education, Pasadena, California
San Francisco Unified School District, San Francisco
Stanford University Radio Workshop, Stanford University, California
Willman Broadcasters, Beverly Hills, California
Hartford Seminary Foundation, Hartford, Connecticut
High School, Wethersfield, Connecticut
Hillyers Institute, Hartford, Connecticut
New England School of Radio Broadcasting, Bridgeport, Connecticut
Public Schools of District of Columbia, Washington, D.C.
Southeastern University, Washington, D. C.
Andrew Jackson High School, Jacksonville, Florida
Ketterlinus High School, St. Augustine, Florida
Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida
Mercer University, Macon, Georgia
Armstrong Junior College, Savannah, Georgia

Board of Education, City of Chicago, Radio Council, Chicago, Illinois
Bradley-Griffin School, Chicago, Illinois
Columbia College, Chicago, Illinois
Fenger High School, Chicago, Illinois
Hibbard School, Chicago, Illinois
Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, Illinois
Navy Department, Ninth Naval District, Chicago, Illinois
NBC-Northwestern University Institute, Chicago, Illinois
Northwestern University, School of Speech, Chicago, Illinois
University of Chicago, School of Business, Chicago, Illinois
Intercollegiate Broadcasting System, New York City, N.Y.
Ithaca College, Ithaca, New York
Ithaca Public Schools, Ithaca, New York
Straus Junior High School, Brooklyn, New York
Syracuse University, Syracuse, New York
Union College Radio Society, Schenectady, New York
William Cullen Bryant High School, Long Island City, N.Y.
Elon College, Burlington, North Carolina
Board of Education, Director of Radio Education, Akron, Ohio
Board of Education, Directing Supervisor of Radio, Cleveland, Ohio
Board of Education, Radio Education Dept., Toledo, Ohio
Cincinnati College of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio
Ohio Wesleyan University, Radio Work Shop, Delaware, Ohio
University of Toledo Library, Toledo, Ohio
Woodward High School, Toledo, Ohio
Portland Public Schools, Portland, Oregon
Central High School, Tulsa, Oklahoma
Tulsa Public Schools, Tulsa, Oklahoma
Dickinson Junior College, Williamsport, Pennsylvania
Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pennsylvania
Oakmont School, Upper Derby, Pennsylvania
Philadelphia High School for Girls, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Temple University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
James Wilson School, Radio Committee, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Pawtucket Public Schools, Pawtucket, Rhode Island
Limestone College, Gaffney, South Carolina
WNOX Radio School, Knoxville, Tennessee
Cooperative Extension Work, College Station, Texas
Dallas High School, Dallas, Texas
Fort Worth Public Schools, Fort Worth, Texas
R. L. Paschal High School, Fort Worth, Texas
Palestine Public Schools, Palestine, Texas
Port Arthur College, Port Arthur, Texas

State Department of Education, Director of Radio, Austin, Texas
Baylor University, Waco, Texas
Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah
National Association of Teachers of Speech, Salt Lake City, Utah
Shenandoah College, Harrisonburg, Virginia
Mary Washington College, Fredericksburg, Virginia
Seattle Pacific College, School of Religion, Seattle, Washington
Clover Park Junior-Senior High School, Tacoma, Washington
Bethany College, Bethany, West Virginia
Eau Claire Senior High School, Eau Claire, Wisconsin
Kitsilano Senior and Junior High Schools, Vancouver, British Columbia,
Canada
Radio Script Writing Class, Vancouver Night School, Vancouver, British
Columbia, Canada
Sprott-Shaw Radio School, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada
Toronto Conservatory of Music, Toronto, Ontario, Canada
King Edward High School, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada
Central Technical School, Toronto, Ontario, Canada
University of Southern California, Los Angeles, California
University of Illinois, Radio Production Club, Chicago, Illinois
Murray State Teachers College, Murray, Kentucky
Montana State College, Bozeman, Montana
New Mexico College of Agriculture & Mechanic Arts, State College,
New Mexico
University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia
San Bernardino Valley College, San Bernardino, California
University of Denver, Denver, Colorado
Radio Institute of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois
Valparaiso Technical Institute, Valparaiso, Indiana
Adult Education Department of Kent County, Michigan
Olivet College, Olivet, Michigan
Bergen Junior College, Teaneck, New Jersey
Monmouth Junior College, Long Branch, New Jersey
Allegheny College, Canton, Ohio
Buchtel High School, Akron, Ohio
Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio
Xavier University, Cincinnati, Ohio
Oklahoma A & M College, Stillwater, Oklahoma
John Piersal McCaskey High School, Lancaster, Pennsylvania
Hillsboro College, Hillsboro, Texas
Wisconsin College of Music, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Ripon College (Speech-Drama Dept.), Ripon, Wisconsin
Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Neil Robinson School of Radio Writing, Stamford, Connecticut
Columbia College, Chicago, Illinois
Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri
Montana State University, Missoula, Montana
Junior College and Senior High School, Independence, Kansas
School of Professional Salesmanship, Kansas City, Missouri
Eastern Washington College of Education, Cheney, Washington
Pasadena Institute for Radio, Pasadena, California
Fordham University, New York City, New York
Youngstown College, Youngstown, Ohio
School of Radio Broadcasting, Memphis, Tennessee
University of South Dakota, Vermillion, South Dakota
Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana
School City of Elkhart, Elkhart, Indiana
Radio Audience Survey (Dr. F. L. Whan), Wichita, Kansas
St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kansas
University of Wichita, Wichita, Kansas
Wichita High School, East Wichita, Kansas
Harlan High School, Harlan, Kentucky
Holmes High School, Covington, Kentucky
Caribou High School, Caribou, Maine
Peabody Conservatory, Baltimore, Maryland
St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland
Boston University, Boston, Massachusetts
Curry College, Boston, Massachusetts
Emerson College, Dorchester, Massachusetts
Endicott Junior College, Beverly, Massachusetts
Harvard University, Graduate School of Business Administration, Boston, Massachusetts
Leland Powers School of the Theatre, Boston, Massachusetts
Cheboygan City Schools, Cheboygan, Michigan
Detroit Public Schools, Dept. of Radio Education, Detroit, Michigan
Grosse Point High School, Grosse Point, Michigan
Kalamazoo College, Kalamazoo, Michigan
McMichael Intermediate School, Detroit, Michigan
Pontiac Public Schools, Pontiac, Michigan
Saginaw High School, Saginaw, Michigan
Wayne University, Detroit, Michigan
Western High School, Detroit, Michigan
Western Michigan College, Kalamazoo, Michigan
Beck School for Radio, Minneapolis, Minnesota
St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minnesota
Gulfport College, Gulfport, Mississippi

Board of Education, City of St. Louis, St. Louis, Missouri
 Hickman High School, Columbia, Missouri
 Kansas City University, Kansas City, Missouri
 Public Schools, Public Information Service, Kansas City, Missouri
 Ridgeway School, Columbia, Missouri
 Rockhurst College, Kansas City, Missouri
 St. Louis University Inter-American Center, St. Louis, Missouri
 Stephens College, Radio and Visual Education, Columbia, Missouri
 Webster College, Webster Groves, Missouri
 Custer County High School, Miles City, Montana
 Creighton University, Omaha, Nebraska
 Norfolk Junior College, Norfolk, Nebraska
 University of Omaha, Omaha, Nebraska
 Weequahic High School, Newark, New Jersey
 Cornell University, Ithaca, New York
 Department of Education, Schenectady, New York

The following *public libraries* have asked for and received copies of *Radio Salesmanship*:

Hamilton Public Library, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada
 Toledo Public Library, Toledo, Ohio
 Cleveland Public Library, Cleveland, Ohio
 Beverly Hills Public Library, Beverly Hills, California
 Fort Worth Public Library, Fort Worth, Texas
 Hartford Public Library, Hartford, Connecticut
 Chattanooga Public Library, Chattanooga, Tennessee
 Business Branch Library, Indianapolis, Indiana
 Akron Public Library, Akron, Ohio
 Minneapolis Public Library, Minneapolis, Minnesota
 Milwaukee Public Library, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
 Rochester Public Library, Rochester, New York
 Public Library, Washington, D.C.
 Idaho Falls Public Library, Idaho Falls, Idaho
 Kansas City Public Library, Kansas City, Missouri

Out of the thousands of letters received, there hasn't been *one* of a derogatory nature.

We wonder, in the light of Chiropractor attitude, whether *the radio industry* is fooling us or whether we are fooling ourselves in relation to *the entire radio industry*.

Sixth edition, published January, 1947, 372 pages.

As a result of the impact of this book upon station members direct, of this third-largest American industry, impact of its adherents impacted itself back into the channels of the NAB.

As a result, Neville Miller (President of NAB), in April, 1943, invited nine of the industry's most prominent program managers to come to Washington and form the *Program Manager's Executive Committee* of the NAB, to improve programming.

Harold Fair of WHO was one of those nine. He was later appointed Chairman of this Committee.

As a further result, the industry frequently wrote asking that we hold schools in various strategic locations in the United States and Canada.

As a trial balloon, we put on schools in New York City, Hollywood, and Chicago, in May and June, 1943.

These locations were selected because most agencies were here—networks had their headquarters here—therefore our audience would be *most* critical, *most* severe in testing our success formula; would consist of *most* men *most* conversant with industry's real problems and the value of our formula; who would *most* severely tear our success formula down if it were not sound, and defend their failure methods if they were right; and, if successful, do the most good.

We struck out for the hardest people first.

In September, 1943, we held schools at Winnipeg, Manitoba. Eighty were present, including personnel of Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Radio Facilities, Ltd. Some came from as far west as Victoria, B. C.—2,000 miles—the distance between Los Angeles and Chicago. Others came from as far south as Kansas City, Missouri—1,100 miles.

At Toronto, Ontario, seventy-five were present, from as far east as Quebec. Attending the Toronto school was Mr. Bannerman, President of Canadian Association of Broadcasters. At that time he extended an invitation to address their national convention to be held at Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, Canada, February 15, 1944. We accepted.

Why was this invitation extended? *Why* was the talk enthusiastically received? It can be epitomized—because of its fearless frankness and because our impact on the radio solution was clean-cut, direct, and hard-hitting, and possessed a success working formula.

The fundamentals with *stubborn facts* which seem to *break* with our profession, are the very fundamentals, which *make radio salesmanship* with our radio industry.

Why do *facts* break one and make the other? *Why*?

At last, radio's defeating and destroying issues had been clearly defined and confined.

They were deduced into a corrective success formula of simple principles and practices. The correct formula had been presented. No longer were thousands of opinions needed or wanted by the industry who wished to succeed.

Adoption and adaption of these by the industry would save *all* stations from ruination *if* they would come, listen, heed, and follow. Would they?

This was a new venture, never before attempted in radio industry. Were they interested? Would they come?

Our attendance was small—

125 at New York
52 at Hollywood
85 at Chicago
80 at Winnipeg
75 at Toronto

Transportation and manpower problems were the *only* things that kept us from having overflow houses.

Comments and letters since have been more than gratifying.

They came, they sat, they listened, they were pleased. They took it as we gave it. They asked for more. We hit hard. We gave body-blows where needed. We minced no words. We pulled no punches.

We gave names, dates, towns, figures, places. We mentioned persons involved—some being present.

They *knew* our analysis of what was killing them off was logical, sound, and—applied—*would* save them.

They looked upon this work as saving the industry—doing something none other had done.

We had no axe to grind because books were free, schools were free; all they had to do was come and get. As we talked to these business groups, studied their reactions toward us personally, our analysis and our work; handed them their faults straight, without mincing words; hit hard, and *they asked for more*, we felt we were talking to a group of business executives who *wanted* what we had; who *demanded* it as hard as we could give it.

They came to learn, *to get*, and appreciated what they got, and expressed deep gratitude for it *after they had it*.

Having made presentations to the top executive men of this industry, we are convinced the *one* outstanding quality which makes a *successful business executive just that* is that he demands, asks for, seeks, takes, likes, and acts upon *direct* thinking, hard-hitting, punch driving, fact finding, abrupt and blunt factual convincing statements, data, and information.

Nothing short of that satisfies him. Anything short of that disgusts him.

The radio man, by virtue of broadcasting, is a realist—one who *must* make good or quit, one who *must* deliver or fold up. Knowing this is true upon *his* part, he has been trained in the school of hard knocks to demand that from everybody who contacts him, or whom he contacts.

More invitations have since come in, such as Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, from its General Manager and President.

Now, for the first time in our lives, we felt we were contacting a group with which we could hold our head high, shoot straight without criticism,

bickerings, pettifogging, personal tirades. We felt we were talking to an honorable group, on an honorable subject, in an honorable manner, and were appreciated as honorable, doing an honorable job, by men of equal understanding and capabilities.

Radio has always made good profits, especially successful stations. For past ten years radio industry had been in the doldrums. Thanks to vision of one man and one right formula which succeeded, it is coming out of its doldrums. Thanks also to vision of business executives who were willing to be pulled out of their doldrums. From now on, *all* stations will make better profits and *successful* stations will make more of it.

While on this subject of radio, we have recently heard shoddy remarks from professional Chiropractors' minds regarding what they thought was our deserting Chiropractic.

If persons making such remarks were fair, reasonable, examined the factual record, and knew the business angles of infiltration our radio work was making, they would find that consistently and persistently as our sphere of influence and personality made its imprint in radio business circles, just so much in commensurate proportion has all this rebounded to benefit of Chiropractic and Chiropractors.

It must be the *right* formula, the one that works! Our interest cannot, must not, will not be thousands of failure methods offered as a substitute for the one that works.

Chiropractic always has been, is now, and will continue to be our *primary* objective, purpose, and aim—but *it must be Chiropractic!*

Do you know a single good reason why we should *not* devote more of our time to where we are wanted, listened to, where profits come from our labors, where we are appreciated for the deliveries we can make?

EMOTIONS, PASSIONS AND PREJUDICES

vs.

LOGIC, REASON, AND FACTS

An interlude between what has gone before
and what is to follow this chapter.

Doctors and ministers deal, in large part, with certain unknown abstracts, qualities rather than quantities, such as pain, symptoms, headaches, reflexes, sympathies, joys, sorrows, sins, morals, etc.; the creation of the world, how sin was created by eating of the forbidden fruit, where you came from, where you're going when you die, and how they can side-track you either way if you are of their faith, etc.

These two professions, as a result, have generated a mass of dogmatic theories to save you here and hereafter, and to keep you from one, and help you to the other more quickly. They both live in and deal largely with the

world of human emotions, passions, and prejudices, as they confront the heights and bottoms of human glorification and tragedies.

What is vital to the lawyer or scientist is either a side-issue or non-essential to a doctor or minister. The average minister or doctor (when dealing with the metaphysical) is a theorist, and works with the inclusive process with multiplicity and complexity to attain conclusions upon which he builds his dogmas. The scientist works with the exclusive process, with the single and simple data to attain his facts.

Lawyers want to and need know absolute logic, reason, and facts regarding legal issues. The examination and cross-examination of witnesses are of such character that they demand only the logic, reason, and facts regarding issues before the court. The court insists upon such being presented to it. The jury weaves back and forth between facts they hear from the mouths of witnesses and facts of law which the court gives them, after which they are presumed to compare facts and weigh realities of evidence with the law, and present their verdict accordingly. The training of a lawyer is of logic, reason, and facts.

Same is true of a scientist. If a chemist, he must know facts re stress of steel, whether or not a certain bridge will carry the load designed for it. If an astronomer, he must know locations, distances, times and periods of planets, etc. If a mathematician, he must know correct answers in use of figures as applied to a problem. What is vital to the doctor or minister, is either a side issue or non-essential to the lawyer or scientist.

Put a doctor or minister, with his education of emotions, passions, and prejudices, into the field of logic, reason, and facts of the lawyer or scientist, and he flounders and is lost. Put a lawyer or scientist, with his education of logic, reason, and facts, into the field of thinking of the doctor or minister, with his emotions, passions, and prejudices, and he flounders without his compass or rudder.

A lawyer is trained to seek facts six days of the week, and then believes much on Sunday that cannot and will not stand even a superficial investigation for logic, reason, and facts. A lawyer seeks fundamentals of stable law. In citing a case today, he demands the precedent of yesterday upon which it was founded; he presents rulings of superior courts to support his position. In the trial of a case, he wants factual data, insists upon sworn testimony, wants this corroborated. Proof is necessary, and all must be based on substantial facts. Does he pursue any of this process of investigation on what he "believes" Sunday? If he did, where would he arrive?

A minister is trained to deal with emotions, passions, and prejudices one day of the week, and then lives logic, reason, and facts the other six days. Both reverse themselves, in fact. The two antipodal processes of approach to human problems won't mix any more than oil and water.

The doctor, minister, lawyer, and scientist live dual contradictory mental and physical lives. The doctor works practically with the physical, and the-

orizes theoretically with the abstract. The minister works theoretically with the soul, yet feeds, clothes, and otherwise protects the body with the concrete. The doctor takes his sinning soul to the minister, as does the minister take his sick body to the doctor. Each lives a dual life, yet takes one half of him to the other profession that deals with the other half. Same is equally true of the lawyer or scientist.

Man, both mental and physical, is the product of logic, reason, and fact, through which flow the joys and sorrows of emotions, passions, and prejudices. Somewhere there is a solid, practical middle path through which comes the perfect blend of each into and through the other. *In man* we see no conflict between emotions, passions, and prejudices; logic, reason, and facts. They live, work, exist, create and reproduce, and die together, each with the other; the other with, into, and through the one. That being true, then somewhere there is a solid, practical middle path of study of logic, reason, and fact which man *can* use to study emotions, passions, and prejudices, without getting lost, going off the deep end, and without creating a conflict between one group and/or the other.

Every emotional, passionate, or prejudicial abstract can be dealt with logically, reasonably, and factually. The reverse is equally true, viz., for every logical, reasonable, and factual condition, normal or abnormal, there is a sensible explanation of emotions, passions, and prejudices which accompany them. That they blend each with the other in a consistent manner, therefore are entitled to a consistent explanation as they exist in a consistent existence, is obvious. The conflict exists only as one group lives in the land of theory, and the other of facts; and never the twain do meet.

Ninety-five per cent of people are moved into action by emotions, passions, and prejudices. Five per cent are moved into action by logic, reason, and facts.

A public speaker knows if he can move you to tears, make you mad, or appeal to your prejudices, he can produce action in ninety-five per cent of people. Motion pictures are based on this premise. We call them "tear-jerkers." They make you mad at the villain and you want to up and kill him; or they appeal to your prejudice.

Occasionally, but rarely, a speaker will present logic, reason, and facts, and ask you to induce action along those lines. He will present evidence and facts.

Down through the years, in our ranks, we have been split into two groups:
1st. The group who appeal to you through your emotions, passions, or prejudices;

2nd. The group who appeal to you through your logic, reason, and facts.
That there has been a divided group, goes without saying.

That there has been a decided conflict between these two groups, is plainly evident.

We call them, in our profession, for want of better names, "mixers" and "straights."

The mixer wants to mix because it feels good; does what the average sick person wants done; because it appeals to the present state of the ordinary man of the street; and too often he is an opportunist, greedy for money.

The straight remains straight because Chiropractic reasons the vertebral subluxation as *the* cause; because logic tells him nothing else will get the sick well; and facts tell him Supreme Courts will not permit anything else to be used.

The man who uses emotions, passions, and prejudices, *and* the man who uses logic, reason, and facts, have problems in common. Each seeks their solution.

For instance: What is Chiropractic?

What should be practiced as Chiropractic?

What is Chiropractic, scientifically and professionally?

What is Chiropractic, legally?

This problem, the man who uses emotions, passions, and prejudices, solves to his satisfaction *with* emotions, passions, and prejudices; and opposes *with* emotions, passions, and prejudices, all who oppose him.

This same problem, the man who uses logic, reason, and facts, solves to his satisfaction *with* logic, reason, and facts; and, naturally, opposes all those who oppose him *with* logic, reason, and facts.

The man who uses emotions, passions, and prejudices, is honest in seeing *no value* in *any* logic, reason, and facts.

The man who uses logic, reason, and facts, is honest in considering of *no value* emotions, passions, and prejudices.

So, betwixt and between the two, a battle rages. We hear a great deal in our ranks about "getting together" "for the sake of harmony." *How* can there be any compromise between these two? How can emotions, passions, and prejudices yield to logic, reason, and facts? How can logic, reason, and facts yield to emotions, passions, and prejudices?

Obviously, neither man has *all six* attributes at work on any problem.

If he used emotions, passions, and prejudices, he could not and would not use logic, reason, and facts. If he used logic, reason, and facts, he could not and would not use emotions, passions, and prejudices.

The difference between the two approaches creates a pattern, or format, to correspond.

Patterns are questions of difference in *service objectives*.

Objectives are questions of *constructive motives*.

Motives are questions of *depth of convictions*.

At least, that is the way logic, reason, and facts *reach conclusions based on evidence*.

In the absence of evidence on which to base logic, reason, and facts, to reach conclusions, there is no depth of conviction.

Where there is no depth of conviction, there is no constructive motive.

In the absence of constructive motive, there is no purposeful objective.

Consequently, the pattern is a destructive substitute, viz., emotions, passions, and prejudices.

Example:

The problem: Mal-practice in our profession.

The solution?

1. The NCA—an organization that uses the name "Chiropractic."

For years they have been *denying* the Chiropractic principle and practice.

For years they have been encouraging the display at conventions, and the sale and use of medical adjuncts, modalities, and treatments.

For years they have been force-feeding their organization into one of being drugless physicians.

With Chiropractic fading out, and medical treatments being forced in, they have been increasing the hazard and risk of mal-practice suits *as* Chiropractors; and increasing the frequency of such suits until they have become a burden numerically and financially.

How do the NCA defend such? They *don't!*

Years ago, Arthur Holmes wrote a book on malpractice. In this, he stated Supreme Court law on criminal negligence and incompetency. He told truthful facts. We published the book, and have it for sale.

Great is the downfall of this man between then and now. Arthur Holmes rarely leaves LaCrosse, Wisconsin, to defend such any more. He instructs the defendant *to buy off* the prosecuting patient, at lowest cost. The Chiropractor veritably pleads guilty to negligence, incompetency, and the practice of medicine.

In so doing, he admits that what he did he should not have done; and what he should have done, he did not do; that he was careless and created a damage to the patient. He further tacitly admits that what he did in the name of *Chiropractic* was medicine.

All this admission on his part may or may not be a matter of court record. It need not be, to be a matter of public knowledge and thus damage the name of Chiropractic. All this admission further denies the Chiropractic principle and practice as a separate and distinct science, independent of any and all other professions.

The fact that their organization has gone *from* Chiropractic *to* medicine; *from* honorable practice *to* mal-practice; *from* defense of Chiropractic mal-practice cases *to* refusing to defend them because they are unable to defend same any more, goes to prove that such are the tactics of those who use emotions, passions, and prejudices to move them into action.

This is the *cheaper* and *quicker* way to dispose of such cases, but it ruins Chiropractic in so doing.

2. The UCA, The CHB, The ICA.

These organizations *always* have stood for the defense of Chiropractic and

the legal right of Chiropractors to practice Chiropractic. They have believed that Chiropractic has a right to exist as a separate and distinct science, and have encouraged such all the time, in all ways.

Their Constitution and By-Laws, their membership, their conventions are Chiropractic.

These organizations have defended, in courts, every case of mal-practice, on its merits. They never have plead guilty to a single case. They never have admitted guilt on the part of a Chiropractor of mal-practicing medicine. They never have besmirched the fair and clean name of Chiropractic in the mud of public opinion.

This is the *more expensive* and *longer* way to defend Chiropractic in such cases. This is the path taken by those who use logic, reason, and facts. There is no middle road between these two.

If emotions, passions, and prejudices are a sound solution to the problem, then logic, reason, and facts are *no* solution.

If logic, reason, and facts are the sound way to solve the problem, then emotions, passions, and prejudices are the wrong way.

There is only *one* way these two groups can *ever* amalgamate their common solutions of their common problems, viz., logic, reason, and facts are substituted for emotions, passions, and prejudices; or emotions, passions, and prejudices are substituted for logic, reason, and facts.

The conflict that has existed between the majority and minority of our profession is based on *that* fundamental difference.

We have been and still remain the leader of the minority group that use logic, reason, and facts to gather factual data to guide our action.

The difference between the ICA and the NCA approaches in appealing for support is based on that same fundamental.

The NCA appeals to your emotions. They build a passion of hatred for one man they fear. They create artificial prejudices against "one man rule or ruin."

The ICA presents logic, reason, and facts in asking you to support Chiropractic because it is right, to practice it because it secures results, and to follow the rulings of Supreme Courts, for in such only is a safe procedure for our future.

In that light, and with that as a fundamental, let us present some logic, reason, and facts for *you* to use *your* logic, reason, and facts upon—and then see where it leads you.

We were present at *the birth* of; were an active participant in *the evolution* of; have lived through *the development* of Chiropractic up to its zenith.

We have seen the Chiropractic movement *born* in a humble house by the roadside; have seen it pass from social ostracism to being scientifically adopted in the lives of millions; have helped develop it from a simple theory to an accepted *scientific* principle and practice; have helped it grow from one man

to become the strongest anti-medical and pro-Chiropractic health movement within the knowledge of man; have helped this forsaken and isolated orphan get out on life's highway and go successfully down that long *single road* which forced it to take its place as the greatest health service within the history of man; until we have been and are now its recognized authority and are quoted wherever Chiropractic is. We have earned that right because of our unfoldment of the right formula.

We have also lived to see Chiropractors split that movement and *try* to force it *down two different roads*; have lived to see its followers force it backward into a medieval mass of stolen medical theories; have seen its people, once successfully transported safely over a perfect highway, become the weakest profession within the knowledge of man, on the most dangerous highway any professional man could travel; have seen that purloined weakness become weaker than the source of its weakness because of ignorance of the weakness stolen; have lived to see that "greatest health service of any movement in the history of man" get stuck in muddy medical ditches by the score.

Same mind and same process of business analysis which solved destructive processes killing radio, was *same* mind and *same* process of commercial analysis which had years ago solved constructive processes of a success formula building Chiropractic and Chiropractors.

For past eighteen years, the Chiropractic profession has been living on success business momentum of its previous years. For past eighteen years, it has been on a rapid commercial and professional decline. Why?

There is something in some individuals which yearns for, seeks "something just as good"—a substitute for the real. They want to "try" this, that, or something they can acclaim, to commercialize it, to catch the unwary. Not knowing the formula for the one real way, they become a "natural" for false leadership.

Fifty-four years ago (1895) Chiropractic was born. It was a new concept of service. It said *cause* and *cure* of dis-ease are internal, not external. In those days, "an internal specific" was a dream we could not practice because we did not have the know-how.

We punched backbones, here and there, hither and thither, indiscriminately, believing we were in the region, hoping against hope we might accidentally hit the right spot and the person might get well. We used hit-and-miss, haphazard processes of thinking and acting, getting a small percentage of sick people well—enough at least to keep our courage of keeping on.

Those were the days when we would "adjust" several places, day after day, and then wait weeks or months to see whether it worked or failed, because we were investigating a field of abstracts, intangibles, imponderables, and we had no immediate scientific methods of proving or disproving; hence we advanced many dogmatic theories to try and support what we and the patient thought maybe was true. We became dogmatists and were dogmatic in presentation.

Today, by contrast, we have a well-laid scientific approach, getting a much larger percentage well, based on absolute knowledge of constants and intention of purpose. Through this evolution, many of our profession still live in the stage where they continue to seek something for nothing, some easy way out; trying to substitute get-rich schemes for hard, straight-line thinking and laborious efficiency. They still sell and buy gadgets, do-hickeys, thingamajigs, "fool-proof moves" and "painless adjustments," medical adjuncts and modalities in lieu of honest ability to deliver an adjustment at right place, at right time, in right manner.

Those were the "good old days" when we guessed with an empiric and arbitrary confusion of thinking; where every man was a rule unto himself. In those days, Chiropractic schools were investing their all with few students or patients, with little possible income to compensate. Patients came as a last chance, after they had tried medicine in all its forms, then turned to Chiropractors in desperation, thinking maybe they *might* get well by some unknown application from some immatured practitioner who had little to do it with.

Chiropractic started on a starvation diet, with little if anything to justify its right to live. Its followers were those who stepped out of "regular" channels; people who had been steeped in antiquity, got sick, took adjustments, and accidentally got well. They became imbued with the idea of going forth on the highways and by-ways and carrying the same gospel on to others.

Its followers were both young and old who had fertile, flaccid, and imaginative lines, who were not afraid to think and reason along original lines, who were not afraid to grasp a new idea, who would take a leap in the dark future, hoping it might mature as they thought they saw possibilities yet undreamed of, hidden in its philosophy.

It required people who would sell everything and reinvest in something practically untried and unproven, and thus invite criticism, ridicule, and sarcasm. They had to stand up under fire, take the gaff, and withstand pressure from friends who said, "A fool and his money are soon parted." What Davenport people had to say about The PSC, the Palmers, and had to say to their students in the olden days, is directly in point.

Gradually, Chiropractic developed, going from one improvement to another, gradually evolving from dogmatic thinking to scientific thinking; from presentation of dogmatism to scientism; from dogma to science. This demanded a continued outlay of review courses and financial expense to keep up with "the development of the art." It was financially heart-breaking, and many refused to pay the price.

It required a tremendous spirit of persistent courage for these "radicals" to go forth and battle the world, face prosecution and persecution, go to jail if needs be; to break down an idolized worship of physicians and the well-established custom of taking pills, powders, and potions, and substitute vertebral adjustments. They thought they saw a newer and better concept of service, inherent within the sick individual, even though they were still

toying up and down the backbone. Conservatives called such people crazy, idiotic, and foolish.

It required courage for Chiropractors to go into a new neighborhood and go through the starvation period of the educational process, when everything was going out in huge gobs and nothing coming in; when medical men were well entrenched behind state statutes of the right to practice, Supreme Court decisions upholding that exclusive right; when opposition was well established, accepted, standard, regular, and believed in by all "ethical" and "standard" people; until the new Chiropractic idea could be inculcated, accepted, adopted, and adapted in replacement of medical practice.

In those days, it required a peculiar type of so-called "ignorant" but "radical thinkers." They had to be day-dreamers of vision; fearless pioneers determined to carry on, win or lose. Its adherents were of necessity people of "peculiar leanings" who could take hold of an undeveloped theory with the hope that some day they and others would develop it into another well-established science, and the know-how would come forth to relieve the pressure of accidents and guessing as to what to do, where to do it, how to do it, and when. And, peculiarly, when that day arrived, too many all too frequently repudiated that advancement.

Gradually, over the years, sick people of the older order of thinking began to understand and accept. Numbers grew slowly. As new numbers became "addicts," old qualities decreased. One by one, legal decisions were established, giving to Chiropractic a separate and distinct philosophy, science, and art standing. One by one, state legislatures passed separate legislation, creating Chiropractic Boards and licenses to practice this new science. Now Chiropractic is generally well established. It is accepted by millions as an every-day necessity.

Regrettably, even today, fifty-four years later (1949), many Chiropractors live in inertia and suffer with a plethora of satisfaction; where they grew up to a certain point and from then on stubbornly refuse to budge from there upwards.

To overthrow the old of yesteryear, and replace with the new of today, and replace with a greater newer development, requires more backbone than the common man in our profession has, even now.

Chiropractors are of three kinds:

—*Successful*, using the formula that works. Using thousands of methods that fail does not appeal to them;

—*Fluctuating* between red and black, using *some* of the right formula some of the time on some of their cases; dabbling, playing with many failure . methods that cannot succeed the rest of the time;

—*Failures*—those who never seek the *one* correct formula. They try thousands of wrong methods, always hoping the next blind move will turn failure into success.

And, by success or failure is meant both in getting sick people well and

financially; defending, protecting, and preserving the profession of Chiropractic and Chiropractors for the rights of future generations to get well.

What constitutes a "*successful*" Chiropractor?

One who *has* professional *and* business vision.

What is "*vision*"?

Seeking the correct, successful, sure formula that will succeed, as well as seeing the business, legislative, and professional evils in the making as they envelop him; having courage to correct them *before* they grow so strong they destroy him.

A Chiropractor can be no greater in value than his professional success formula.

His professional practice will equal his business vision according to length, depth, and breadth of that vision to serve his sick with Chiropractic.

Peculiarly, *every* Chiropractor is ambitious and wants to rise. He thinks he's capable of telling the *national man at the top* how he ought to think, speak, write, print, and act, professionally and commercially, *to hold his national job*.

If *he* had that vision, or was *that* capable, he'd *be there* and positions would be reversed.

Average Chiropractor is not above giving lower advice to man higher up. Advice is cheap. Accomplishments are high.

There *must be* a reason *why* some succeed, others fluctuate, others fail. *Why?*

Somebody had to assume position of directing this profession since its birth. It was our heritage. We *did* direct its professional and business activities, educationally and legislatively, when it *was* on the incline.

We have consistently assumed the position of *trying* to break down an analysis of *why* it is on the decline the past eighteen years.

Obviously, our every wish for fifty-four years has been:

We wanted *Chiropractic* to grow in greater service

- to increase its numbers
- to spread over the earth that all might profit
- to gain internal ability in serviceability
- to get more sick people well
- to secure professional standing
- to secure legislation
- to make its followers financial successes.

To make any and all of this possible, we approached it from a *simple, single, Chiropractic* principle and practice, human approach, success formula. Medical men had approached *same* objectives from the *complex and multiple* treatment methods. Chiropractors who *have* defined and confined themselves to the *simple, single, Chiropractic* approach have been a success. "Chiropractors" who multiplied and complexed their failure methods have multiplied and complexed their failures. "Chiropractors" who tried to ride

two contradictory roads simultaneously, presented themselves as a split duality. They wanted net result of success formula by using failure methods, thousands of ways that will not work.

Relationship between patient and doctor is one of demand and supply of *health*; and is based on mutual respect and confidence, each in himself and each to the other.

So long as the Chiropractor *defines and confines himself* to the simple and single, he *has* confidence and respect in himself and his work. He radiates it to others. Others absorb it from him. It is established between them.

The moment he *multiplies and complexes, divides* his thinking, his actions demonstrate confusion, confidence is gone, failures increase. His ratio of success immediately becomes 1 to 39,999—the odds are against him. When he places on parade that he has no success formula *within himself*, how can another gain it *from* him? The relationship divides, the gap spreads, the gulf between success and failure deepens, and everybody and everything else *but himself* becomes the target for his confused criticisms.

The world respects a man who knows where he is going.

The one formula for success always works. Time, place, individual opinions and feelings do not change fact. They only mislead one in search of the right formula.

It is as simple as that!

One *big* hurdle we faced in the beginning was:

Was our formula of evils and their correction, of the Chiropractic problem, right or wrong?

We thought it was right. Some of our Chiropractic associates thought we were wrong.

To prove *their* point, they quoted others and *what they were doing*. To prove *our* point, we consistently, insistently, and persistently reiterated the success formula of *Chiropractic* principles and practices, never deviating one second or one thought from those fundamentals. We asked them to reason them wrong. This they could not do.

So long as *our* success formula was unassailed and maintained itself, and they could not logically reason it wrong, we as steadfastly maintained our position.

After eighteen years, we now have the discouraging satisfaction of seeing the destructive net results of what going counter to those Chiropractic principles and practices has done.

The question is not *who* is right, but *what* is right. It is a watchword and represents a clear and forthright admonition to base decision on *facts, logic, and reason*, rather than on opinions, hunches, personalities, precedent, emotions, passions, or prejudices.

The NCA has been endorsing, encouraging, fostering, and abetting professional avenues anti-chiropractic and pro-medical. This has been true in

endorsement of professional schools that support pro-medical education; endorsement of professional legislation supporting pro-medical amendments; endorsement of professional association policies supporting pro-medical practices, amending professional legislation to raise anti-chiropractic educational requirements to kill off Chiropractic schools, etc.

Betwixt and between these two antipodal professional forces is a profession of people. This profession has been bent and swayed, split into factions, pro and con, according to their views.

When we attack what the NCA stands for, we have attacked the NCA. When we attack the NCA and what it stands for, we have attacked the men who lead, operate, and support the NCA. When we attack the men who support the NCA, we have stepped on their emotions, passions, and prejudices, pocket books. Because we support the one formula for success, and condemn their thousands that fail, "they say" we are too unbendable, stiff, immovable, unwilling to compromise. *There is no compromise with the formula that works!* So, we condemn that which fails; *and in condemning that which fails, we condemn all who support the ways that fail*, no matter what the personal feelings may be.

There are those who contend we are attacking the NCA. We are, because its policies are destroying Chiropractic! We don't mince words about it. It is *that* organization which has brought about the downfall of the successful business and professional Chiropractic principle and practice that works. And so long as *facts* sustain that position, why should we slip and slide with measly words about issues as important as that?

Years ago, in laying the professional groundwork for the *professional* approach to a *business* approach of business views of the Chiropractic problem, its business, commercial and financial evils and solutions, we had to decide whether to go a bit business today, another bit professional tomorrow; part ways professionally and tread softly commercially; or, go the *success formula professionally* all the way and hit hard on the *business success formula* principles without regard to personalities.

So long as we felt business *and* professional evils *were factual* and those business solutions were sound, and they would *save* this profession as a business, we took the latter road.

It is as simple as that!

As we look backward now, we are not sorry we did, because that was the losing way with this professional group who, because of thinking they must play fast and loose with sick people, with failure treatment methods, were ill-prepared fundamentally and mentally for a sound business *and* profession that shot square to accomplish positive ends.

Had we professionally pussy-footed and compromised as they preferred doing with the sick, *they* would have been pleased, we would have been a tin god, but the cause would have been lost just the same—*only sooner*.

Every time the NCA professionally compromised with this or that profes-

sional group, they weakened the professional *and* business structure, multiplied the failure methods, until today they have practically *no Chiropractic professional structure* left, except in name only; with a business foundation crumbling on soft sand.

No matter how we approached our profession with a business *success* formula, to replace their professional *failure* methods, many in the profession *were against it*, regardless of how we spoke or wrote.

When prejudicial interests approached our profession with a *failure* method, to replace the *success* formula they were working under, many in the profession *adopted it*, regardless of what or how one spoke or wrote against it. This is *how the professional mind works!*

Fundamentally there is a *radical* difference between a business mind *and* a professional mind.

The *professional* mind has been trained in pseudo sciences, most of which do not work; which, when applied, make mistakes in diagnosis, apply wrong treatments, bury their dead, and alibi excuses. "They did the best they knew how." "The operation was a success, but the patient couldn't rally."

The *professional* mind is trained to alibi

- to evade facts
- to deceive himself
- to falsify to patients
- to build false beliefs in ignorance and incompetence
- to fortify guess work with inability
- to condemn all who expose their machinations in the name of Chiropractic.

Medicine never did get sick people *well*. It relieved, ameliorated, whipped up or slowed down effects—but they remained.

Epsom salts induces the bowels to move the salts down and out—but constipation remains for another dose tomorrow. Stimulation or inhibition methods never got any sick person *well*. Medical men *know* this! We wish Chiropractors did! Hot or cold water can be given *internally* as internal medication; or cold or hot water can be given *externally* as in hydrotherapy—either way, it stimulates or inhibits.

The mind that flits from one medical thing to another, is the fluctuating mind that is side-tracked, gets lost, has no sign posts, lives in a maze of wilderness, is insecure, reflects hopelessness—and this and more comes to him who gets off main highways.

The mind that floats into and out of dead professions gone before, becomes an imitator and a failure purveyor upon those to whom failures have been experienced, who now repeat failure upon those who know the uselessness of it all. No wonder failure reproduces its kind.

This is the mind of medical men and all who ape them in principle and practice. *It is a state of mind* and there is no way to avoid it when following that by-path.

The professional mind is muddled. The above is the reason!

So long as *the principle and practice remain the same*, the result remains the same. Same formula, same result!

To use the *medical* method is to get the *medical* result. Some Chiropractors think they can use a *medical* method and get a *Chiropractic* result. Others think they can use the *Chiropractic* formula and secure a *medical* result. *Chiropractic* formula, *Chiropractic* result.

Sciences are based on fixed formulas. Only reason they are is because *they work*. Chemistry, mathematics, astronomy *are* examples. Chiropractic is another.

Given *the same* formula, *same* quantities and qualities, *same* sequence, *same* conditions, you'll always get *same* result. Imagine each chemist mixing the formula as he selfishly desires, establishing rules, regulations, and laws of his own, trying to get all others to agree with him, he disagreeing with all others. *What a mess* chemistry would be!

2 x 2 are 4—not sometimes but *always*. Imagine 2 x 2 fluctuating with every mathematician who wants to establish a standard of his own, based on prejudicial theories, trying to get all others to agree with him, he disagreeing with all others. *What a mess* business would be!

Astronomy knows stars, constellations, planets; where, when, and what they'll *always* do at given times. Imagine each astronomer fixing an arbitrary empiric opinion, insisting all others agree with him, he disagreeing with all others. *What a mess* astronomy would be!

Chiropractic has a scientific fixed success formula that works when worked. Imagine each Chiropractor trying to *change all of this* by adding or subtracting some empiric, arbitrary, personal opinions, asking all others to agree, he disagreeing with all others. *What a mess* Chiropractic is!

Instead of the very fertile sick field being under intensive cultivation, highly fertilized, producing bumper crops, we have a jungle of undergrowth and weeds, impenetrable and impassable, with many sowing wild weeds to make it worse.

Some use an imaginative *wishful thinking*, formulate a *private* method which is supposed to reverse Supreme Courts and get Congress to issue impossible results, thinking they can repeal *the natural law* of cause and effect according to their personal emotions, passions, prejudices and hates in the matter.

The Chiropractor, by virtue of his being in the professional doctoring business, with precedents in medical humbuggery, quackery, and misrepresentations in medicine, has a precedent that lived by and still lives by virtue of his business *inability* to deliver anything in demand, viz., health to the sick.

The background of medicine is a mess and mass of professional cancerous theories.

Medical men ameliorate, relieve, subdue, deaden pain, stimulate bowels with salts, and otherwise ease along a disease. If one sick person were ever

to get well, it would be a surprise, startle him, be nothing short of a miracle. While people do occasionally and accidentally get well with medicine, Chiropractic has practically established itself on the continued and repeated failures of the medical practitioner.

Many Chiropractors have permitted themselves to be eased into the same phantastical theoretical treating-of-symptoms line of thinking and doing. To think of getting a sick person well, and to do so by business intention and deliberation of a success formula, is beyond their comprehension. And, when some matter-of-fact business realist hits soundly that that is the fundamental reason for Chiropractic, made possible by Chiropractic, they fly off the professional handle, go into a professional rage, call it everything but what it is.

Refusing to see, think, or face business facts themselves, they refuse to see, think, or face business facts with others. The more the mind of a professional person is perverted professionally from substance to shadow, to failure methods, the more one is compelled to soft-pedal all business or commercial approaches to a success formula.

Is this because of his low scale of professional impossibilities and improbabilities, therefore becomes a natural easy-mark for commercial sales promotion schemes, not possessing that ability to meet and face business facts bluntly and boldly?

They say, instead: "Leaders who are not big enough to keep personal hates and jealousies out of the issue should step aside and give leadership to those of a more tolerant nature." Meaning by that, one who is not a business executive should be permitted to step up and assume that he is, because he possesses the supreme professional ability to side-step executive business factual methods.

The Chiropractor, being a professional mind, feels restricted, constricted, and imprisoned under the imposition by association, legislative, and legal regulations of many courts. He feels it prevents his full expression of selfish rights to steal another's property if he wishes to so express his individualistic prerogatives. Being a professional mind, it resents sound, sensible, and sane rules and regulations, even though such actions make Chiropractors an international, unreliable, untrustworthy, disrespected, and failure profession.

Some Chiropractors suffer with the illusions of the near, and believe fairy tales. Others possess the vision of the far, and rely on realities.

It is as easy as that!

As proof of the statements made in the above paragraph, let us cite a recent parallel comparison:

The second week of January, 1944, saw two books leave our institution.

1st. *Stubborn Facts*, 2nd edition. It set forth facts portraying a destructive and destroying series of conditions, proving they were shortening the life of Chiropractic, as a separate, distinct, and individual profession. *Stubborn Facts* offered a constructive and saving solution. 20,000 copies were printed,

addressed, postage-paid, and sent free, as our contribution to save Chiropractic from being murdered. To date, we have received 41 *unsolicited* letters; 38 commendatory, 5 condemnatory.

In taking an 8,500-mile trip, meeting many Chiropractors, we asked *why* we should receive only 41 letters. The general answers were: 1. We took it for granted you knew we liked it. 2. It covered everything fully and needed no comment. 3. It was unanswerable from those who disagreed with it.

2nd. *Radio Salesmanship*, 6th edition. It set forth *facts* portraying a destructive and destroying problem, proving it was shortening the life of radio as a free enterprise industry. It offered a constructive and saving solution. 34,500 copies were printed of which 28,500 were mailed, addressed, and postage-paid, free, as our contribution to the radio industry. To-date, thousands of unsolicited letters have poured in. Every letter was commendatory. The radio industry wrote appreciations.

The *one* book—*Radio Salesmanship*—has done more, since August, 1942, to save the radio industry from unfriendly Government ownership and unsympathetic State and City radio censorship, than *all* the literature we have printed have done to save Chiropractors from unfriendly legislation and unsympathetic professional interests in 54 years. *Why?* Problems were similar, solutions were similar. Some might say we were “diplomatic” with radio industry and “undiplomatic” with Chiropractic profession. Same hard-hitting manner and style were used in both.

Why this contrast?

To check over the names of radio correspondents is to include every worthwhile name of the national nets, advertising agencies in the United States and Canada, and include every worth-while top name in all branches of the radio industry, as well as many interests outside radio industry.

Again we ask, *why?*

We haven't much confidence in the professional mind *as a business mind*. As a *professional* mind it would be super-excellent *as professional minds go*. As a *professional* mind, it is a *poor business* mind. The majority of *our* profession *are* professional minds. They hold each other in high esteem. Each looks at other, sees other and judges other for what he is—*professional minds*. Put those *professional minds in business*, and they wouldn't last ten days. *Professional minds* hang together to support each the other in their wayward by-path failure methods.

Professional names predominate on “racket” and “sucker” lists. They are easy prey for unscrupulous, quick-money-making schemes, such as dry-oil-wells, gold-mining stocks, etc. They are easy victims of catch-penny treatment junk and adjuncts, buying such psychological fakery as radionics. A few years ago, many fell hard. Where are they now? The professional mind is, later than sooner, *forced* to face the *business* success formula. A business man would investigate, want logic, demand proof. A professional mind plunges in, gets stung, and seeks the answer when it hurts.

The professional mind bites. "How much is it?" "Where do I sign?" "How soon can I get delivery?" He wants to beat the fellow across the hall, right or wrong. "Moves" galore are offered, each guaranteed to turn the trick with no effort on his part. "Secret Systems" you swear you won't tell. Mail courses—\$10 for this and \$25 for that—turn failure into a huge success over night. Over-Sunday diplomas are offered to get a license. And the stampede is on, to bring financial regrets later. The professional mind *seemingly* gets away with slow suicide.

Many "leaders" in our profession find it much easier to be back-slappers, hand-shakers, building personal friendships even at the expense of neglecting to develop Chiropractic and Chiropractors.

Other leaders spend their thought, labor, and money to research Chiropractic and Chiropractors, even at the expense of neglecting to be back-slappers, hand-shakers, and building personal friendships.

The professional mind *never* learns. Stung, bites again, disgusted. Another glib, high-pressure, misrepresenting salesman; bites again, stung again, disgusted again and again, year after year, millions of dollars, each in its turn, thrown away for another as bad or worse. You sell *your* failure to some other innocent "sucker" to get *your* money back. This is the mind that wants the easy road to success with no effort. The "sucker" mind is always broke, trying to get something for nothing. The professional mind is *always* broke when it comes to legitimate and honorable professional *business* necessities. There is a difference between professional and commercial human relation values. The *business* standard of a *profession* is low and the *professional* standard of a *profession* is lower because thereof. We hear about "higher educational qualifications" for our profession. *The business fact* is "the higher" the *professional* standards, the *lower* the business standards. He in-breeds professional failure methods views. Inbreeding weakens the *business* stock. This breeds failures *in business*. Recognizing all this, he again resorts to the old vicious circle of more inbreeding more failure.

Is a *professional* mind theoretical, empiric, experimental, arbitrary, unable to see practical things in practical ways?

Are we hard-fisted *business* men, more than we are theoretical *professional* men?

Is that why we can and do get along so well with radio *business* men, and seemingly rub fur the wrong way of Chiropractic *professional* groups?

We wonder!

Ever attend court and see a lawyer struggling to get a few simple professional success formula *facts* from a professional mind that never had them, therefore couldn't testify to them?

Have you ever been a witness and thought you were being mercilessly grilled when cross-examined?

Then you *know* what we mean about the humiliating spectacle of the slip-

shod evading professional mind, and the way you allow yourself to drift. If you think the lawyer's mind, *trained to get facts*, is the same as the physician's, osteopath's, or Chiropractor's mind that has trained itself *evading facts*, attend a trial and watch the embarrassment of another, or be a witness yourself. You'll have a lot of that conceit knocked out of you. *We know!* We've been there often enough, traveling as an expert witness for the UCA for 22 years. That early training, while *very valuable to us*, has been very distasteful to the rest of our profession ever since. We had to learn the formula which would work. That is the way Universal Intelligence gave it to us.

The *business* mind cannot play fast and loose with figures and materials. If *he* misrepresents, overcharges, or makes mistakes, he is hailed before Better Business Bureau. Before long, he earns a bad name and is soon out of business.

A *business* man *must* shoot square if he expects *to remain* in business.

We never could and do not now see why a *professional mind cannot be a good business mind ALSO*—if he has *good, reliable, delivering and trustworthy goods to sell*, and sells them with a success formula.

This he *has* in Chiropractic.

This he *has not* in physiotherapy treatment methods.

The moment he takes on the latter, he places himself in the evasive, misrepresenting group of the professional medical mind.

He begins to dabble in thousands of methods that are wrong.

The moment he becomes a realist, a factualist *with Chiropractic*, he *will be a good business man also*.

Perhaps *that's why our success formula* disagrees with so many of our professional group. It was because we expected successful *business methods with failure professional practices*, and the two never mix.

It is as simple as that!

What is the fundamental success formula upon which Chiropractic and Chiropractors *did* succeed in earlier days, and some *do* succeed *now* in spite of handicaps many Chiropractors beset our paths with?

Chiropractor *has Chiropractic* for sale.

Chiropractic principle has the vertebral subluxation as *the cause* of all dis-ease.

Sick people are buyers *of Chiropractic* to produce health.

Chiropractic practice has the vertebral adjustment as *the cure* of all dis-ease.

Between Chiropractor and patient there is an exclusive simple and single constant which, if adhered to, brings success.

It is as simple as that!

We predicated our entire approach years ago, and have consistently fol-

lowed it, every thought and second since, on the success or failure of *Chiropractic* as it applied to *one* person.

Would Chiropractic vertebral adjustment get *him* well?

If it would not, then Chiropractic was a failure and we might as well fold up.

If it would *and did*, and *he* was pleased, the movement would grow. It was and is the right formula. It works.

Multiply *that* unit, of *one* person, of what *one* Chiropractic did, by millions, and you have the success of an entire profession, *so long as it adheres to that principle and practice.*

It is as simple as that!

The strength of Chiropractic in its infancy, the strength of Chiropractic during its luscious growing days, the strength of Chiropractic in its continued success, *lies inclusively and exclusively in the Chiropractor confining his professional thoughts and actions to locating the vertebral subluxation cause, and delivering the vertebral subluxation adjustment message across to the complete understanding of the sick.*

If *that* fails, all in Chiropractic fails.

It is as simple as that!

And, in reverse, *the weakness* of Chiropractic today lies in the Chiropractor inclusively adding *many* things *anti-vertebral* subluxation cause, *and anti-vertebral* subluxation adjustment, therefore failing to get his Chiropractic message across to the sick. The thousands of methods that cannot succeed.

It is as simple as that!

Reversing the thought, did multiple treatment methods *ever* get *any* sick person well?

If they *had*, there would have been *no* necessity for *Chiropractic*.

It would have died before it was born, because there was no niche it could fit into when not needed. The law of demand and supply was at work.

Chiropractic was born of a necessity because other methods failed to get sick people well.

Here was our profession, that *had* a right formula, getting sick well, denying *that right formula* and rapidly advocating and using the extensive use of methods that *had* failed for hundreds of years on millions of people.

Multiply *that state of thinking and acting*, by many of our profession, and you have the failure of an entire profession.

It is as simple as that!

And, to make it worse, because one amongst us had *the courage* to speak frankly, to think straight, to present the right formula, he is thrice denied and spat upon by those who would call themselves professional executives who have offered not one sound successful formula as a solution, but who do insist on using one or many of the thousands of methods that always fail.

It is as simple as that!

Any *professional* practice based on *variables* is precariously dangerous.

A professional variable *mind* produces a professional variable *practice*.

A *mind* that is variable produces an *action* that is variable.

When *any* mind *begins* to become variable in the character, quantity, or quality of its thinking, *everything that follows* becomes variable.

And, at that moment, he begins flirting with failure methods and he is greasing his toboggan.

Any *professional* practice based on *constants* is success with a safe service.

A professional *mind* that works with constants possesses a professional constant *practice*.

A *mind* that is constant produces an *action* that is constant.

When *any* mind *begins* to become constant, *everything that follows* becomes constant.

When his practice goes on a constant basis, it is rapidly approaching the commercial and financial *success formula*.

The moment *any* Chiropractor gets one second and thought away *from* the Chiropractic vertebral subluxation cause and the Chiropractic vertebral adjustment cure success formula, that moment he drifts from a professional success into the business red and black, and if he goes far enough, will be a commercial failure.

When it reaches that point where patient ceases to get results, Chiropractor no longer sells Chiropractic, and Chiropractic principle and practice fade out of human service.

Between and between Chiropractic professional success and Chiropractic commercial failure, there are many minor phases of many major evils. The cures were simple and single.

Make *Chiropractic simple and insist upon Chiropractor confining himself* to delivering that alone.

It is as simple and yet as great as that!

Professional issues *foreign to Chiropractic*, such as treatment of symptoms and pathologies, physio-therapy methods, pro-medical principles and practices, were being maximized, gradually growing more numerous.

Chiropractic is the same

The vertebral subluxation cause is the same

The vertebral adjustment correction is the same

The vertebral adjustment, by hand only, is the same

The man with the subluxation is the same

The man needing the adjustment is the same

Sick people are the same

The desire of the sick to get well is the same

Chiropractic got them well then and will get them well now. That is the same.

The ability of Chiropractor to get the sick well worked once. It will work today. That is the same.

What has changed?

Some Chiropractors who want to go educationally hi-hat

—who want to be less Chiropractic

—who want to be more of a “chiropractic physician”

—who are continuously substituting something or other for something

—who want to be educated out of a chiropractic success into a medical failure group

—who want to be highly trained in failure studies to go from the successful simple to the failure complex.

Vertebral subluxation cause and *vertebral* subluxation adjustment, ultimate buying and selling issues, were being minimized, and in many offices ignored entirely.

In exact ratio as they *went towards* or *away from* that ultimate buying and selling issue of the sick, did they succeed or fail.

It is as simple as that!

Through many years, *successful* Chiropractors were those who more nearly and intelligently applied and confined themselves to the Chiropractic principle and practice, which protected interests of the sick—and sometimes, perhaps, without Chiropractor knowing what those definite principles and practices were, of that success formula with which he was succeeding.

Fluctuating Chiropractors, floating between black and red, were those who innocently didn't know, sometimes accidentally and occasionally got some sick well and failed on many others, being for the most of the time wrong.

Failure Chiropractors were those who were *almost* always doing wrong things, looking after greed of almighty dollar, disregarding interests in the right of the sick to get well, under honest advertising of a service honestly delivered.

In the early days of our success, professionally, financially, numerically, and legislatively, issues were *clearly* defined and confined. They were deduced into simple and single success formulas to which *all* adhered in practice.

The adoption *again* of what we once did, would *again* save *all* Chiropractors from ruination *if* they would listen, heed and follow that example.

Chiropractic, as a successful and/or failure professional and commercial movement, has gone through two great periods in its development:

1st. When it was growing, philosophically, numerically, financially, legislatively, and legally; and

2nd. When it began and has continued dying, philosophically, numerically, financially, legislatively, and legally.

In the first period the UCA *was dominantly* directing all activities of the first development.

Behind the UCA was B. J. Palmer who directed its activities be confined to Chiropractic.

The second period began when the UCA *left Davenport*, thought it could run itself, thought it had leaders, turned from the success formula that had always succeeded, from the correct formula that was winning, to the many methods that have led to failure ever since.

It passed into the stage where the UCA and ACA amalgamated into the NCA.

From then on, it has gone into a rapid and serious professional and commercial decline under the leadership of so many NCA "leaders" it is impossible to enumerate or recall them, as they have come, been tried, and found seriously wanting.

Today the NCA is directing its activities to making Chiropractic a drugless physician and naturopathic movement; and in exact ratio, Chiropractic is professionally and commercially declining, philosophically, numerically, financially, legislatively, and legally.

Chiropractors come to conventions when we are on program. They listen. Some of them are more or less displeased.

They learned little of the success formula—the one way that works—that we were there to give. They occasionally asked for more.

They knew our analysis of what was killing them off was sound, logical, and—applied—*would* save them. And, the moment they returned to their offices, they went back to the old groove of using the many methods that fail, that lead to destruction, of losing public confidence and destroying our profession.

Chiropractors, as a professional group, did not wish to use the success formula we gave. They could not switch from failure methods to success formula because they were not *business* minded enough to face facts. They could not judge facts of *straight thinking* from theories of *wishful thinking*.

They voiced their disapprovals any time, any place, any way.

They bickered, strifed and strafed us, many ways, for presenting facts of a success formula.

Much of what we gave at conventions, FHN, Lyceums, was free; all they had to do was come and get.

As we talked to these Chiropractic groups, studied their professional and commercial solutions, handed them their professional faults of omission and commission, analyzed their business weaknesses and strengths, without mincing words, hit hard, we always felt we were talking to people who knew our success formula was right, but they resented being told it; who did not want what we gave, but wanted to professionally profit from what we had, without paying the business price to develop themselves and make themselves efficient.

They came to learn and refused to learn when there.

They rarely valued correctly what they got, and expressed deep chagrin at what was said or the way we said it.

As pupils, they knew more than their teachers, and consistently contradicted them.

As inexperienced people, they knew more than those who had many years behind them. They let feelings, notions, prejudices run riot without regard to facts.

As investigators, they knew more than many years of research, and contradicted the results of research.

As practitioners in professional or legislative life, they felt competent to criticize something they knew nothing about.

We have made Chiropractic into a specific for the cause and cure of all dis-ease.

We have made enemies of a majority of Chiropractors.

The reason is obvious. *They* did not want to protect, defend and preserve Chiropractic in its purity for posterity. We did!

The two objectives, being opposites, brought forth animosity, antipathy, and opposition.

Now that we have appeared before two distinct and different national groups

—one radio business and one Chiropractic professional

—each suffering with similar problems, evils and corrections—we are convinced that that which separates an *actual BUSINESS executive* from one who *thinks he's a PROFESSIONAL executive*, is that the one who is a business executive *in fact* "demands, asks for, seeks, takes, likes, and acts upon direct thinking, hard-hitting, punch driving, fact finding, factual convincing statements, data, and information," the one right formula.

Whereas, one who *thinks he's a professional executive* is *in fact* a chap who dilly-dallies with methods that won't work; therefore denies, refuses to listen to, refuses to accept, possesses no ability to act upon direct, hard-hitting, punch driving, fact finding, factual convincing business statements, data, and information.

On the reverse, our *professional "executives"* who affirm their business executive ability *in theory* and deny it in professional *practice*, call such business statements, data, and information sarcasm, personal tirades, petty squabbles, "a spirit of dishonesty," "want of vision," "stupidity and bull-headedness," "a craving for personal power and glory," "steeped in prejudice and feuds," "rule or ruin policies," etc.

All our life, in our professional relations with Chiropractors, we have felt they possessed a professional superiority complex; and we secretly suffered with inferiority *business* complex because thereof.

For this and above reasons, when in their presence, our 54 years of dealing with them, we have suffered *inwardly* with an *apologetic* complex, apologiz-

ing for our presence, for our thoughts, for our success formula of reasoning, for our inability to get facts and truth across; for our naturalness of being undiplomatic in our manner and style of blunt presentation.

We *always* suffered from this apologetic business complex when we were in their superior professional presence, speaking to them or for them.

We suffered with this apologetic complex because of their condemnation of us, our ideas, our work, our demonstrated and proven deeds.

We also suffered when speaking to students in our school because they too so often knew so much more than we, and told us so, in boarding houses.

We suffered with this apologetic complex because of condemnation from mixers because we fought entirely and exclusively for *Chiropractic*.

We also, peculiarly, suffered with this apologetic complex, because of condemnation from our pro-chiropractic friends, because *they* so often and in so many ways didn't agree with our conclusions.

It is a nightmare to go through life suffering all the time internally, with an apologetic complex from enemies and friends alike.

Not only did we suffer from that apologetic complex within the sanctity and privacy of our family professional groups, but we keenly suffered with it in open forum of *public* gaze.

No matter where we went in earlier days, all of us were quacks, fakers, law-breakers, under prosecution and persecution.

In later years, wherever we go, many of our profession *are* in actuality, factuality, reality, quacks, fakers, law-breakers to their own profession and of *their own legislation*, deliberately falsifying their science and their standing for the greed of the dollar.

Should we or should we not apologize for our apologetic complex?

Can we or can we not know our mind with an inferiority complex?

Are we inferior in our knowledge of *Chiropractic*, to our students, graduates, or the profession? Are we inferior in our presentation or the manner of those presentations of a fact, right formula; the straight and narrow way is never *less* or *more*. Apology or non-apology, it remains the same. No matter what number deny it or affirm it. Any one who will use it becomes successful, leaves failure behind.

Can we present them any other way than a clean-cut established array of facts as brutal as they appear? This profession owes its existence and everything it owns to our early and late foresight and vision rendered them *with Chiropractic* through 54 years. The record speaks for itself!

Are we inferior in proven ability in deeds accomplished professionally, commercially, legislatively, legally, and financially, in regards to *Chiropractic*, in showing them the success formula when they *did* succeed? The record again speaks for itself!

Should we feel our inferiority as a focalized *minority* individual when in the presence of so many suffering with schizophrenic split objectives? Should

one feel humble, even though right, when surrounded with a tremendous external pressure of *a majority* who say he is wrong?

Our inherited fight for the Chiropractic of our father was and is insistently, consistently, and persistently the same through 54 years. Again, the record speaks for itself! Yet the many who squeeze our success formula for profit to themselves, condemn us. They admit medical philandering is wrong, does not work, and fails. Yet they keep on going down two opposite roads. They make their living on their ability to get sick people well, which *Chiropractic* alone does, fruitful as it has been to them, and then deny that from which they secure profit. That insane, idiotic, illogical, insensible and weak attitude of admitting *they* are wrong and yet continuing to practice that wrong for financial gain, without regard to consequences of their acts upon those whom they serve, or the backwash of their acts to themselves and its reaction upon the death of our profession,—all this is enough to develop complexes in any sane, sensible, sound, straight-thinking, logical reasoner.

Thousands of Chiropractors admit *Chiropractic* is the principle and practice which get sick people well. They admit *Chiropractic* right; they *lip-service Chiropractic* and *practice medical principles and practices* with ferocious tenacity against *the man* who endeavors to prove all such is a delusion and snare upon the unsuspecting sick *in the name of Chiropractic*. They affirm the *Chiropractic* principle and practice; and then refuse to support, defend, protect, and preserve its success formula; or, prefer to and do practice physiotherapy failure methods *ad infinitum, ad nauseum*, and fight for their use in the halls of legislatures and congress *in the name of Chiropractic*. Should this contradictory hypocrisy produce complexes within us because it is beyond the pale of simple or complex analysis?

Again and again, the vast group mind has admitted and admired our fight to keep *Chiropractic* in its purity for posterity. They concede us every honor this profession can bestow, and then heap upon us every abuse individuals as well as groups can conceive. Why this split-head between *Chiropractic* lip-service and *medical* performance? Is this life of hypocrisy, building confidence between these two antipodal issues? How can it be remedied? In time, why shouldn't this develop within us an inferiority apologetic complex of human behavior? We find *no* necessity of apologizing *for Chiropractic*. We do continuously suffer because of *the Chiropractor*.

How can you or we fathom hypocrisy wherein men *privately* admit *Chiropractic* right and *publicly practice its opposite*?

There are states in which we never let it be privately known we *are* a Chiropractor because of the low repute our profession is in in those States. For all this, within, we are aware that we owe an apology to ourselves as well as them, as well as to every sick person that goes to them.

Chiropractors have always made good business profits—especially successful Chiropractors.

Past 18 years, Chiropractic profession has been going down professionally and commercially into the doldrums.

Because of lack of business vision of its multitudinous members who think they are professional leaders and who think they have business vision, it is getting worse.

All alike are being pulled down into the whirlpool with them, educationally and legislatively.

How long can all of us individually or collectively keep whirling in the whirlpool before we go down?

From now on, all schools will get less business profits and successful professional schools and practitioners will make less of it.

Do you know a single good reason why we should devote *more* of our professional time to where we are not wanted, not listened to, where less and less business profits are coming from our labors?

Now, in 1943, for *the first time in our life*, we have come to the conclusion that the same mind that once solved the Chiropractic success formula and built that profession up to its highest business pinnacle, is the same mind that now solves radio industry's *business* problems.

We have seen the different reactions between two groups of people, in their reactions to that mind at work.

Up till now, we have believed there was something radically *wrong with us, in us, that needed whipping in or out.*

Today, we are convinced fault does not lie so much *in us* as it does in difference between two groups to whom we addressed ourselves.

One business group accepts; other profession rejects.

One business group fights for more; other profession for less.

One business group enjoys; other profession condemns.

One business group thanks; other profession denies.

Question logically arises:

Is there a difference between high level of executive business ability and vision of the radio group, as against low level or lack of executive professional ability and vision to take it in the Chiropractic group?

We are convinced there is; for with one radio business group we can now hold our head high and know *we* are doing something worth while, and are appreciated for what we are able to deliver.

With other Chiropractic professional group, we bow in meek submission and know we are a total failure in doing anything satisfactory to all, because of the success formula we once proved and did deliver and are still able to deliver.

Now, for the first time, we repeat:

With radio industry we *can* hold our head high, shoot straight without criticism, bickerings, pettifoggings, personal tirades as a back-lash for our business efforts.

There is *one* group we can talk to *as* an honorable group, *on* an honorable subject, *in* an honorable manner, and are being appreciated for our worth as an honorable member of that industry, doing an honorable job with and for them, to men of equal capabilities.

THE SUCCESS FORMULA

Frequently, throughout this talk, we mention a "success formula."

Let us outline its *Chiropractic* elements.

1. The vertebral subluxation, with its preceding and sequential elements, is *the cause of all dis-ease*. *A specific cause*, long sought for, was attained!

2. The vertebral adjustment, with its preceding and sequential elements, *corrects the cause of all dis-ease*. *A specific cure*, long sought for, was attained!

3. Specific, pure, unadulterated, ten-fingered, by hand only, *Chiropractic* got the sick well. *The ultimate* objective was attained!

4. These elements constituted an all-inclusive and all-exclusive principle and practice. Nothing more could be added, nothing less could be subtracted, to make it workable.

5. Chiropractic works with *the law* of Universal Intelligence of the Universe, Innate Intelligence of the Unit, in their production, reproduction; life, death; health, dis-ease and restoration of health; is never in conflict with, but always in conformity with that *law*.

6. It is the *one* health method that proves the spiritual truths of religion and accepts the physical facts of anatomy and establishes *a connecting link* between, makes each live in reality to and with the other, thus uniting two groups of students heretofore always in conflict with each other.

7. It is the once science and art which explains logically and consistently the occasional accidental causes and cures of dis-ease, the so-called spiritual "phenomena" and religious "miracles"; and translates them into intentional Chiropractic applications, duplicating same work; and proves that whether accident or intention, there is *a law* at work consistent with itself at all times, on all cases.

8. Chiropractic begins with, works with *source of life* within the body; proves dis-ease to be a non-source disconnection and interference *from* that *source*, producing a *non-source* effect, and restores health by restoring non-source to source *within* man; adding nothing, subtracting nothing to or from the human body, to make it well.

9. Chiropractic is the *one* principle and practice, which, in method, works *exclusively with internal constants* giving it fundamental stability in contrast with *external variables* which make medicine empiric and arbitrary for no educational man *knows* the essential quantities or qualities to re-establish internal life par.

10. Specialization of the principle and focalization to the development of

a more perfect application made it easier to apply, by attaining more, by doing less.

11. Being common sense, Chiropractic was easy, simple, and practical to educate the public. People understand common sense.

12. By confining ourselves, the public realized we were not poaching, trespassing, or stealing property rights of other professions under assumed false names. This reduced by 50 per cent their resistance to our growth.

13. By being an *all-complete* subject within itself, Chiropractors found *no necessity* for adding anything belonging to any other profession.

14. To be competent on *Chiropractic* subjects, to deliver a competent *Chiropractic* service, contrary to popular understanding and conviction, was to make a *Chiropractor* competent to get sick people well.

15. To be competent on *medical* subjects is to make a Chiropractor incompetent on Chiropractic subjects, contrary to popular understanding and conviction, which makes a Chiropractor incompetent to get sick people well.

16. Chiropractic had a formulated sequence of established and proven scientific facts upon which logic and reason made Chiropractors possess a fundamental upon which our profession potentially *could be* an agreed group.

17. By confining our professional activities verbally, educationally, legislatively, and legally to that which was of right ours, we respected ourselves and made other professions respect us for staying within the confines of that which was ours by prior rights of discovery and development.

18. Confining ourselves to *our* line of reasoning to *our* professional premises and postulates brought us respect from contemporary professions such as educators, medicine, and the law.

19. Having had a profession which *did* deliver health to the sick, we proved our over-all sincerity in service, superceding motives of any desire to prey upon the innocent and unsuspecting sick for money.

20. Being a simple and single principle and practice, which was irrefutable, it needed no elaborate or elongated series of foreign studies to dilute or complicate it.

21. The laborer is worthy of his hire, but other considerations were laid aside in favor of a sincere desire to get sick well and development of the means to attain that end, knowing that the law of compensation always works. Financial success was assured!

22. When fully explained and properly understood, Chiropractic brought about confidence in relationship between peoples within whom there would otherwise be a conflict, such as the doctor, patient, educator, legislator, lawyer, and courts.

23. Common sense, this success formula, a simple principle, simple but thorough training, a simple application, the correctness of Chiropractic because it worked, appealed to legislators as readily as it did to a sick world.

24. This made it possible for us to establish three years of six months each

educational legislative standards because more than that was unnecessary to attain our objective and more than that destroyed our effectiveness.

25. When approaching legislative bodies, asking for favorable consideration, we had *something distinctive* with a *separate* principle and practice, *differing* from all others, to present with conviction and clarity.

26. In defending medical and osteopathic prosecutions and persecutions in courts, we had the Chiropractic issue defined and confined, which was always in conformity with legal decisions.

27. All this drew and grew large clienteles of those who needed our service which assured us of the law of returns in financial success upon competent delivery of same to them.

28. The formula *works*. It is consistent. It built a *new* profession. It established a *new* legislative standard. It followed sound legal *law*.

29. Contrary to popular opinion, even in our profession, everything in Chiropractic was the law of the paradox—opposite to what it seemed.

30. All this pieced together built an invulnerable consistent presentation which we could be persistent and insistent in advocating, which could not be successfully attacked, which made us a successful profession at all times, in all ways, and at all places, with all people.

It worked *once!*

It *can* work again if we have the vision to make it work!

CHAPTER 109

THE STORY OF HOBBIES

HOBBIES ARE ESCAPE VALVES, where busy men with crowded hours can blow off excess steam. Hobbies are things men do when they relax, crawl in a hole somewhere and "forget it."

With many things we have done and are doing, we, too, want to find a quiet corner where we can lay the body and play day-dreams with hobbies of various kinds. People say we are riding a hobby of some kind all the time. If all these hobbies in which we have indulged would be gathered together under one roof, it would veritably constitute a museum of the world.

Let's list them:

1st. Buddhas of various kinds in *A Little Bit O' Heaven*, including the largest that ever left Japan—The Wishing Buddha; the bronze castings of Monju and Fugen, the beloved disciples of Buddha; the human figure of Kwanon. Several more are in the Clinic Gardens.

2nd. A collection of rare and valuable oriental, navajo, and tien-stin rugs in our home, including many saddle bags.

3rd. A collection of several hundred agates—one shaped perfectly like a baby's head; another a perfect colored blue bird resting on a perch.

4th. A rustic room in our home consisting of four huge white oak tree trunks not less than three feet in diameter, supporting four cross beams of the same, all of which supports a self-supporting ceiling of logs—total weighing more than thirty-eight tons.

5th. The Barnum and Bailey Two Hemispheres Band Wagon and circus museum in a separate fireproof building. (Described in this book.)

6th. Two gorgeous carved ivory chess sets which are described in another part of this book.

7th. The many frames, cabinets, mirrors, etc., scattered everywhere, made of wood taken from the Chase mansion, also described in this book.

8th. Bronze, stone, granite, and marble Chinese and Japanese arts scattered throughout the Clinic and Rose Gardens.

9th. The collection of 10,000 autographed photographs, 8,000 of which are on the ceilings and walls of the Clinic "Green Room," otherwise known as the B.J.P. Assembly Hall.

10th. The finest collection of blades in America. More than 3,000 specimens.

11th. The phallic museum—one of the only three in the world. The other two are in Naples, Italy, with its collection from the ruins of Pompeii; and

at Harvard University, sometimes called "Harvard's Unmentionables." This is in a separate and private room off from the Assembly Hall in The B.J.P. Clinic. It is not open to the public because of the inability of the occidental mind to understand and appreciate the oriental mind without condemning it.

12th. The collection of phosphorescent and fluorescent rocks—in Palm Court Hallway in The B.J.P. Clinic. In ordinary light, they look like so many rocks. When the ultra-violet ray light is turned on, they turn to all colors of the rainbow. We got the idea for this from Mr. Sutter of Spokane, who has the most beautiful collection we have ever seen.

13th. Collection of Palmerana in a huge natural log show case in the hallway of The B.J.P. Clinic. The show case in itself is a masterpiece of craftsmanship. This was made by our own workmen in our shops. This collection is a sort of catch-all of various relics and things which bring back memories of our development, pertaining to or connected with the development of Chiropractic. Most outstanding are the personal belongings of D. D. Palmer, including his desk, his typewriter desk, his typewriter, his library, his watch, writing pen, watch fob, cane, hat, shoes, etc. A collection of prize silver loving cups won by our various athletic groups down through the years.

14th. A collection of Elbert Hubbard's Roycroft hand-made furniture, scattered through the various buildings. On the porch at home is a carved slab which says "*Be Yourself.*" In our home an entire bedroom suite is of Roycroft furniture. In the cafeteria are many carved slabs containing some of our epigrams. In the Clinic are dozens of hand-made chairs. In the Auditorium is a hand-made speaker's stand. In Palm Court in The B.J.P. Clinic is the first piece of hand-made furniture ever made by the Roycrofters—a grandfather's clock with Waltham works. It keeps perfect time.

15th. A collection of silver-button deep sea fish, including a white marlin 7' 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ "; tarpon, 110 pounds; tarpon, 106 pounds; dolphin, 48 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, champion of summer season, Palm Beach, Florida, 1947; sailfish, 7' 9", silver button award; and several others of lesser importance. All these are mounted and on exhibit in The B.J.P. Clinic reception room.

16th. The Warmbath Arctic collection in the Clinic Osteological Lab. Julius Warmbath was one of the few men who made three trips to the North Pole with Admiral Peary. This collection includes his clothing, suits, fishing tackle, ivories gathered by him on those trips. He told us the story of how he was hunting for polar bear, fell through slush, and "Warmbath took a cold bath." Before he passed away, he requested his collection be sent to us.

17th. The Princess Meritaton Egyptian collection in The B.J.P. Osteological Lab. It is further described in another chapter of this book.

18th. The largest and finest collection of traumatic, pathological, and anomalous osteological specimens in the world. That which most particularly interests us is the largest collection of human spinal columns in the world—a collection of more than 20,000 specimens. The value of this one room is over \$185,000.

19th. Clinic Gardens with rare horticultural plants and a collection of five hundred of the largest gold fish you will find in America. These pools are fed from our own well 583½ feet deep, of pure spring water.

20th. Always a student of Abraham Lincoln, we have our collection. It is not large, but valuable, including one of the seven only actual photographs for which Lincoln posed. It was presented to us by the original owner. We have refused \$5,000 for it. This collection is in our home office.

21st. In the home, temporarily, until we can make show cases from the Chase mansion wood, are ten gorgeous Imperial cloisonnes from the Imperial Palace, Peking, China. To know how cloisonnes are made would be to rave over these pieces. They were brought to this country twenty-one years ago by a wealthy art collector of New York City. He loaned them to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Upon his death last fall, his executors, to close the estate, took them out—and that's how we got them.

22nd. A collection of shrunken Peruvian heads in the Clinic Osteological Lab.

CHAPTER 110

THE STORY OF CHESS SETS

IN THE RECEPTION ROOM of The B.J.P. Clinic, on center table, is a specially made, chrome plated show case with fluorescent tubes above and below. On the shelf above is a crystal ball $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches in diameter, resting on a carved ivory with three rabbits back-to-back. On the lower shelf is another crystal ball $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter, which is exceeded in size in the United States by only one other slightly larger in the possession of John Wanamaker, Philadelphia. Ever do crystal gazing? Ever see anything in them? Don't let's kid each other—neither has anybody else. Outside of being crystal clear, they have no other value. A connoisseur of crystals and ivories can tell the difference between genuine and glass or imitations, by the feel. Both are cold to the touch, regardless of how warm the temperature. Put a crystal in distilled water and you can't see it. You could see a glass ball.

On the upper shelf is the famous Czar Nicholas, hand-carved ivory chess set, in their original cases, and chess board. The set fits into the chess board as a box.

On one of our several trips to the Orient, we desired to secure "the finest carved ivory chess set possible." We searched the open market as well as the hidden collections of Japan and China. There were many common, some unusual, some rare sets to be had, but none possessed the historical and unique characteristics we wanted.

We finally contacted Jack Mason, an oriental art collector and connoisseur in Shanghai. Said he: "I know the exact set you want but it isn't for sale; can't be purchased because the owner won't sell."

This, then, is the history of that set which couldn't be purchased, but which later on was.

In the days of the Czars of Russia, a Duke of the Royal Household visited Japan and spent six months collecting ancient Japanese prints of ancient Japanese warriors. The cost of the prints alone was a small fortune. Securing these, he took them to the finest ivory carver in Japan, telling him: "Take your time, but duplicate these prints into ivory chess men." He took two years. This also was another small fortune. The set was delivered, was taken back to Russia and presented as a Christmas gift to the then Czar Nicholas. Many a time Czar Nicholas and other members of his inner circle have played chess with this set.

Upon the collapse of the Czar Nicholas regime, members of the Royal Family became refugees, including the Duke Dimitroff who fled to Shanghai

bringing with him various art treasures. One by one, poverty forced him to sell his treasured possessions, but he held fast to this chess set as the most valuable, not only because of their intrinsic value but also because of their historical and association value with his Beloved Czar.

He was a guest at the same hotel and at the same time we were. Jack Mason called and asked him to set a price on this set. He refused. We asked permission to see them. He wouldn't consider this request for "they were *not* for sale." We left a consignment offer; if, as, and when he wanted to sell, if he ever did. Two years later, Jack Mason bought and shipped them to us. So, here we have them—the famous *Czar Nicholas chess set* which was actually used by the former Czar Nicholas of Russia.

On the lower shelf is the famous President Machado hand-carved ivory chess set.

Art treasures are registered and pedigreed just like paintings, vases, carvings. Both of these sets are listed as titled in works of descriptions of art productions. Both of these chess sets are listed amongst the rare chess sets of the world.

A wealthy Mexican silver mine owner wanted to make a Christmas present of a very fine chess set to the former President Machado of Mexico. He sent his representative to Japan, where he finally saw and purchased this set from the wealthy Mr. Osano, a ship-builder of Tokyo. They were presented to President Machado. Upon the downfall of the Machado regime, they were smuggled out of Mexico by a member of the Machado family. We purchased them in Los Angeles.

Note intricacy and fineness of details of carving in dress, cut-outs of horsemen, etc.

Water is kept in receptacles to keep ivories moist, otherwise they crack.

Many a person has asked for the privilege of playing a game with either or both of these sets. The carvings are so delicate that we always refuse.

CHAPTER 111

THE STORY OF BLADES

IT IS A PARADOX to think that a man who devotes his life to saving human lives should gather a collection of instruments to take human lives. That is what has happened in this collection of blades.

On the entire wall, behind the speaker's platform in the Assembly Hall, is one of if not the finest collection of blades, knives, swords, to be found in America; and doubtful if equalled in any other collection—at least, in quality and types of blades. Others may be larger, but none is more choice. To describe them would constitute a book in itself.

There are twenty beheading axes; one is Chinese—the blade eight feet long has cut off more than 2,000 heads and hasn't been in use for 200 years. Beheading axes usually come in pairs. There are two silver-handled, hand-hammered Siamese blades. One cut off the head of a boy who stole a loaf of bread. We saw this done. We bought the blade immediately after. There are photos with the blades, depicting this action.

There is a collection of Sumaria (warrior) blades from Japan, each containing its hari kari small blade. We bought these at public auction in Kobe, Japan. It was a collection of a nobleman.

There is a collection of several hundred blades from Thibet, many in hand-hammered gold and silver, sheaths inlaid with semi-precious stones such as lapis lazuli, blood red rubies, pearls, etc. To get even one such out of Thibet would be dangerous, but to get a collection of hundreds would be next to impossible. In Calcutta is a street called "Thieves Row." The "robber's caste" of India take things there to gain a few rupees. Evidently this collection was stolen, one by one, from Thibet, collected by somebody in India, eventually winding up in "Thieves Row" from where we got them.

There is a varied series of collections of bows and arrows collected from the South Sea Islands as well as Filipino, including hundreds of poison-tipped arrows, both wood and steel-tipped.

A kris is a hand-hammered, usually laminated iron, curved like a snake. They come almost exclusively from Malaya. While on a tour to Malaya, we visited a judge of the local court who took us to a back room filled with them. We were told to "help yourself"—which we did. The judge explained that he had to take them away from visitors to his court or they might use them without provocation if something happened which they didn't like.

The collection of "sword canes" is interesting. They look like canes and

can be used as a cane or walking stick. They disguise their character of concealing very dangerous blades. The theory of the "sword cane" is that when attacked you jab the "cane" into the abdomen of the attacker who, grabbing the "cane," would hold it and thus permit the attacked one to withdraw the wicked blade. He could then defend himself by cutting down the adversary. As canes, they would fool anybody.

One vicious set of blades came from India. Some are the most heinous in construction and use of any in this collection; some of them having eight cutting surfaces used simultaneously. This collection was a gift of the Maharajah of Simla (India) in exchange for a collection of American Indian tomahawks, head gear, beaded dress apparel, etc.

There are two very valuable blades. One is hand-hammered silver, ivory handle, presented to us by the King of Siam. His name is carved on the scabbard. The other, it is said, has only one counterpart—now in the British Museum. A card underneath one in the British museum describes its value at \$5,000.

There is a collection of war clubs and crude war defense blades from Abyssinia, Africa. Many of them are made of rhinoceros hides.

This collection is not large, but each specimen is choice of its kind. Many are rare and would be difficult to duplicate. Many are hand-hammered gold and silver on brass, etc.

Value? It could not be duplicated for \$75,000.

CHAPTER 112

THE STORY OF A SILVER BELL

ONCE UPON A TIME, a wealthy Chinese family, as wealthy as Chinese farmers of the "Good Earth" families are, heard rumors of war, gossip of the coming of the robbing Chinese war lords who plunder, steal, and scorch the earth as they move with their marauding hordes.

They gathered their dollars mex, Shanghai, Peking, and Tien-tsin dollars together and decided they would hide them. Where and how? They held family councils with the dowager mother's sons and daughters. They finally decided they would cast all their silver into a bell, then paint the bell black and make it look like an old rusty iron bell worth but a trifle, certainly not worth stealing or killing for. This was done. The war lords came, took what they wanted, cast a dirty look at the dirty old iron bell, kicked it over, and went on their way pillaging the countryside.

Once upon another time, Christian missionaries came. They located in a country village nearby. They built a missionary school. They stayed twenty years, spreading the gospel. After spending the better parts of their lives in China, they decided to come home to America. Upon leaving, they brought with them various items of Chinese arts, carved sideboards, carved chairs, and, amongst the rest, an old rusty iron bell on a tripod carved teak wood stand, with the bell hanging downward between three legs.

These missionaries moved to Laguna Beach, California, twenty-five years ago. They died in 1944. Being old maids, having no relatives to settle the estate, their beautiful Chinese arts were placed on auction—amongst the rest, an old rusty iron bell hanging in a tripod carved teak wood stand.

A local Chinese novelty store bought some of the articles. On a visit to Laguna Beach, in 1947, I was asked to go look-see. I did. Where was the bell? In a corner, not worthy of considerate display. Rummaging around, as we always do, we discovered this dirty old iron rusty bell and its frame. Upon inquiry, they wanted \$150 for it. We offered \$125. They were glad to get rid of it because it had been hanging around a long time.

It was packed and shipped home. We unpacked it and gave it a spot where it could be seen. Why did we get it? Because the castings on its circular form are very unusual, even for Chinese bells. It has a very unique hanging. In spite of its dirty brown paint, inside and out, it was worth what we paid for it.

Every time we would go past it, to the kitchen from the porch, we would give it a tap—which is customary with people who enjoy tones of bells.

One day it suddenly dawned upon us that *this* bell, different from any other bells we have here at various places, had a very distinctively clear tone. In olden days, to give a bell a clear tone, much silver was cast into it. Knowing this, it finally dawned in our mind to ask ourselves: "We wonder what is in *this* bell?" We got our head carpenter over and asked him to go inside, scrape the surface, and see. He reported with the astounding information that "it looks like silver." Could it be we had found something far more valuable than we supposed? We had it burnished, inside and outside. Lo and behold, *it is* all solid, 100 per cent pure silver. The bell weighs 48 pounds troy. At the value of silver, it is worth more than \$1,000. The bell is in our home where we enjoy its tones now more than ever.

Finding a solid silver bell is like finding an old masterpiece painting in a garret. The Chinese store still does not know what they had and lost. If we ever get back to that town, we will tell them. True to the Chinese imperturbability, they will so mask their countenance that we won't know whether they regret having sold it, or whether they are glad we bought it.

CHAPTER 113

THE STORY OF CLOISONNES

THE BASIS OF ALL enamels is an easily fusible, colorless silicate or glass, to which the desired color and the desired degree of opaqueness are imparted by means of metallic oxides. The molten mass, after cooling, is reduced to a fine powder and washed, and the moist paste is then applied to a metal surface according to various methods to be presently described; the whole is then exposed in a furnace (fired, it is called) till the enamel is melted, when it adheres firmly to the metal.

In the broadest and most universal sense, any vitreous glaze is an enamel, whether it be applied to pottery, porcelain, or metal; but when "enamels" are spoken of, it is those which are applied to a metal surface which are generally understood. This metal surface may be gold, silver, or copper. Copper has been most generally used in China.

If enamels are not to be used as ordinary colors are in brush painting, they must be separated by divisions, in each of which only a single enamel color is used. The two methods by which this separation may be effected are known by the French words "cloisonne" and "champleve."

In champleve enamels the patterns and designs are cut out by graving tools and recessed in the metal surface.

The divisions which separate the enamels are therefore the ridges which remain between the different recessed surfaces which hold the enamels.

In cloisonne enamels, the patterns and designs are formed by very thin and narrow ribbons of metal which are soldered on to the metal surface, and the enamel pastes are then placed in the compartments which are thus formed. It is apparent that the champleve methods cannot easily reduce the intermediate walls of the design to the very narrow and almost invisible breadth which is made possible by the previous preparation of a very thin metal ribbon, of uniform size, which is soldered on a uniform surface. Thus champleve enamel is generally confined in China to decorative patterns, in which the greater width of the intermediate walls of the pattern is a desirable decorative feature, on account of its lines of gilt metal. The irregularities of the metallic bands or borders, which remain after the other surfaces have been recessed, are also contributory to the good decorative effect which the slight variations of handwork from formal regularity always produce.

Slight reflection will make still more apparent the continued patience and dexterity which are demanded by both these systems of enameling.

After the moist vitreous pastes have been inserted and then fired in the

furnace, a long and laborious process of grinding down, and then gilding, the metal borders or ribbons is required, in order that the enamels and the metal divisions may be brought to a uniform surface.

To prepare the vase, a piece of copper is hammered out into the desired shape, the surface being made smooth. Upon this copper base is traced, with a brush, in India ink, the design to be executed, which has been originally painted by an artist on paper or silk.

The thin wires or ribbons of gold, silver, or copper are placed edgewise upon the lines of the drawing, with great accuracy, in order to make the cloisons.

The narrow metallic ribbon is cut into sections of various lengths and curved into the forms required, exactly fitting the lines of the drawing. In the more carefully-made pieces, the ribbons are not only bent, but beaten with a hammer, so as to obtain varying thicknesses of lines, and the ends of the wires are filed so as to ensure that they meet perfectly.

The endless patience required, and the great difficulty involved, in this preliminary part of the enameler's art can be imagined when we learn that it is not unusual to find more than one hundred pieces of ribbon set in intricate designs in a space of one square inch. A vegetable glue, made from the roots of a species of orchid, is used to make the pieces of ribbon adhere to the vase.

Powdered enamel, or solder-filings, are next sifted over the work, which is then subjected to a gentle heat, thus securing the cloisons. Enamel pastes of various colors are then forced, with the aid of a bamboo pen, into the cloisons formed by the wires, thus carrying out the designs. Various successive firings are necessary, as some enamels do not fuse as easily as others, and because different layers of enamels are required to attain the desired effect. Finally the surface is polished with stones of different grades of coarseness, then with powdered charcoal and, last of all, with hartshorn mixed with rape-seed oil.

Again, we find both in porcelain and in cloisonne, that same general point of view which recognizes the Ming period as the greatest, and its pieces as being the rarest and most important; while the K'ang-hsi era is only a grade less important when pieces of the very highest quality are compared, and often in other cases quite equal to the Ming. In cloisonnes, the Ch'ien-lung era, which is the last of the great historic periods, is distinguished for technical excellence of execution, but its best pieces are those which approach most nearly to the color schemes and low-toned harmonies of the older dates (and this they appear to do more often in cloisonne than in porcelain).

The designations of the Chinese periods as Ming, K'ang-hsi and Ch'ien-lung are more easily remembered when we relate them broadly to a sequence of periods respectively of the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries (Ming); of the late 17th and early 18th centuries (K'ang-hsi); and the 18th century

(Ch'ien-lung). It should also be considered that the word Ming refers to a dynasty, although most of its cloisonnes appear to date from a single reign, that of Ch'ing-t'ai (1450-1456). On the other hand, K'ang-hsi (1662-1722) and Ch'ien-lung (1736-1795) were individual kings of the recently reigning Manchu or Ch'ing dynasty, which succeeded the Ming dynasty in 1644.

The reign of Yung-cheng (1723-1735) was between that of K'ang-hsi and Ch'ien-lung, but appears less frequently in the designation of periods.

Under the present Ch'ing dynasty the reigns of K'ang-hsi, Yung-cheng, and Ch'ien-lung are distinguished for the excellence of their enamels. The works of K'ang-hsi (1662-1722), while improving in technical finish, retain something of the boldness of design and robust coloring of the Ming dynasty. The style is simple and broad, and the coloring pure and rich, the execution strong and original. Fine specimens are to be seen in many of the Buddhist temples in the neighborhood of Peking, which were founded under the patronage of the emperor during his long reign, as it was his usual practice to have the sets of incense vessels required for the shrines made of cloisonne enamels at the palace works for presentation to the temple at its inauguration. The enamel work of Yung-cheng (1723-1735) does not differ materially from that of his predecessor.

Cloisonne enamels of the Ch'ien-lung period (1736-1795) manifest a certain improvement in technical finish in every detail. The models are well chosen and the scheme of decoration is generally worthy of the form. There is no pitting of the surface; the colors, if not so vivid and lustrous as of old, are harmoniously combined; and the bronze accessories often mounted on the pieces are heavily and richly gilded. This last point is useful as a means of distinction of the modern enamels of Peking workshops, which are not only made more hurriedly and less carefully finished, but are sparingly gilded with the help of an electric battery, instead of being lavishly coated with concentrated malgams of gold fixed in the fire.

How did we get these glorious Imperial Chinese cloisonnes?

In our collection of eighteen cloisonnes are:

- human figures of the Emperor and Empress of China
- quadrilateral Koro or incense burner
- Lion Koro or incense burner
- incense burner with cover
- cloisonne covered bowl
- ice box or air-conditioner

—two huge Foo dogs, all brought from China in 1925 by a wealthy collector of New York City. These were loaned to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. Upon his death in the fall of 1948, his executors took them from the museum and placed them on sale. In that way we were fortunate in securing them.

All pieces came from the Imperial Palace in Peking (now Peiping), China. I remember distinctly seeing the Foo dogs there.

It took many artisans many years, with many firings, to perfect any one of these gorgeous pieces.

Unless one is up on a particular art, he is usually down on it. He looks, sees, admires their size and grotesque or odd shapes, but he does not fully appreciate the grandeur of beauty of cloisonnes until he knows how they are made.

Value? Whatever you want to place on them. They are irreplaceable. They could not be duplicated. The value of any artistic production depends upon the kind of art it is, where it was made, when it was made, how long it took to produce it, and how badly the owner wants to sell or how badly the buyer wants them.

Since the World Wars, the present Chinese-Communist war, many of such Imperial art treasures have been melted down for the copper and bronze metals; have been hidden in the mountains, or buried in the earth. Such as these will never be made again. China is rapidly becoming infiltrated and becoming commercialized and mechanized, and the patient art of hand-made products has passed out of Chinese history. Each year the value of such pieces increases.

CLOISONNE SHRINE

Jade pillars on corners. Jade trimmings on railings on sides. Foo dogs on front corners and on top to guard against evil spirits.

Carved Ivory

Ouna-Gami
(Goddess)

Tatsu
(Dragon)

Rakau
(Priest)

This is a very old ivory carving. So old that it is yellow with age. It bears the artist's name underneath.

OX BLOOD CLOISONNE VASES

"Ox Blood" because of the base color being similar to the color of blood. They are Japanese and quite modern, probably fifty years old. Valuable only in the sense of their size.

Japanese Cloisonnes have a far better and more highly polished surface than do the majority of Chinese cloisonnes. The intricacy of pattern is not as detailed in these as in the largest.

TWO HUMAN FIGURES IN CLOISONNE

In the museum of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, is the Avery collection of Ancient Chinese Cloisonnes. There are 144 pieces in the collection. It does not reveal a single human figure.

So far as we know, these are the only two pieces of this kind in America. They are, therefore, extremely rare and valuable.

The male has his thumb and first finger of each hand in the Buddhistic attitude of spiritual attainment.

The female holds her powder puff bowl between her hands.

Both figures rest on carved teak wood stands.

They are of the K'ang-hsi Chinese dynasty, 1662-1722 A.D.

THE LARGEST CLOISONNE VASE IN THE WORLD

The Chinese word "cloisonne" means the space between two soldered wires.

Cloisonne art objects were original to China. Later the Japanese took up the art.

In general, Chinese cloisonnes are symbolic of their beliefs, faiths, religions, and superstitions. For the most part, the majority of their productions are huge and grotesque, or large and beautifully designed in their lines. In general, Japanese cloisonnes are small and very dainty, running more to the minute and highly detailed.

For that reason, this huge vase is the exception. It is Japanese and was made especially as an exhibit piece of the Japanese government for the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition. It was then shipped back to Japan. Later, it was reshipped back here for sale.

As the various owners died, one by one, it passed into various hands. In this way it finally reached ours.

It takes no great stretch of imagination to understand that this vase must have taken many years, with hundreds of artisans working on various sections, to produce it. A short study will impress one of the intricacies of its patterns and designs.

It is more than likely the finest cloisonne in the world today. Not the oldest, but finest.

FOO DOGS

These two are the finest cloisonne Foo dogs or Kylins, in size and quality, in the world. They represent the finest workmanship of the Ch'ien lung dynasty. (1736-1795 A.D.). This makes them a minimum of 153 years, or maximum of 213 years of age (1949).

They measure 5 feet high (on stands), 38 inches long, and 23 inches wide.

They rest on beautifully carved teak wood stands, also of the Ch'ien lung dynasty.

They came from the Imperial Palace of the late Queen Dowager, outside of Peking, China.

Objects as large, intricate, and detailed as these took many years to produce.

Cloisonne has a solid copper base, shaped to the object. The designs are outlined by soldering fine copper wires to the base shape. The enamel of a color is then poured into the design between the wire outlines, and then fired in an oven. This is repeated as many times as there are colors or designs. The polishing process is done by hand, leveling it down to wire outlines.

It came to the Chinese, being people to whom the world is made up of two halves—light and darkness, male and female—that a male lion on the east and a female lion on the west entrance would guard the palace of the emperors in worthy fashion against evil spirits. They knew nothing to distinguish one lion from another except that the female fed its cubs; therefore, under the lifted paw of the male they placed a cloisonne ball to represent the world; under the paw of the female, a cub with its cloisonne mouth seeming to pull at the great cloisonne paws for milk.

We have two other sets of Foo dogs: One pair of Chinese blue porcelain over the entrance arch of A Little Bit O' Heaven; another bronze set outside entrance to ambulance door at The B. J. Palmer Clinic.

CHINESE ICE BOX AND AIR CONDITIONER

This is the first ice-box. It is also the first air-conditioner.

Blocks of ice were placed inside and the escaping cool air came through openings and cooled rooms of the Imperial Chinese Palace, Peking, China.

It was a refrigerator. Milk, butter, and other foods were placed inside as well.

It was known as a *palace ice chest* (P'ing hsiang).

Fashioned to hold block ice to keep the air cool in the summer season. Oblong in shape on carved teak wood base.

Beautifully designed in flying Phoenix birds with Shu character, meaning good luck. Two handles on each side. Most magnificent original carved teak wood stand of the K'ang-hsi period.

It is entirely covered with cloisonne. Extremely rare.

K'ang-hsi period, 1662–1722, making it between 227 and 327 years old (1949).

K'ANG-HSI TRIPOD INCENSE BURNER

Chinese K'ang-hsi dynasty, 1662–1722 A.D.

Note beautifully carved solid brass top.

The 24-karat gold and bronze finial has decoration of five-clawed dragon in the clouds.

Two Foo dogs at head of stairs have *four*-clawed feet. *Five* claws indicate the Emperor and Empress. *Four* claws represent the rest of the Imperial family, or lesser rank.

The dragon is said to be the emblem of guardianship and vigilance, and has been consecrated by earliest religion of the Chinese people.

This five-clawed creature was the emblem of Imperial authority.

Has original teak wood stand.

CLOISONNE INCENSE BURNER

Most important Ch'ien Lung (1736–95 A.D.) incense burner, or Koro, with cover.

Stands on four monster heads.

Burner is melon-shaped and magnificently trimmed in cast bronze with 24-karat gold.

On top is male Kylin or Foo dog, resting his feet on ball representing the world.

LION KORO OR INCENSE BURNER

Standing on coiled dragon of solid bronze, covered with 24-karat gold.

The dragon is one solid piece of cast bronze. This portion weighs 40 pounds.

One of the rarest pieces of cloisonne.

Beautifully designed and exquisitely enameled.

The face and head of the lion are all bronze, heavily gold plated with 24-karat gold.

A most outstanding Ch'ien Lung (1736-95 A.D.) treasure.

INCENSE BURNER WITH COVER

Quadrilateral Koro or Incense Burner. Ch'ien Lung Dynasty (1736-95 A.D.).

On cover is female Kylin or Foo dog of cast bronze, 24-karat gold leaf. Her paw is resting on one of her young.

Flying bats are carved in bronze design.

Tall monster heads in exquisite colors of enamel support it.

CLOISONNE TRAY

Chinese cloisonne enamels were first recorded as made during the reign of the last Emperor in the Yuan Dynasty (1341-1367). The great period of reproduction was during the Ming dynasty which followed and which existed until 1643.

Ming enamels are bold in design with fine depth and purity of color never surpassed in later epochs. The two shades of blue, a dark lapis-lazuli, true and pale tinge of green, are particularly excellent. The red is of dark coral tint and the yellow full-bodied and pure.

An imperfection of technique is noted as close examination reveals minute pitting in the enamel due to inadequate packing of the material and some want of polish in the surface. These technical defects are not considered to appreciably detract from the artistic value of the Ming enamels and indeed serve as a clue to their identification.

CLOISONNE COVERED BOWL

Very exquisite cloisnone covered bowl of early Ch'ien Lung Dynasty (1736-95 A.D.).

Ornamental finial on cover of five-clawed dragon in the clouds.

Two unusual fish handles of solid cast 24-karat gold leaf bronze. Note exquisitely carved solid brass top.

The eight Auspicious Signs of Buddhism are beautifully executed on this very choice bowl.

The emblems or signs are:

1. The lotus. It is the sacred flower upon which Buddha, seated, is often pictured. It is the emblem of purity and creative power.
2. The vase with cover. It is the depository for the ashes of the Buddhist priests.
3. The Conch-Shell. These shells were considered holy things because of the whorls moving from left to right. They are symbols of prosperous journey and an insignia of royalty.
4. The pair of fish. This is an emblem of wealth and abundance, domestic felicity, faithfulness and fertility.
5. The State Umbrella. This is an emblem of authority, respect and dignity. It is often presented to a retiring official.
6. The Canopy. It is as important as the umbrella. Symbol of official rank, and held over rulers during ceremonies.
7. The Wheel and the Law. Truth, Life, or the Holy Wheel. It is symbolic of Buddha's person and his preaching.
8. The Endless Knot. This is the symbol of longevity because it is endless and stands for the eight Buddhist warnings.

CHAPTER 114

THE STORY OF CLINIC GARDENS

DURING WORLD WAR I, we saw the necessity for more rooms to accommodate more students. To that end, we had blueprints drawn of a building oblong in shape, with a large inner court between four walls. The plans called for nine stories high, each with eighteen-foot ceiling. With this building 162 feet above street level, and with street level being on top of the Brady Street Hill, we would have a building everybody would see from downtown, and we could see all over the countryside from its top.

The first section was built in accordance with that plan. It was two ells of the four-sided building. The foundation was laid for nine stories high. We built the basement and two floors at a cost of close to \$500,000. Following World War I, we had a peak load of 3,200 students. Then came the lull between two wars. We did not anticipate the second; meanwhile, we had a large, unoccupied, unused building. What to do?

Repeatedly there had come requests for a chiropractic clinic where we could give the best possible service to problem cases. Requests were always coming to that effect. We realized that some place, some day, somebody had to build a clinic that could and would research and prove or disprove the multitudes of theories thrown into our profession from all sides. This building was ideal for that purpose! That's exactly what we did with the main floor.

Then came World War II. We again used all upstairs classrooms as well as those in basement.

Out on the grounds was the unused portion of the other two ells. What to do with that? The idea was conceived of making it into tennis courts for students. Ground was leveled, two feet of ashes laid, top ground soil—in fact, it was built to championship specifications. After a couple of years, interest in tennis lagged. We dug up the cinders, plowed the clay underneath, brought in productive top soil, manured it well, and planted it with plants. Center pools were dug and concreted. Today we have a Clinic Gardens of which we are proud. Two pools of 40,000 gallons with large gold fish and aquatic plants, recesses for patients to sit and lounge and rest their sick bodies. We gave everything a touch of high color which makes it as attractive to the eye as it is for the body.

It was about the time we were building these gardens that we bought the Chase mansion at Des Moines (we have a story about it in this book). The people who owned that place must have been Catholic, because in the

rear yard was a shrine made with huge boulders. The statue had been removed, but the shrine and boulders were still in form. It was a natural. We needed boulders for the center pieces of these pools for fountains. Why not bring them from Des Moines to Davenport? That's what we did. Some of them weighed five tons—a truck load in itself. Altogether, there must be thirty tons of rock in these center foundations. Expensive to haul 186 miles? It would have cost more had we tried to imitate them in concrete.

Bit by bit, from here and there, we have added various oriental pieces to the gardens. Let us describe them:

A FAMOUS SHIP ANCHOR AND CHAIN, WEIGHING FIVE TONS

It is from the pirate ship *Cabrillo*, from the Spanish Main on the Pacific coast. It is more than 400 years old; is wrought, hand-hammered iron.

JAPANESE BRONZE—MODERN

Whatever else we may say about the Japanese people as bestial warriors, they were artisans in bronze castings. This is one of the finest bronzes in America and worthy of any museum. Symbolic of sky, earth, and the bowels where live evil spirits. Above, we note the eagle of the sky. It fights the upward climb of the serpent from earth. Two dragons from the lower regions are trying to climb upward to reach a higher stratum of existence. On the bowl are bas reliefs depicting lives of people on earth. In the middle we find monkeys, neither of the sky nor the nether regions, but in trees between. At the bottom we find the evil dragon. This is a solid casting.

WOOD-CHOPPER PHILOSOPHER

The wood-chopper philosopher who studies as she trudges her way home after gathering wood for her home. One solid bronze casting.

STONE CARP

Chinese 16th Century (one on each side of driveway). The fish is symbolically employed as the emblem of wealth or abundance, on account of the similarity in pronunciation of the words *yu*, fish, and *yu*, superfluity, and also because fish are extremely plentiful in Chinese waters. Owing to its reproductive powers it is a symbol of regeneration, and, as it is happy in its own element or sphere, so it has come to be the emblem of harmony and connubial bliss; a brace of fish is presented amongst other articles as a betrothal gift to the family of the bride elect on account of its auspicious significance; as fish are reputed to swim in pairs, so a pair of fish is emblematic of the joys of union, especially of a sexual nature. It is also one of the charms to avert evil, and is included among the auspicious signs of the *footprints of Buddha*. The fish signifies freedom from all restraints. As in the water a fish moves easily in any direction, so in the Buddha state the fully-emancipated knows no restraints or obstructions. The Buddhists consider great merit accrues to those who release living creatures such as birds, tortoises, etc., bought for the purpose at religious festivals. A tank

containing carp or gold fish is generally to be found in the temple courtyard. From the resemblance in structure between fish and birds, their oviparous birth, and their adaptation to elements differing from that of other created beings, the Chinese believe the nature of these creatures to be interchangeable. Many kinds of fish are reputed as being transformed at stated seasons into birds.

The carp, with its scaly armour, which is regarded as a symbol of marital attributes, is admired because it struggles against the current, and it has therefore become the emblem of perseverance. The sturgeon of the Yellow River are said to make an ascent of the stream in the third moon of each year when those which succeed in passing above the rapids of Lung-men become transformed into dragons; hence this fish is a symbol of literary eminence of passing examinations with distinction.

According to the Po Ku T'u, fish are compared to a king's subjects, and the art of angling to that of ruling. Thus an unskilled angler will catch no fish, nor will a tactless prince win over his people.

Each fish with its base weighs 1,000 pounds.

BRONZE GARDEN LANTERNS

Japanese (one on each side of driveway).

This superb pair of bronze lanterns comes from the estate of Alexander Russell. They were purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Russell in 1900 when they made a tour of the world, and were used as the central object in the famous Japanese garden in his estate facing the Pacific Ocean, about two miles south of the San Francisco Cliff House.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell were noted social leaders of San Francisco and their garden was one of the noted society centers for the first two decades of the present century.

The Japanese consider the lantern not only a beautiful object to decorate the garden, but it served to give light for the many moonlight festivities they held. Among the Buddhists, there is a belief that the spirits linger for a period of years near the spot that had once been home; and, as the darkness of the night is a particularly trying time for them, the surviving family and friends faithfully keep the lanterns lighted.

MING BRONZE INCENSE BURNER

Chinese. Ming Dynasty, 1386-1643 A.D.

This bronze temple incense burner came from a temple in Shansi Province, China, about 300 miles north of Peking.

SUN DIAL

Especially cast for Davenport latitude and longitude. Surrounded by World War I shells.

BUDDHA OF PLENTY

Chinese. Marble. About 600 years old.

PAIR OF MING SACRED FOO LIONS

Chinese. Bronze. Ming Dynasty, 1386-1643 A.D.

Sacred lions used one on each side of entrance to temples to ward off evil spirits. This pair of lions came from a temple in Shansi Province, China, about 300 miles northeast of Peking. They are in a perfect state of preservation for pieces of that age.

BUDDHAS

The largest Buddha, or center piece, weighs 2,000 pounds. It was cast in one piece. Came from a temple in Shansi Province, just out of Peking. Several books of hand-written prayers were found up inside the Buddha when received here. They are in the long show case in the hallway of Clinic building.

This is an unusual and rare piece on account of being cast in one mold which, even with their scientific methods, we doubt if they could do today. This is one of the finest Buddhas in bronze in this country. To the best of our knowledge, there will be no more because all old Chinese pieces have been melted down for the metal.

The worshippers buy a sheet of beaten gold and glue it on any place they wish. In this way the Buddha soon becomes covered. What appears to be gold is beaten sheet gold. Much comes off, due to weathering and age.

Under the gold layers is a gorgeous etched, engraved, or cast pattern of the dress worn by the Buddha.

Two upstanding pieces represent the gods of war and are of the Ming Dynasty, 1386-1643. They appropriately protect the Buddha in his meditations.

The three seated Buddhas or Lohans are part of a set from the same temple. The Lohans consist of a group of eighteen and represent Buddha's eighteen disciples that he sent forth into the oriental world preaching the doctrine of Buddhism. On the center of the back of each is the mark of the Ming Emperor.

That which appears to be ringlets of hair on the heads of these pieces are supposed to be snails. Look closely and you will see they do look like that. The story is that Buddha was sitting by the roadside one day, his head exposed to the boiling hot sun, and the snails took pity upon him, crawled up his body, and covered his head to protect him from the sun. Almost all Buddhas have the same characteristic head covering.

One to left is the alms beggar. The middle one holds the world as a ball. The one to right holds a pagoda and represents the heaven of departed souls.

JAPANESE BUDDHA

14th Century. Stone. Attitude of prayer to Buddha.

Hands are placed, palms together. The parishioner bends three times before the Buddha, each time saying, "Oh, Eternal Buddha, I adore thee."

JAPANESE BRONZE

Modern. Symbolic of the God of War of the Air.

This is the Garuda of the ancient Khmer people of Angkor. It has the body characteristic of the human with the wings, talons of the bird. The hatchet is symbolic of destroying. War drums at left foot for beating out the war tattoo.

JAPANESE WRESTLERS (STONE)

Under the foot of one is the vanquished human foe. Under foot of other is vanquished bull. Both indicate great wrestling ability. Arms up-raised as in mighty strength attitude.

Japanese wrestlers always have the hair done up in a top-knot.

It was considered a great honor for any family of Japan to have a son with a wrestler father. Such are often paid high prices to produce a son. Sons are warriors and are of great value to a family. Daughters are of little value.

JAPANESE BUDDHA (BRONZE—13TH CENTURY)

Symbolic of a cross between the Buddha saint and the Buddha warrior. Attitude of prayer to Buddha.

CHAPTER 115

THE STORY OF THE ROSE GARDENS

NEXT TO THOSE gorgeous and most beautiful Clinic gardens was an open lot which looked more or less like a city dump. It was a catch-all for most anything. We tried to fix it up by building a root beer stand, putting crushed rock on the ground. It was a drive-in; never was in keeping.

We decided to gut the root beer stand and replace it with something in keeping with the beauty of the Clinic gardens. We laid a mosaic cement pavement of varied colors. We built in areas for roses of all kinds.

Today we have more than eight hundred varieties of roses blooming in summer. It is a sight and smell to behold. From time to time we add various granite and marble oriental figures, giving it a touch of an outdoor museum.

In building these rose beds, we figured things our way. After digging the trenches down to hard pan clay, we laid in one foot of well-rotted cow manure; then a foot of rich black dirt; six inches of manure; six inches of dirt; until we filled the trench six feet high.

While doing this, we read an article in a magazine about some woman in Ohio who had an earth-worm farm where she raised earth-worms for sale to gardeners. It was her claim that where plenty of worms were planted in the ground, plants would bloom three times as much, be hardier stock, and fruit trees would yield much better and finer fruit. We sent for \$100 worth of worms. We planted them in the Rose Gardens.

The first year, we had a third year's bloom. Her statement proved true. Rose fanciers came, looked, admired, and wondered how we got such beautiful blooms the first year. The answer was, *worms did it*.

This woman's statement was that worms dig tunnels from the top down into the ground. Through these tunnels water and food get to tap roots and cause plants to grow more naturally and healthier.

Worms multiply rapidly and die quickly; therefore become the richest of fertilizers.

Let us describe some of the oriental pieces:

PAIR OF STONE BUDDHA HEADS

Chinese. Ming Dynasty, 1386-1643 A.D. Marble Base. Granite Heads.

Two of a Buddhist Triad, these benign deities are probably *Yao-shin Fo*, the Buddha who instructs in healing; and *Ami-tabha*, Boundless Light, the deity who presides over the western heaven. These two popular Buddhas

are frequently depicted to the left and right, respectively of *Sakyamuni*, the historic earthly Buddha and founder of the faith.

PAIR OF MARBLE BULLS

Chinese. 18th Century. Weight, 1,000 pounds each.

The most important of the sacrificial animals, the bull has had a long history in China. Bones of cattle have been found in the black pottery neolithic sites in Shantung and also in An-Yang. The ox is the emblem of spring and agriculture and the second of the symbolical animals corresponding to the Twelve Terrestrial Branches.

PAIR OF GRANITE BOWLS

Chinese. 19th Century. Weight, 735 pounds each.

These magnificently sculptured bowls are eloquent witnesses to the culture and luxury of Imperial China. Bowls such as these graced no common courtyard, but must have been the cherished possession of an imperial favorite.

The bowls served a double purpose—as receptacles for water for fighting fire, and as a pond for gold fish.

Many beautiful and fantastic varieties of gold fish have been developed by the Chinese. From China the ornamented species were introduced into Europe towards the end of the 17th century. Today no well-to-do courtyard is complete without some receptacle for plants and gold fish.

PAIR OF GRANITE DRAGONS

Chinese. Ming Dynasty, 1386–1643 A.D. Weight, 3,000 pounds each.

The Eastern dragon is not the gruesome monster of medieval imagination, but the genius of strength and goodness. He is the spirit of change, therefore of life itself. Hidden in the caverns of inaccessible mountains, or coiled in the unfathomed depth of the sea, he awaits the time when he slowly rouses himself into activity. He unfolds himself in the storm clouds; he washes his mane in the blackness of the seething whirlpools. His claws are in the fork of the lightning, his scales begin to glisten in the bark of rain-swept pine trees. His voice is heard in the hurricane, which, scattering the withered leaves of the forest, quickens a new spring.

The Shuo Wen dictionary, 200 A.D., states that of the 369 species of scaly reptiles, such as fishes, snakes, and lizards, the dragon is the chief; it wields the power of transformation, and the gift of rendering itself visible or invisible at pleasure. In the spring it ascends to the skies, and in autumn it buries itself in the watery depths. It covers itself with mud in the autumnal equinox, and emerges in the spring; thus announcing by its awakening the return of nature's energies, it became naturally the symbol of the productive force of moisture, that is of spring, when by means of genial rains and storms all nature renewed itself.

CHAPTER 116

THE STORY OF GEODES

IN A LITTLE BIT O' HEAVEN are found many geodes. They have been used as ornamental stones to doll posts, fish pools, etc. Geodes are dirty, dark brown, muddy appearing stone balls. They would pass unnoticed, unless one knew what they were. They range in size from fist-size to head-size, usually, although a few have been found that measure two to three feet in diameter. They usually possess a seam, and a sharp chisel with several hard blows of a hammer can crack them open into halves. The inside belies the outside. Inside are found many beautiful, usually snow white crystals, varying in size, clinging to the outer shell pointing inward.

How were they formed? Varying opinions exist. Let us give ours, which is not the usual opinion and differs radically from explanations found in geological books:

Millions of years ago, that territory now known as Alaska and Northern Canada, as well as Northern Siberia, was once a vast equatorial tropical country of luscious vegetation, so much so that huge mastadons lived there. At various times, in various places, particularly in Northern Siberia and in the river beds of Alaska where there is dredging for gold, complete animals have been found whose flesh was solid and fit to eat because of having been buried in ice for millions of years. In dredging the beds of Alaskan rivers, tusks of mastadons have been dug up.

Millions of years later, climates of these northern countries went through a transition from tropical to volcanic eruptions. Great masses of mud were spewed forth by the volcanoes. Millions of them were formed like blisters of mud. The intense heat baked them into solid hard mud balls.

Millions of years later, climates changed from tropical to frozen masses of ice glaciers which began to move from north to south, traveling at a slow rate of speed, approximately five to ten feet a year. This mass extended hundreds of miles long and many miles wide. Like all glaciers, it had a nose which gouged deeply into the soft earth, creating a deep and wide channel which eventually became the bed of our rivers which ran from north to south, such as the Missouri, which runs from northwest diagonally to southwest. Another glacier cut from north to south and eventually formed the bed of our Mississippi. At some time during this glacial period the two glaciers met where they joined, near what is now Cairo, Illinois.

These glaciers moved southward on rolling balls, the mud balls made millions of years before. Movement causes friction. Friction causes heat.

Hence, glaciers melted on the under side while they continued to grow ice on the top side from falling snow.

Now we back up to another period, millions of years before. How long before? Who knows? This country of ours, especially that portion between the Rocky Mountains west, and the Appalachian Mountains east, was a vast bed of the ocean. The sinking of the continents of Atlantis, Lemuria, and Mu drained off most of this water and in so doing created tremendous whirlpools at places cutting great wide and deep holes in the exposed surfaces. These holes could be hundreds of feet deep, miles long, great spaces meaning nothing to these vast rushes of water in receding from where they were to the great spaces made possible by the sinking of entire continents.

When this vast ocean bed between two mountain ranges was the bed of an ocean, there existed vast quantities of ocean marine life, such as crustaceans. We think of them as crabs, lobsters, oysters, which had a shell life. As these vast quantities died, their dead shells were washed into these vast holes created by whirlpools which created layers of limestone deposit. It is from these we get limestone to build buildings. (More about this subject in our story on *Caves*.)

As these glaciers dug their way south, rolling on millions of hard mud balls, they would pass over some of these limestone deposit holes. Naturally, the mud balls dropped into the holes and gathered there. One particular such mud-ball hole deposit is near Keokuk, Iowa, on the banks of the Mississippi River.

Millions of years these hollow mud balls lay buried in these lime pits. They were surrounded by a watery soil which dissolved the lime into a fluidic solution which soaked through the hard baked mud ball surface to gradually and slowly grow the crystals inside dripping through from the top side of the ball towards its center.

In time, various earthquakes caused the earth to twist and squirm as a result of which the balls revolved. What was once topside of the ball would become bottom side, so growth again came from the top down. As the solution seeped through the outer wall, some of its solution would drip off the tip end of the top crystal and drop down on the bottom of the inside of the ball; thus some crystals grew from the bottom upward. In the study of hundreds of geodes which we have, they are not always equally grown from top or bottom, or one side to the other. These crystals grew much like stalactites from the ceiling downward to help form stalagmites from the floor upward, like we find in caves.

A geode, then, represents transitions of this earth of millions of years from tropical, to volcanic, to ice ages, to glacial movements, to sinking of continents, to growths of crystals. And that is what we find today in what appears to be a dirty, muddy, mud ball.

CHAPTER 117

THE STORY OF SB

THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES (MC) of a PSC graduating class, in introducing our Dean, Herbert C. Hender, said: "I now give you the son of A.B." meaning A. B. Hender.

"SB" might mean one thing to some, but to us hereabouts, when there is a ring around those two letters, they mean Scrap Book.

In 1890, when we were but nine years of age, D. D. Palmer wrote long-hand articles at his high desk which is now in our PSC Palmerana Museum. As he would write and rewrite these articles, recording his thinking, he would throw earlier copies in the wastebasket. D. D. Palmer was a perfect penman, always using a gold pen, diamond-tipped, which we also have in our museum.

Even though but a kid of nine, we used to go every night to this wastebasket and gather those papers, assemble them, and store them away. Why? We didn't know then, and we don't know now why we did it then. Evidently there was an urge to do so. Did we think then D. D. Palmer was to become a famous man of science? Did we feel his writings would have great historical value? Did we foresee that what he was writing in 1890 would, in 1895, be named Chiropractic? Did we have the vision to grasp the importance that what he was then thinking and writing would some day cover the world and rock the American Medical Association into serious meditations?

Then what was it, in the kid of nine, which prompted him to save these writings? If we were to answer now, we would say Innate in the boy knew the future and directed his life then as it has ever since.

1890 was the beginning of our SB. We have kept it alive. Today we have a vault 20 feet long, 12 feet wide, 60 feet high divided into 3 floors, with filing cabinets of every description filled with things connected with Chiropractic, directly or indirectly. For fifty-nine years we have compiled, catalogued, card-indexed every imaginable thing. Millions of copies! In that vault lies the history of Chiropractic before it was, and as it has been ever since.

Whenever an early disputable question arises, the answer is in that SB. It is a compilation of everything that has happened. Magazines, leaflets, letters, publications, books, newspaper advertisements, legal papers—in fact, everything that directly or indirectly touches Chiropractic in any and all its phases. It is as Ralph Evans has often said: "It is worth anybody's life to go into that vault and take out anything without our specific permission."

The Iowa State Historical Society has asked that we endow them with our SB so that it can become a part of the history of Iowa. Maybe we will!

CHAPTER 118

THE STORY OF LUTHER BURBANK

ONE DAY, at Santa Monica, after a successful day's deep sea fishing, we took our showers, had a good dinner of fresh fish we caught, and, while restfully basking in the California evening, the question came up of B.J. lecturing through California from San Diego in south to its northern border. I don't remember how or why, but the question of Luther Burbank of Santa Rosa entered our conversation.

I asked B.J., "Did you ever meet him? Did you discuss with him about his diverse and different horticultural experiments? Did you find what his working principle was—or principles were, if more than one? How near or how far apart were *his* principles and practices from *your* understandings of the same principles and practices as they worked in the human family?" These and more questions were raised by each of us. To get the answers straight, maybe we'd better listen-in on B.J.:

"Going to Santa Rosa, the home of Luther Burbank and the location of his farms for this work, we had three civic group talks on *Selling Yourself*, so we had three days to spend; and where could we spend them more profitably than with Luther Burbank in his acres of experiments and with him discussing the how and why of things, and then applying them to what Innate does in the human race?

"We asked: 'How do you change the character of one plant to that of another, from this to that?' He answered, 'By robbing Peter to pay Paul.' That simple answer told us the whole story and yet it was but part of a larger story.

"His answer recalled to our mind how once, while being taught the intricacies of how to increase our golf drive, at Santa Barbara, we were told so many educational things to remember and so many educational details to forget, we remarked that to play this game one need take the Roth memory course. A little man sitting close by came over and said, 'Did I hear you mention the Roth memory course? Shake hands with Mr. Roth.' He was the author of Roth's memory course which sold for \$100. We discontinued our golf lesson and talked with Mr. Roth. 'Tell us, what is the working principle of your course?' 'Put the sequence of things you want to remember into motion.' That was all we needed. From there on we could fill in the 50,000-word book that sold for \$100. The same was true of Burbank's statement regarding 'robbing Peter to pay Paul.'

"Said Burbank: 'If I want to improve taste, I steal the shape, size, or

color. There must be a forfeit to produce a gain. If I want to take a small, sweet tasting, solid Idaho potato and develop a famous big Idaho potato for baking purposes, I steal solidity or compactness of its small size, or some other less desirable quality, to give it a larger size and mealiness.' He contended he could not retain all original, natural qualities and yet add desired elements to them. He had to lose some to gain others.

"For instance, he said: 'We could raise a race of human beings of pigmies or giants; or a race with vestigial coccygeal tails twelve to eighteen inches long; or people with six fingers on each hand and foot; or a family of albinos, if we were willing to sacrifice other qualities to gain these, so long as we stayed within our original premise of robbing Peter to pay Paul.'

"The question came up of crossbreeding species and families. 'Even though it is unnatural and contrary to the law of nature, and would not occur under natural conditions, it is possible to crossbreed species; but if, as, and when such has been done, there is a hybrid offspring which becomes sterile and cannot reproduce its kind. Some hybrids can reproduce, but they deteriorate and degenerate rapidly in succeeding generations. Hybrid corn is an example. Once produced, it cannot reproduce from there on. Each year a new crop of seed corn must be produced for the succeeding year. The yield is greater for one year, but from there on it would grow less in following years. We can crossbreed families in the human family, and they can and do reproduce—such as red Indians with white Caucasians, producing a mixed color; yellow Chinese with white Americans, producing a cross color with variable slant eyes; American negroes with whites, producing a washed-out color of both.' (Burbank here was referring to "families" as a subdivision of the species.)

"The original Mongolian Aryan race was black. Black was the original human family strain. Gradually, as they migrated south, east, and west, they began to breed out pigment color in their skins. The red Indian is a part of a wash-out process. The yellow race is more of a wash-out than were the reds. The white race is more of a wash-out than the yellows. The albino is a complete wash-out with no color pigment. The albino is not a freak as is generally supposed.

"For millions of years, Innate Intelligence has been developing classifiable species with various limited kinds of subdivisions of families from them, intellectually adapting each to its habitat, needs, and environment, yet carrying within each all necessary living conditions without change. This was true regardless of whether animal, vegetable, or mineral; whether equine, feline, canine, bovine, etc.

"Man came along in his educated stride and has builded an artificial unnatural series of conditions of existence, and has seen fit to subdivide the limited number of original families into an endless variety of families, always robbing Peter to pay Paul.

"Take the common tough, large, river carp as an example, where educated

man has outbred carp characteristics and inbred gold fish well known to so many.

"The ancient ancestor of 'gold' fish was carp. Carp are common to rivers and inland lakes in China, Japan, and United States. They grow to three or more feet in length. The carp that was, still is as it was, and is found today in original shape, color, size, as it was centuries ago.

"Native carp has a tendency to touches of red at base of fins and tail. It also has two long chin whiskers which act as feelers when close to ground. The Chinese noticed that some carp had *more red* than others, and some had *shorter whiskers* than others. After centuries of fish selection breeding, they produced an *all red* (gold) fish. They also bred *all red* (gold) fish with *no* whiskers.

"Some all red (gold) fish had touches of a more *gold* color than others. The Chinese noted this. After centuries of fish selection breeding from red (gold) fish, they had an *all gold* fish.

"Some all red or all gold fish had spots of lighter color, *almost white*. The Chinese noted this. After centuries of fish selection breeding from red and gold fish having *white spots*, they had an *all white* (gold) fish.

"Some red, gold, or white (gold) fish had touches of red, white and blue. The Chinese noticed this. After centuries of fish selection breeding from red, gold, white, and blue spotted or streaked (gold) fish, they produced the *Shubunkin* (gold) fish.

"They finally *mixed colors* on different breedings of same kind of (gold) fish. Today there are white, red and white, or gold and red, or white and gold, etc. Colors are not necessarily permanent to one fish throughout its lifetime. What may be an all white (gold) fish this year *might revert back* to an all red (gold) fish next year, change in color being gradual.

"Ordinary carp muddy colored (gold) fish are called 'comet' (gold) fish because of their longer and more slender bodies. They have stubby, short, coarse tails and fins. Some comet (gold) fish had a tendency to grow *longer fins and tails* than others. The Chinese noticed these differences. By process of centuries of selection of longest fins and tails breeding, they developed the 'comet *fringe tail*' (gold) fish where tails were often as long or sometimes one and a half times *longer* than their elongated bodies. Fins and tails took on a fine, woven, silk-like appearance.

"Some comet (gold) fish had tendencies to a more or less *barrel shaped body*, shorter from front to rear, thicker through from side to side—some more than others. Observing this, the Chinese, after centuries of selection of *shapes* in red, gold, white, and blue colors, eventually produced what (gold) fish raisers call '*The Japanese*' or round and dumpy shaped bodies. Why Japanese are given credit for this name is beyond me.

"Some (gold) fish had tendencies to *freak split tails*. Chinese fish breeders noted these forked tails. After centuries of selection and breeding from most pronounced split or forked tails, attached to red, gold, white, blue, or barrel-

shaped bodies of (gold) fish, they eventually produced '*The Fan Tail*.' Then came '*The Triple Tail*,' one above, two below. Why it was called '*fan*' is beyond my knowledge. By this time, you are aware that 'freak sports' occur in all living things. They are occasional and unusual. It was these which were segregated and bred to a degree to where it became regular and ordinary.

"'Japanese' shaped bodies, double or triple tails, with fringe tails, often are *so long*, droop and drag, that the fish *waddles* about in the aquarium, tail weighing down rear end. Swimming is difficult.

"Some (gold) fish had *eyes which bulged* out and away from their heads more than others. The Chinese noticed these peculiar 'sport' characteristics. After centuries of (gold) fish selective breeding, they added this as a regular to everything else they had developed. Eventually they developed '*The Telescope*' (gold) fish. Telescope (gold) fish have now been bred to where eyes (a) protrude *upwards*—looking straight above only; (b) protrude *sideways*—looking to left and right only; (c) protrude *forward*—looking straight ahead only.

"Some (gold) fish had *black spots or areas*, not the usual muddy brown of the common carp, or red, white, gold, or blue of other fish, but black as ink. The Chinese noticed this 'sport.' After centuries of fish selective breeding, they increased the surface quantity of black until they eventually had an *all solid black* (gold) fish—*The Moors*.

"Some (gold) fish had *less scales*, or *thinner scales* which made them appear *more transparent* than others, particularly longer thinner comet types. Eventually, the Chinese bred for *no scales*, with skin like a catfish, which produced an *all transparent* (gold) fish. You look through bodies and see their backbones and organs.

"Some (gold) fish seemed to have what appeared to be a *fungus growth* in and around their heads. It probably started like a tumor. This gave the appearance of a shaggy lion's head. After centuries of (gold) fish selective breeding, the Chinese added this as a regular feature. Hence, today we have '*The Lion's Head*' gold fish. While this was being developed, they cross-bred, back and forth, watching to not lose what they wanted to save, and to save what they didn't want to lose, *combining* these various 'sport' or 'freak' peculiarities, so today we have

- "(a) plain, ordinary comets of one color—red;
- (b) plain, ordinary comet bodies, with long fringe tails and fins;
- (c) comet transparent bodies;
- (d) comet transparent bodies with fringe tails and fins;
- (e) Japanese bodies with plain tails and fins;
- (f) Japanese bodies with fan tails;
- (g) Japanese bodies with triple tails;
- (h) Japanese fan or triple tail with fringe tails;
- (i) shubunkin comets;

- (j) telescope, Japanese bodies, fan and triple tails, fringe tails, etc.;
- (k) moors, with Japanese bodies, telescope eyes, fan and triple tail, fringe tails;
- (l) lion's head, Japanese bodies, etc.

"The Moors are considered *the aristocrat* of (gold) fish, because they have everything in one fish. They have been known to sell for several hundreds of dollars each.

"Watching for 'sports' or freak *rare* happenings, and using these for breeding stock, covering centuries, patient Chinese were able to breed *out* certain things and breed *in* certain others, until they had a race of 'sports' or 'freaks' which was now the ordinary and regular run of spawn.

"'Centuries' used here is an elastic term. We mean *hundreds of years*, but we also mean that a carp matures to breeding age in three years, therefore there is a simultaneous overlapping of what one fish breeder can do in *his* lifetime.

"As the breeding age of carp (gold) fish begins at three years, in 100 years there could be thirty-three generations of selectivity to develop a certain type.

"Chinese carry on same work, generation after generation, in succession, to produce one definite objective. Time means little to a Chinese family. And one family after another is the regular and consistent pursuit of work.

"The primitive or native carp, as it multiplies, is a tough, hardy fish; one that all fishermen try hard to rid streams and lakes of. The highly bred (gold) fish, on the reverse, has lost that tough, hardy strength and has become more sensitive and delicate and must be handled with more or less kid-glove care. In selective breeding it has lost size, principally.

"So, by process of selection, covering centuries, patient Chinese have been able to breed *in* sports and breed *out* regular characteristics of the dirty, despised carp.

"If they wanted to increase or produce a certain *shape*, they had to steal from its *size, color, or taste*.

"The same is true in breeding 'gold fish' from carp. They did to the common, lowly, fast-multiplying, hardy carp what Luther Burbank did to fruit, vegetables, and plants.

"Notwithstanding the carp has now become a gold fish and has changed its surface and superficial form, shape, size, and/or color, it still has eyes that see, nose that smells, mouth that drinks and eats, gills to filter elements, tail and fins to swim, stomach to digest, kidneys to secrete and excrete, bowels to defecate, muscles to produce locomotion. The scales may have changed from dirty grey to brilliant red, white, green, or black, but it still has scales, the backbone is still a backbone, ribs are still ribs. Innate may change non-essentials, but never essential necessities.

"For millions of years, Innate has been naturally and without interference from educated man, developing classifiable subdivisions of species of definite limited number into common families, intellectually adapting each to its

habitat, needs and environment. In later years, along came educated man with fanciful theories, whims, and caprices, and he has outbred the wild prairie mustang into a percheron or race horse; rangy Texas wild long horn cattle into a beef-producing animal; the wild wolf or prairie dog into various breeds for purposes such as seeing-eye, sheep dog, lap dog, or for bench shows. Every time we developed a new strain, we lost an old one. The race horse is soft and would soon die if turned loose on the prairie—the prairie pony was tough and had endurance. A race horse runs a fast mile and he's all in. The rangy cow could endure winter and summer hardships; beef cattle cannot. We are now crossing American cows with Brahmins to bring back resistance—a now lost quality. As we developed fancy breeds for certain ulterior mercenary purposes, they lost certain enduring qualities. Race horses may grow taller, legs grow longer, body more streamline than the rangy prairie pony, so they can cover the mile-and-an-eighth in less time, but they still retain the body form, legs are legs, and they are moved by the same sets of muscles. They still have eyes to see, nose to smell, ears to hear, mouth to eat, stomach to digest, bowels and kidneys to eliminate waste matters. No necessary organ or viscus to live with is absent in the race horse, which was necessary in the mustang, or vice versa. So, as we pay Paul, we rob Peter.

"Innate has always thought and produced function within each species and its families, building each to its kind under internally natural and normal conditions from within, without external super-inducement of extraneous fancies and caprices of educated people. Under such conditions, Innate would not cross-breed one species with another; and, if let entirely alone, would cross-breed families each to its kind, physical sizes being equal to make such possible. Equine would not cross with bovine, nor would feline cross-breed with canine. One kind of family of horse, cow, cat, or dog would cross-breed only with another of the same family if left to its natural law of selection and thus reproduce only its own kind upon maturity.

"Educated man has taken advantage of this unnatural method of breeding out certain qualities and breeding in certain others to meet the whims and fancies of an artificial educated method of living until now we have various and multiple unnatural subdivisions of each family. He has educated out natural, and educated in artificial qualities. Aeons of Innate had naturally produced the best of each kind, the survival of the fittest. Educated man is now breeding out many qualities to breed in what he thinks is better to meet certain unnatural, abnormal, and false living standards. Through all this maneuvering, Innate has consistently and persistently maintained an internal functionally working system that has not changed. It still lives, eats, digests, reproduces, etc.

"As applied to the human family: At one time blacks were blacks and lived only with their kind. Whites were whites and lived only with their kind. Each lived within its own boundaries in cohabitation, marriage, and reproduction of families. Along came conditions of where free whites owned black

slaves. Educated white masters took advantage of the most comely, best looking, most affable and willing of female slaves, made mistresses of them, and, by process of selection, one generation after another, each better looking, better formed and figured than ones before, each more willing because of the nature of the unwilling births, until today we have one-eighth white and seven-eighths black mulattoes; one-fourth white and three-fourths black quadroons; seven-eighths white and one-eighth black octoroons. Physically and sexually there was no difference between white or black females, except white females could say 'no' whereas black females had no choice but to yield when, where and how. Most octoroons are gorgeous, handsome, and beautiful to behold, and could live as whites amongst whites if they wished. The white man educationally has produced the octoroon along lines similar to what Chinese have done with carp.

"Once in a while Innate goes stubborn and asserts her prior arts rights in a throwback to original type, such as out of a mixed family relationship of a black and white or black and tan comes a full-black child—a survival of the fittest; or, out of a litter of pups or shoats comes a 'sport' true to native type. The black angus cattle will go along reproducing black angus cattle, but once in a great while there is a throwback to the original red strain. Same is true in corn.

"In the evolutionary process of natural and normal Innate products contrasted with educated man's interventionary theories of selection of types plus the traumatic pathologies, we find lilliputians, pigmies, giants; freaks and monstrosities; all of which can be sensibly and logically accounted for.

(a) A lilliputian is a person, or animal, where normal growth is pathologically delayed as to time and quantity of matter, the stunted growth being throughout the entire body, all parts equal to each other.

(b) A pigmy is a person, or animal, where parts of the body are stunted and pathologically delayed as to time and quantity of matter, and where other parts go on to normal maturity in size, shape, and form, some parts being unequal to other parts.

"Neither of these groups likes to be called by the other name. A lilliputian does not want to be called a dwarf, and vice versa. In circus life there is a broad distinction between, and they live as separate castes.

(c) Giants are persons, or animals, where an abnormal quantity of growth has been rushed ahead of its time, i.e., fifty years of approximately normal growth has taken place in the comparative abnormal approximate time of ten, twenty, or thirty years, etc.

"All these groups are pathologies of general or local tissue cell expansion development, atrophy in one case, hypertrophy in the other; both explainable because of a pre-natal, ante-natal, or post-natal vertebral subluxation interfering with normal quantity flow of nerve force supply ending in tissue cell centers, diminishing or exaggerating the quantity of tissue cell expansion per time element under observation.

"It is known we are constantly shedding our bodies, some parts more and faster, other parts less and slower, but generally recognized that we build a complete new body approximately every seven years. An equationary evaluation is this: if we shed *one* tissue cell in *one* second of time, and another tissue cell comes to take its place in *one* second of time, this would be normal growth. If we shed *one* tissue cell in *one* second of time—the normal process of shedding—and replace that loss with *one* tissue cell in *three* seconds of time, then we are two cells sub-normal in that unit of time. Multiply time element by months or years and you have a lilliputian. If we shed *one* tissue cell in *one* second of time—the normal process of shedding—and replace that loss with *three* tissue cells in *one* second of time, we now have *two more* (tu-mor) tissue cells than is normal in that unit of time. If this is a general over-all condition we have a giant. If it is local in some specific body organ or viscus, we have a tumor (two-more).

"Due to sublaxations, possible in the mother pre-natally, we often have pre-natal monstrosities such as the Hilton Sisters, Gibbs Sisters, Blazak Sisters, Eng and Cheng Siamese twins as they are known. We have known all first three personally. So far as we know we were the first and only people to radiograph the Hilton Sisters and know exactly how they were united. So far as we also know, we were first to make a physical examination of the Blazak Sisters and know how and where they were united.

"Here are cases of where twins were in the making. Instead of two blastoderms being independent and separate from each other, they became mixed and grew united to each other and developed that way for 280 days. Their fusion was abnormal, pathologically premised, even though their tissue cell expansion process was otherwise comparatively normal which was almost so with the Hilton Sisters. This was not true of the Blazak Sisters. Their blastodermic fusion and tissue cellular expansion were both abnormal and pathological. They had two separate upper bodies, one middle body with one lower backbone, sacrum and rectum between them, and two separate lower pairs of legs. Certain parts of the blastoderms of one or the other did not develop, therefore, they had to divide what they had.

"In each of these cases there was a vertebral sublaxation in the mother which hindered normal reproduction function from carrying through normally. Function being abnormal, product followed suit.

"We also have many varied and multiple kinds of monstrosities, such as the colored girl with three legs—two normal, one about half so; the normal man with the lower half of his twin sister attached to and growing from his chest. Both of these, and others of a similar nature, are pathological perversions of twins taking place in uteri during pregnancy.

"The internal organic physiological and neurological structures and processes necessary to maintain life, production, and reproduction, remain the same regardless of what differences exist in the external. Lilliputians, dwarfs, giants, freaks, monstrosities (except cross-breeding of species) and Siamese

twins can all sustain themselves as well as reproduce a family of normal children, both boys and girls. This is true of simians, reptiles, and any other form of life. It is also true with trees, such as oak, elm, birch, walnut, cedar, redwood, pine, apple, apricot, peach, pear, etc. Innate perpetuates its products as a producer without reproducing lilliputians, dwarfs, giants, freaks, monstrosities, and Siamese twins.

"The above-cited conditions are pervisions within the families. Rarely does one find a monstrosity in crossing of species. The most unusual I have seen was a negro male upper half torso, with the rear half a horse. The genus homo half had a human head, face, arms, and upper chest internal organs of a man. He had a human male brain. The rear half of the equine had the bowels, sex organs, hips, tail, legs of a horse and was shod with steel shoes the same as any horse. He could use the human brain and direct thought forces to swish the horse's tail to brush off flies, etc. He could perform the sex functions of a horse. His human eyes and mind could look upon the human female form divine and get from it inspiration for cohabitation of the horse with a mare. His bowels and kidneys acted the same as a horse. He could direct his human brain to kick like a horse. It appears evident, although there was no known history to prove it, the male father cohabited with a mare, for only a mare could give birth to such size as a half-horse. It could hardly be possible for a stud horse to cohabit with a female woman and give birth to such size, unless she was torn in the birth of such size and would have died in the process.

"However, such might have been possible. Instances of cohabitation between crossed species is not new. History is replete with them. Even today exhibitions are occasionally put on for the gratification of people inclined to witness such. Even in such monstrosities, we find Innate maintaining all internal functions such as digestion, assimilation, urination, evacuation, refrigeration and heating of the body, but seldom do we find Innate assuming added responsibility of reproduction in the case of crossed species.

"In such cases cited, except the last, we see Innate as a perfectionist, exacting, constructive, efficient, working to save her families whether human or animal, as best she can, even under pathological conditions.

"Throw all the species and families, artificially induced by educated man, in their many and varied domesticated forms, into the cold cruel world, to scratch and make their own living, given time, the race horse would eventually become the wild prairie mustang; the domesticated cow a Texas wild long horn; lap dogs would be wolves; and all mankind would be cave men. Innate would soon bring all back to original types from which we began cross-breeding some qualities out and others in. The gold fish would soon become the common carp again. The survival of the natural fittest would come into its own.

"Discussing this question with Luther Burbank, he agreed that if all his 'fanciful improvements on nature' were let alone to go back to their wild

states they would soon pick up what had been bred out and they would lose what he had artificially bred in.

"From what source, then, comes this natural breeding, out-breeding, and in-breeding? From Innate in the potato, cactus, berries, animals, or humans that can be temporarily perverted but not for always. The Innate intellectual format remains fixed, permanent. Matter may change external form. Innate internal matter necessary for functional necessities does not change—such as digestion, elimination, heating, refrigeration, reparation, production, and reproduction. Lungs, heart, stomach, liver, spleen, bowels, kidneys, brain, nerves, muscles, ligaments, cartilages, etc., are built in as though the unit was otherwise normal. The external or surface may change size, shape, color or form only. Functions remain same. In so doing, Innate sets an example that we educated mortals can well follow, viz., concede on non-essentials but never yield on that which is necessary.

CHAPTER 119

THE STORY OF DAVENPORT'S FIRST HORSELESS CARRIAGE

THE MAJORITY OF PEOPLE go through life afraid to think, fearful they might think something different, unique, unusual. They fear ridicule, being laughed at. They shy from new ideas. Others in the minority, few and far between, seek original ideas. They care not what others think. They do not necessarily welcome sarcastic remarks, but having thought something new worth while, they have a conviction that it has a future and carry on, not caring.

This was true with us when we went into radio. Years before that, we bought the first gasoline horseless carriage that came to Davenport. It was a Knoxmobile. It had a low front dashboard which opened up and let down, which became the front seat for two. The driver sat up behind on a rear seat. There is a caricature pen-and-ink sketch of us sitting in the car, drawn by a local physician who wanted to make sport of us. It is in the Clinic Hall show case. You will see us sitting there, pretty as can be, with a little leather skull cap.

In those days, roads were muddy if it rained, or dusty if dry. We wore goggles, leather cap, linen duster.

The steering rod was a handle and worked back and forth to steer right or left. This automobile had no brakes. The only way of stopping was to use the chain drive connected with the engine. One day we were driving down Brady Street Hill, the chain broke, and we had no way of stopping the car. We gained speed, the farther we went. Finally, we turned the corner at Third and Brady and jammed it into the curb. Everybody laughed and had great sport at our expense.

Thinking that nobody would know who owned the first horseless carriage in Davenport, we had our name and address painted on the side. This was unnecessary.

It had a side crank, where we wound up the car to get it started. If we advanced the spark too far, we would get an awful back kick backfire. Fortunately, we never had our arms or wrists broken. Later, others did.

One of the nicest places to drive was on the Rock Island Arsenal. It was like a large park. We were anxious to show off our car to friends, and friends were anxious to ride in one to see how it worked, so this was a usual place to go. To do so, however, we had to have a pass. The first pass issued was for our car. It was a letter giving us permission. One day we were driving down the Main Avenue at the tremendous maximum speed we could get out

of the car—fifteen miles an hour. Commandant Blunt, his wife and child, were driving down the same avenue our way, with their horses and buggy. We whizzed by and caused his horses to run away. That was the end of our pass. It was a long time before any more were issued.

It was a common occurrence for farmers who drove to town with a load of pigs, chickens, butter, or what have you, to have horses get frightened at the chug-chug noise of our engine and spill everything over the streets. We were sued for damages more than once. Our defense was always that if this farmer had had new strong harness he would have prevented his horses from running away. It was almost always true that his harness was old. We never had to pay damages but it cost plenty to defend ourselves. Every time such a suit was started, we got plenty of unpleasant publicity in stories in the papers. In those days, a horseless carriage was a joke, never would amount to anything, only fools would buy the darned contraptions.

Every time we went out for a drive, we phoned the livery stable, told them about where we were going, and to have a team ready to come after us if we phoned for it. We were never certain of getting anywhere, and much less certain of getting back. We never took long trips. If we dared go as far as fifteen or twenty miles in any one direction, that was hazardous and daring fate.

Since then, we have had various kinds of cars: Velies, Fords, Nashes, Chryslers, Cadillacs, etc. Same makes, various models. In our garage at home are the entire series of license plates from the very first issued in Iowa till today. The walls are covered. We have always had cars, since the first.

It was a *Knox*mobile, and it certainly knocked me for a financial loop more than once. We proved, though, that we were not afraid of a new idea.

CHAPTER 120

THE STORY OF A PIPE ORGAN

AMONGST THE REST of the furnishings of D. D. Palmer's forty-two-room infirmary on the fourth floor of the Ryan Block, downtown in Davenport, was a reed organ. It was one of those tall, ginger-bread affairs with a mirror in the center, with several stops on each side which were pulled out and pushed back to give various effects; with two bellows below which one pumped with his feet to produce the wind to blow through the reeds.

We took lessons and soon were playing with gusto. Later, we took lessons on piano from a German professor who lived on Main Street. We grew ambitious and finally bought a dead-black Schiller upright piano.

About this time, we decided to make music our future. To further this aim, we pumped the pipe organ for Miss Eldridge who played pipe organ at the First Methodist Church, which was then located directly opposite our Palmer Campus now. It was one of those up-and-down pumping handle things. We got five cents an hour. When she opened up all the organ, it was all we could do to keep her supplied with air. We sometimes think she used to open the organ full to hear us puff as we pumped.

Once a week we took pipe organ lessons from the Professor of Organ, Augustana College, Rock Island. We had to have an organ on which to practice, so we went to Mr. Richardson, Editor of the Democrat, who granted us permission to practice on the pipe organ in the Episcopal Church, then on Seventh and Brady, where the Masonic Temple is now. We practiced there several years. It was cold on winter mornings. We built a canvas housing surrounding the console, heating it inside with an oil heater.

At that time, we were clerking in a department store downstairs below our father's place. We were on the job at 7:00, washing windows, cleaning cuspidors, toilets, sweeping floors; and at 8:00 we dragged out the display of goods which we arranged on the sidewalk in front of the store. We worked until 12:00, ate lunch, then dragged that display back in at 6:00 P.M. There were no unions in those days, and long days were regular. To get in our pipe organ practice, we were at the church every morning at 4:00 and practiced until 6:00 A.M., getting back in time for breakfast before going to the store. We were a determined cuss and kept this up for several years. It was tough, but it was worth it, as we so well know, for in later years our pipe organ has given us more hours of comfort from the strains and struggles of business.

While this was going on, Clarence Eddy, the world's greatest concert pipe

organist, came to Davenport to dedicate a new organ just installed at the First Baptist Church. We were the first in the church that evening. We had a center aisle, center section seat, right down in front. We wanted to be as near to this organist as we could get. We wanted to bask in his mastery of the art of music-making from a pipe organ. We went home that night thrilled, imbued with the idea that we, too, would devote the rest of our life to becoming the greatest of all pipe organists.

By this time we were playing processional, recessional, offertories, Bach, Beethoven, and what have you. Conditions over which we had no control forced us out of music. Father ducked West, leaving us bankrupt with his infirmity on our hands; six months back rent due, at \$175 per month. He borrowed all he could from merchants. He owed \$8,000. There was nothing else to do but to assume the responsibility and pay off these debts.

Years later, came Radio Station WOC, broadcasting music of all kinds. Our interest in music was rekindled. To further the interest of broadcasting, we built the "porch" around the house, installing an Aeolian pipe organ. It consists of a Grand, Swell, and Echo organ. It is contained in two housings, one in front for the Grand and Swell, the Echo organ at the other end over what is now the dining room of our home. The housing alone cost \$10,000. It is heat-proof, cold-proof, moisture-proof, rat and vermin-proof. It is heated in winter by electricity, thermostatically controlled. It is an ideal set-up.

It is a one-thousand-pipe, two-manual organ, containing the various orchestration stops, including harp and Deagan chimes. We have frequently broadcast various instrument combinations from here, over WOC—everything from a full symphony orchestra to pipe organ, pipe organ and piano, and singers, as well as cellists, etc. The organ cost \$75,000. It is the sweetest-toned organ we have ever heard.

Erwin Swindell was our first organist. In later years, Marjorie Meinert has been. Needless to say, we also play it for our own enjoyment and sometimes for visiting friends.

At one time we had a St. Bernard dog. We called him Big Ben because he weighed 185 pounds. He died while we were on one of our Oriental trips. We left word before leaving home that if Big Ben ever died to have his remains sent East to be mounted. He was mounted as he always lay. We placed him under the piano in the music room. One day, Grace Huber (now Lohmiller) was singing with organ and piano, facing the piano. It was the first time she had seen Big Ben lying there. He looked so natural that she expected him to look up and bark any minute. It suddenly dawned on her, while singing, that he was dead. Between her stanzas, suddenly surprised, she spoke up saying, "He's dead!" That exclamation went out over the air. We received more than a thousand letters asking "Who died?" We printed a letter of explanation in reply.

Twenty years after Mr. Eddy's first dedication in Davenport, he came to

dedicate another organ in our city. We invited him to broadcast with our organ. He came. He played. At the time, we mentioned that *he* had been playing for the pleasure of millions of people for twenty years from that organ. His reply was, "That is impossible, as I only arrived in town this morning." Our reply was, "It was because of the inspiration you gave us twenty years ago that we purchased this organ, and every time that organ was played it was you who gave so much pleasure to all our listeners." His reply was, "Isn't it wonderful to think that something I did twenty years ago is still going on and pleasing people twenty years later?"

Since then, we have had installed a Hammond electric organ in one of our WOC studios and another in The BJP Chiropractic Clinic. Occasionally, although rarely now, we play one or the other for the patients or on the air. Yes, we love music and regret to this day we were compelled to give it up. To say the least, music is a harmonious builder to him who plays or listens, and that is more than can be said about him who plays up and down human sick subluxated backbones on organs that speak discords.

CHAPTER 121

THE STORY OF OL' MAN RIVER

IN THE DAYS OF THE YOUTH of the author, Davenport was a wide open river town. It was known as the third most wicked city of vice in the world—Port Said and Irkutsk taking precedence—but that's another story. We could tell about the things that happened then that would seem incredible and impossible.

In those early days, every town from St. Paul, Minnesota, north, to Keokuk, Iowa, south, had saw mills. Davenport had two, Rock Island had two. They sawed lumber out of logs floated down Ol' Man River from the northern woods of Minnesota and Wisconsin. They came down in rafts containing thousands of logs with hundreds of thousands of board feet in each raft.

These rafts consisted of tree logs which floated on the surface of the water, held together by log chains from one side to the other, some as long as 600 feet, two or three sections wide, depending somewhat on the ability of the captain of the boat whether he was able to guide a large or small raft. There was always a push boat at the rear of the raft and, with long and large rafts, a guide boat at the bow of the raft, cross-wise of the raft, to guide it around curves, away from sandbars, avoiding rocks hidden under the surface. The rear boat would toot its horn and the bow boat would pull or push the nose of the raft accordingly. In later years, there was a wire laid on top of the raft between the two boats and they talked their instructions. When the raft came to a bridge, it was separated into its sections, the boats cut loose, and the sections would float under the bridge between the piers, while the boats would go through the draw. Getting on the other side, they would gather the sections together and continue their journey.

Davenport, Iowa, was situated differently from any other city up and down Ol' Man River. Between Davenport on the south, and LeClaire, Iowa, eighteen miles north, were eighteen miles of dangerous rapids, especially in low stages of the river. To prevent breaking the rafts and damaging the boats, the Government required special rapids pilots. LeClaire was known as the rapids pilots town. When a raft would reach LeClaire, coming south, a special pilot was hired. He was rowed out, took possession, and directed the raft over the rapids until they reached Davenport and had passed through the draw bridge. The pilot would then wait for a boat going up the river to take him back to LeClaire, to wait for another raft coming down.

In those early days there was no convenient means of transportation between Davenport on the south, and Clinton, Iowa, forty miles north, except

by boat. Captain John Streckfus owned the Verne Swain which had been a raft boat, but as the woods north became depleted and rafting was petering out, Captain Streckfus decided to put the Verne Swain into the passenger and freight packet business, plying between Davenport and Clinton.

The Verne Swain was much smaller than the majority of raft boats. She was very powerful with a high stern wheel. She would leave Clinton at 7:00 A.M., and "whistle for the draw" at Davenport about 10:00 A.M. She would land in Rock Island, across Ol' Man River from Davenport, then come to Davenport and dock there until 3:00 P.M., when she would pull out from Davenport, head for Rock Island, then "whistle for the draw," getting into Clinton about 7:00 P.M. She would stop at all intermediate towns, pick up passengers and freight along the line. It was a delightful trip and cost about \$8.

Captain Jo Long was another rapids pilot living in LeClaire. He had a raft boat named Jo Long. It, too, was a comparatively small boat, but powerful and fast for the purpose conceived. As rafting business declined, and having the boat on his hands, he, too, decided to enter the passenger and freight business between Davenport and Clinton. He reversed the direction of service, leaving Davenport at 7:00 A.M., arriving at Clinton about 11:00 A.M., returning from Clinton at 3:00 P.M., and arriving in Davenport about 6:00 P.M. Coming south, they made better time than going north. Coming south, they were with the river current; going north, they were going against it.

These river pilots were tough characters, rough and ready for anything. They had to be, with the kind of crews they had to deal with. There had always been "bad blood" between Captains Streckfus and Long. Captain Long figured this was the one way he could get even with Captain Streckfus—to split his business in two. Captain Streckfus did not like this competition with the Jo Long boat. To beat Jo Long, Captain Streckfus bought the Winona, which was a much larger, heavier, and slower boat, to run against the Jo Long. The Winona had been built as an excursion steamer with lots of gingerbread trim. Both boats, the Jo Long and Winona, would leave Davenport at 7:00 A.M., seeing which one would pull out first, get to Rock Island first, because the first boat over got the lion's share of the passenger and freight business from Rock Island for towns up north. The Jo Long usually was first because it was smaller, more easily maneuvered, and a faster boat on the pick up.

Captain Jo Long did not like the competition of the Winona against his Jo Long, so he bought the *Boardman*, another large, heavy, slow freight boat to pit against the small, fast Verne Swain. Here was a peculiar situation: two small, fast boats were pitted against two large, heavy slow boats, the fast boats invariably winning.

The first year of this steamboat war, only two boats were running from opposite directions. The second year, four boats were running—two from

each direction. The third year, Captain John Streckfus reversed his boats and pitted the Verne Swain against the Jo Long—both fast boats. Now he had two fast boats and two slow boats competing for passenger and freight business.

Excitement ran high. Thousands of people would go to the banks of Ol' Man River each morning, listen for the whistles to see which boat was ahead, coming down the river. Many times both boats would "whistle for the draw" at the same time. They would whistle about two miles above the draw. Each boat had a characteristic sound and every person knew them. The same thing occurred at night, to see which would win the race down stream at night, which would land at Rock Island first, which would reach Davenport first.

Many was the time both boats would force all the steam possible, to beat the other. Coming over the eighteen miles of rapids was dangerous for even one boat to make the channel alone, but when two boats were fighting for that channel it was a wonder either or both wasn't sunk.

Both John Streckfus and Jo Long had been licensed rapids pilots for many years. They knew every bend, turn, and hidden rock as few others did. Many was the time when they came rushing and racing down through those rapids, side by side, the suction of one or the other hugging them together so close that passengers on decks could shake hands; the passenger on one kidding the passengers on the other. Many was the time when both boats came through the draw bridge, one on one side of the draw, one on the other, both rushing to be the first to land in Rock Island or Davenport. All along the river banks, in the smaller towns, business would stop, lock their doors, and rush to the river to cheer their favorite.

As the boat war raged, fares were cut until, at the height of the war, a passenger could make the round trip from Clinton to Davenport, back to Clinton, or from Clinton to Davenport and back to Clinton, eighty miles, for twenty-five cents, with a free meal thrown in.

The Streckfus Line and the Jo Long Line each had agents at every port of call. Mat Osborne was the Davenport agent for the Streckfus Line. Their offices were in warehouses, side by side. One day, hot words passed between Jo Long and Mat Osborne. Jo Long pulled his knife and stabbed Mat Osborne. Jo Long was tried. Thousands of people took issue with one side or the other. Jo Long was an inveterate whittler, always cutting shavings. Neither line could continue an indefinite war, each losing money. The end of the third year saw the boat war ending.

History records the famous race of the Natchez and Robert E. Lee. Much has been said of that race. But here were two races of four boats every day for two long summers, and little has been said or written about them.

You will ask what this boat war had to do with us.

Our father was practicing as a magnetic healer at Second and Brady Streets, just two blocks from Ol' Man River. Jo Long was one of his pa-

tients. He was a Jo Long partisan. Jo Long had a daughter who was as pretty as a picture. Long black hair, gorgeous figure, she was our ideal of a beautiful girl. We loved her, from a distance. We actually became "stuck on her" with our puppy love, although she did not know we even existed.

To prove our interest in her, so we could be near her, hoping she would smile and show interest in us, we became a "runner" and a "plugger" for her father's boat. What is a "runner" and a "plugger"? We would stand up on the corner and if we saw a person with a valise or grip heading for the river, we would run up to him or her, grab the grip, and offer to carry it down to the boat for which we were a "runner." Or, if we thought they were going for a boat ride, we would "plug" for our boat—the Jo Long or the Boardman. Each line had its "runners" and "pluggers."

Many were the times when we got black eyes and ended up in fist fights. Sometimes the fights were between a man and a boy, or two men, or two boys. It was exciting. Many were the free rides we got for proving our interest in the Jo Long boats. Every day we hoped for a smile from Miss Long—but it never came. To her, we were just another "river rat" who was helping her father win this war.

One year, we had very high water on Ol' Man River. It was in the basement of the building in which our father had his infirmary. That year, we had a row boat and we rowed our passengers two blocks over the streets down to the boats.

Sundays, the boats would be crowded. It was an eighty-mile trip up through the rapids and back, for twenty-five cents. Who wouldn't? No need to take along a lunch—they served one free. And as for excitement, it was a race every mile, coming and going.

Sundays particularly, and week days generally, thousands would go to the river, listen to see which boat whistled first for the draw, recognize the whistle, and then watch to see how they came through the draw. If it was the Verne Swain, everyone would shout "It's the Verne Swain," or vice versa. They would look with bated breath to see which would land first at Davenport. As their boat would land, each group shouted cheers.

What has become of the Verne Swain, Jo Long, Boardman, and Winona? Who knows? They have passed out of the O' Man River picture. Those days of steamboat warfare, with their daily races, are gone; but they still linger as a vivid memory in our mind because we were but a boy then, and it was a daily excitement in which we took a keen interest.

Whatever became of Miss Long? We haven't the slightest idea!

CHAPTER 122

THE STORY OF THE GLORY OF GOING ON

as written by JAMES W. ELLIOTT, *writer of* *Man Messages*
(Written in 1910)

IT IS A PRETTY WELL-KNOWN FACT that I feel as follows: Writers who write and do nothing but write, preachers who preach and do nothing but preach, and teachers who teach and do nothing but teach, have retarded the progress of the world more than any other body of men.

Doubtless, a million pieces of printed matter carry that sentence—I've made it my business to pass it on.

Also, before the World's Salesmanship Congress and the International Rotary Clubs in convention—perhaps ten thousand men and women—I said that, in my opinion, the colossal blunder of the century has been teaching the American boy that if he becomes a great lawyer, a great doctor, or a great what-not, the world would make a beaten path to his door—when we know, every man among us—that it is an absolute lie; that unless he is salesman enough to convince a world, blinded by self-interest, that he is a great lawyer, a great doctor, or a great what-not, he'll starve to death; that the great thing out there is the Fine Art of Selling Ourselves.

Of that, to my mind, there is not the slightest doubt. And what a pity it is that so many millions are forced to spend their youth—when energy, ambition and enthusiasm are at their beck and call—finding out this simple truth.

I blame it chiefly on the teachers. I didn't believe that there was an educational institution in America that realized it.

But I was wrong. And that is why I take genuine pleasure in setting down here what I found and whom I met in Davenport, Iowa, the other day.

Ever since I heard Billy Sunday, I have never expressed an opinion of any man or idea until I met the man or got a comprehensive understanding of the idea. And so help me, I never will again. I'll confess I used to be one of Billy's worst knockers; now I'm one of his best boosters.

I have heard of Chiropractic practitioners for several years; I have met one or two—clean cut, prosperous, happy and successful men. And, had it not been for my Billy Sunday experience, I would have been guided by my prejudice rather than my judgment. But I kept an open mind. I wanted to know. That was all. So I didn't forget; and I came to Davenport.

Here I found the most inspiring institution of any kind—bar none—in

America! Here I found *my* teacher: A man who not only teaches about things, but how to do things. A man who embodies in his life and work the principles of living and doing, the Fine Art of Selling Yourself.

His name is Palmer—B. J. Palmer. And, if you've seen his photograph, don't let it prejudice you. It'll be your loss if you do. I mention this, for it liked to have cost me the most profitable experience of my life. The photographer had missed that something in his eyes that lets you look into his soul. And I'm sorry.

Every minute I spent with Dr. Palmer I thought that genius is but perpetual, eternal energy.

He is the head of The Palmer School of Chiropractic, the parent institution, the mother of them all, the fountain head, in reality. No institution is any bigger than the man behind it; in fact, all institutions are pictures—results—of the strenuous faith of the man or men back of them. Some day the business men of this great country will wake up to this simple truth and tell us about themselves, rather than so much about what they make. For we know that what they do is nothing more than they themselves—we leave our very self in everything we do or touch.

Admitting the great work done by doctors of medicine, we are compelled to look the startling fact in the face that we know very little about it. And we must know. The whole world has risen in mighty chorus to demand, Let There Be Light! For down through the centuries we have at last realized that the only way to eliminate fear is to know all; that miserableness, suffering, failure and all the rest come only from not knowing. For people do not fear the things they know. And pitifully, it seems, the medical profession are determined to be the last to see the great truth that so long as ignorance hovers in the mind of man—fear will dominate our actions.

Not so with Chiropractic. They present the simple proposition that the brain is the motive power of man, pumping through his nervous system the necessary forces. If something is wrong, those nerve channels have become squeezed, that's all. So, they examine the spinal column from which our nerve system radiates, find the cause, adjust it; then, of course, it is but a matter of time until the effect is gone.

Today, five thousand trained practitioners are helping five hundred thousand patients to help themselves, every single day. Just think of it! And just fifteen short years ago (written in 1910) it belonged to the Great Unknown.

Here is how it happened: The rest shall deal with Dr. Palmer, for they are one and the same. They cannot be separated. And they should not be.

His father, D. D. Palmer, discovered the Great Truth; but he forgot that he had to *sell* the idea to the world; that he had two cures to make—first, their mental prejudices, then their physical bodies! And against terrific odds—the combined force of two hundred thousand trained physicians! You cannot expect men to applaud you when you beat them at your own game. Besides, he was old and very tired. So he went down in the fight.

But not so with this boy! He was young, and he could dream. Yes, he who can dream is young, for youth is at the command of the magician of dreams, always.

Through the darkness of the past, young Palmer saw the brilliancy of the future—so he threw his whole soul into carrying the Message of Chiropractic to the world.

He knew he could not go the way alone, so he began teaching others. Establishing a school was the first big job.

Possessing only his father's debts, and discovery—to his mind, the greatest and most important of all time—with a smile on his lips and a song in his heart he threw his whole soul into the work. Go there today, and see the material evidence that he has done his work well—think back to his humble beginning—and you'll see that faith in himself revealed and summoned forth the force that justified that faith!

That was but twelve short years ago. Convinced of the boy's determination and burning sincerity, the father returned to help. A magnificent memorial building stands there today, a sincere tribute to his life and work!

There is a subdued sadness in Dr. Palmer's eyes, for he has won against terrific odds—suffered, known and felt. The onward and upward climb is ever saddened by sad separations. He won, like all big men have won—not because of the help he got, but despite the discouragement he received.

He is more than a teacher. He is a builder, one of the greatest of all builders, a man builder. He teaches and makes his men while they are on the job and unaware of the teaching. He teaches them to win success by deserving success—which is the only sure and lasting way.

He knew that no matter how much he taught his pupils about Chiropractic, if he didn't teach them how to sell that knowledge to their fellow-men, they—like his father—would drop by the wayside.

So he taught them that, and he teaches them today.

Unlike other institutions, the student leaving his institution does not go out alone. Every week he gets a letter from "home"—an enthusiastic, instructive newspaper edited by Dr. Palmer himself—giving him not only news of the school but the latest developments in Chiropractic throughout the world. Also comprehensive editorials dealing with the men who are engraving their names on the column of things done. A print shop does the graduate students' printing for them at small cost—advertisements are written, moving pictures are loaned them. In short, everything possible to "help" them comes with a cheerful handgrasp from the mother institution!

Other schools sprung up—some good, some indifferent. Instead of discouraging them, Dr. Palmer encouraged them. He possessed the vision to know that competition stimulates, so long as it is constructive—but when it becomes destructive, it's hell.

Realizing that the future of Chiropractic depended upon the strength of its weakest link, he set about to help them all. So he invited them to

join his "family"—they, too, receiving the "Fountain Head News," at his expense! Then he went a step further: he invited them to Davenport to receive a week's lectures, free—each year! Now to his "Lyceum" come four or five thousand practitioners each and every twelve months.

And he does not forget their wives. They come, too. For he realizes that the wives are "silent partners"—consciously or unconsciously helping or hindering their husbands. In fact, a wife takes the course right along with her husband at The Palmer School, at practically no additional expense.

So, all in all, you have with the seven or eight thousand practitioners of Chiropractic, a tremendous national association, conducted at tremendous expense by The Palmer School.

How few, how pitifully few, American business men see so far in the future: that it pays—in dollars and cents—to say nothing of inward satisfaction, to help the other fellow! But you can write it down as an absolute fact that it does—that you will win that way and that you will win no other way! We help ourselves by helping each other, for it is through each other that we become ourselves—for then we are practical philanthropists. We are actually applying Christianity to our daily life and work.

Today, The Palmer School covers practically a whole block. Building after building has been constructed, and others are just around the corner. Twelve hundred students go happily about their work. An excellent faculty of twelve able, all-time people assist Dr. Palmer in his work.

In the "Pit Clinic" over fifteen hundred patients from all over the world are adjusted daily, at no charge. It is wonderful, wonderful—and somehow, wonderful isn't the word!

There is a wonderful cheerfulness about the place that does you good—inside. No gloom here! You'd never think these people were sick! I was sorry as I walked throughout the buildings that my friend Rosser, who has written such excellent essays on the psychology of laughter, was not with me. For here, surely, he would find solid proof that he who laughs wins!

Everybody has a happy jest, a pleasant smile. For example, in the school store—yes, they have everything—I was talking to a student, totally blind. He was telling me about organizing a body of two hundred blind men for the navy. I asked, of course, what they would do with them. He punched me in the ribs as he replied, "Take 'em out to sea." When you've got even the blind men laughing, little doctor, you're doing the world a great service!

Mrs. Palmer, who holds the chair of anatomy, works side by side with her husband. They are the greatest lovers I have ever known—working shoulder to shoulder through all the years—and doing it with loving hands. Every page in their history is wrapped in heart-pains and bathed in tears; but then, suffering is not all suffering, and pain is not all pain.

As I sat in their magnificent home at dinner after this pleasant and profitable day—magnificent for its simplicity, its homely democracy—I could think of nothing but the last known act of those two great lovers,

Elbert and Alice Hubbard, who went down on the ill-fated *Lusitania*; both of whom were Dr. and Mrs. Palmer's close personal friends.

Torpedoes had hit the great ship. Others were rushing for the life boats. Elbert and Alice stood calmly watching the confusion. A friend asked, "What are you going to do?" Hubbard answered with a clear voice, as a smile of supreme confidence played about his lips: "There seems to be nothing to do. Come, Alice!" And he placed his arm about her waist as he opened a stateroom door. They went in, and the door closed behind them. Neither wanted to take the chance of going through the remaining years without the other! They had done their work together, and they had done it well. And so they left us—that way. It was magnificent.

And I am sure with Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, had they their choice, it would be the same.

I could write on and on, but I won't. I just want to put down here, concretely, what I got here, and a definite personal determination. And it is this: *The Glory of Going On!*

All life, like the Chiropractor tells us our bodies are, is activity. Only running water is pure: we must go on! When we allow distractions, discouragements, failure to block our way, we need an adjustment—just like our bodies need a Chiropractic adjustment when the flow in our nerve system is clogged! Yes, we will find success and happiness only through work, for work is life, and good work is good life! So, each and every one of us must keep on keeping on!

I do not claim that Chiropractic adjustments will cure everything. Maybe they have not advanced that far. But they are going on! So, for myself, this I do know, absolutely: when I'm sick, I shall send for a Chiropractic practitioner first, not last. And my best, personal friend is a doctor of medicine! He shall read a copy of this manuscript long before it is in print.

Also, I shall advise others to do the same thing. And, to men and women who have not yet found their work, I shall advise them to go to The Palmer School.

Besides being in a lucrative profession, they will find that great peace and quiet joy that comes with doing a fine and worthy thing, helping others to help themselves.

If I had a boy or girl, I'd send him or her there, if for no other reason than to learn the great lesson of living and doing, and I believe he or she would.

So now I have told you, as best I could, just what I got from Dr. Palmer's school, and what I have determined to do.

Ah, there's the wind. As I write, it whistles on the outside. I love the wind. For, like my good friend Palmer, it is the symbol of perpetual energy!

And as I come to finish, I keep saying to myself, "Jimmy Elliott, how little, how very little *you* seem to do!"

CHAPTER 123

THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO MADE A LADDER OF HIS CROSS

By HUGH HARRISON

A BRIGHT STAR must have been shining in the heavens that night. It must have been such a star which 1,881 years before had shone in the heavens, leading the Three Wise Men to Bethlehem and heralding a new day for the earth-born. But there were no three wise men to see this star thirty-eight years ago. It was fourteen long years before the world caught the radiance of the new light.

The Star of 1881 saw the birth of a new healer of humanity, one who healed by "the laying on of hands," who also trod a path of stones and carried a cross, the cross of bigotry and hatred, for long years before the world accepted him. The world has accepted him now, this greatest healer of the sick since Christ, and it calls him B. J. Palmer. The world learned of him through his message to suffering humanity, a message which millions, today, spell with the letters "C-H-I-R-O-P-R-A-C-T-I-C."

Let us see what was the fate of this babe born under the Star of 1881. Like the Greater Master he came into the world without a retinue. There were no doctors dancing attendance (they danced years later), no nurse hovering over his tiny crib, no wealth to ease his life's path. He was born in poverty.

He grew up a little barefoot boy, a bright-eyed, mischievous youngster, loving nature and all living things, but so poor that his little friends in What Cheer, Iowa, pointed him out as not one of themselves. He was not. But he differed from them in a way they did not know.

Years rolled by. They brought a message to residents of the little Iowa town. "Little B.J." as they called this dark-haired, bright-eyed lad, was not an ordinary boy. He did unheard of things. He never needed a suggestion. He supplied his own ideas. In fact, he supplied ideas for the boys of his entire neighborhood. If there was any mischief, he was the leader in it. If there was any organized prank, he was the director. The wise old village folk, as they shook their heads over his pranks, could not know that this lad was to grow up into an extraordinary man who would do unheard-of things, supply an idea for 20,000 people to earn a livelihood and be a leader of them all in a new science.

When "Little B.J." was still this mischievous, barefoot boy, his father moved to Davenport, Iowa. There were no prophets to herald his arrival, no

forecasters of human destiny to say, "Some day this boy will be the main pillar of this city. His fame will reach the ends of the earth. He will found a great school and students from thirty-seven countries of the world will come here to listen to his words!"

All this has come to pass, but not without a titanic struggle, a struggle that would have engulfed anyone else than this Child of Destiny. This story will tell the tale of that fight, how he bore his cross.

But we left this little barefoot boy staring at the strange sight of a city just swung into his boyish ken. It mystified him, but it beckoned in friendly fashion. So, "Little B.J." set out to explore his new world, set out on Youth's voyage of discovery.

His father was a healer of the sick, but he had never studied in a college or received a diploma, so the public called him "quack." He found medicine unable to cure the ills of mankind and had tossed it aside. He called medicine "quackery."

But he had found the physicians entrenched in the law books, upheld by the church, slavishly worshiped by the gullible public. He found them all-powerful. Their heavy hand fell on him. He was found "guilty of practicing medicine without a license" and was thrown into jail. He came out determined that the grave alone would end his fight against medicine. He is gone now, but his standard has never gone down in the dust.

As is often the case, the reputation of the father was tacked onto the son. He came to be known while yet but a little lad as "Doc." His father lived downtown and "Doc" grew up on the streets. The alleys were his playgrounds. But even in these narrow byways of the city, little "Doc" found something that his playmates, "the wharf rats and the alley cats," did not find.

His aspiring soul was not deadened by the dirt and bad smells. He saw in the things that were bad for a child to see, only their opposites, the better things of life, and with the wagon of his boyish imagination hitched to his bright and lonesome star, he passed quickly over life's milestones.

Today, when bank presidents jump to offer him seats in their private offices, when mayors of cities and governors of states pay him personal visits, when famous people of all divisions call for his professional services, he loves to tell a story which brings vividly to mind the days of his childhood.

"Little Doc" was rummaging in a wastebasket in a downtown alley. He was searching—not for anything to eat—for it was his mind that was hungry. He was hunting for foreign stamps—to add to his big collection. The proprietor of the store, a portly and prosperous groceryman, saw the lad and jumped at the idea that he was stealing. He rushed out and caught the juvenile collector by the collar, intent on beating him.

The owner of a leather shop nearby noticed the act and came to the boy's rescue. "He's just hunting for stamps," said the rescuer. "Let him go." The wealthy merchant reluctantly did so. Today this merchant is

dead. The little shop-owner, now one of the city's wealthiest business men, lives, and says he owes his life to the boy. He took sick and was given up for a dying man. The boy, now master of a new science, was sent for. The business man got well.

Our story now comes to the time when this boy was fourteen years of age. He is at the turning point in life. He can become anything. The world of good and the world of bad, the world of mediocrity and the world of fame, lie before his feet.

It was an accident that led his footsteps on the path to fame. The sages tell us all great events are born of small accidental beginnings. He was one.

There was an old janitor in the building where the father of this Child of Destiny had his office. He had been deaf for eighteen years. Physicians and medicines had failed him. He came to the Palmer office. The magnetic healer ran his finger tips along the patient's backbone. He felt a bump, as if one of the vertebrae had been displaced. He pressed on it. The bump disappeared. Three days later the janitor, Harvey Lillard, could hear as well as anyone.

CHIROPRACTIC WAS BORN!

Like every other great movement that has startled the world, it was born of accident.

Chiropractic is the simplest science of adjusting the causes of human ills the world has known. The Chiropractor says disease results from lack of mental impulse nourishment to some part of the body. Mental impulse energy goes out from the brain to all parts of the body through the spinal column as a distributing station.

The nerves come out of the spinal column at vertebral joints. If a vertebra is out of place it impinges on or pinches this nerve. The normal impulse current cannot flow through the pinched nerve. As a result, the organ or muscle or bone that nerve should vivify does not get its proper current and nourishment.

"The hose has been stepped on. Get off the hose," the Chiropractor says.

When a part of the body is not sufficiently nourished disease sets in. Drugs or operations are useless. They work on the symptoms, not the cause. Adjust the cause by putting the vertebrae in correct alignment and the dis-ease will disappear through the absorption of a healthy constitution.

The process of putting the vertebra back in place is called "adjustment." The Chiropractor feels down the spine, locates the subluxated vertebra, and sends it back into place with a quick and firm movement of the hand.

Dr. Palmer now has the largest collection of spines in the world. His museum contains over 10,000 (now 1949 over 20,000) specimens. These specimens show in a subluxated vertebra the dis-ease of which the patient died. The second largest collection is at Harvard University.

With the birth of Chiropractic the real struggles of "Little Doc" commenced. Before, he had fought the frays of childhood. Now he was suddenly

to come into a man's estate and fight a man's battles, but battles such as only great men have fought and won.

In his teens he took up cudgels with the world! His only teacher was faith, his only comfort work for this faith, his only encouragement the growth of his idea. He was struggling to carry his cross!

This was in 1895. Knowing his discovery would startle the scientific world, his father had sought for it an adequate name. Rev. S. H. Weed, of Monmouth, Illinois, who had been restored to health through it, coined the word "Chiropractic" from the Greek words, "chiro" and "practos" meaning "done by—the hands."

No sooner had the science been christened by this minister than it came under a baptism of fire from the medical profession. The father was old. He had done his lifework in discovering Chiropractic. A stronger spirit was needed to bear his banner. The stronger spirit was not wanting. It was found in the son. He brought faith, the enthusiasm of youth, boundless energy, the soul of a crusader fighting for his convictions.

The sick were ready for this fiery enthusiast to lead. His enemies were in the field. They were entrenched behind Wealth, Prestige, Popular Opinion, the Laws of the Land.

For the medical profession saw in young B. J. Palmer an antagonist to be feared, and a fight was begun against him which has been waged relentlessly to this day. Huge sums of money were collected and skilled legal talent engaged to put him out of business. The cross was gradually made heavier.

But the persecution did not stop here. Grand juries were invaded and a desperate effort was made to lock the Chiropractor behind prison bars. They failed. They failed because people had been cured of long sickness and testified in B. J. Palmer's behalf. In gratitude they bent their shoulders to his cross. The cross grew, year after year.

But that didn't stop the battle. "B.J." had begun the occupation of teaching this science when but a lad of fourteen years. Every graduate got some of the doctor's business and all this but multiplied the size of the target. As the years went by the arrows of injustice increased so fast that the battle spread all over the United States. It is all over the world today.

Beginning at the bottom of the ladder with three students and a little bedroom for his school, "B.J." had built up an embryo Chiropractic college. A small bedroom twenty-four years ago, and today this wonderful, immense institution covering three city blocks long, pulsating with a beehive of activity, with its thousands of people daily sending its message of health through stricken humanity to the corners of the earth!

He began to teach when a child, as Christ had done when he revolutionized the world's ideas on the one thing greater than health—immortality.

It scarcely seemed the work of earth or of man!

Who were his students? The men and women Chiropractic had cured.

They were the zealots of a new religion, the religion of healing their fellow men. Their faith could not be denied.

They went out into the world to spread the teachings of the master as the disciples of the Greater Master had gone out centuries before. The college of Chiropractic grew like a spring torrent. It could not be stopped.

"B.J." grew with his students. His only education had been in the School of Experience. He had never finished high school. Three live rats had chewed off the thread of his educational career. He brought the rats to school in a cigar box, one of his typical boyish pranks, and the principal, J. R. Baldwin, expelled him.

This same teacher in later years enrolled in The Palmer School. He studied under B. J. Palmer and became a practicing Chiropractor. The boy he expelled had taught him a science which he valued above all his learning.

This youthful teacher was now coming into the full flower of manhood. He had outgrown his little school. He had cast his eyes to the top of the hill, a hill covered with churches and fine old mansions, overlooking the busy marts of commerce below.

Did he dream at that time his school was to grow into an institution representing an investment of several million dollars? Who knows? He was a dreamer. He was something more, a dreamer with the rare ability of making his dreams come true.

His new school at the top of the hill grew amazingly. It became known as "The Fountain Head," the source of pure gospel of true Chiropractic. The gospel took root in many places. Schools sprang up in other cities. But their founders lacked the deep purpose, the rare insight and the unflagging energy of B. J. Palmer. They taught a business, not a principle; they saw dollars, he saw lives. They never usurped the place of "The Fountain Head."

Schools were even built next door, built of revenge, built on a Chiropractic name with antipodal teachings—anything to break him and wreck his school. Today the "schools of revenge" are in bankruptcy and closed forever.

At one time there was a concerted movement from his many foes in Chiropractic—and his fearless fighting for straight Chiropractic makes him many—attempting to charge him with a murder in the first degree. A collection was taken; the United States scoured; evidence gathered; Davenport tooth-combed; bitter lawyers engaged.

The issue was three times presented to a Scott County grand jury. Three times it was thrown out. Before the issue was through, B.J. had all the original affidavits proven forgeries and the motives of the leaders severely questioned. He turned that portion of his cross into a part of his ladder, using some of his enemies as stepping-stones to climb upon.

Today The Palmer School still remains the mecca of the incurables of all diseases, the alma mater of the Science of Chiropractic.

Wonderful individual though he is, "B.J." has not done all this alone.

He met among his patients a girl who outranked all his friends. She was of deeply scientific mind. But above all else she was a woman, such as could not be found in a thousand—nay, a million. They were married—Miss Mabel Heath and B. J. Palmer. She shared all his trials, bore with him all his burdens. To her he turned for sage counsel. When his spirit wavered her faith bore him up. Together they burned the midnight oil. Passerby in the early morning hours saw two heads over a student lamp. Intently they studied, mastering the knowledge fate had placed in their safekeeping.

Together they worked, as together they work today, teaching classes, developing the science through research and experiment, each helping the other toward the common goal. To one who knows Mrs. Palmer, and there are many who pride themselves on her friendship, it is no wonder that the husband calls his wife, "My better seven-eighths."

Mrs. Palmer is now the most widely known woman, as well as anatomist, in the Chiropractic profession. She conducted all the advanced classes in anatomy and is a world-wide authority on the subject. Her lectures on anatomy have been published in book form and have had wide circulation.

Mrs. Palmer's great scientific knowledge and her active work of teaching did not prevent her crowning her womanhood with motherhood. Their only son, David, gives every promise of being a worthy successor to his illustrious father.

Dr. and Mrs. Palmer care nothing for society. The social activities of The Palmer School keep them busy. They belong to few social clubs. They do some entertaining, but are not often entertained. They are workers, not wasters. They much prefer to entertain than be entertained. They have no social ladder to climb.

Today The Palmer School of Chiropractic is known where Yale and Harvard have never been heard of. It is the ranking Chiropractic school of the world. Students throng its halls from all parts of the earth. It covers three city blocks in the heart of Davenport, Iowa, the most beautiful and prosperous city in the Mississippi Valley. Its buildings, laboratories, collections, equipment and other assets could not be bought for several million dollars.

To get an intimate picture of this great institution, the writer has frequently visited The PSC, the majority of which visits were unknown to the master spirit, "B.J."

A smile greeted him as he walked into the main entrance. Smiles met him as he entered the great clinic where over 1,500 men, women, children—yes, even babies—come with their sicknesses daily and are given free adjustment—The PSC's service to sick mankind.

A smiling response came from a member of the faculty when he answered the question as to the number of students with, "Over eighteen hundred." A student beamed joyous acquiescence to a request to see the famous collection of human spines, the largest in the world,

But the broadest smile of all came when the visitor asked: "Where is B.J.?" That is the eternal question of The PSC. "B.J." is everywhere. He is somewhere, anywhere, nowhere. If the master cannot easily be found, his spirit can. It is omnipresent. His optimism permeates the school. He put the smile there to stay.

A smile that did one's heart good was on the radiant face of a cripple. He was a boy with twisted limbs, his head askew on his shoulders, looking at the world with but one eye; such a boy would make a mother's heart weep. Yet he smiled. Why?

He told "why" himself. He had been totally paralyzed, had not walked for years. He was walking now. He had been totally blind. He could see out of one eye now. Physicians had cut out the other. He had been a burden to his family. He was studying now, not only to help himself, but to help others. He was learning the science of Chiropractic.

He had been given up to die by physicians after his father, a wealthy Philadelphia merchant, had spent many thousands of dollars for doctor bills. The lad had been crushed under a wrecked automobile. When all else failed he had taken Chiropractic adjustments. He had then come to The Palmer School to be adjusted by members of the faculty.

His improvement had been so great that he expected to be completely cured by the time his course of study was finished. He is going back to his old home to show what Chiropractic has done for him. He hopes to do as much for others. It was not a strange thing that he smiled.

Nearly every student, the visitor found, had been a patient before he became a student. He had had paralysis and been cured, had been lame and been cured, had been deaf or blind or speechless and had been cured. No wonder they smiled. No wonder there were placards all over the school walls, "Keep Smiling."

The thing that has brought so much cheer into human life has not been recognized by all the law courts, but who doesn't know the courts are years behind public opinion, public thought and public action? It has been recognized by America's greatest and humblest men and women, and that is all the recognition Dr. Palmer cares for.

National presidents have had their Chiropractor just as Oliver Cromwell had his barber. The Rockefeller family take adjustments.

Caruso, the famous tenor, nearly lost his voice. He took adjustments. Christy Mathewson, the famous Giant twirler, added years to the life of his pitching arm through adjustments. Charles Schwab, steel magnate, keeps in physical trim by Chiropractic. Hundreds of the world's most famous men and women have thanked Dr. Palmer for the good Chiropractic has done them.

B.J. is a discoverer. He is a teacher. He is an idol. His students worship him. Not on their bended knees—not much! B.J. would not stand for that. But he has to endure hero worship. He is their master, and he can't keep

his students and grateful patients from worshipping him in a thousand different ways.

A new girl's name has even been invented to do him homage. Chiropractors call their boys "Palmer" and their girls "Palmera." When they have mixed twins it fits. Over five hundred babies have been named after him.

One factory is busy turning out bronze busts of Dr. Palmer. "For whom?" one may ask. For the 20,000 Chiropractors in the field and grateful patients in all parts of the world.

His lectures at The PSC are like "recess time" in a football game. The entire student body flocks into the auditorium and listens spellbound. There is nothing else doing. Dr. Palmer is a rare lecturer. He talks in his shirt-sleeves. He disdains all sham. He owns a dress suit, but does not like to wear it. And his shirt sleeves are rolled up. His sleeves are rolled up all day long.

One day when he was directing the demolition of an old building to make room for a new one, a wealthy invalid was driven up to the college. He spied B.J. in his shirtsleeves, covered with sweat and dust. "Here, buddy, hold my horse while I go inside," he commanded. B.J. grabbed the reins with one hand and went on pointing out what was to be done.

Inside the building the invalid asked Jerry Green where he could find Dr. Palmer. Mr. Green, who had been an amused spectator of the incident at the curb, answered: "There he stands, holding your horse." "Great heavens!" ejaculated the stranger. "I came 2,000 miles to see Dr. Palmer. I'm afraid I have insulted him. What shall I do?" "Nothing," replied Mr. Green. "It's a good joke and no one will appreciate it more than Dr. Palmer himself."

Hypocrisy of any kind Dr. Palmer cannot stand. Lecturing to 1,500 students one day, he said: "Cut out the oriental rugs, the shaded lights, the wasted effort to impress a patient. You can give him an adjustment in one minute. If you spend half an hour you are wasting twenty-nine minutes. You are also a thief. Don't steal your patient's time. The world has been victimized by medical sham, pretense, and hypocrisy too long."

Dr. Palmer turned to the electric light on his speaker's desk. "The light goes on and off as I pull this cord," he explained. "I pull the cord. I don't have to say magic words, wave my hands over it like an enchanter, to the accompaniment of slow music. Cut out the sham!"

B.J. also has his hobbies. What great man hasn't? His hobbies are peculiar. They are birds, plants, a St. Bernard, pony, goldfish, and printing plant. He has them all. But they are more than mere hobbies. They are useful. The birds, plants, and goldfish turn the entrance of The Palmer School into a beautiful conservatory.

This conservatory is just a sample. Architects have already drawn plans for one of the most magnificent steel conservatories in the Mississippi Valley.

This is but one of the phases of The Palmer School's great development of today. Its head has planned a trip to California, where he will transplant palm trees for this great conservatory, which will be a wonderful tropical garden auditorium.

The printing plant is a child of B.J.'s brain. He loves it as a mother loves an only son, and, "Better look for him in the printing plant," is the advice Miss Information gives a hundred times a day. When Dr. Palmer is not in the classroom or in his study, it's a ten to one shot he is in the printery. He may be setting type, editing proof, overhauling a linotype, or feeding the Kelly press. You can bet on this: He is doing something!

Dr. Palmer is an American to the core. The Mississippi River gladdens his eyes more than any picture of the castled Rhine or the storied Avon. Davenport, Iowa, is his workshop. New York, California (East and West) are his playgrounds.

Although this wizard of a new science lives in a palatial home surrounded by gardens and fountains, he prefers to drive his own car (he owns four) and his chauffeur is often seen lolling in the cushions alongside while B.J. handles the wheel.

And now we come to an interview with this wonderful man. He was leaning back in an easy chair, taking a moment's relaxation by scanning some "copy" for his Weekly Letter to 20,000 weekly readers. I rapped on the window as I ran up the steps. He turned around quickly—he does everything quickly—and called, "Come right in."

I turned the handle on the doorknob and set a foot across the threshold of the palatial residence. There is no formality about "B.J." He is the very essence of democracy. There is no liveried servant at his door. To be sure, there are maids in the Palmer home, but when "B.J." is in, he answers the door himself. A half hour earlier, I had seen him lifting thousands of electrotypes out of boxes and tossing them to Bud McGaw, a colored boy employed in the printing department.

He led the way into his office, the parlor of the aristocrat who built it. It was an office filled with desks, with several stenographers and other evidence of the relentless energy of its owner. Yet this was but the private office of this business man of science who had struggled up from the streets of the town to own it.

I say he led the way into his office. But by the time I had gotten inside the room he had pulled up a chair for me, reached for a box of cigars and an ash tray, given his secretary a phone number to call, disposed of several matters, turned his chair around and sat down. His students had told me that he could do more things at once than any man since Caesar. I agree. A few puffs at his cigar. Then, "Fire away. Tell me what you want to know."

I wanted to know more about Dr. B. J. Palmer, this greatest anomaly in the scientific world today, this man who had dreamed the wonderful dream

of curing the ills of all humanity, of wiping sickness off the face of the earth, and had then made himself into a philosopher, teacher, writer, printer, and business man whose rare executive ability bids fair to make that dream come true.

I had been a newspaper man for many years and I knew big men love above all else the thing that has made them big. They love not to talk of themselves. And so I asked: "Tell me all about how Chiropractic began. How it got its name; all of that."

"That's a long story," said B.J. He gazed absent-mindedly, as if looking into the past, the hard past of his fighting youth when his cross was heavy on his shoulders, when all the world was against him and only his wife believed, when the ladder was yet to be built.

"In brief, Chiropractic was named in 1895. But that wasn't the beginning of it. It's like a baby. It lived before it was born. The science was five years in the making, five years when D. D. Palmer was groping in the dark. It first saw the light of day when Harvey Lillard was cured. You know of that case."

"In dollars and cents, what is your investment in this school today?"

"Several million dollars," he answered, as a matter of fact.

He was the business man, the unbiased appraiser of property, figuring in his total assets and liabilities, probably giving a liberal allowance for the "good-will of a going concern," just as any shrewd banker would have done.

But I knew it wasn't his investment in dollars and cents that had brought this new method of healing to spread over the Americas, Europe, Africa, Asia, and Islands of the Sea. The deep convictions of the founder had done it. So I groped for a rule to measure the extent of B.J.'s faith in his own work.

"Will Chiropractic ever make disease in this world unknown?" I asked. He answered without the slightest hesitancy, with the same tone of conviction one might use in saying "The night is dark" or "The day is bright."

"If given plenty of time and enough generations, and if it remains in its originally pure state, it will."

From disease I came to the popular conception of the cause of disease, the germ. I have always had the idea that there was a germ in the apple Eve handed Adam, that germs caused everything, including pneumonia, poverty, poor eyes, plutocracy, prisons, prohibition and princes of Prussia. Here was I to get the idea of a germ from medicine's greatest foe.

"The germ is an established scientific fact. That he is, that he exists, is indisputable. You have rats around garbage barrels, too, but they don't put the garbage there. They're scavengers, drawn by the scent of decay. So are germs. There is not a single germ in the world that ever caused disease. Physicians say there is. They try to wag the dog by the tail."

I looked out the window. Big Ben (St. Benedict) lay on the damp stone slab-walk, threshing his magnificent tail. The idea of that tail lying still on the stone and threshing the giant body back and forth across the walk struck me, and I laughed.

B.J. smiled indulgently. The idea had struck him twenty-four years ago.

"Well," I reasoned, "If the germs do not cause sickness, people ought to live in spite of them, and if Chiropractic believes that, it ought to furnish some logical conception about death." So I queried: "Will Chiropractic lengthen human life?"

"It will, very materially," Dr. Palmer insisted. "It will increase it from thirty to fifty per cent. The average death rate is below fifty years. It ought to be eventually increased to eighty and one hundred years.

"If Chiropractic can wipe out acute and chronic dis-ease, a human being ought to live until he wears out. He ought to die as the light of a candle goes out, burning with a bright flame to the end of the wick, then a short sputtering dimness, a final sputter and darkness.

"There should be no helpless ancients in the chimney corners. A man ought to possess his full powers to the day he dies, his light as bright as the brightness of the candle before that final sputter."

It was a beautiful idea, the idea of a poet and a dreamer. But it seemed logical. Why should a man be on the shelf for years before he dies? In this day of great civilization and knowledge the human's power ought even to increase until the end.

"The only death ought to be the sudden death of ripe old age," B.J. broke in on my meditations.

To carry such a message as this there must be many disciples. So I asked: "How many Chiropractors should there be in America?" "Oh, golly," the youth in the man answered. I thought many times that this intensely virile man had more youth in his middle age than any other thinking man I had ever known. "One for every 5,000 inhabitants. In America, in spite of the war, there was one physician to every 742 persons. If a physician can make a living off the dis-eases of persons, surely a Chiropractor can make a living off the correction of the causes of dis-eases of 5,000 persons. There ought to be 500,000 Chiropractors in the United States, let alone the rest of the world.

"There are only 5,000 Chiropractors in the United States, only that many who are full of pep and spreading the gospel. But America is only one country. There is no difference between your backbone and that of a Chinese. It will be one hundred years before we begin to scatter over the world. I look to see the time when this institution will graduate 25,000 students a year. It is just a question of whether I am big enough to swing it."

I decided he was if anyone was. I thought he also believed so, and I asked: "How long will it take you?" Almost eagerly he responded, as if his answer were a prayer and as if he were supplicating at the same time that the prayer would be answered.

"Will there be work for these 25,000 Chiropractors?"

"Ninety per cent of the people of the world are sick. It is just a question of our supplying the demand."

Dr. Palmer, in answer to a question, declared that the M.D.'s and the "Chiros" will never mix, any more than whiskey and prohibition, or oil and water. "The M.D.'s find that fighting us does them no good," he declared almost jubilantly.

While he was talking I had opportunity to look well over this remarkable man. He repeatedly raised his eyes from his papers as he explained various details. His eyes are very bright. They are clear blue, the blue eyes of a visionary. But back of them stands the force to transform these visions into realities. His hair, and he has a great mass of it, is dark, combed back in a long pompadour. A light brown Vandyke adds to the impressiveness of his countenance. The long hair and the beard seem to fit him perfectly, as does the flowing black bow tie he always wears. His vest pockets were full of pencils, fountain pens, and memorandum books, as I have seen the pockets of editors for many years. There are few editors that write more "copy" every day than does Dr. Palmer. How he finds time to do it with his administrative work, class teaching and extensive lecturing tours from coast to coast, not even his students know. But they don't seem surprised. They believe B.J. can do anything and everything. He surely can.

After talking a while, I hazarded this question: "Dr. Palmer, how do you measure your success?" "Results," he quickly replied. "Results—upon it all turns. If you don't put results across, you go down. Results in getting sick people well puts us where we are today, not good business brains, not clever advertising, just results."

Members of the faculty declare Dr. Palmer could go into the field and make from \$300,000 to \$500,000 a year as a practicing Chiropractor. But he sticks to his school. His heart, his fondest hope, his life ambition, are all centered here.

"We are fighting superstition with enlightenment. The physician is on one side, the Chiropractor on the other."

As he talked, his blue eyes flashed. His left hand clutched one arm of his swivel chair and the other was extended, the hand open and the forefinger pointed directly at me. His manner is compelling. One instinctively listens to him as he talks.

Returning to the personal side, for that is always the most interesting thing about a great man, I asked: "Where did you get that coat-of-arms I noticed in the D. D. Palmer Memorial Building? The shield of blue with the dragon in red perched above, with three drab crescents and a mason's square, and with the legend, 'Let him who has won it bear the palm?'"

"That was handed down in our family," he answered proudly. "The Palmers were once nobility. Then they went down and became the sons of the earth. Now we are coming back. Perhaps we shall be nobility again, who knows? The King of England presented that coat-of-arms to one of our ancestors."

"You must be making some money in this big institution. How do you

invest it?" His answer was typical of the man. "I don't invest money in anything beside my own work. I shy from all other investments. My heart is in no other business. I don't want to put money in anything my heart is not in. I haven't a dollar in anything else. I put all my eggs in one basket and insure them well."

Stroking his hand through his hair, B.J. continued: "A promoter came to me the other day and attempted to persuade me to take some stock in his enterprise. I said, 'Why do you come to me?' 'Because you have money,' he said. 'Where did I make that money?' I asked. 'Here at your school,' he replied. 'Right,—then I'll just put my money back in this school and make some more money with that money.'"

Dr. Palmer's favorite author is Elbert Hubbard. He believes him to be the first American to inject a progressive business spirit into American writings. "I don't care much for the average writer, because it is not practical, and their writings do not apply to every day life," says the wizard of Chiropractic.

He was then asked if the science was known to ancient peoples. His reply was: "The Siberians, Bohemians, Navajos and Sioux, the Japs, Chinese and fakirs of India, all had a natural method of treating the backbone. The Navajos took a buffalo's scrotum, filled it full of pumpkin seeds, I suppose, soaked it in boiling water so that the seeds swelled up, attached a long thong to it, stood the sick man up against a tree, and banged him up and down on the back. Some of them probably got well. But they didn't know what, why, or how they were doing it. It was not until Lillard was adjusted, September 18, 1895, that the Science of Chiropractic was born."

I have talked with many people, those close and distant too, those working with Dr. Palmer for years, and those who meet him professionally, commercially, or fraternally, and there is one thing they all realize, that he is a man of positive answers on the things he is posted on, and he is doubtful on things he doesn't know.

Strangers get the early opinion that he is a man of snap judgment. They get this from his quick and conclusive decisions of few words. These people don't know that Dr. Palmer is a man of almost superhuman observation; very keen analytical deduction; that he sees and reads more in people than they tell him.

Those who know him best for years realize that it is his thoroughness of his subject and depth to which he has gone that makes him the master of that subject; that he ruthlessly cuts unnecessary verbiage, strips it to the bone, and gets the essential facts quickly.

I am told that he will take sick people and that he can and has many times passed upon the majors of their cases as rapidly as twenty to thirty an hour. There is no snap judgment in this man. To know him is to appreciate that he either says what he thinks or says he "Don't know" if he doesn't.

There are people who have the fixed opinion that Dr. Palmer is an egotist.

This probably holds more people distantly from him than any other one thing. No man could hate egotism more than B.J. himself. He is the essence of democracy and simplicity and is forinst the highbrow stuff of every class and kind.

I approached him on this subject once and here was his explanation: "I am not an egotist. I am an egoist." When asked for a distinction, without a difference, he said: "You know what everybody means by an egotist. But an 'egoist' is a positive, non-egotistical individual. Being positive, emphatic, pungent, having a thorough knowledge of the subject I talk upon, gives me a firmness; therefore people misconstrue these things for conceit. When I say I know, they stretch it to think I know everything."

Dr. Palmer has proved false the old scripture: "A prophet is without honor save in his own country."

He is honored now. The hardheaded business men honor him as one of themselves. In the field of business his school was first looked upon as a freak venture, the hobby of an unbalanced dreamer.

One of his city's most conservative merchants fifteen years ago characterized it as "Ten per cent merit and ninety per cent ignorance, meaning by 'ignorance' that they overestimated its worth."

The other day this same man said: "I will reverse my figures. It is ten per cent ignorance and ninety per cent possibilities."

These hardheaded business men now extend him the glad hand of fellowship in their Commercial Club, the rendezvous of the city's commercial interests.

Small wonder it is that they give him this recognition when his school brings eight millions of dollars annually into their city. His Lyceum or Homecoming, as he prefers to term it, brings 5,000 "back home" every year.

When B.J. was at the bottom of the ladder, struggling for recognition, the influence exerted by the all-powerful medical fraternity kept him outside this organization's exclusive pale.

But no more. He is now one of its leading and most influential members.

You have to look up to a man on top of the ladder. But more: B.J. is honored as a man among men. He is "one of the boys" at the Masonic, Elks, Odd Fellows, and other fraternal orders, lodges which in years past through their physician members many times dropped the blasting little black ball in the fatal box. You can't sneer at Palmer in any social club in Davenport now and make a hit. He has climbed too high for the boot toe to reach him.

As the master, so the disciples. There was a time when it was either "buy or bye-bye" with the Chiropractors. The public discounted their efficiency, their sincerity—discounted them as individuals. Only their money was at par. A sort of class barrier was thrown around them by prejudice. The public "didn't care to associate with the people of The Palmer School." This social cross was heavy.

It's all different now. Hundreds of these students are gladly admitted

into homes daily to give adjustments. The proudest aristocratic homes in many cities, states and countries welcome B.J. and his faculty. He has even been called into consultation by Eastern and Western royal families. Being modest, he rarely mentions the occasions. One social leader of a multi-millionaire family won't invite a guest to her palatial home unless the guest will agree to take adjustments.

A whole professional army has climbed up on the ladder Gen. B. J. Palmer has built out of his cross. The army is led by 20,000 lieutenants, the Chiropractic graduates. Twenty million privates—their patients—compose this vast army.

To climb to success with the good wishes of hundreds of thousands urging you still higher is inspiring. In the everlasting friendship of the sick, made well because of B. J. Palmer, he finds his greatest earthly reward. He has never unsaid his famous utterance, "Judge me by those who know my work and I will be content."

If future ages value the man who climbs with his eyes turned to the stars, if they value human friendship and service to humanity, then historians will write on bright pages the story of B. J. Palmer.

As Dr. Palmer stands on the top rung of the ladder of success today and looks back through the vista of years, years of struggle, years of relentless persecution and sleepless nights, the cross that burdened his early day is dim and indistinct. It has lost its crushing weight. He had to work to crawl out from under it. It was timber. He could not have built his ladder without it.

But nothing can stop B.J.—he's a climber. Not even the top rung of a ladder can keep him from going up. There's too much dynamite in his system. To the public it may seem he has reached the topmost rung of success. But he knows the truth of the old saying, "You can't stand still; you must go either up or down."

He's going, Up! Up! Up!

There isn't any lid on the world.

ADDENDA

As a newspaperman in Davenport, I have had the privilege of acquaintanceship with Dr. B. J. Palmer from the time his struggles to secure recognition for the science of Chiropractic began until the present day. I have watched the development of Chiropractic and The Palmer School of Chiropractic from its humble beginnings until its position today as the leading institution of Chiropractic in the world. Feeling that no adequate tribute has ever been paid to the wonderful achievement of B. J. Palmer, in attaining success over the almost insurmountable difficulties which confronted him, I have written the story of "How He Made a Ladder of His Cross." The facts of this story I know from my personal investigation as a newspaperman to be true. I offer this story to Dr. Palmer as a gift of one friend to another and hope that the real story of his life struggles, prepared without his knowledge, may in some way be brought to public attention.

—HUGH HARRISON, City Editor, The Davenport Democrat & Leader (1919).

CHAPTER 124

THE STORY OF FAMOUS AND NEAR-FAMOUS AND THE GREAT AND NEAR-GREAT PEOPLE

FOR A MAN who has never sought to meet people outside his own line of activities, B.J. has met and known many great and near-great personalities. I asked him once who some of those people were. He began thinking back and, from time to time, recollecting who some of them were. Gradually, the list grew. It surprised him as much as it did us to know who some of these people were. It shows a great diversity of interests.

Here are some of those:

James J. Davis, United States Secretary of Labor
Daisy Jean, Famous Belgian Cellist
Art Landry's Call of the North Orchestra
James Gorman, President Rock Island Lines
Lem W. Allen, Vice-President Rock Island Lines
Louise Lovely, Movie Star
Joseph Diskay, Hungarian Tenor
Joseph Sheehan, Grand Opera Soloist
Alfred T. Fleming, President National Board of Fire Underwriters
Josh Higgins (Joe DuMond) NBC, Chicago
Phil Spitalny, Director All Girls Orchestra
Thomas A. Edison
Harry Lauder, Scottish Singer
Herbert Hoover
Sarah Bernhardt, Dramatic Star
Elmer Davis, News Columnist
Major Edward Bowes, Original Radio Amateur Hour
Major Lenox Lohr, Director Museum of Science and Industry; President
Chicago Railroad Fair, 1948-49
Johan Aaasen, World's Most Famous Giant
Francis X. Bushman, Movie Star
Cherry Sisters
Capt. Donald B. MacMillan, Leader 1923-24 Polar Expedition
King Levinsky, Prizefighter
Silver Masked Tenor
Milton Sills, Motion Picture Star
C. F. Bannister, President Canadian Broadcasting Corporation
Sid Strotz, Vice President NBC, Hollywood

Jules Herbeveaux, Vice President NBC, Chicago
Maharajah Singh, Udaipur, India
Harry S. Truman, President The United States
Mrs. E. I. DuPont, Wilmington, Delaware
Mark Woods, President American Broadcasting Company
Lowell Thomas, Radio Commentator
Herbert L. Flint, America's Greatest Hypnotist
Mr. and Mrs. Marcellus Hartley Dodge
Judge Paul W. Alexander, Lecturer and Authority on Juvenile Delinquency and Divorce, Toledo, Ohio
Chief Blackhawk, Sioux Tribe, South Dakota
Roger Babson, Authority on National Affairs
Clyde Beatty, Wild Animal Trainer and Showman
Paul Bagwell, President United States Junior Chamber of Commerce
Tex Benecke, Orchestra Leader
U. S. Senator Brookhart (Iowa)
Martha Boswell, Boswell Sisters, Singing Artists
Rosa and Josefa Blazek, Bohemian Siamese Twins
Richard Barthelmes, Motion Picture Star
Frankie Carle, Orchestra Leader
King Cole Trio, Singing Artists
Lita Grey Chaplin, Wife of Charles Chaplin
Cab Calloway, Band Leader
Glenn Drake, Drake School and Personality Clinic
Ralph Edwards, Truth or Consequences
Merle Evans, Ringling Brothers Band Master
Adolph Fassnacht, Christus of Freiburg Passion Players
Harold Gatty, Post & Gatty World Flyers
D. W. Griffith, Motion Picture Producer
Jay Gould
U. S. Senator Guy Gillette (Iowa)
Rabbi David Gross, Author and Lecturer
Charles B. Huchins, The Bird Man
Daisy and Violet Hilton, Siamese Twins
Jim and Marion Harkins, Vaudeville Artists and Manager of Fred Allen
Jamie Heron, Chicago Poet
Napoleon Hill, Economist Author
Elbert Hubbard, The Fra, Roycrofters
"Bert" Hubbard, Son of Elbert, Roycroft Shops, East Aurora, New York
U. S. Senator Howard (Nebraska)
Wendall Hall, "The Red Headed Music Maker," Radio Entertainer and Composer of "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More"
Luther Burbank, Horticulture Wizard
Walter Jessup, President State University of Iowa

Stan Kenton, Band Leader
Judge Camille Kelley, Judge of Juvenile Court, Memphis, Tennessee
Kozluh, Tennis Star
Lora C. Little, American Medical Liberty League
Rev. Jimmy McClain, Dr. I.Q.
Bird Millman, Horseback Rider, Ringling Bros. Circus
Vaughn Monroe, Band Leader
Wiley Post, World Flyer
Norman Vincent Peale, Editor of Guidepost and Heard Weekly Over NBC
Whispering Smith, Evangelist
Ralph Slater, Hypnotist
Eleanor Steber, Metropolitan Opera Singer
Bill Tilden, Tennis Star
Mr. and Mrs. Zack Terrell, Cole Bros. Circus
Toto—Clown
DeLoss Walker, Associate Editor, Liberty Magazine
May Wirth, Aerialist, Ringling Bros. Circus
William Jennings Bryan
Norman Thomas, Socialist Candidate for President
Sally Rand, Fan Dancer and Person Extraordinary
U. S. Senator Hickenlooper (Iowa)
Governor George Wilson, now U.S. Senator (Iowa)
Karl Sadlemayer, Senior and Junior, Royal American Shows
Jack Dempsey
Clarence Eddy, Concert Pipe Organist
Beverly Kelly, Circus Publicist
Irene Rich, Motion Picture Star
Niles Trammell, President National Broadcasting Company
Edwin Paley, Chairman Board of Directors, Columbia Broadcasting System
Lt. Governor Morris (Wisconsin)
U. S. Representative Carl Mundt, Acting Chairman UnAmerican Activities Committee
Graham McNamee, Radio Announcer
Ruth St. Denis and Tad Shawn, Denishawn Dancers
Bessie Love, Motion Picture Star
Baby Montgomery, Motion Picture Star
Rudy Vallee, Radio Impresario
Paul Whiteman, Band Leader
Valeska Surratt, Dramatic Star
Jeanette McDonald, Metropolitan Opera and Motion Picture Star
Ganna Walska, Opera Star
Frederic A. Ganble, President AAAA
Gypsy Rose Lee, Strip Tease Artiste

Theos Bernard, The White Lama
 Coleen Moore, Motion Picture Star
 Freckles Berry, Motion Picture Star
 Amos and Andy (Before they were such)
 Ronald Reagan, WHO Sports Announcer, now Motion Picture Star
 Pat Flanagan, Radio Sports Announcer
 Governor Clyde Herring (Iowa)
 Madam Thompson, Spiritualist whom A. Conan Doyle affirmed as a true
 medium
 Houdini, Escape Artist (Eric Weiss)
 Blackstone, World's Greatest Magician
 James W. Elliott, Author Man Messages
 Count von Lucknow, Commander, German World War I Raider, *The*
 Emden
 Ben Davenport, Owner Dailey Bros. Circus
 Dr. Preston Bradley, People's Church, Chicago
 Mrs. Rose's Midgets, Royal American Shows
 Felix Adler, Famous Clown, Ringling Bros. Circus
 Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Castle, World's Greatest Tight Rope Walker
 Billy Sunday, Evangelist
 Dave Rubinoff and his Violin
 Dante, World's Greatest Illusionist
 Moi-Yo Miller, World's Greatest Woman Illusionist
 Little Jack Little, Orchestra Leader
 King of the Hoboes
 Gisela Weber, One of the Seven Greatest Women Violinists
 Joe Weber, President American Federation of Musicians
 Chief Red Fox, Blackfoot Tribe, Montana
 John Phillip Sousa, Band Leader and Composer of Marches
 Arthur Pryor, Cornetist and Band Leader
 Bernarr MacFadden, Publisher and Physical Culturist
 Henry A. Wallace
 Rev. Thomas J. McGrath, S.J.
 Anton Lang, Christus of Oberammergau Passion Play
 Mayor Dr. F. J. Conboy, Toronto, Canada
 J. B. Oakleaf, Authority on Lincolniana
 Miss Ann Anthony, Dean of Hunter College, New York City
 Delmar Darrah, Producer of Passion Play, Bloomington, Ill.
 Gutzon Borglum, Stone Mountain Sculptor (Atlanta, Ga.)
 Mr. Seely, Manager of Grove Park Inn, Asheville, N. C.
 Primate Abbot of Order of St. Benedict's of the world, at their College
 in Rome
 Mohammed Ali, Ghandi's Right-hand Man
 Baha Abbas, World Leader of Bahai Movement (Acca, Syria)

Holy Father the Pope of Roman Catholic Church, during a private audience at the Vatican

Head Shinto Priest, Highest Official of Buddhist Faith, Nikko, Japan

Sheik of Mena, Cairo, Egypt

Nazimova

Steinmetz

Marconi

Mahatma Ghandi

Carrie Jacobs Bond

Julius Warmbath, North Pole Explorer

CHAPTER 125

THE STORY OF THE CHASE MANSION

APPROXIMATELY one hundred years ago, a wealthy wholesale grocer named Chase built the finest home in Des Moines, Iowa. It was on Grand Avenue, then and now the bon ton aristocratic residence street of the city. It was three stories high, with a basement half out and half in the ground. It was here that many of the greatest and finest social activities Des Moines has ever known took place. How the grand old home fell from grace and became a questionable massage parlor, nobody seems to know very well.

Radio Station WHO rented space of Stoner, the piano man on Walnut Street. Then we bought one store, then another, still another, until we owned the entire quarter block of property. One floor after another, we squeezed out tenants and remodeled. Knowing we would need more room eventually, we cast eyes about and located the Chase property. It had 115 feet front, and over 400 feet deep between Grand and Ingersoll Avenues.

Things took a different turn. FM and TV came in which we knew called for a larger lot than this afforded. We decided to gut the Chase mansion and convert it into apartments. We inspected the building, only to realize we had a gold mine of rich and rare woods on our hands. Each room was done in a different kind; white oak, red oak, gum, cherry, santo domingo mahogany, curly maple, etc. Each room a complete set-up in different wood. The fireplaces, wash basins, door and window frames, paneling, wainscoting—all were hand-carved, no two designs alike. Big, high, massive sliding doors, 2½ inches thick, with solid woods, half of one kind, half of another, to match the rooms. Grand old mirrors from floor to ceiling, between windows.

We turned the conversion of this mansion over to our chief radio engineer to supervise. What was he going to do with these woods? Characteristically, he said: "What good are they? We can't use them. We'll rip them out and throw them in the dump." Right then our dander went up ten notches. "Throw those fine woods away? You're crazy." We secured expert cabinet carpenters to take everything off carefully, keep the window casings, doors, frames, paneling, in sections, tied together. When the entire home was dismantled, the wood was all brought to Davenport and stored away. The newel post on the main floor, the balustrade and winding railing up three floors were massive black walnut, all carved.

From time to time, as we find a need, we are gradually converting all this into various uses in our home, clinic, and other buildings.

We converted the fireplace, with mirrors overhead, into cupboards, and have two in The B. J. Palmer Clinic. Several of the gorgeous mirrors we have placed in the Clinic in three different places. In our office in the Clinic is a beautiful white oak book case with massive columns containing the outlines of our lectures of a lifetime—some 250 large loose-leaf books. Also there is a large cabinet for 250 recorded lectures as delivered by us before our various classes, including many talks given by various celebrities at our annual lyceums.

Over in our home we made a shadow box out of some of this gum wood for a beautiful small cloisonne shrine. Revolving bases were made for two ox-blood cloisonne vases, two more for two Chinese ceramic vases, two more for two more-than-3,000-year-old Satsuma vases, and, in the center of the living room, one for the largest cloisonne vase in the world. We made frames of curly maple for several Japanese embroideries, kakemono's, hakemono's, etc., and still we have a mass of this wood stored away for future projects which come to mind from time to time.

There is something in our nature that enjoys taking that which others would tear down and throw away, and making it up into artistic productions that prove valuable. A Little Bit O' Heaven is an example of where we used scrap tile, marbles, rocks, and made them into something beautiful.

If you ever visit our institution, look for these gorgeous woods out of a house built about one hundred years ago at a cost then of \$100,000, of woods that are thoroughly seasoned, which could not be duplicated today at any price.

CHAPTER 126

THE STORY OF THE BACONIAN CONTROVERSY OR WHO WROTE THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYS?

UP TILL ABOUT EIGHTY YEARS AGO, it was taken for granted that William Shakespeare wrote the sonnets and plays attributed to him. Nobody questioned it, nobody would dare to. High school students, college scholars, university authorities, English authors, all studied Shakespeare, worshipping him as one of, if not the greatest writer of all times.

To have doubted that Shakespeare wrote the plays would have proved one crazy, insane, a lunatic, bats in his belfry, unbalanced, unworthy of being classified as an authority on the subject. Even to suggest any doubt of the authenticity of authorship would have been sufficient grounds for ouster of membership in any literary guild. The Shakespearean tragediennes, actors, and actresses played their parts well. They were deeply immersed in their reverence for William Shakespeare. So, the world wagged along, fully convinced that they knew whereof they spoke.

But about 1880, Ignatius Donnelly began to look deeper; he scrutinized more thoroughly. Issues were different in his eyes. He made a study, not of the reproduced plays and reprinted books, but of the original manuscripts in the London Museum and the Stratford-on-Avon Shakespeare Museum, etc. The more he looked, the more he saw; the more he saw, the more curious he became; the more he gratified his curiosity, the more he doubted the authorship.

As he studied original manuscripts, he saw many things differently than had anybody up to that time. Paragraphs were unusual; some were short, others long; some of six lines, others ten or more. Individual lines were of different number of words; some had only two, others many. Individual words were many times spelled in many different ways. Some words would be in roman letters, others in italic. Some words would be partly in roman and the balance of the same word in italics. These and many more discrepancies were observed. *Why* were these so? Donnelly dared to ask the question. *Why!* To answer those questions became the burning issue in his mind. Were all these clues to some greater issue? Were they trying to tell him something other than what they seemed? Was there a hidden meaning in all these variances from all other methods of publications of that period? What was the reason for these erratic peculiarities? Donnelly set about to solve them *if* there *was* a possible solution.

Was all this a code, a cipher, a cryptogram? Were these a hidden solution

to some greater stories? Like any code, cipher, or cryptogram, it could be broken down. Patience, and lots of it. There never was a code made by man which man could not break.

Eventually, Donnelly found not only one code, but many ciphers, many cryptograms; stories within stories, and even stories within the stories within the stories. The obvious plays were but a blind to conceal other plays far more important to history.

So far, one would be led to believe that each play had but one code hidden within its language. This is not true. Some of the plays had several codes of stories within stories behind the mask of the original play.

The play, as we know it in modern times, was a blanket to conceal an inside story of court scandal that Bacon took a delight in injecting via the cipher route.

There is not one allusion yet discovered which unambiguously affixes upon the Stratford actor the authorship or the personal reputation of the authorship of the literature. But taking a broad and sensible view of the "allusions" to the actor, is it not ridiculous to ignore the fact that he was practically unknown? Of all the great galaxy of splendid writers, of highly-placed personages, many of whom, like Sidney, Bacon, Pembroke, Raleigh, Cecil, Walsingham, Coke, Camden, Hooker, Drake, Hobbes, Inigo Jones, Herbert of Cherbury, Laud, Pym, Hampden, Selden, Walton, Wootton, and Donne, had the strongest literary sympathies and abilities, not one seems to have even known of the existence of this "star of poets," who was to be made a "constellation." Is it possible that in the twenty years of Shakespeare's connection with the stage, not one person with whom he came into contact should have seemed to regard him as an author, instead of being almost awe-struck, as we should be, at contact with such a personality? It is wonderful that hundreds of persons should not have left records of him—that he should not have been the actual leading personage in the literary and social community of the epoch. We know nearly as much about the most insignificant writer of the period as we know of him, but fifty times more about most of his contemporaries. It is senseless to try to account for this otherwise than by recognizing that the man was not the author.

It may be objected that there is nothing to prevent such numerical signatures as these being found in any book by some other contemporary author. This is true; and to guard against misconception Bacon usually arranged at least two different forms of his name on the same page, so that the suggestions of coincidence might be eliminated as far as possible. Not only so, but it will be admitted that a few, or even many, stray signatures in other men's books would prove nothing; indeed a certain number must inevitably appear by the ordinary laws of probability. In order to prove intention, an author would certainly use such a system as this, not spasmodically but methodically throughout all his works. Bacon does so with profusion, both in his acknowledged and unacknowledged writings; whereas if the works of any *one* other

author be examined right through, it is safe to say that no such regular sequence of these special numbers will be found. Such tests as have already been carried out tend to confirm this view.

Another possible objection is that these particular numbers may just as well represent the signatures of other men besides Bacon. Naturally, if one examines the cipher signatures (on this system) of all the poets and dramatists of that period, a few cases of overlapping will be found. But none of these present any real difficulty; for it must be borne in mind that this method *alone* cannot afford conclusive proof of ownership; it is simply one item of evidence. If, therefore, any critic should point out, for example, that 119 stands for Lodge in K cipher, as well as for Fr. Bacon in reverse cipher, this does not really affect the position. For, in the first place, we should have to find cipher signatures for Lodge, or Thomas Lodge, methodically on the title pages and first and last pages of any works now attributed to Bacon (or one of his masks) which the critic wished to claim for Lodge; and, secondly, we should have to produce a goodly array of independent evidence likewise pointing to Lodge as author of those particular writings. This must have been one of the considerations which led Bacon to arrange for not only one but for many of his various signatures to be given, and in a variety of ways, on his multifarious literary productions.

Bearing on this is another point of interest, which needs a few words of comment. From what has been said, it would appear that Bacon had two alternatives before him; either to limit the number of these secret signatures as much as possible, in order to lessen their significance when found in other men's books, or to increase them as much as possible, so that their very numbers should carry conviction. Apparently he chose the latter course; and our own investigations so far seem to indicate that he went a step further, and often planned not only his own personal signatures, but those of one or more of his masks in addition, on the same page, even though this increased the chances of finding some signatures in other books. Also, it is very rare to find signatures of his pen-names without one of his own. Almost invariably the pages contain his own signature; and they frequently contain, in addition, one or more of his pen-names. Probably this was done for two reasons: firstly, to give confirmation of his authorship of works published under these men's names, beyond what would be found in the books themselves; and secondly, as an additional protection to himself. For if he were taxed with being the author of such a work, he could evade the challenge by pointing out that the work contained other signatures besides his own, and that the presence of his own was therefore by no means conclusive evidence. Now, however, when we discover these names systematically employed in conjunction with his own, the inference is plain; they are all pen-names of one and the same author.

It is our purpose to show the working of one very simple numerical system which he apparently used in order to sign the anonymous and pseudonymous

writings which poured forth so freely from his ever-fertile brain. Let us beg our readers not to be alarmed at the sight of figures on the pages of this book, nor to imagine that they are required to perform any calculations whatever for themselves. The whole of it is nothing more than the simplest addition and subtraction, while the underlying plan is so easy of comprehension that any schoolboy could grasp it in a few minutes. The deciphering has already been done for them, and all they need to do is examine the results and decide how far they consider these to be convincing. Moreover, we trust they will find a large amount of interesting information quite apart from all questions of cipher. We have felt obliged to give a considerable quantity of this cipher work; otherwise sceptics would argue that a small quantity might be due to coincidence and would not prove our case. But if any reader who has understood the general principles involved does not care to follow out all the detailed working, he can easily pass lightly over some of it and read more attentively any other portions of the plays which may attract him. All we ask is that he will be good enough to give the question fair consideration. There may be some, indeed we hope there will be many, to whom the enquiry will prove a fascinating one. Most of us love conundrums or puzzles or stories dealing with the discovery of hidden mysteries; and if we can bring to our search a little of that spirit of adventure which Francis Bacon brought to the contriving of these riddles, we shall find the enterprise not only deeply interesting and instructive, but exciting and entertaining as well. In truth these problems have all the thrill of a search for hidden treasure; not for gold, but for that which is of more worth than much gold, the establishing of truth and justice.

For signing his books in secret, Bacon apparently used the following three codes:

SIMPLE CIPHER

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	IJ	K	L
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	UV	W	X
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
Y	Z									
23	24									

REVERSE CIPHER

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	IJ	K	L	M
24	23	22	21	20	19	18	17	16	15	14	13
N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	UV	W	X	Y	Z
12	11	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1

K. CIPHER

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	IJ	K	L	M
27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	10	11	12
N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	UV	W	X	Y	Z
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24

Thus, for example, he would form signatures as follows:

SIMPLE CIPHER		REVERSE CIPHER		K. CIPHER	
F	6	F	19	F	32
R	17	R	8	R	17
A	1			A	27
N	13	B	23	N	13
C	3	A	24	C	29
I	9	C	22	I	35
S	18	O	11	S	18
	— 67	N	12		—171
			—119		
B	2			B	28
A	1			A	27
C	3			C	29
O	14			O	14
N	13			N	13
	— 33				—111
	100				282

The usual places for secreting these signatures were on the title pages of his books, the first page and last page; frequently, too, in a Dedication, Prologue, Epilogue, Address to the Reader, and so on. On other pages a few will occur by accident, but one does not usually look for them in the middle of a book, unless there is some indication of their presence.

The method was this. In Tudor times much greater use was made of italic type than is the custom in our day; and although there were doubtless some general rules for its use, yet no one can fail to see that in many books of that period roman and italic types were mingled with an apparent absence of plan which at once strikes the eye, but to which we have grown accustomed and therefore accept without surprise. Editors do not attach any great importance to these curious irregularities, and at most merely make a casual remark on the subject. They never dream that the astute Francis Bacon deliberately arranged the typography of his books, especially title-pages, dedications, etc., so that the total number of words and letters in roman and italic types on any page should produce whatever figures he desired for constructing his secret signatures. In other words, he gave himself, as a rule, four factors with which to manipulate the various names selected: (1) total words in roman type, (2) total words in italic type, (3) total letters in roman type, (4) total letters in italic type; so that by merely adding or subtracting any two of these, or taking one as it stood, the required signatures were revealed. If the page were a full one, the total, say, of roman letters would be far too large for any signatures, and in that case he would arrange to produce what he needed with only three factors instead of four. All this will become abundantly clear as we proceed, so that further explanation is not required for the moment.

It only remains to say that in considering the question of the exact forms of the various names secreted by these means, experience seems to show that the author used Bacon, Francis Bacon, also F. Bacon and Fr. Bacon, since he frequently signed letters thus. But, as explained, we believe he did more than this, and in addition to his own signatures gave also those of "Shake-

speare," Christopher Marlowe, Edmund Spenser, George Peele and Robert Greene, whose works he claims elsewhere, in cipher, to have written. (Naturally there must have been some definite agreement, pecuniary and otherwise, with these men.) That is to say, in examining the "Shakespeare" plays and poems, we find not only Francis Bacon's own signatures in abundance, but also from time to time those of Spenser, Marlowe, Greene, and Peele; but very significantly we do not find "Shakespeare" signatures, except very rarely. Similarly, in the works attributed to Marlowe, we have Bacon's own name everywhere, and also Spenser, Peele, Greene and "Shakespeare" (where the date is not too early), but not Marlowe, except very sparingly. And so on. We believe Bacon did this purposely, in order to afford still further evidence of his authorship of those writings, beyond what would be seen in the works themselves. Naturally this makes the chances of finding some of these names on any given page easier. But we particularly wish to stress the fact that *any* names will not do. With the rarest exceptions, we must always find one or more of Bacon's own signatures on the page, otherwise the evidence would fail. This means that for practical purposes one is limited to the comparatively small group of numbers which form these. It is emphatically *not* a case of having so many numbers available at any given moment, any of which will do. Not only so, but intelligence and discrimination are observable in the manner in which the various names are inserted; so that any theory of coincidence soon becomes untenable.

With the masks, we believe Bacon only used either the surname alone or full Christian name and surname; no abbreviations; though we do find "W. Shakespeare" and "Wm. Shakespeare." After the author was knighted in 1603, one sometimes finds the appropriate knighthood signatures, but generally speaking he adhered throughout life to the familiar "Bacon" ones.

There are many "lives" of Shakespeare, of Stratford, and not the slightest justification for one of them. Their origin is in this wise. The greatest literature in the world is attributed to "William Shakespeare." William Shakespeare of Stratford was the son of parents neither of whom could read or write. We know that he was born in 1564. Not one of his self-styled "biographers" dare say, for a fact, that he was ever at school, but they assume and say "doubtless" he *must* have gone to the grammar school of Stratford. We *know* the master's name, but the name of the scholar is not to be found. It is clear that he gave no indication of marked ability as a youth. We *know* that of the eighteen town councilors only six could sign their names, notwithstanding the existence of a school in their midst. We *know* that Shakespeare's father fell into financial troubles, and that William was taken into his employ at a very early age, say, 12 to 14, and that employ was a butcher, leather seller, and corn dealer. We *know* that at the age of 18 William married a woman named Hathaway, eight years older than himself, and that within six months a child was born. There is evidence that the marriage license was drawn for the name of another woman, and there is tradition

that Anne Hathaway's brothers had something to say on the subject. We *know* that the wife had three children in all, two being twins—Susannah, the first, and Hamnet and Judith. Hamnet died in youth. We *know* that several of the plays, with the names they now bear, appeared from 1589 at latest, and that Love's Labour's Lost was acted in 1592. The best authorities place its composition in 1588. All of the plays were acted before they were published, in many cases some years before, and in some cases they were never published or performed or heard of until they appeared in the First Folio of 1623, or seven years after Shakespeare's death. Between the year of Shakespeare's arrival in London (whenever that exactly was) and the first mention of him in 1593 we know nothing about him. We all, of course, remember what was taught us at school, that his first employment was holding the horses of persons who went into the Globe Theatre. Tradition supports this, but it is not knowledge. We *know* that in 1593 Shakespeare was a member of a company of players who in that year appeared before Queen Elizabeth. But in the "Groatsworth of Wit" we have seen that he was parodied as "Shake-scene," so that between 1585 and 1592 he must have made a sufficient mark to have elicited from Greene the very unflattering opinion expressed in that work. Now it is quite natural that "mouthing others' words" and "buying the reversion of old plays," etc., might have been accomplished in that period, but it is impossible, short of a greater miracle than any recorded in Scripture, that he should have written various plays, all exhibiting wide knowledge, and especially the most learned of all, Love's Labour's Lost, which is an irony and sarcasm upon scholastic learning, involving profound classical knowledge in its author. Remember that books were not easy to obtain in those days, and that Shakespeare had to get his living and would have little opportunity for study. The title-page does not claim the original authorship, but only that it is "newly corrected and augmented by him."

Now we pause here to introduce, as regards that particular play, a point which probably dethrones Shakespeare and enthrones Francis Bacon. The scene is laid in Navarre, at the Court of the Sovereign. Henry IV of France was then King of Navarre. In the play he is called Ferdinand. But Lords attending him are called Biron, Longaville and Dumain. Now these are the names of the actual minister and courtiers there when Anthony Bacon, Francis's brother and incessant correspondent, was residing there, and he remained several years, and it is on record in letters from Anthony, now at the Library of Lambeth Palace, that Anthony desired to come to England about the time this play was to be performed. He was prevented from doing so. It is quite inconceivable that a rustic from Stratford should have gotten hold of these names from an obscure Court of Southern Europe for a play of his own writing, and it is quite certain that the names were known to both the Bacons, as Francis visited Navarre as well as many European Courts; and, moreover, no one not residing at the Court could have known the actual historical fact that 100,000 crowns was the sum offered to the King of Navarre as a quit-

tance for his claim on Aquitaine, as mentioned in the play. The affair was purely local. If written by Shakespeare there was no conceivable motive for its being published anonymously.

Here are a few examples of identity between "Promus" entries and the plays, but, by making any selection, one runs a certain risk that the Stratfordians will say there are no more. They are innumerable, and Mrs. Pott's volume contains 605 pages, and 1,655 instances, besides others in an appendix:

FROM SHAKE-SPEARE

"One fire drives out one fire; one nail one nail."—*Coriolanus* IC. vii.
 "Happy man be his dole."—*Merry Wives* III. iv.
 "Of sufferance comes ease."—*2 Henry IV.* V. iv.
 "Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune."—*As You Like It.* II. vii.
 "Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey."—*Measure for Measure* III. i.
 "Frost itself as actively doth burn."—*Hamlet* III. iv.
 "Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could."—*3 Henry VI.* III. ii.

FROM BACON'S "PROMUS"

"To drive out a nail with a nail."
 "Happy, man, happy dole."
 "Of sufferance cometh ease."
 "God sendeth fortune to fools."
 "Riches the baggage of virtue."
 "Frigus adurit (frost burns)."
 "Ulysses sly in speech."

—Shakespeare always alludes to Ulysses as sly, but in Bacon's prose works he is only one thus spoken of, namely, in this "Promus" entry, which seems to have been made expressly for dramatic use.

FROM SHAKESPEARE

"Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me."—*Richard II.* IV. i.
 "I'll devil-porter it no further."—*Macbeth* II. iii.
 "The inaudible and noiseless foot of time."—*All's Well* V. iii.
 "Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth."—*Hamlet* I. ii.
 "The strings of life began to crack."—*Lear* V. iii.
 "The world on wheels."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona* III. i.
 "Thought is free."—*Tempest* III. ii.
 "There golden sleep doth reign."
 "Thou art uproused by some distemperature."—*Romeo and Juliet* II. iii.
 "A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair play."—*Love's Labour's Lost* IV. i.
 "Beggars cannot choose."—*Taming of the Shrew* (Induction).
 "As if increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on."—*Hamlet* I. ii.

FROM BACON'S "PROMUS"

"Our sorrows are our schoolmasters."
 "He is the devil's porter who does more than what is required of him."
 "The gods have woollen feet."
 "Tell a lie to know a truth."
 "At length the string cracks."
 "The world was on wheels."
 "Thought is free."
 "Golden sleep."
 "Uprouse."
 "Food is wholesome which comes from a dirty hand."
 "Beggars should be no choosers."
 "If you eat, appetite will come."

Large numbers of Promus entries are absolutely identical with expressions in the plays, such as "Pride will have a fall," etc., but we refrain from quoting them because we have long regarded many of them as proverbs, and believe they were proverbs in Bacon's time. But they were not so. He noted them in the Promus as novelties. It is Shakespeare who made them "household words" to ourselves.

Mrs. Pott makes the following computations:—English proverbs in the *Promus*, 203; reproduced in the plays, 152; French, Italian and Spanish proverbs in the *Promus*, 240; reproduced in the plays, 150; Latin proverbs in the *Promus*, 225; reproduced in the plays, 218. "It may be broadly asserted that the English, French, Italian, Spanish and Latin proverbs, which are not noted in the *Promus* and quoted in Shakespeare, are not found in other literature of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries" (Preface to Bacon's *Promus*, p. 84).

It may also be worth while to give one or two of the rare examples of parallelisms between Bacon's prose works and Shakespeare:

FROM SHAKESPEARE

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

"And we must take the current when it serves, or lose our ventures."—Julius Caesar IV. iii.

"To thine own self be true. And it must follow, as the night the day. Thou canst not then be false to any man."—Hamlet I. iii.

"That strain again, it had a dying fall. O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet South, that breathes upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving odour."—Twelfth Night I. i.

"That majestical roof fretted with golden fire."—Hamlet II. ii.

"I am never weary when I hear sweet music. The reason is, your spirits are attentive."—Merchant of Venice V. i.

"Let him be his own carver."—Richard II. iii.

"Nothing almost sees miracles but misery."—King Lear II. ii.

FROM BACON

"In the third place, I set down reputation, because of the peremptory tides and currents it hath, which, if they be not taken in their due time, are seldom recovered."—Advancement of Learning.

"Be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others."—Essay of Wisdom.

"The breath of flowers comes and goes like the warbling of music."—Essay of Gardens.

"For if that great workmaster had been of a human disposition he would have cast the stars unto some pleasant and beautiful works, like the frets in the roofs of houses."—Advancement of Learning.

"Some noises help sleep, as soft singing; the cause is, they move in the spirit a gentle attention."

"You shall not be your own carver."—Advancement of Learning.

"Certainly, if miracles be the control over nature, they appear most in adversity."—Essay of Adversity.

And so on; for dozens of pages in Edwin Reed's "Bacon v. Shakspeare," and Harold Bayley's "The Shakespeare Symphony," and other painstaking collections which, if the general public read them, would lay this controversy to rest forever. All this is mere common-place to those who have studied the question.

How is it that there is not one instance of connection between Shakespeare or the actor and the Stationers' Register? Nothing was ever registered in that name, nor is it possible to trace the connection of the actual writer with the various persons who effected the registration.

Shakespeare never in his own person claimed the authorship of one line of the productions known as those of Shakespeare. Just imagine, here is a

"young man from the country," bursting with genius, with "probably Venus and Adonis in his pocket," as some "authority" suggests, comes to town to get a livelihood, is not even heard of for five years, and then proceeds to allow to be acted, or published anonymously, these marvelous productions of his; and nineteen of the "plays" made their first appearance without any writer's name. A more insane hypothesis was never conceived.

Had Shakespeare written the plays, every means to make it known would have been adopted. If Bacon wrote them, every means to conceal the fact.

We had heard of Ignatius Donnelly's great work, *The Great Cryptogram*. We had been trying for years to get a copy. We advertised through antiquarian book stores. We searched book stores. We never could find one. One day we were browsing around the book stall under the main staircase of the Taj Mahal Hotel, Calcutta, India, and there we ran across a copy. We bought it for a few rupees. We have refused \$1,000 for it since. It is an autographed copy which makes it more valuable. How did this copy get away off there in India? Possibly some English student took it from England with him, got on his uppers and was compelled to sell. Regardless, it is ours now. That book became a great eye-opener, a revelation of evidence.

Although the book was printed in 1888, it has 1,000 pages of codes, ciphers, cryptograms, and explanations of same, with reproductions of pages of original manuscripts, proving the applications of these codes to the copy in question. It is a tremendously illuminating book.

We went to Stratford-on-Avon. We attended Shakespeare plays in the Shakespearean theater. We knew there were two kinds of Shakespeare book stores, on opposite sides of the street—one pro-Shakespeare, one anti-Shakespeare or pro-Bacon. We possessed the regular modern printed editions of the accepted works of Shakespeare. We wanted to read up on the "controversy," so we went to the anti-Shakespeare or pro-Bacon store and purchased an armful of books to investigate and find for ourselves the evidence.

We sailed for New York shortly after, on the Norddeutscher Lloyd Line, S.S. Bremen. We had plenty of time for study. One morning, walking the deck, we again met Preston Bradley, noted pastor of People's Church of Chicago. Few men in the United States were as informed on vital questions as he. One morning we were walking the deck before breakfast. He noticed a book under our arm; inquired what it was. We told him. He was surprised; had never heard there was a "Baconian Controversy." From then on, our time was spent together reviewing evidence sustaining Lord Bacon as the author of Shakespearean plays. Needless to say, the evidence was overwhelmingly in favor of Bacon.

In the whole history of literature, by far the most brilliant figure is that of Francis Bacon. The day is not far distant when, by universal consent, Francis Bacon will be placed upon the topmost pinnacle of fame. But before that day can dawn, a long-standing misconception must be cleared away. One of the most astute of Bacon's many devices for hiding his authorship was

the selection of the obvious pseudonym "Shake-speare," with its resemblance to the name Shaksper or Shakspeare, who was one of his many masks. Into this carefully-laid trap have innocently walked not only the general public of those days, but nearly all biographers, critics, and commentators, down to recent times.

Slowly, and in face of stubborn opposition from orthodox quarters, the unjustly abused Baconian theory is winning its way. Not much longer will the collective common sense of the world tolerate the notion that a man devoid of all culture could produce the greatest masterpieces of literature—works displaying not only genius of the highest order, but deep erudition over an immense field, clearly involving many years of study. The known facts of Shakespeare's life contradict such a theory at every turn, and not all the word-spinning of his biographers can change these deadly facts.

The question is often asked: "If Francis Bacon was such a prolific author as is now claimed for him, why did he wish to remain anonymous?" Briefly, it may be explained as follows:

After young Francis had left college at the age of fourteen, having mastered all the knowledge which the best education of those days could give, he was sent to France with the British Ambassador, Sir Amyas Paulet, and in this way was brought into contact not only with the French Court, but with the intellectual circles of that country. During his two-and-a-half years' stay, he was introduced to the little coterie known as the "Pleiades," whose ambition it was to reform the French language, augment its scanty vocabulary from classical sources, and create a new literature worthy of the new language. Francis was fired with enthusiasm and resolved to do the same for the English language. When we bear in mind the undeveloped state of our mother tongue at that date, and the fact that England was far behind both France and Italy in culture, it will be realized what a gigantic task this lad was setting himself. But, as Spedding says, "He could at once imagine like a poet and execute like a Clerk of the Works"; and even at that early age he was fully aware of his superb mental endowments and eager to use them for the benefit of the world. He felt himself to be a poet, his knowledge was already encyclopaedic, and his pen ready for any demands upon it.

There were, however, grave difficulties in the way; for his ambitions lay in more directions than one. As son of the Lord Keeper, Sir Nicholas Bacon, nephew of the First Minister of the Realm, Lord Burleigh, and already a favorite with Queen Elizabeth, he had access to the innermost Court circles and acquaintance with all who were worth knowing, either there or in the small but very active world of literature. And there is no doubt that he ardently longed to reach some high position in the State, *not*, as most of his biographers unjustly imply, because he was a mere place-hunter, but because, as he himself once said, "place of any reasonable countenance doth bring commandment of more wits than of a man's own." He knew that a position of power and responsibility would enable him to carry out, or at least attempt,

some of those vast schemes of reform in all departments of life which were his most cherished ideals.

But how could he do this and yet immerse himself in literature? In those days there was little encouragement for men of letters. Among a very select few of the educated aristocracy it was indeed permissible, and even fashionable, to compose light poems and pass them around in manuscript to intimate friends; but rarely did men of this stamp publish any of their work, though such publication was sometimes undertaken by others after their death. In any case, it would have been a horrifying suggestion for any man of high birth that the writing of such literature should be adopted as a profession and done for money. With the drama things were even worse. Theatrical performances were still of the rudest and coarsest description; while not only actors, but even playwrights, were a despised class, with whom few well-born men would associate, and certainly not on equal terms.

How, then, could the brilliant Francis Bacon, with the head of a Solon on his youthful shoulders, hope to achieve the literary task he had set himself? When Sir Nicholas Bacon died in 1579, Francis was left comparatively unprovided for, and was compelled to seek some means of livelihood. To be publicly known as a professional author, and still worse as a playwright, would have been fatal to all his high hopes of advancement in the State, and to securing the assistance he needed for his great reforms. Was he to abandon all this, or sacrifice his great literary aims? With characteristic boldness he decided to attempt both; and while outwardly applying himself to the law as a respectable profession, he deliberately renounced the fame which could easily have been his as poet and dramatist, and began at once to pour forth a continuous stream of writing from his ever fertile brain, but all of it either anonymous or pseudonymous.

It is clear, too, that had he adopted only one pseudonym, concealment would soon have become impossible, whether the name were a fictitious one or that of some living person. Hence, his early efforts were put forth under the names of such men as Robert Greene and George Peele; not that he necessarily wrote every line ascribed to these authors, but that he used their names, by mutual arrangement of course, for some of his own writings. Following these, in the field of drama, came the works ascribed to Marlowe, and finally "Shake-speare"; while his non-dramatic poems were fathered by the Irish Government official, Edmund Spenser. Thus, by distributing his literary personality in various directions, he was able to give full vent to his mental activities, and more easily escape detection.

The plays reveal such knowledge of law that the profoundest lawyers say that the author must have been a lawyer. Through all the writings it seems as if he could not get away from legal forms and allusions, some of them of the most abstruse character.

This erroneous view of Bacon's moral nature colours all Mr. Castle's conclusions, and, whilst he furnishes strong reasons for Bacon's concealment

of the sole authorship of the plays, he yet indicates that Bacon undoubtedly collaborated in their production. He is amazed at the amount of the law in the plays, its deep and thorough character, and proves incontestably that no one could have written the plays who either did not possess such knowledge himself or could not have commanded it from one who did. In spite of the inexplicable difficulty of showing how the law could have been "worked into the very fabric" of the plays so as to be "part of the material itself," he prefers to stick to the notion that Shakespeare wrote them.

On March 25, 1616, Shakespeare made his will. On April 23rd he died. That is all we know of the reputed author of the greatest literature on earth. Yes, we also have his will and see that every item he possessed, down to the minutest, is disposed of, that nothing was left to his wife except by an afterthought and interlineation, his second best bed, and that he also barred her dower. But there is not one book, or scrap of printed paper, or manuscript; nothing about copyrights of plays or poems, many of which had yet to come before the world. The plea that the absence of manuscripts is due to their being the property of the theatre is negatived by the facts that Hemminge and Condell seven years after his death say that they "collected" them; therefore the fire at the Globe could not have destroyed them, and they were certainly not published for the benefit of the theatre.

Then, as to Shakespeare's own handwriting. Is there positive proof that he could write at all? His five signatures hardly prove it. There is certainly a generic similarity about them which, we think, excludes the idea that a law clerk wrote them. Something, too, must be allowed for the cramped space available on the parchment tags of the purchase and mortgage deeds.

Of course, the non-existence of any specimen of the actor's handwriting (except five or six signatures) is an overwhelming obstacle to Stratfordian faith. All sorts of ingenious theories have been set up to account for it. The fire at the Globe theatre is one of the most specious, but that is inconsistent with the first appearance of fifteen plays many years after that event.

It would be safe to say that not one in a thousand, even among educated persons, in this country has the slightest idea how immensely strong is the case which can be, and has been, made out for Francis Bacon as the true author of the "Shakespeare" works. Our natural conservatism makes us loth to uproot an idea long assumed to be firmly founded on fact; and persistent opposition by most Shakespearian specialists who are supposed, quite erroneously, to be authorities on the Bacon-Shakespeare problem, has retarded the acceptance of a view which would otherwise have been recognized without demur long before now.

It should be clearly borne in mind that ever since modern literary criticism began, the authorship of "Shakespeare" has presented enormous difficulties. These are not merely the imaginings of Baconians. Commentators have always been faced with the task of explaining how a man who was almost demonstrably an untutored peasant could possibly be the author of the

greatest dramatic compositions known to the world. Genius will not account for this, as they vainly try to persuade themselves, since the true author was also a man of wide culture and vast learning; and no amount of heaven-sent genius can turn an illiterate mind into the mind of a scholar.

Of all the great men who contributed to the splendour of the Elizabethan period, no figure is more brilliant than that of Francis Bacon. So extraordinary and manifold were his intellectual gifts, so compelling the power of his eloquence, so gracious the charm of his personality, and so evident the sincerity of his character, that not only in England but far and wide over Europe his name and fame were held in the highest esteem. Not even the shameful plot which secured his undeserved downfall could lessen the love and respect with which he was still regarded by those who knew him best.

A modern Shakespearean scholar studying the plays from a modern printed edition, comparing them with the original manuscripts found in the British museum, the Shakespeare museum at Stratford-on-Avon, would reach the conclusion that whoever wrote or set the type for the printed edition of the originals did not know how to spell. He would find many words frequently and differently misspelled. For instance:

Shakespeare, Shakespear, Sheakspear, Shekespear, Shekespeer, Shakespeere, etc.

Bacon, Bacone, Beacon, Beacone, Bakon, Bakone, etc.

White, Whyt, Whyte, Whytie, etc.

Was this carelessness, ignorance, or was it a well-laid plan for a design to create certain letters and certain numbers of letters to fit into a code, cipher, or cryptogram? *Why* were some words spelled differently, in the originals, and spelled all alike in the modern printings? *Why* is a certain letter or certain letters in roman type and others in italics? It cannot be said that the printer ran out of type of one kind or another, because he used the same roman letters in other words where he had italics in certain words, and vice versa. These and many more questions came to the one who questioned the authenticity of the author as being Shakespeare. These questions had to be answered.

If a modern student of Shakespeare plays were to take a modern printed book of the plays and seek to find a code, cipher, or cryptogram, he would not find it. *Why*? Because it is printed in straight style. The codes are found *only* in the original manuscripts.

This consideration brings us to the necessity of glancing for a moment at the air of esoteric mystery which, apart from all suggestions of Bacon's authorship of the "Shakespeare" literature, is associated with Bacon's acknowledged work—we do not say of *all* his *works*. But what seems to have been the impulse which moved a learned English lady, Mrs. Pott, to devote fifty years to the study of Bacon's career is the belief that Francis re-founded a secret society—the Rosicrucians—the purpose of which was to keep alight and hand on to future ages the lamp of knowledge. We do not personally

propose to deal with this aspect of Bacon's phenomenal existence. It is the study of a life-time, and the more efficiently Bacon might have directed that society, the more difficult must it necessarily be to lay bare its workings. We believe there was, and is, such a society, and we are inclined to think that its secrecy has outlived the period prescribed by Bacon, and that many keys, or "open sesames," have been lost. Meantime we have Mrs. Pott's wonderful book, "Francis Bacon and His Secret Society," containing amongst other things hundreds of diagrams of paper-marks, and these alone are fraught with fascinating interest and suggestions of thrilling possible meanings. The cost of the frames necessary for making these marks is a matter of the utmost astonishment.

We will also pass by all questions of secret ciphers and "cryptograms" in the "Shakespeare" literature. We will pronounce a personal opinion as to whether there is a cipher. If you believe Mrs. Callup, who is sincerely convinced that she has discovered one such cipher—the biliteral—the whole story of Bacon's birth, life, and work, and his *modus operandi* with reference to the "Shakespeare" plays by name, is clearly stated. Bacon in his "De Augmentis" in a chapter headed "Of Cyphers," does give an explanation, with examples how to work it, of a biliteral cipher devised by himself; the same that Mrs. Callup professes to work. He is known to have invented several systems of ciphers. But we do not call in the aid of ciphers for what we are maintaining. If it cannot be proved without them, we are sure the popular idol will not be overthrown, for they must ever remain "caviare to the general." But Mr. Harold Bayley, in his book, "The Tragedy of Sir Francis Bacon," gives extracts from Mrs. Callup's sincerely alleged decipherings, of such a remarkable character, so original a dialectic, in such precise reproduction of the contemporary orthography and recording such strange thought or facts—if they be facts—that it is hard to believe that Mrs. Callup or anyone else could have invented them.

The Stratfordian case is based upon the most extreme improbability that it is possible to conceive—this no one will deny. This aspect of the matter may be put into the proverbial nutshell when one has to consider which is the more probable—that a man of aristocratic birth and the highest political connections, who possessed all the knowledge found in the "Shakespeare" literature, which practically comprises all the knowledge then extant amongst the leaders of European thought and society, should have written that literature, or that it was written by a man of whom not even his most ardent worshippers venture to assert positively that he ever went to school, and concerning whom all agree that his scholastic education—if he had any—ceased at about the age of 14; who from that age was pre-occupied in obtaining a livelihood—being for several years a butcher's apprentice—under conditions of grinding family poverty.

Although no one can yet prove with mathematical certainty that Francis Bacon wrote "Shakespeare," there is, morally, conclusive evidence that the

unimportant actor born at Stratford-on-Avon, whose interests centered there all his life, and who retreated there for many years before his death, and who was known as "William Shakspar," could not write "Shakespeare."

It is important to bear in mind that throughout most of Bacon's life he was being spied upon by one of his few enemies; for the crafty, malicious William Cecil undoubtedly used every means to keep his brilliant cousin from becoming too close a rival to his (Cecil's) political ambitions. If Francis Bacon was in truth the elder son of Queen Elizabeth by Robert Dudley, and therefore a possible heir to the throne, his every movement would be watched with vigilance; since in those dangerous times of plots and counterplots, both religious and political, not only treason but many minor offenses frequently brought their luckless authors within grips of the dreaded Star Chamber.

We must not imagine that in constructing all this cipher material, Bacon was gratifying an erratic and extravagant mental idiosyncrasy. It was a *necessity* for him—a question of outwitting those who were prying into his secrets, political or literary; and if we in these days can enter upon this inquiry in a similar spirit of adventure and bring a little of the Sherlock Holmes element into our researches, together with some sense of humour, we shall be far more likely to discover these secrets than by stolidly refusing to believe in their existence. Francis Bacon used marvelous skill in hiding his messages for future ages. We shall need our best wits to decipher them.

The every-day run-of-the-mill student of Shakespeare glibly discounts the findings and revelations brought forth in codes, ciphers, and cryptograms. He says they are merely "accidents" which might, could, and would happen in the writings of anybody who prints a book. But, when one finds a key to a code and that key unlocks entire stories which build themselves up into a completeness of facts, then they are not "accidents" or "incidents" and they don't "happen." It is possibly true that any code might "happen" in a word or words, a sentence or two, but when it runs true to that key consistently, insistently, and persistently, then that is no "accident." And that is true of every code which had been deciphered and applied to the sonnets and plays.

Today, the theater is an established legitimate business. Actors and actresses take their proper place in society. They are respected and looked up to. Not so, in the days of Elizabeth, Lord Bacon, and Shakespeare. No play could be published and acted on the stage without the consent of the queen. Actors and actresses were not held in any esteem. Before any book could be published, it had to be done by special grant and authority of the king or queen. Such was always printed on the fly-leaf.

It is evident that somebody, regardless of whether Shakespeare or Lord Bacon, wanted to write in the intrigues of the court, the scandals and dirt of the day, for which he could not get permission. To get them in, it had to be written in code, hidden in behind other plays using them as a front. The front was passed, but the secret story hidden in a cipher was not obvious. Time has proven there was such.

Was there such a character as William Shakespeare? The answer is yes. One such lived and died in Stratford-on-Avon. He was known as a barroom fly, a bum. He lived for the most part in a tavern. He was drunk a good share of the time. The only time he was known to have left Stratford-on-Avon was when he was arrested, taken to London, and fined for being in debt. Let us ask this question: Before any person could have written the story of Shylock and Portia, he had to intimately and thoroughly know Venetian law. So perfect was the trial in legal understanding that it is quoted by lawyers as a classic. No one could know Venetian law without having been to Venice and studied law on the ground. William Shakespeare had never been there. He was an ignorant man. How could *he* have written that story? The answer is obvious.

From what has now been advanced, it is clear that Bacon would take special precautions to establish his claim to all the anonymous and pseudonymous works already referred to, since he undoubtedly wished his authorship to be revealed in due season, though not until long after his death. Secrets of this nature must have been imparted to intimate friends and literary executors, if not also to a hidden society working in conjunction with him. But in those dangerous times many unexpected events might occur to frustrate the most carefully laid plans. Therefore it was natural for him to adopt some concealed methods, by which the works themselves should prove his authorship for those who could discover the keys to unlock these mysteries. When only a lad of eighteen, he invented what is commonly known as the bi-literal cipher, founded on the same principle as our modern Morse code; and in various passages in his works, especially the *Advancement of Learning*, 1605, and the *De Augmentis*, 1623, he mentions different systems of cipher in such terms as to leave no doubt that he was himself using some or all of them; and he even gives illustrations. Indeed the very passage containing the description is itself an example of cipher work.

We must remember, too, how in Elizabethan days even serious-minded literary men seemed to delight in ciphers, acrostics, anagrams, and word play of every description, to an extent which appears strange in this century. It is further to be noted that Anthony Bacon was constantly traveling over the continent on political and diplomatic missions, and the two brothers maintained a considerable correspondence for many years. Much of this would necessarily be in cipher, as was customary in diplomatic circles. Moreover, Francis himself was probably thus employed for a time, and his quick wit and ready pen were frequently requisitioned by the queen in political emergencies of all kinds. Lastly, we may bear in mind a highly significant passage from his posthumous fragment *Valerius Terminus*, Chap. 18, as follows: "That the discretion anciently observed . . . of publishing part, and reserving part of a private succession, and of publishing in a manner whereby it shall not be to the capacity nor taste of all, but shall as it were single and adopt his reader, is not to be laid aside." Everything, therefore, points to

the fact that Francis Bacon was addicted to habits of secrecy and that he was a master cryptographer. Hence, no surprise need be felt that such methods *are* found in his writings, both acknowledged and unacknowledged. This evidence is the more valuable in that it differs from the historical and critical research normally applied to such problems, and is more akin to mechanical or mathematical proof, though not being such in the stricter sense.

Seeing that the first two codes were such elementary examples of cryptography, the marvel is that he was not discovered more readily. But, as he himself says in *The Advancement of Learning*, "in regarde of the rawnesse and unskilfulnesse of the hands through which they passe, the greatest matters are many times carryed in the weakest cyphars." Our own belief is that his extensive authorship was an open secret among the most select literary circles, and probably also to some extent in the printing and publishing trades; but that as, according to all accounts, the charm of his personality, combined with admiration for his splendid intellectual attainments, eventually secured for him the warm friendship of most of the best writers of the day, his desire for anonymity was respected. As a matter of fact, both Marston and Hall, in their *Satires*, made veiled reference to Bacon as being the true "Shake-speare." So did Ben Jonson in *The Poetaster*. But orthodox Shakespearean editors ignore such evidence as this.

The concealed signatures were simply the numerical totals of the letters in a particular name. Where were these signatures concealed? Chiefly on the title page, first page, and last page of a book; also frequently in the "Epistle Dedicatorie," or an "Address to the Gentle Reader," or in a Prologue or Epilogue.

You ask, why, then, if Lord Bacon wrote the plays, did he use the name of William Shakespeare and give credit where it was not due? The record shows that Lord Bacon used some dozen different nom de plumes under which he wrote. Shakespeare was one of them.

Lord Bacon was the first son born of the Virgin Queen Elizabeth. History shows that Elizabeth was not a virgin. Lord Bacon's father was Lord Leicester. This made Francis Bacon the Prince of Wales, heir apparent to the throne. Being born to royalty, having grown up in court circles, he knew all the intrigues of the court at London. As he grew, he was ambassador to the various courts of Europe, Spain, Italy, etc. Being an ambassador, he knew codes, ciphers, and cryptograms. He had entree to all the courts and knew intimately the various peoples of those days and, being a writer, he could tell all stories such as are found in Shakespeare plays.

Whenever and wherever the Baconian controversy arises in argument, debate, the pro-Baconians produce evidence to sustain their position. The pro-Shakespeare group argue antiquity, what everybody believes. The latter group cannot break down the evidence or break down the facts produced by the deciphering of the codes.

One more point remains for consideration. The interesting theory has frequently been advanced that Francis Bacon was in truth the elder son of Queen Elizabeth by a secret though legitimate marriage with Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester. As this question is still sub judice, one does not wish to dogmatize on it, especially as conclusive proof would naturally be very difficult to produce. But there are many very curious facts pointing in this direction, which cannot by any means be dismissed without careful examination. If this theory should finally prove to be well grounded, then all the reasons already adduced for Bacon's anonymity would be greatly strengthened, since he would in any case have been Prince of Wales *de jure*, if not *de facto*, during Elizabeth's life, and would anticipate being crowned subsequently as Francis I of England. But for many reasons it would be embarrassing for Elizabeth to acknowledge the marriage, and the fact remains that she did not do so. Such a theory would also explain why the "Virgin Queen" could never make up her mind to accept any of her numerous suitors!

We speak of "Shakspur" as distinguished from Shakespeare. Why? Not because we attach much importance to the spelling of the name. In those days thought was as advanced, as subtle, as refined, as deep and wide-embracing as it is now, or ever can be. It is the "Shakespeare" literature which proves it.

But the orthographical mould into which that thought was to flow was by no means settled. The orthography was still in a state of flux. So you will find Bacon himself sometimes spelling the same word differently on the same page. We could feel no assurance in an argument based upon the spelling of the name of the person called by us moderns William Shakespeare, but who himself never spelt his name that way. There are twenty or thirty different ways in which the family of this Stratford man spelt their name—Shagspere, Shaxper, Shaxburd, Shakspurre, etc.—and in the only reputed specimens of his handwriting, the five signatures, the name is spelt Shakspere, or in the last discovery at the Record Office (a sixth signature?) "Will Shakpr." In the Marriage Bond of 1582 it is spelt Shagspere. On September 4th, 1568, Shakspere's father is entered on the register of Stratford, being elected High Bailiff as "Mr. John Shakysper."

But we *do* attach importance to the *sound* of a name, and we regard it as very significant. But in all title-pages, as soon as author's name appears, it is William or W. Shakespeare, with two exceptions, where it is spelt as Shakspere. We have personally studied the title-pages of the "Shakespeare" productions. The majority of the plays were published as quarto pamphlets, and in the first instance anonymously. Some, after the first or second editions, bore the name "William Shakespeare," and on by far the larger number, down to the last edition, that name is printed with a hyphen—"William Shake-speare," which could only have been pronounced in such a way, even at that time, as to suggest the shaking or brandishing of a spear.

CHAPTER 127

THE STORY OF CHIMES

B.J., WHAT IS THE STORY behind the chimes you have in the tower of the Administration Building, which are played twice daily? What gave you the idea? Why did you put them there? Why put them on a school building, when we usually think of them in connection with church belfries?

"About forty years ago, we used to make periodic visits to the Mission Inn, Riverside, California, which, by the way, is one of the most unusual inns in the world (as also are Broadmoor, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Davenport Hotel, Spokane, Wash.; Grove Park Inn, Asheville, N. Car.; and Arizona Inn, Tucson, Ariz.) We became well acquainted with the owner and proprietor, Frank Miller, now deceased. It was a storehouse, warehouse, and museum of the finest and most expensive second-hand store modern antiques in the world. Frank Miller had installed a set of Deagen tubular chimes which were played usually several times a day. It struck us as a unique method of indirect advertising, which is often the most direct.

"On one of our lecture tours, delivering *Selling Yourself* to civic groups, we talked to five joint groups in the Cabrillo Hotel, Santa Barbara, California. Incidentally, it was while there we saw the old hand-hammered, laminated iron anchor and chain once used on the pirates' flag ship, Cabrillo, on the harbor dock. We bought it at one cent per pound, weight guessed. The freight cost four times that, to Davenport.

"At this meeting, we were introduced, as we always requested, as 'B.J. of Davenport.' In a minute, another person came in, with long hair, big necktie, made up to look like us. He, too, was introduced as 'B.J. of Davenport.' In a few minutes, three others, all dressed alike, were introduced in the same way. Sitting at the speakers' table now were five of us. (An enlarged photo of the group, taken that day, now hangs in our private office in the private Clinic.)

"After the talk, one garage man, impressed by what we had said about unique advertising, said: 'What would you suggest I do to advertise my business in Santa Barbara?' Remembering the Santa Barbara Mission, and the bells in the belfry, I suggested he get a set of Deagan Chimes to put on top of his garage, that they might be heard all over town. Then the thought struck us: if the idea was as good as that for him, why not do it ourselves? So, twenty-nine years ago (1920) we ordered a set.

"At that time we were building the Administration Building. The architect's plans did not call for a tower or chimes. We suddenly switched and

strengthened that corner and built a tower. We added the chimes, a set of sixteen tubes weighing many tons. We have played them consistently ever since, at 11:45 to 12:00 noon, and 5:00 to 5:15 P.M.

"We were never satisfied with the carrying distance of these tubular bells. Neither would we have been satisfied with the carrying qualities of the old-fashioned bells. They, like bells, can carry only vibration sound to the human ear, a reasonable distance depending on winds and atmospheric conditions. We wanted this music to cover Davenport, east, west, north, and south, and on across the Mississippi to Rock Island and Moline. It remained for 1949 for this to become a reality.

"The Palmer School of Chiropractic is on the peak of the top of Brady Street Hill. The Administration Building is at the top of this hill. The tower is on top of this building. On top of the tower is *Upenuf*, the highest building spot in Davenport. On *Inspiration Point*, at top of *Upenuf* one can look up and down the Mississippi for miles; overlook Davenport on the hill as well as downtown below us; across to Rock Island and Moline—a wonderful place to send harmonious music of chimes into homes and business offices for miles around.

"During the Chicago Railroad Fair in 1948, we heard chimes from the Tribune Tower. The paper described them as 'Celeste Chimes' made by The Deagan Company of Chicago. So, out to the Deagan Company we went. There, we found exactly what we had been wanting and waiting for, all these years.

"In the spring of 1949, we installed the Deagan Celeste Chimes, consisting of one model A-25 Celeste Chime tone unit, with a range of 25 notes, from C to C, chromatic. Each tone bar is equipped with its own striking action, automatic electric damper and magnetic pick-up. There is an A-25 speaker system consisting of four Jensen re-entrant type exterior speakers, each with a coverage of ninety degrees, and one permanent magnet type interior speaker. One standard A-25, 120-watt amplifier. Additional amplification units, with a total output of 840 watts. In addition, there are fourteen Atlas long-range exterior type speakers. There is an automatic electric player, under clock control, automatically rewinding itself, ready for the next time to play. There is a Westminster Chiming Device, under clock control, to sound the quarter hours and hours during the daytime and early evening. This can be set to silence itself at any period of night, and will resume operation the following morning without further human attention. In addition to all this, the clock arrangement can be cut and the chimes played manually on a keyboard console. It is an ideal set-up."

CHAPTER 128

THE STORY OF RADIO WOC

WHEN DAVE WAS A KID, he had a receiving set in our "Pigeon Roost" which is a tower on top of our home at 808 Brady. Night after night, he would listen to boats on the ocean, talking to each other. This kept up for some time.

Later, we had a student in school, Stanley W. Barnett, who had been a radio man, who kept talking about radio—"It is the coming thing; get in on the ground floor while you can," etc. In self defense, we did get in on the ground floor; in fact, started in when there was no starting. We told Stanley we would go into radio if he would build, run, and manage it.

There was a chap in Rock Island, named Karlowa, who had a radio broadcasting set. It was a hobby. It proved to be too expensive to carry the load, so Stanley bought for us the Karlowa equipment. This was in the fall of 1919—thirty years ago (1949). Stanley became the first announcer. Because of a similarity of his initials "SWB" to another announcer, he changed it in reverse to "BWS," for which initials he became famous.

The studio, equipment, everything was built into a room about six feet wide by twelve feet long, over the top of the stairwell of the Administration Building. The motor was under a rustic seat in the hallway adjoining. That rustic seat is still there.

Shortly thereafter, we built one room on top of the Roof Garden on the east side. Later, we added another reception room to that. Still later, we built a control room on the south side of the Roof Garden.

In those days, anybody could build and use a radio station. There were no regulations. We gradually expanded from a 5-watt set to 100-watt; 100-watt to 500-watt, to 5,000-watt. Meanwhile, everything was going out, nothing coming in. It proved to be an expensive plaything. We sunk \$420,000 before we were permitted to earn our first dollar selling time.

In those days, when we were 500-watt or 400 meters, and one of a very few radio stations, we were pounding out over the air everywhere. We were heard in Rome, Sweden, Russia, Australia, China, Japan, Alaska, and, of course, in every state and city of the United States. We had a map on the wall and every time we received confirmation of a long distance reception we stuck a pin in the map. That map still hangs in that hall.

Gradually, federal regulation came. The Department of Commerce took over, with Herbert Hoover as Administrator. Regulations were few and far between and easy to follow. More stations came into being. In a few years,

the air was cluttered, each falling all over everybody else. Each was permitted to take any wave length it wanted. More regulations followed. At that time, only AM was known or used. This limited the number of channels possible without heterodyning each other. Each was assigned a certain wave length. Broadcasting was a sloppy business then; the wave band was extremely wide and overlapping even when assigned a certain frequency.

To care for the political pressure growing stronger through the years, more stations came into being. Then came national-cleared-channel group, regional group, local group stations. The regional group was of low power which could be heard practically in a city or county.

When WOC had reached 5,000 watts, we sought new territory to conquer. We reached out and bought 5,000-watt Station WHO, then owned by Banker's Life of Des Moines. We later synchronized these two by land wire between Davenport and Des Moines, with a monitor station at Iowa City, something radio engineers of that day said could not be done. We did it!

One of our policies has always been to be even with or ahead of the development of the art, whether that be Chiropractic, radio, or any other activity with which we were associated. To that end, we wanted to increase our power to overcome the restrictions so many stations made on our coverage by reducing it. More power would put us back on top of the pile. We asked for a 50,000-watt clear channel station. To gain this, we united WOC and WHO. We built the 50,000-watt station at Des Moines and called it WOC-WHO because we wanted to retain the identity of the long-built-up WOC call letters. This left Davenport without a radio station. A short time later, we bought KICK from Council Bluffs, Iowa, and brought it to Davenport. Given time, we built that up into a full-time, 24-hour-around-the-clock Davenport station. That is where the picture stands now, as of 1949.

During this period we were developing facsimile, where we put an automatic recording device in your home, where we could record news and pictures on a roll of paper in your home, between the hours of twelve midnight and six A.M., when we resumed regular voice broadcasting. When you woke up, here was a newspaper with latest news, in your home. This has been temporarily laid to one side in favor of other more vital methods of broadcasting.

During more recent years, the FCC, who were now mis-regulating the industry, had frozen the ability of more stations on the air. The AM channels were limited. Then came Armstrong with his FM. With this system, there was an almost unlimited number of new stations. FM did not affect AM except commercially and financially. The market soon became glutted with FM's. Every city had several. Instead of one station at Davenport, there are now four in our territory. Instead of one station at Des Moines, there are now seven. Meanwhile, everybody wanted a radio station—FM if they had to. This furore lasted about two years. They are dying off now like flies in winter. They cannot meet obligations financially, nor do they render a high quality of new service to the advertiser.

It was years before we were permitted to introduce advertising on the air. Later, we were permitted to mention prices of commodities. So today, broadcasting is a distinct selling medium better suited for some issues than others.

During those early days, when we were contemplating entering radio, we went to our editors of our newspapers, thinking he was progressive and aggressive, and asked his advice. He said: "A fool and his money are soon parted. It is a plaything for boys, not a business for men or money." We went to our banker and received the same reply. This did not discourage us because we thought we saw a service far beyond the capabilities of the average mind of those days. Time has vindicated that vision.

For the past ten or fifteen years, television has been gradually creeping into the picture. We were never afraid of its potential possibilities. Astute and otherwise wise radio men thought it a plaything also. They hesitated, hemmed and hawed, ridiculed, etc. But in 1948, it took a sudden leap forward. It had been sufficiently perfected that it had commercial realities. Everybody now wanted to get on that bandwagon. WOC and WHO secured two construction permits, bought their equipment, and in the fall of 1948 it arrived; in 1949, we are assembling it. So WOC and WHO have grown through all the steps—AM, FM, FC, and TV. We expect to go on the air in the fall of 1949 with WOC-TV, and in 1950 with WHO-TV.

We never had any trouble housing WOC at Davenport because we owned our own buildings. We gradually expanded from the one small cubby-hole to include two-thirds of the Roof Garden; then we moved offices downstairs on the fourth floor of the Administration Building. In the spring of 1948, we bought the old Ryan residence across the street from our home. We spent almost one year at a cost of \$150,000, remodeling and building an additional building on the grounds. The entire WOC organization, including AM, FM, and TV, with its offices and administration personnel, will be housed in it.

In Des Moines, however, the problem was a different one. When we bought WHO it was housed in the Banker's Life Building. It had to be moved. We sought space from various merchants in exchange for spot announcements we would give. None took kindly to the idea until we met Mr. Stoner who had a music store on Walnut Street. We leased one store at first, then a second, then he remodeled more room for us. Gradually, that organization has grown until we own the entire quarter block in the heart of Des Moines, most of which we are now using. To provide for the future, we bought a vacant piece of property on Grand Avenue between 30th and 31st Streets, which has a frontage of 313 feet and a depth of 1,275 feet, more than four blocks deep. That is a long way off yet, because of the cost of going into TV for the present. Our crew at Des Moines now numbers approximately 240 on our payroll, including talent.

Up until about eight years ago, with all these stations on the air, the general working policy of most of them was dog-eat-dog, grabbing here and there with little regard for ethics, good taste, or common sense.

Commercials were of terrible length, horribly written by office girls, with no salesmanship exhibited. As a result, sponsors were spending millions on programs and getting pennies in return on sales. People were disgusted and would turn off their sets. They liked the shows and spit at the sales arguments. Radio, saleswise, became a laughing joke. Radio, commercially, was on the down-grade and slipping fast. Unless something was done, radio would be a thing of the past because the only thing that maintained the American way of radio was the dollar spent to advertise wares.

We began to break down an analysis of its evils. We wrote a small booklet called *Radio Salesmanship*. Believing we had hit a keynote, we printed it, sent it forth free, with our blessings, to the radio industry. First issue was 8,000 copies. It was out, and a second was demanded. We enlarged it. We ran through five editions, some 28,000 copies, gratis, enlarging and adding more evils and how to correct them. Radio schools sent for them. Radio stations adopted and adapted them to their needs. Length of commercials materially shortened. Evils began to disappear. We then thought of the necessity of facing station managers and agencies direct. We put on five radio schools, inviting all free. New York was first, followed by Chicago, Hollywood, Winnipeg, and Quebec. We received more than 6,000 letters commending our efforts. Finally, came the last and final edition, a cloth-bound hard-board book five times larger than the fifth edition. We charge \$5 for this copy. It is in constant demand.

Because of the tremendous impact of this book, the radio industry is now in its most prosperous state. All AM stations are doing well. A few FM's are, but most are not. TV is coming into its own. Good taste, common sense, brief commercials are the vogue. Radio has cleaned its own house without censorship. *Radio Salesmanship* saved the industry from closing its doors.

During a convention of the National Association of Broadcasters in Chicago, Dr. Angell, President Emeritus of Yale, and the man who makes the policies of National Broadcasting Company, made a statement which we resented. It was at a breakfast held by all NBC affiliate stations. In substance, Dr. Angell said: "We must not sell time to quacks and fakes," and looked directly at us when he said it. It made us boil. After breakfast was over, the affiliates had an opportunity to discuss these policies with NBC officials who were present. We intended then and there to discuss it from the floor. Ralph Evans advised us against it then, saying, "There will come a time and a place when that can be done better than here and now."

Such opportunity did arise when we were in New York on WOC and WHO business. It was at a luncheon in Niles Trammell's private dining room. We said to Niles: "Your Dr. Angell made the following statement—" (repeating it and when and where it took place). Niles did not remember. It was verified by others at the luncheon. We said to Niles: "You are a quack and a fake. Every radio station is a fake to every news-

paper. Every statement you utter is a quack statement to every newspaper." He saw the wisdom of that statement. He immediately issued an ultimatum that such was not to be repeated or said by Dr. Angell from then on. We further said: "Two-thirds of your listening audience are patients of some form of drugless healing. To have them know that you are closing your stations to such is to alienate two-thirds of your audience. They will turn off NBC stations and listen-in on some other net." He immediately saw the wisdom of doing everything to retain the good will of listeners. From then on, NBC stations have been privileged to sell time to Christian Scientists, Osteopaths, and Chiropractors.

CHAPTER 129

A BRIEF STORY OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF WOC

(This was printed in a booklet in 1922. Many of its statements, applied then, do not apply now, in 1949.)

THE RADIO BROADCASTING APPARATUS installed at The Palmer School of Chiropractic, Davenport, Iowa, puts the school's facilities for broadcasting on an equal footing with those of the most powerful stations anywhere in the country.

Housed in specially fitted rooms located on Up-E-Nuf, the roof auditorium of the school, are the broadcasting apparatus and the studio equipment, each in a separate room and each the last word in modernity. The studio is one of the most efficient in the country. In the first place, the altitude is sufficient to eliminate street noises which might interfere with perfect broadcasting and, in the second place, there is genuine beauty of surroundings, as well as picturesqueness of furnishings.

Solidly constructed is the room in which the broadcasting is done, and the studio and reception room afford ample accommodations for any number of artists who could possibly be used on a single program.

The installation of the pipe organ in the B. J. Palmer residence gives another unique and unusual form of radiophone music. This organ is one of the finest in the country. It was made by the Aeolian Company of New York, who have made a specialty of building organs for the past twenty-five years, and their product is to be found in many aristocratic homes, churches, and other large halls in America and Europe. The keyboard is located at the east end of the music room and the main organ is located in a chamber especially built for it directly overhead. The echo organ is placed in a similar chamber at the extreme west end of the porch, and on account of its relative location to that of the main organ, the most charming and enchanting distant effects are possible.

The instrument which contains the pure organ tones has, in addition, the orchestral characters, which are faithfully represented. The string and flute are especially fine, as are the clarinet, oboe, and trumpet. The Vox Humana, of which there are two (one in the main and the other in the echo), are exceptionally beautiful. The organ also contains a harp and a set of chimes (separate from the large tower chimes) both of which have their own separate expression control, allowing a wide range of expression.

In the music studio there is an Ampico reproducing piano, which is also used for accompaniment or solo work. There are, in addition, the uniphone, two phonographs, and a cabinet organ for use as desired; also the keyboard and control for the Deagan Tower Chimes, which are broadcast twice daily.

The outlay of money entailed by this service approximates \$60,000, indicating the faith of The Palmer School of Chiropractic in the permanency of radio as a public necessity and utility. Other organizations in the country are convinced of the permanent place of radio in the American scheme of things, and have likewise invested materially, although none other has, perhaps, striven for the completeness of facilities which now characterizes Station WOC. The most vacillating of doubting Thomases must concede that the step taken by The Palmer School is bound to react to the satisfaction and entertainment of the school's friends, and to bring the name of the city before the country as it could be brought in no other way.

When at first the school became convinced of the future of radio telephony, a careful survey was taken of the broadcasting equipment available for the purpose of supplying Davenport with a station fit to rank with any on the continent. Determined that the best was none too good for this purpose, a contract was closed with the Western Electric Company for a station of the same general type as that by which communication was carried on between Deal Beach, New Jersey, and the S.S. America, far out on the Atlantic.

That it has proven a boon to the thousands of receiving stations in Iowa and surrounding states, is certain. It was planned by and manufactured under the supervision of the very same engineers who, taking up this latest phase of communication science on a large scale in 1915, startled the world by establishing vocal contact between Arlington, Virginia, and Paris, France, Colon, Panama, Honolulu, and San Diego, California, and who during the war contributed materially to the radio telephonic developments undertaken by the army and navy.

For many years the engineers of the Western Electric Company, in their capacity as the manufacturing experts of the Bell Telephone System, have been conducting all sorts of experiments with radio. Associated with their fellows of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and directed by General J. J. Carty, vice-president and head of the Bell System Department of Development and Research, and Frank B. Jewett, their own chief engineer, the technical experts have by constant study discovered things about radio undreamed of a few years ago.

Although speech was transmitted experimentally up to a distance of one mile in 1901, no practical use of radio telephony resulted. However, with a view to applying the latest developments in the art and of taking an active part in these forward steps, attention was again turned to radio telephony in 1915. Early in that year a sending station was put into operation at Montauk Point, Long Island, from which satisfactory wireless telephony was

carried on, first with a small receiving station on the DuPont Building in Wilmington, Delaware, and later to a rough-and-ready antenna erected at Saint Simon's Island, on the southern coast of Georgia, a distance of 1,000 miles. The most noteworthy achievement of this early aerial undertaking was that of talking from an ordinary telephone at Montauk Point by wireless to Georgia, where the conversation was relayed over an ordinary long distance circuit back to New York.

Later in 1915, a high power vacuum tube transmitter, the first in the world of so large a power output, was constructed by the Bell engineers and installed at Arlington, Virginia.

During the World War, the same engineering and development organization was charged with the development of many and varied communication systems, among which, in the radio field, may be mentioned the following: communications from airplanes and between airplanes and the ground; the development of the submarine chaser radio telephone sets; and miscellaneous radio telephone sets for field use, such as those used on the tanks.

ESTABLISH WORLD'S DISTANCE RECORDS

The Palmer School of Chiropractic broadcasting station is unique in many respects. Designed to cover a region of from 100 to 150 miles from Davenport, and to deliver 500 watts of radio frequency power to the antenna system under all conditions, under favorable conditions it can be heard at very great distances.

In three days following the initial test of the apparatus on the evening of Tuesday, August 15, 1922, over two thousand enthusiastic reports were received from this test program. These letters came from thirty-five states and from Canada and Cuba. The entire United States had been reached, with the exception of the New England states and the country west of the Rockies.

At the end of the first month's test broadcasting, in spite of severe summer weather, the remaining states had dwindled to three in number, with the record air line distance of 1,765 miles.

Shortly afterward was established the enviable record of being heard in every civilized state and province in the North American Continent on one single program.

The next distance record was to Hilo, Hawaii, and on December 16, 1922, a lecture by Major Dent Atkinson was picked up thirty kilometers east of Paris, France, an air line distance estimated at 6,000 miles. Later, reception of our signals was officially reported from Stockholm, Sweden.

An enviable record was established in the early part of 1923 with the Steamship Ardmore, in South American waters. While operating off the coast of Chile, in the vicinity of Antofagasta, which is twenty-two degrees south of the equator, the crew of the Ardmore were entertained regularly for three months with programs from WOC.

The feasibility of ship-to-shore radio telephony was demonstrated during the history-making wireless transmission between the S.S. America and the Bell System Broadcasting Stations on the Atlantic coast and by the recent accomplishment of the engineers of the Western Electric Company in broadcasting from their experimental station at New York an entertainment that was heard on the S.S. Col. Drake, 1,000 miles west of San Francisco and more than 3,300 miles from the talkers.

OVERCOME ACOUSTIC TROUBLES

To obtain ideal operating conditions for the broadcasting station of The Palmer School of Chiropractic, a special suite of rooms has been prepared, every means having been taken to insure suitable acoustic properties. The chamber that houses the microphone and forms the headquarters for the speakers, vocalists and musicians secured to conduct the broadcasting program is a mysterious compartment with walls shrouded beneath layers of draperies and a floor buried beneath the heaviest of carpets. Constant study has proved that to prevent the reflection of sound and to prevent the impairment of the quality of vocal and instrumental music, such precautions are necessary.

Adjoining the room just described are three others; first is the reception room, in which the artists wait their turn to appear on the program. The second is given over to the sending and receiving apparatus and at a distance of several feet is the power room which houses the equipment necessary to supply the transmitting energy.

The radio transmitter, forming the heart of the broadcasting station, is contained in a large, black steel cabinet weighing a ton, in which are installed the vacuum tubes, filters, relays, resistances and the other auxiliary apparatus which make possible modern aerial communication. The antenna relay is mounted on top of this framework, whose sides, outside of that section given over to the insulating panels, are inclosed by expanded metal guards which serve both to protect the apparatus from injury and to prevent accidental contact with those parts subject to high potential.

The input equipment consists of microphones, input amplifier, control apparatus, batteries and a loud speaking receiver for monitoring purposes. The microphone design is such as to insure faithful reproduction of every gradation of tone of speech or music which is to be transmitted, and may be operated by talking close up or from a distance of several feet.

The microphone is so mounted in a casing as to minimize the effect of mechanical vibration that might affect the clarity of the reproduced sounds.

To obtain the best results the magnitude of the feeble currents produced by the microphone must be increased many thousand times before they are impressed on the radio transmitter. For this purpose an input amplifier provides the necessary amplification.

This consists of a three-stage amplifier mounted upon a black-finished

angle-iron framework, so that all items of the apparatus are accessible. The dimensions of the framework are approximately five feet high by two feet wide by ten inches deep.

In addition to the amplifier tubes, transformers, etc., the input amplifier panel has mounted upon it control apparatus to regulate the amplification.

Current to operate the microphone is supplied by an 18-volt storage battery, and is regulated by a rheostat on the input amplifier panel. Filament current for the input amplifier is obtained from the 18-volt storage battery that supplies the current to the microphone.

To enable the operator to observe the loudness and quality of speech or music delivered to the radio transmitter without having to wear a head telephone set continually, a loud speaking receiver or monitor with suitable horn and mounting is connected across the input terminals of the radio transmitter.

The signal system between the studio and station has been worked out in an original manner and controls all signals and cut-off switches instantly as well as operating several "silence" lights both outside the studio and in the broadcasting and reception rooms. Brilliant "stop" lights on the studio doors are illuminated at all times while broadcasting.

The power supply for broadcasting is obtained from a three-unit motor generator set consisting of one high voltage and one low voltage D.C. generator, both direct connected on a driving motor of five and one-half horse power. The three units are mounted on a common base plate.

At Station WOC, this power unit is installed in duplicate with a special switch which permits of instant change-over in case of trouble on either unit. This eliminates the possibility of delay of schedules from generator trouble, which sometimes occurs at the most inopportune time.

During the operation of the equipment the load on the high voltage generator varies considerably, due to the operation of the antenna relay. The motor is designed so that these normal fluctuations of load do not appreciably affect the speed of the motor and the normal voltage of the generators. The high voltage generator is of the shunt wound type with a normal rating of 1,600 volts, at 1.25 amperes. The field excitation current for this generator is obtained from the low voltage generator with which it is associated. The low voltage generator also provides current for the filaments of the vacuum tubes. It is shunt wound and its potential is regulated by means of a field rheostat mounted on the power switchboard. Both generators are so designed as to reduce to a minimum, commutator ripples which might introduce disturbance in the circuits of the radio equipment.

Installed in the same room with the radio transmitting equipment is another recent achievement of the Western Electric engineers, the Public Address System. This is a highly perfected type of power amplifier, so arranged as to give switching and volume control to a number of loud-speaking horns remotely situated from the source of energy. By means of

this device announcements may be made to any selected group, or all of the classrooms simultaneously by a single speaker.

The circuits are also arranged so that incoming radiophone signals which are received may be amplified through this system and heard by five thousand persons comfortably seated in the classrooms and an equal number on the outdoor stadium on the school campus.

The Palmer School was the first institution of learning to install this sort of equipment and its installation in the same room with the radio equipment was the first installation of the kind on record.

Several weeks were spent in preparation of the special rooms on the east end of Up-E-Nuf, where the broadcasting equipment and music studio are now housed. The steel towers supporting the large antennae mark one of the highest points in the Tri-Cities and stand out majestically against the skyline for several miles from the school.

To the average "listener-in" the actual procedure which goes on within a broadcasting studio during a program is more or less of a vague mystery.

The operations in the studios are simpler than the novice would imagine. Control of volume, voltages, etc., is taken care of by the operators on duty in the transmitting room. The only visible evidence of broadcasting equipment in the studio is the microphone, which looks like a small bird cage on a pedestal.

During the broadcasting of any particular number only the announcer and persons actually performing are allowed in the broadcasting room. The remainder of artists who may be on that particular program await their turns in the comfortable reception room, which is immediately adjacent to broadcasting room. Sound-proof padded doors open between these rooms.

The generators are started five minutes before the program is scheduled, and the transmitting equipment tested out so as to avoid possible delay in starting the schedule.

To broadcast a number, the announcer signals electrically to the radio operator that he is ready. The operator throws a switch which turns on the current and the microphones, and at the same time illuminates the "Silence" and "Stop" lights described heretofore. Announcement of the number is then made to the "bird cage," the announcer nods to the artists to begin, and the music is being broadcast. During the announcement of the following numbers, the artists who have just performed leave the room, quietly, and those for the next number take their places. Thus the program proceeds with very little interruption.

In broadcasting an orchestra or group of singers, the procedure is similar except that arrangements of instruments and voices have been worked out so as to give the properly blended effect into the microphone.

Station WOC has received in one week as many as 12,000 communications from "listeners-in" within a radius of 4,000 miles. Acknowledgment

cards, form letters, and circular letters are made to cover as much of this work as possible, but there are in addition an endless amount of requests for individual numbers, repeat numbers, replies to police reports, requests by speakers, requests for acknowledgment, etc., which require individual attention.

The broadcasting work is so interlaced with the regular business activities of the institution that it is difficult to estimate the number of employees connected with the various phases of handling the broadcasting work. Eight persons are employed specifically as operators, announcers, directors, etc., and upward of fifty employees of the institution are indirectly connected with the upkeep of station, handling of correspondence, preparation of printed matter, etc.

Listeners-in all over the country are being entertained and instructed through the efforts of many fine broadcasting stations with little thought of the preparation necessary on the part of the artists and station for every single number which is presented, and this without a possible cent of income. The good-will of its listeners is the only recompense that The Palmer School hopes to receive for the enormous expense required for the installation and upkeep of its super-station.

The truth is evident in a telegram once received at WOC which read: "Radio broadcasting is the symbol of unselfishness."

CHAPTER 130

THE STORY OF RADIO WHO

RADIO STATION WHO was established in April, 1924, by Bankers Life Company, with a power of 500 watts and on a frequency of 570 kilocycles. Power was increased to 5,000 watts in 1925. Frequency was changed to 1000 kilocycles November 11, 1928, and to 1040 kilocycles on March 29, 1941. Power was increased to 50,000 watts in 1933. WHO is a 1-A clear channel station.

At midnight, Friday, February 14, 1930, Central Broadcasting Company, Col. B. J. Palmer, president, became owner and operator of WHO, and in 1932 moved the station to modern studios and administrative headquarters at 912, 914 and 916 Walnut Street, Des Moines, where the company now owns an entire quarter block.

The first regularly scheduled broadcast from WHO was made April 10, 1924 and a daily schedule of 1½ hours from 7:30–9 P.M. was established. Later three short broadcast periods were added each day, one to five minutes in duration, when market and weather reports were made. One of these was around 9:45 A.M., the second about 12 noon, and third at 3:00 P.M. Original studios and transmitter of WHO were on the 11th floor of the Liberty Building.

The next development was sharing the frequency with WOC-Davenport. One day WHO would broadcast from 6 A.M. to noon, then WOC would take over noon to 6 P.M., and back to WHO for 6 P.M., to midnight; the next day was just the reverse with WHO taking the noon to 6 P.M., hitch. From February, 1930, to April, 1933, WHO, Des Moines, and WOC, Davenport, were synchronized, a noteworthy engineering achievement, broadcasting simultaneously under the call letters, WOC-WHO. Shortly thereafter power was increased to 50,000 watts, a new transmitter was built a mile south of Mitchellville, nineteen miles east of Des Moines, and WHO and WOC were divorced. In the fall of 1934 a new 532 foot vertical radiator antenna was built.

In September, 1927, WHO became affiliated with the National Broadcasting Company and broadcast from 6 A.M. until midnight daily.

In the early days there were special broadcasts at 4 A.M. "For London" or "For Honolulu"; and the station had lines into all the large hotels in Des Moines to pick up dance bands.

At one time, George Kuhns, then president of Bankers Life Company, offered a pound of corn sugar to each listener who wrote in. The offer was made on Little Jack Little's program, and more than 100,000 listeners answered.

From Dr. F. L. Whan's Iowa Radio Audience Survey, which in 1948 interviewed 9,224 radio families, or one out of every 76 radio homes, we glean the following: In Iowa people spend four hours listening to the radio for every hour spent reading newspapers, magazines and books combined; WHO was named as the station "Listened to Most" in daytime by 42.4 per cent, nighttime, 55.6 per cent; WHO was named as the station "Heard Regularly" in daytime by 76.7 per cent, nighttime by 77 per cent.

A five-year study of WHO's public service broadcasts in peace time, prior to the war, showed an average for the five years was 32 per cent of all broadcast time devoted to public service broadcasting. . . This includes today such programs as the Veterans Forum, Iowa Roundtable, Corn Belt Farm Hour, church services, etc.

WHO has a news department unique and outstanding in its organization and operation; WHO had one of the first farm service departments in radio, organized in 1936, and a model for many similar departments at other radio stations.

WHO has one of the largest talent staffs of all independent radio stations, made up of persons who excel in their particular talents. This staff is presented in many hours of "live" programs through the week and appears each Saturday night in the famous Iowa Barn Dance Frolic.

The Iowa Barn Dance Frolic was originated as a half-hour Saturday night show in Davenport, Iowa, in 1931. After a season in Davenport it was moved to Des Moines. The show has grown from a half-hour program to a one-hour and forty-five minute stage show and broadcast. More than a million people have witnessed broadcasts of the Iowa Barn Dance Frolic.

The annual WHO Plowing Match and Soil Conservation Field Days have been described by Dr. Hugh H. Bennett, chief of U. S. Soils Conservation Service, Washington, D. C., as "The most important thing that has taken place on American farm lands for 350 years." And the same event won for WHO the 1946 Dupont Radio Award.

In the summer of 1947 WHO called upon listeners to aid the flood stricken people of southern Iowa, and 6,222 remittances totaled \$96,520.16. Each year WHO co-operates in rural fire prevention, sponsoring a contest for rural schools. The War Service Billboard was instrumental in disseminating vital war information to the people; and sold War Bonds to a value of \$6,153,400.00 to more than 25,000 investors in 46 states, 3 territories and the District of Columbia. . . . WHO accepted no money for time, talent or programs in the war effort, but if time given to the programs in the war effort had been sold, it would have had cash value of \$1,161,558.50.

Hundreds of destitute persons in the war torn countries of Europe have reason to be glad there is a WHO with its thousands of friendly listeners. At last count 16,983 individuals and groups in the WHO listening family had sent more than 260,000 packages, weighing more than 1,430 tons, containing relief items, principally clothing, to Europeans whose names were

collected and sent to the WHO News Bureau for distribution to listeners who sent packages direct. Postage expense alone, paid by the senders, totalled more than \$390,000.00.

WHO has grown from a staff of 5 persons with 500 watts at their fingertips to a 50,000 watt clear channel station with a payroll of 147, *of whom 50 have been with WHO more than 10 years.*

WHO staff's accumulated know-how is alerted to the unlimited horizons in radio and television. WHO-FM went on the air February 1, 1948; and WHO-TV is in advanced planning stage in spring of 1949.

CHAPTER 131

THE STORY OF THE BOOK

How do you coincide your philosophy of life and man with the seeming conflicts with religions as preached today? Like everything you think, write, speak, and print, I presume you have well-thought-out opinions and conclusions. With logic and reason you use on all subjects, and your keen method of reducing issues to analyses and facing facts, I assume you wouldn't mind jarring us out of our smug self-complacency of being self-satisfied with what-was-good-for-dad-is-good-enough-for-us. Open up and tell us what *you* think and *why* you think them as you do.

So, here 'tis:

"This is the inside story of a man who at one time was bordering on being an infidel, agnostic, and atheist. The Bible was and still is a book of words the same as any other. Who wrote those words? Who knows? There is no authentic record. It is a series of stories, parables, gossiped down through ages long before they were first printed. We are told that Guttenberg invented movable type although script writing was in use before his day. Recently, a simple one-sentence radio message was related around the world through ten minds. It returned so garbled it was not recognizable. How, then, about so many stories centuries old, passing through thousands of minds?

"'God' is a name given to the life-giving universal principle. It is, according to the Book, both good and bad. Stories recited are constructive and destructive. These stories are full of contradictions. Our study of The Book made us distrust its reliability when confronted with facts as we know them. We were in doubt. We had questions for which we found no answers. That there was a Universal Intelligence was true, but it did not exist as The Book told the stories. It was not a He or Him. There were no places such as heaven or hell. The Book was not 'the *Word* of God' because Universal Intelligence does not speak *words*, language. If Universal Intelligence did speak words, was it English, Greek, Latin, German, French, Chinese, or what have you—all of which are in use now, some of which were not in use then, all of which are spoken of today as 'the word of God.'

"Each time The Book was revised or translated, meanings changed. The Book today is not The Book of 100, 200, 300, or 400 years ago, much less 2,000 years ago. If it is not, then 'the word of God' is revised and distorted in translations. So, what is one to 'believe' or 'have faith' in? That we cannot 'believe' and 'have faith' in that which is not sustained by logic, reason, and facts, is apparent.

"Mingled into the Baconian controversy is the statement that Francis Bacon (who undoubtedly wrote the Shakespeare sonnets and plays) was also the person who wrote the King James I version of The Book. He was a man of superior education, ahead of his times, with a broader outlook than the majority. His vision was clear; but does any reconstructed version of The Book make it ring true to previous editions?

"Preachers quote one passage to sustain another—book against book—the Old Testament against The New and vice versa. After all, they are works written by somebody, we do not know who or when.

"That there are good stories as well as filthy stories between its pages, is also true. Which to follow? We must use our reason and logic.

"There is no authentic or reliable information that Jesus Christ left any writings in regards to His teachings, His doctrines, or any instructions on the way of life He advocated.

"All we have is a Book which purports to be His historical life, together with what it is said are His sayings, teachings, and healings as declared by Disciples, written for our information many years later by the faithful who have neither seen Him nor heard directly any of the instructions or teachings it is reported He said.

This is much like it is in Jerusalem. Go there and 'it is said' that here a certain thing took place. 'This is said to be the place' where this or that occurred. There is no certainty to anything.

"How well did the disciples and other faithful ones who followed later, who learned through gossip after it passed through hundreds of minds, understand Him; and how well were they able to pass along teachings in their original interpretations? If those instructions remained unfathomable in their minds through lack of understanding, how much of the original interpretation of the doctrine was lost to them and their followers, becoming worse as time passed on?

"The Disciples were not educated; their lives were such that intricate explanations were not understood, and their concept of life was extremely limited, together with their inability to express in writing the very intricate phases of His doctrines. Neither did they have a language rich enough to express properly in speech or writing what was disclosed to them. Passing it along by word of mouth—through how much time we don't know—did not help it any, especially against such odds and physical obstructions as they had to deal with in their times.

"We who are connected with *A Little Bit O' Heaven* and *The Wishing Buddha* hear varied remarks regarding the religion of their builder. Some see the crucifix in *La Petite Chappelle* and see, up on the waterfalls, the 14th century statue of St. John from a Spanish church in Pomplano, Spain, with two fingers upraised giving the apostolic blessing, and think he's Catholic. Others see Masonic plaques and believe him a Mason. Others see the many Buddhistic pieces and think him a Buddhist consorting with 'heathens.'

Newspapers, pamphlets, and sermons have been preached and issued for and against what men think B.J. thinks. That you come, look, see, and admire that which you could not see any other way at any other place, should be sufficient, but rarely is. The builder of these creations has temporarily reached the conclusion that there is no greater religion, under any name, than that of the Eternal Universal Intelligence, the Internal Innate Intelligence and the Brotherhood of Man. He aims to live that life in a seven-day-a-week-Sunday. If that constitutes being right or wrong, with religion, then so be it. We make this explanation to satisfy the curious and set at ease the minds of the many who come to *A Little Bit o' Heaven*, see, and then think what they sometimes think without justifiable right to think it, without first knowing what B.J. thinks before they discuss him over the coffee cups, tea cups, or finger bowls.

"We are told to believe literally or be eternally damned. Believe what? The Book or what the preacher preaches? If The Book, then we can read it ourselves without a preacher. If a preacher, which one? Which sect, creed, or denomination of the 248 in the United States alone? If one, who is to say which one is right, which 247 wrong? They, or ourselves? Each claims to have the only key to the gate to let us in.

"Preachers quote one paragraph, then purport or try to prove it by quoting another paragraph somewhere else in The Book, when all of them are words and more words with no proof of the source of any of them.

"We would like to *know* that the books *were* written by men whose names are attached. But how is one to *know*? There is no record.

"Several years ago, a negro committee called at our home soliciting funds to build a new church. We asked what was wrong with the old one. They said the new congregation did not 'believe' what the old congregation did. We asked what this new congregation believed. They said, 'We believe in being washed in the blood of the lamb.' Said we, 'Do you mean you are going to have a bath tub, get some lambs, slit their throats, fill the tub with red blood, and then wash them in it?' They, of course, denied this. They then said, 'They must be washed whiter than the snow.' We asked, in all innocence, 'How can you wash *black* people in the *red* blood of the lamb and make them *whiter* than snow?' They denied this also. It illustrates how preachers prattle idle chatter, words without sensible meaning, until it is disgusting to a mind that uses logic and reason.

"Assuming that there was a character known as The Christ, and that *he* once lived, preached, and converted people to a better way of life, then he was a lowly man, common, plain, simple, without ostentation, who went out on the highways and byways and talked a simple form for a more sincere life. If He *is* the example we should follow, why the necessity for expensive churches, costly raiment, marble altars to impress the unsophisticated with the sophistication of religion? Your answer is: the people need idols to focalize their intention. Have we educated them to that viewpoint? If so,

is it right or wrong? Could we as well educate them to logic, reason, and facts?

"What a contrast between the simplicity we are told of the life of Christ, and the costly extravagance of the usual church of today, to get over the same message! What would the Christ think, say, or do, today, if He were to return and see what has been thought, said, and done in His name? Would he drive the money-changers out of the temple? Methinks, if such would occur, He would be ostracised, ridiculed, and scourged as in days of old.

"There is nothing wrong with the Christ or the principles of Christianity or one who tries to live the spirit thereof, but there certainly is much to be desired and corrected in too much churchianity being forced on people in and under the guise of being Christianity.

"We are told it is advisable that we go to a certain edifice especially builded for that purpose to receive the administrations of religion; that a special day be set aside for that purpose of communion; that we listen to the expostulations and explosions of a certain preacher to expound *his* interpretations, to get religion. Why is one place the only place; one day the only day; one man of one sect, creed, or denomination the only one? Why do we need any?

"Religions set up the necessity for at least one intermediary between man and God—a third personality to think and act for one—to have God contact man and see that his appeals for help and prayers are answered. It appears that only this third personality can 'save' him. This might be Christ, Buddha, Krishna, Mohammed, etc. To make it more complicated, there is set up an intermediary between the 'savior' and man—the preacher or priest.

"If 'God' is everywhere (and who is to say to the contrary), and if 'The Kingdom of God Is Within You,' then no third or fourth person is necessary. Any person has the God-contact as evidenced by the fact that he is living. If there be a necessity for man to contact God, then every person could contact God direct. The vital issue is: can man contact God or does God contact man? If there be a necessity for man to contact God, then he can be at home, in the woods, out fishing, on the street, in his office, and Universal Intelligence contacts him from within himself. In this fundamental, we reverse the preconceived idea of the fundamentals of all religions.

"If a third or fourth intermediary be necessary, which one is it to be? If majorities have greater inside information, if majorities prove superiority of approach, or the correct one to follow, any or all other major religions have more followers than Christ.

"The preacher, regardless of what *he* believes and preaches, interprets The Book as he believes, and then passes it on to his listeners. Why hasn't any other person the same right? Does his having gone to a seminary or college give him the exclusive right to interpret printed words for all to read; or does that give him exclusive right to think his way the only right way?

"All peoples—be they aborigines, savages, natives, or civilized people as we like to think ourselves—have recognized a great universal source of life greater than ourselves, be that universal understanding as large as ours or as small as we think theirs is. Some worship sex, others the sun, others the Great Spirit, etc. Each has his symbols which personify his savior for his select group, be it Christ with the cross and crucifix, phallic worshippers with the phallus and yoni, etc.

"‘As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.’ ‘Give your heart to Jesus,’ ‘Open your heart,’ and other thoughts of like kind are scriptural and are repeated from the pulpit constantly. In the days such thoughts had their origin, it was ‘believed’ *the heart* was the seat of life. Today, we *know* the heart is a series of muscles and valves to pump a blood fluid. Isn’t it time we corrected wrong ancient symbolisms so we appeal to the reason and logic of people? And where should this begin but with preachers, regardless of what The Book says? Why perpetuate something all know is a wrong premise? To correct it would make for confidence in language and thinking and bring scriptures in line with logic, reason, and facts.

"There is a gulf between theorist and realist, sophist and scientist. The theorist lives with his monumental emotional beliefs and faiths. He takes it for granted The Book is. No questions asked or answers requested. The realist lives within defines and confines of logic, reason, and fact. He asks questions and wants answers based on knowledge, proof. *Who* wrote The Book? *When?* *How* do you know? The two types can never agree.

"We have listened to thousands of prayers, from all denominations. Boiled down, they are one of two things and are often both: a thanks for something we have done, or a plea for something we want.

"The moment Sunday comes, the man becomes a preacher or the preacher ceases to be a man. He puts on his ‘Sunday-go-to-meeting’ clothes. His face becomes grave, his voice takes on a funeral sepulchral tone, he rants and raves, shouts and yells. Would there be any objection if he were to talk common sense, as a man to men, as a man to women?

"Why must we, as Christians, who think we are right and have the only open sesame to heaven, think we must transpose other religions to our country, and transport our religious beliefs to others? We think we are right. So do they. We believe in the democratic way of life. Why not, then, let them believe what *they* please.

"After all, all any of us have are ‘beliefs and faiths,’ and any or all of any of us may be right or wrong because none of us *know*. None have been to heaven or hell and returned to prove our beliefs or faiths; neither has anybody talked to God to know what the Universal Intelligence *knows*. Does the Hindu, Mohammedan, Buddhist come here and try to force his religion on us?

"In ancient days, a male king was the ruler of his people. In setting up a religion, the people of those days thought in terms of like kind. They

created a God as a male being and called Him King. Being considered a greater spiritual king than any earthly king, they called Him King of Kings. And they speak of this Savior as 'the *only* begotten Son.' What about the rest of us males? We were 'begotten.' If this Savior was 'the *only*,' then who caused the rest of us to come into being? Did we 'grow up' like Topsy, or were we made like Adam and Eve? Why do ministers use words and more words that are senseless, idiotic, which misdirect thoughts of people?

"In ancient days, the king lived in a castle surrounded by walls to keep out riff-raff and rabble, and let in the select few. In setting up a religion, the people of those days created heaven as a city containing a castle surrounded by walls to keep out the unsaved and let in the saved.

"In ancient days, the walls had gates with a gate-keeper. In setting up a religion, the people of those days had a St. Peter who opened and closed the gates according to what your religious rating was. These gates of heaven had to be finer, better, and more costly than any earthly gates, so we had pearly gates. Whether they were made of pearls or had pearls imbedded in them, or had mother-of-pearl shells, we do not know.

"In ancient days, the earthly king had a throne on which he sat, to which the mass of slaves, subjects, and followers could look *up* to him. Even today, preachers exhort about 'the great white throne.' Why must it be 'white'? Why must there be a 'throne' at all? Of what is the 'throne' made—wood, marble, gold? He being greater than they, he sat *above* them. This custom prevails in Siam where anybody less than royalty must crawl on their hands and knees and keep away at least twenty feet from contact. Being prostrate, they must look *up* to royalty. In setting up a religion, these ancient peoples put God on a throne, too. Subjects now get down on their knees to prostrate themselves before Him.

"In ancient times, ambrosia was a rare food, difficult to get, costly to have, fit only for kings because of its exclusiveness. In setting up a religion, these ancients followed suit and thought of ambrosia as the food fit for the few who entered heaven.

"In ancient times, without knowledge of astronomy or clouds above, the ancients set up the belief that up there somewhere was a beautiful abode of some kind. In setting up a religion, we carried over their superstitions of a heaven in the sky. Today, we have a conflict between the carrying over of superstitions mixed with our scientific knowledge of astronomy and what aeroplanes reveal to us miles high. No such heaven as the ancients believed has been found, yet we teach and preach it as though it were a reality.

"In ancient times, the people could conceive of no greater punishment for evil doing than torture by fire. So they carried over that idea into religions and set up a hell of eternal fire and brimstone torture—unless, perchance, we were saved by somebody who said something over us, who has some mysterious inside method of keeping us from going there. Heaven was patterned

after man's happiness on earth; and hell was patterned after man's inhumanities to man on earth with its punishments and tortures.

"In ancient times, heaven and hell were pictured as actual places; heaven, with angels with wings floating around on clouds, with white flowing robes, playing harps, etc.; hell, as down below with eternal fire with Satan or the devil with a fork holding human beings' heads down in a pit of everlasting fire. Heaven and hell were places of eternal futures from here on in until the end of time, providing you had been good or bad while living on earth.

"In ancient times, gold was the most precious metal, scarce, and he who had a little of it was rich in resources. To follow the pattern, religion paved the streets of heaven with gold; for, up there, there was plenty of everything that was rich.

"Man has set religions after the patterns of men. God has been brought down to the level of man's ideas. Peculiarly, all religions are intended to raise man to the superior level of God. God has been made man-like, whereas man should be God-like.

"There are contradictions in all this. Man may set up a heaven for the righteous and a hell for evil-doers, but a man may live a life of crime, be arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to hang by the neck until dead, dead, dead. If he confesses his sins, adopts religion, even though it be at his last hour, he can be jerked to Jesus and be saved from hell and sent to heaven instead. This puts a premium on crime and adds no premium for honesty and the holier-than-thou people. There must be something wrong with churchianity when this is possible.

"In the Mohammedan faith there are no women in Nirvana. If a Mohammedan kills an infidel Christian, he can cut off one million years waiting to get to the Mohammedan heaven; and, although there are no women permitted, he can enjoy the ecstasies of sex joy every second of eternity with a different woman, while there. Where is the Mohammedan who wants to change his faith to Christianity when it does not offer him as much?

"In Borneo, one woman may religiously have four husbands. In Mohammedan countries, one man may religiously have four wives and as many concubines as he can support. In Christian countries, one man religiously is confined to one woman. Who is right or wrong?

"Bali is Mohammedan. On our ship was a Christian minister and his wife from Kansas City. One Bali Mohammedan told the Christian wife he had four wives. Telling us about it later on board ship, this woman said she 'told him a thing or two about the evils of having four wives. I quoted Scriptures to prove it, too.' We asked her what he said. 'He didn't dare say anything or I would have given him a piece of my mind.' Knowing the Mohammedan mind, he was too courteous to a visitor to his shores to try to convince her *she* was wrong. Was what she did right or wrong?

"Each major religion (Christian, Buddhist, Hindu, Mohammedan) was born to meet the necessities of that period of time, type of people involved,

and environmental conditions of the geographical countries. Tropical countries have conditions to meet which are not true in temperate zones, etc.

"A classic example is Hitler in Germany during World War II. Hitler set himself up as the apostolic leader of his people. He substituted himself for God. Germany was a Christian nation previous to Hitler's day. The Christian faith proclaimed marriage between one man and one woman. Children were illegitimate and a sin was committed otherwise. The first World War decimated millions of men. Women predominated. There was a scarcity of men to carry on the nation's need. There was a necessity for males. There was a geographical necessity to populate the country with children. Ergo, drop necessity of marriage, proclaim necessity of commingling of sexes and establish it as a religious factor. Hitler so ordered, and it became legitimate in German life to cohabit without marriage, and have children without aid of the church. Could Hitler have controlled the issue, he would have ordered only boys.

"Borneo met the necessity religiously when there were four men to each woman. Mohammed met the same issue, reversed, when there were four women to each man. In India, where poverty, pestilence, disease, famine, and sex run rampant, the Hindu faith gave birth to thousands of castes of classifications to separate lower groups from higher ones, each hoping to dominate. Buddhism is one thing in India; quite another in China; and still quite different in Japan where it takes on all major aspects of phallic worship. Each had geographical problems to meet, so changes took place.

"Even in the U.S.—a supposedly Christian country—time proves we have modified, amended, abridged, enlarged, restricted, and liberated our concepts, beliefs, and faiths of the Christian Book to suit our times, geography, and environment. One group does not believe in music in church; another makes much of it; another construes dancing a sin; others encourage it in church parlors. One condemns card playing as sinful; others have no objection. Some churches abhor smoking; others see no harm in it. Gambling is a crime in the eyes of some churches; others hold bingo parties regularly. One keeps all day Sunday for worship; others permit golf, baseball, prize fights, picnics, movies Sunday afternoons and evenings. Gautama Buddha said 'Everything in moderation.' Each builds and reshapes to meet caprices and idiosyncracies of groups of adherents until today we have 248 schisms in the United States alone; yet all call themselves Christians the same as split groups in the Orient call themselves Buddhists. It is such transitions in human thinking that bring about geographical differences in religions. If one wanted to be a Christian and he had no religion but was seeking one, which group should he join and 'believe' was right? The Orient says to the Occident—'until you know what is right and wrong, why should your many groups come to our country to tell us; because, after all, we are as good or as bad as you are.'

"In the beginning of this story, Herb, you asked how we reconciled the

conflict between our philosophy of man and religions as taught and believed in. We have given a few reasons upon which we based our logic, reason, and the facts as they exist in our mind. We have spoken frankly. We do not ask any other to accept or reject these opinions. They have a right to theirs, so do we also have a right to ours. In the beginning, while here, or after we are gone, what was, is, or will be, will be what is regardless of what we think, right or wrong.

"As a fundamental for the concept of modern religions we concede 'God' as a great good, all wise, omnipotent, omniscient, Universal Intelligence of all living things including man. We could not admit it as a He being. This Universal Intelligence lightens our burdens, trials, troubles, and tribulations. All this could and would be a truism and reality if we mortals would let the Universal Intelligence run the universe and help men in its own way, time, and place. As human mortals, we pray, plead, beg, advise, and try to run 'God' in everything and everybody as *we* want.

"Listen to radio Sunday from 8:00 A.M. to 12:00 noon; tune all stations; what do you get? Conflict, contradictions, a babel of voices. How many ears has this He God? Multiply one city by millions; one country by hundreds; dozens of churches in one city by hundreds of thousands; one preacher in each church by an endless number everywhere—to how many can one pair of ears listen?

"Many countries, many languages, many conflicting pleas and prayers—if you were God, how would *you* understand without confusion? Is God an international linguist? We are told The Book is '*the word of God.*' Does God answer hundreds of languages in *one* language? If so, *which one* is 'the word of God'?

"With millions of prayers and pleas bombarding 'Our Heavenly Father's' ears simultaneously, in hundreds of foreign tongues, each begging *for* something different—reason should convince us how useless such is. Realizing this, certain groups print prayers by the million, distribute them to the faithful, having one common plea on the theory that the more there is the more attention God will give to us, and thus distract God from the other fellow. We keep this up week after week, on the theory that there is a volume potential in repetition. If we shout it long enough, strong enough, God will hear *us* and ignore the simple, single fellow who whispers.

"During the world war each nation prayed to the same God for victory 'over Thine enemies.' How did God decide which to favor? Abraham Lincoln said, 'It isn't a question of whether *we* were on God's side, but whether God was on *our* side.'

"Modern religions approach the solution of human problems thinking *we* must contact and intimidate and subsidize God; pour out our wants getting God to see us as we see ourselves. Wishfully thinking, we hope He will listen to each and give us what we want. The reverse seems true. *Let God contact us*, without interference, and *we* profit. Universal Intelligence will

then flow *down* to us and Innate will flow *within* us and all will come to us that we deserve and have earned the natural and normal right to have. Anything that is artificially forced from outside in, or from below up, has no permanent merit. Everything that naturally flows from above down, from within out, has permanent constructive life-giving and sustaining qualities.

"When we were young, we desired to be one of the many, swim with the crowd. To this end, we felt we had to adopt Christianity as did everybody else, and adapt it to our life as they did. To this end, we attended the Episcopal church, sang in the choir, etc. We don't remember now how we came to pick this particular church. Without intending, we found a conflict developing between what preachers told us we had to do to be saved, and what The Book itself said. The more we listened to more preachers, and the more we studied The Book, the greater became the gulf. Preachers said The Book said one had to 'have faith and believe' in its every word literally, or one would be eternally lost in hell. We could not believe that a Universal Intelligence was that cruel and we could not have faith that The Book meant such. Doubts increased and multiplied. We secured an extensive library of 'authorities,' pro and con. We got Ingersoll, Brann, etc. More we read the 'con' books, greater became the gulf. We were coming out of this conflict an infidel, agnostic, and atheist—not that either side alone did it, but that the conflict between was forcing that conclusion. Millions of Christians couldn't be wrong. We couldn't be one of the few right. What to do? We didn't want to add fuel to the fires of protest and antagonism smoldering within us.

"We decided to call on Bishop Morrison of the Episcopal Cathedral in our city. He was a broad, liberal, constructive thinker. We presented our problem. He said, 'My son, what you are going through is what every preacher has had to face. I agree with your premise. There is a conflict between what preachers preach and what The Book tells. We cannot follow The Book or preachers literally. Each is trying to teach a better way to live. The Book gives a positive series of lessons if *we* interpret its language ourselves. Preachers give us a negative series of fears for the future, but *we* must interpret the spirit of what they say rather than the literal dramatizations they picture.' We asked the Bishop for an example. He said: 'The Book says, "He who lives by the sword shall die by the sword." This does not mean that a man who goes around slaying people with a sword is going to cut his own throat with that sword. If you interpret it yourself it should mean that one who thinks, speaks, and acts destructive thoughts injures himself. Study The Book in that manner and you will find it is the best public relations human interest book ever printed.' From there on, we clarified our thinking and acting in that manner and along those lines. He was right. We have since figured everything with logic, reason, and common sense. That was what he did and what he advised us to do. For this and these reasons, we cannot adhere to any sect, creed, or denomination. We belong to no

church. We live our religion as we figure it to be. We live our lives the best our thinking facts have established. We are no longer an infidel, agnostic, or atheist, but we place our interpretations on what to us is knowledge regarding the great Universal Intelligence and the internal Innate and where the little education we possess fits into the great scheme of things.

"The good way of life is simple, not complex. Be natural. Let the big fellow within shine through and dominate the little fellow without. If this occurs, life will be lived at its fullest; you will do the dictates of your better self; your conscience will not worry you; and at night you will go to rest realizing you lived the best you know how. More than that, no mortal man can ask or expect be done.

"There being a superior intelligence, let it contact you, direct you, and all will be as right as the shortcomings of matter permit."

CHAPTER 132

THE STORY OF CAVES AND THE MIGRATIONS OF PEOPLE

IT HAS BEEN SAID we can smell a cave as far as a tombstone man can smell a newly-made grave.

For forty years we have made an intensive study of caves. Holding degrees of caveologist and volcanologist, we should know one from the inside out, and the other from the outside in.

Caves, caverns, subterranean passages. We have seen many in our avocation of globe-trotter covering more than 1,294,000 (1949) miles. They have been intensely interesting hobbies.

We have visited, inspected, and studied the topography, character, level, construction, growths of every well known cave of importance.

Let us enumerate the more important ones:

1. Mammoth Cave, Kentucky.
2. White's Cavern, Kentucky.
3. Mammoth Onyx Cave, Kentucky.
4. Horse Cave, Kentucky.
5. Central Cave, Kentucky.
6. Diamond Caverns, Kentucky.
7. Hidden River Cave, Kentucky.
8. Lost River Cave, Kentucky.
9. Colossal Cavern, Kentucky.
10. Big Bone Cave, Tennessee.
11. Wonder Cave, Tennessee.
12. Tennessee Cave, Tennessee.
13. Lookout Mountain Caverns, Tennessee.
14. Luray Cavern, Shenandoah Valley, Virginia.
15. Massanuttin Cavern, Shenandoah Valley, Virginia.
16. Endless Cavern, Shenandoah Valley, Virginia.
17. Wyandotte Cave, Crawford County, Indiana.
18. Madison's Caverns, Grottoes, Virginia.
19. Grand Caverns, Grottoes, Virginia.
20. Virginia Caverns, Harrisonburg, Virginia.
21. Shenandoah Caverns, Shenandoah, Virginia.
22. Crystal Caverns, Strasburg, Virginia.
23. Weyer's Cave, Augusta County, Virginia.
24. Wind Cave, Colorado.

25. Crystal Cave, Black Hills, North Dakota.
 26. Ice Cave, Decorah, Iowa.
 27. Niagara Falls Cave, near Decorah, Iowa.
 28. Carlsbad Cave, New Mexico.
 29. Painted Caves in mountains behind Santa Barbara.
 30. Salt Mines, Hutchinson, Kansas.
 31. Lava Tubes of Kilauea, Hawaiian Islands.
 32. Blue Grotto, Island of Capri, off coast of Italy.
 33. Waitoma Cave, North Island of New Zealand.
 34. Chessire Cheese Caves, South Tip of England.
 35. Salt Caves, Austria.
 36. Jenolan Caves, Australia.
 37. Lost River Caverns, Hellertown, Pennsylvania.
 38. Meramec Caverns, near Stanton, Missouri.
 39. Mark Twain Cave, Hannibal, Missouri.
- Many others of lesser note.
- To a caveologist, each has its outstanding and distinctive features.

MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY

Have traveled more than 120 miles through its channels, sometimes criss-crossing back and forth through its various levels to do so. When this mileage is stated, some remark: "We didn't think it was that long." It isn't, but as one wanders back and forth, up and down, much mileage can be stacked up in a small space.

It has the Echo River, one of the few caves that has. It is so named because about its center there is a partition wall that lowers itself, and a call issued at that break echoes back and forth from one side to the other.

Eyeless fish, crickets and grasshoppers are found in this cave. They are referred to as "blind fish." No fish can be blind that never had eyes. These fish have lived in darkness so long they have lost development of eyes. Same is true of crickets and grasshoppers.

On one of our many trips into the cave with Old Mat, the negro guide who has been there so many years (who is now dead) we discovered Olive's bower which we named after Miss Olive, the first name of the wife of the manager of the log cabins at that time. It was here we found "helictites" which we describe later.

At no time, in this cave, are we ever more than several hundred feet from the surface. This is usual in most caves.

At one time, somebody suggested the air in this cave might be good for tuberculous cases. Huts were built to live in. That theory soon petered out.

In several rooms, especially in Violet's Cavern, gypsum hangs from ceilings in forms of white flowers that look like roses, chrysanthemums, etc.

Mammoth Cave gets its name from the fact that it was the largest cave discovered as of that date.

WHITE'S CAVERN, KENTUCKY

It is larger than Mammoth, is less known, harder to get to or in. It is back in the hills and has been less exploited.

It was inhabited by people at some time, either by hundreds of thousands, or hundreds covering thousands of years. Who these people were, when they were, nobody knows.

Evidence which sustains this conclusion is found in end sticks of what appear to be bamboo-like torches. Evidently long sticks at one time, as they burned down one section after another, they cut off the joint and used the next hollow section. Possibly used bear oil to burn. When they got down to the last stub, they were thrown into one room. There are enough of these torch ends there now to fill one hundred box cars.

In another room is human faeces; eight acres of it, eight feet thick. It is apparent that our conclusion is sound, that to produce this it was either hundreds of thousands of people for a short time, or hundreds for thousands of years.

In one part of this dry cave, there is a large, flat, smooth rock which fell off the ceiling and dropped down at a 45-degree angle, that made it possible for people to slide on this smooth rock from one high level to a lower one. In so doing, one can see that they sat with their two hands on each side, with legs bent up. The stone is worn away with a center groove eighteen inches deep, with two smaller grooves on each side where they rested their hands to keep their balance.

This cavern is dry. No water is found. Old Mat (the same guide of Mammoth) and we were hunting here for further remains of human living. In one room we dropped our lanterns down between rocks and saw a wooden dish—what appeared to be one half of what is similar to our modern pickle dish. It was on the sand bed about twenty feet down. It was one of the accessible places where we could get in, but once in it proved inaccessible to get out. We were there to stay. Mat had to go outside, get extra help with crowbars, to get us out. It was then we realized how lonesome and how dark it could be when one is left alone in a cave. We were not scared because we knew Mat knew his way around.

In another room we found, for the first time, evidence of human people; a mummified, dried body of a mother with babe clasped to her breast. We had no difficulty bringing it to the surface. This body is now in the Louisville Museum. It is the only body discovered in this cavern so far as we know.

LURAY CAVERNS, VIRGINIA, SHENANDOAH VALLEY

This cave is much smaller than the former two, but its stalactitic growths are some of the most beautiful formations, with high colors, we have seen.

Alongside the path, sometime, there was either buried or placed the body of an adult human being. There is a constant small stream of lime water flowing over it, so much so that only certain top portions of human bones

remain exposed, such as the nose-tip, hip bone tips, knee tips, and toe tips. The body is almost encrusted with the same lime deposits that make stalactites. It was possibly buried there some 75,000 or 100,000 years ago.

When figures are mentioned about ages of certain things in regards to caves, they are always problematical and may be too much or too little.

MASSANUTTIN CAVERN, VIRGINIA, SHENANDOAH VALLEY

It is small and rather unimportant except to the owner who tries to exploit it to make money. This is generally true with most caves throughout this Valley. It received its name from a negro slave who disappeared. When he reappeared, he was asked where he had been, and why. His answer was, "Massa, nuttin'." It has been called that ever since.

ENDLESS CAVERN, VIRGINIA, SHENANDOAH VALLEY

So named, not because it is "endless" but because its tunnels are so small that no man has ever been to their end; and where they go, nobody knows. It could be "endless" in fact, but it has not been so proven as yet.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY, VIRGINIA

This entire valley now has a small river running through it, which at one time was a gigantic stream compared to its present size. This larger river covered into hills on both sides, which enclose the valley, thus creating many washed-out caves on both sides of its banks.

As water receded, it cut its way through limestone hills and washed out caverns from higher lake levels to lower lake or river levels.

This entire valley is lined with caverns of larger or smaller sizes on both sides, its entire length.

Some of these caverns were used as bivouacs by the armies of the North or South, as hideouts and storehouses for armies during the Civil War. In many of them names were smoked on ceilings with lanterns, stating name, regiment, etc. These are protected zealously by their owners for that is their great selling advantage over some other caves in this area.

WIND CAVE, COLORADO

So named, although very small comparatively. As you enter, there is a strong current of air rushing in through which wind is constantly blowing. This proves that there is another hole at the other end through which wind whistles. Located in the mountains, it is not well known or much visited.

CRYSTAL CAVE, NORTH DAKOTA

Of little particular interest. Local pride of having a cave is the only saving grace. It has a few small interesting crystals.

ICE CAVE, DECORAH, IOWA

This cave has one distinctive feature not found in any other we have

visited. It reverses the seasons. The cooler the winter, the warmer it is inside; the hotter the summer, the more ice is actually formed in it. Picnic parties, on top of the hill, can prepare ice-cream, drop it down through a crevice in the floor of the picnic grounds, pull it up frozen. During a drouth, the cave will not produce ice, no matter how hot it is. It is nature's natural refrigeration plant.

NIAGARA FALLS, DECORAH, IOWA

The falls proper are located on the Minnesota side of the line, but Decorah, Iowa, is the nearest city. It is about one-half mile long as far as has been entered. It has every appearance of being longer and, by proper tunneling and blasting, it could be much longer. It gets its name from a waterfalls which has a drop of about sixty feet when rains are heavy on surface ground, which seeps through. Usually there is but a trickle of water falling, and people are disappointed. They expect to see a Niagara Falls of water. That a great quantity of water did at one time flow through and cut this tunnel is obvious. But it, like all caves now, has far less water than a few thousand years ago.

At intervals a few miles away, great quantities of cold water spring up out of the ground, indicating the possibility of an underground lake or river feeding them. This water is cold and probably flows south from the north.

This country around Decorah, Iowa, has many sink-holes and many openings to various sized small caves which have never been explored or developed. It is possible, if the facts were known, they all may be more or less interconnected into one vast underground series of tunnels, all of one kind.

CARLSBAD CAVERN, NEW MEXICO

We have yet to meet a caveologist who doesn't rave over this cave. It is the largest, finest, most grand of any we have ever seen. It can be reached by automobile from El Paso, Texas; by Santa Fe train to the town of Carlsbad, and then motor out. The first time there, we drove out of El Paso by private car. We asked the guide to tell us when we were approaching the cave area. He did. We stopped. We explored the lay of the ground and told him in which hill it was, which way the washouts were directed. He was surprised to know we were correct. How did we know? By the study of the nature of the direction of the streams which originally flowed through those valleys which washed it out. It was as simple as that. Its main channels cut their way lengthwise through a low lying hill surrounded by higher hills.

There are other caves in the surrounding hills, said to be even finer and more grand, which have not been opened to the public. We hope some day they will be, and be governed by the National Park ownership so growths will be preserved for posterity before vandals get in and ruin them.

The Big Room in Carlsbad is 4,000 feet long, 600 feet wide, 300 feet high, and has a cafeteria in which meals are served.

Everything in Carlsbad is gigantic, including its stalactites and stalagmites. Stalactites in Carlsbad are forty feet in diameter. Stalactites grow at the rate of the thickness of a rice wafer every one hundred years. One half of twenty feet is ten feet. Figure one hundred rice wafers to the inch, multiply by one hundred years, and you have the approximate age of this portion of this cave. 20 feet times 12 equals 240 inches. 240 times 100 rice wafers equals 24,000 rice wafers thickness. Multiply that by 100 years and that portion of this cave is 2,400,000 years in growth. And some theologians tell us the earth is only 6,000 years old.

There is an elevator that drops from the top of the hill to the main floor of the Big Room. It is advisable to walk down and ride up; but if you can take it, walk both ways. You see more and enjoy it much more.

We asked our guide, Colonel Gillespie, if he had seen any evidence of crustaceans, mussels, trilobites, etc. He did not know what we meant. He had never had his attention called to any such. We pointed to the wall and it was full of them. This surprised and startled him as it was something new about his cave which he had not known. This is one cave the United States has that no other country has equalled to date. It is well worth going to see. You will come away with your ideas about how old the world is, knocked into a cocked hat.

PAINTED CAVE, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

To get there, take a car, drive up an almost impassable road. Be careful about the turns—they are hazardous and dangerous. Only at certain places can another car pass. When you arrive, you will observe a washed out, cut-out in the rock at the top of a mountain, 4,000 feet above now present low sea level, indicating that at one time the height of the ocean was away up there. The walls are painted with early pre-historic Indian (?) designs, at least that is what they are believed to be. A wire netting is across the front to prevent vandals injuring these paintings. It is not large, and there isn't much to see, and is hardly worth the danger to get there.

SALT MINES, KANSAS, AUSTRIA, AUSTRALIA

Caves are formed by washouts of lime deposits. Salt mines date back to days when deposits of salt gravitated into deep pits in the earth's surface, when those portions of the present earth surface were under ocean water, much like Salt Lake and Dead Sea are now. Salt in solution settled, hardened, rock salt became a reality. Later, as salt was dug out by creating streets and avenues and other blocks were left to support the ceiling, they became like a mine and are not caves.

There is one huge salt deposit at Hutchinson, Kansas. The Morton Salt Company owns two mines. In one, you go down an elevator 500 feet through

a subterranean lake. Rock salt is taken from this mine. In the other, on the other side of town, hot water is pumped down, which dissolves salt below; salty brine is then pumped up and evaporated in tanks on the surface. This is cleaned table salt.

LAVA TUBES OF KILAUEA, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

Although not a cave or a mine, we can't say what it is. Lying down in the valley between two active volcanic mountains of Moana Kea and Moana Loa, we find tubes which are miles long and lead directly towards the base of this active volcanic mountain. The walls of these tubes are now cold, hardened lava. That lava ran, that it is now hard, is common knowledge; but the phenomenal issue here is what made the tubes? What was the mold around which the lava poured itself, which the red-hot lava at 1800 degrees Fahrenheit did not melt? That's the mystery for which we have no solution, nor have we ever heard one that stands up. If anybody who reads this knows the answer, we wish he would tell us.

BLUE GROTTO, ISLAND OF CAPRI

This is a wave-washed inlet under the shore line hill of the rock wall of the Island of Capri. Small boats, at low tide, go into the grotto. It is intensely blue because of reflection of sun down into water outside, which reflects on water inside. It is very beautiful.

WAITOMO CAVE, NEW ZEALAND

Usually a cave has many things in common; but here's one that's entirely different. It is a cave in a large cone-shaped hill. Passing slowly through it is a sluggish swamp stream. The hill is surrounded by a swamp. There is an opening on one side and an exit on the other through which this sluggish stream passes. Inside the cave is a sluggish lake. You enter by boat. The swamp breeds millions of mosquitos. Nature always strikes her balance. Wherever there are mosquitos there is something to eat them. Hanging off the ceiling of the entire cave are millions of glow worms, each giving off its small green incandescent glow light. Each little glow worm, hanging on the ceiling, lets down a spider thread fiber, sometimes as much as twenty feet long. On the tip it puts a bit of viscid sweet substance. The mosquito flying towards the light, like a moth, bumps into the sticky stuff and gets stuck. He fights to get loose. In so doing, he telegraphs to the glow worm he is there. The glow worm knows the mosquito is caught, draws in the thread, eats the mosquito, and lets down his net for another. The light of millions of glow worms is sufficient to read a newspaper in that dense darkness of the cave. This is the only glow worm cave we have ever seen or ever heard of.

CHESSIRE CHEESE CAVES, ENGLAND

These are found in cliffs which abound in southern England. More than

likely, they are washouts from sea waves. There is something peculiar and unusual about the chemical and thermal makeup and the peculiar state of dampness that makes them the only place in the world where Cheshire Cheese can be stored, ripened, and seasoned.

JENOLAN CAVES, AUSTRALIA

Laurie and Vic Coxon drove us down to these caves. We had a road map and we were on the main north and south highway out of Sydney. After leaving town, we were in open sheep country. Every few miles we were in and out of the car, opening gates. It was rough country and *no* road, although the map showed one. Everything possible happened to our party that day, except one—a blowout. We were climbing a turn in the road on a hill, and we said: "Everything but a blowout has happened to us on this trip"—and *just then* we had one; not five minutes later, but *right then*. "I fix" was still working.

These caves are located in an out-of-the-way place and rather difficult to reach by road; located in hills above the surrounding general lay of the ground. These caves are not large but are known principally for their "Mysteries." Grounds surrounding the hotel are beautiful. It was here we became acquainted with the "cuckoo-burro," the laughing jackass bird. "Cuckoo"—gone nuts; "burro"—jackass. It laughs as though making fun of people.

"Mysteries" are to Jenolan what "helictites" are to Mammoth Cave. We find few helictites in Mammoth but millions of "mysteries" in Jenolan. This might be a good place to describe these growths.

Stalactites grow from ceiling down.

Stalagmites grow from the floor up, where they catch the excess drip from the stalactite above. Both are solid growths.

Mightytites (some spell it "Mititites") are where stalactite grows down, and stalagmite grows up, and they meet and unite to form one solid growth.

Helictites start as a stalactite, grow down, and then, because of a constant steady stream of wind or a generally level flow of water, turn the lime solution deposit into a growth at right angles to the previously perpendicular growth. These also are a solid growth.

Mysteries grow like ram's horns, in any direction, any length, sometimes many feet long. These are tubular and hollow growths. The old Major who discovered Jenolan Caves, who took us on our tour "of inspection" declared he was the only man who knew the solution of "Mysteries." We thought we could solve the secret. We did! Hydrostatic pressure! He admitted we were right.

Here's how: Mysteries grow out of cracks or faults in slippage of rocks which may be on a level or sloping ceiling. Water seeping through from the earth's surface and dripping by gravity weight would be equal to hydrostatic pressure. If this pressure was great, curve of the ram's horn would be up; if

pressure was little, they would curve down; if pressure was medium, they might curve right or left as gravity would squeeze from the rock slope. At different periods of the earth's age, pressure would vary and thus create slow growth covering many thousands of years. Mysteries are always hollow; therefore pressure was from inside to outside, squeezing the twisted shape.

Jenolan is the only cave where Mysteries are found.

Caves are found in limestone country. Sometimes a few are found in gypsum deposits from which we get gypsum growths which take on fantastic shapes and forms that resemble flowers of all kinds. One great room of this kind is found in Mammoth Cave.

A few so-called caves are found where there has been a volcanic upheaval, leaving a hollow space where the ground has buckled upwards, creating fissures in hills.

Limestone is stone formed of lime. Lime is shell fish dust such as sea-shells, oysters, lobsters, crustaceans, shell fish, etc. Many lime caves contain bones of prehistoric or modern animals, such as mastodon, rhinoceros, hyena, elephant, bear, etc. Many of these are found buried under various layers of subsequent deposits piled on top of the bones, showing periods of time lapses. Skeletons are rarely complete. They appear in scattered places and rarely complete a body, showing they have been moved about by time, subsequent to their death.

Many bones belong to animals that do not now exist except in regions far remote from those where caverns exist in which they are found. Some bones found in caverns of Europe belong to animals found only now in tropical or sub-tropical regions or in more northerly locations not now existent in the region of the caves. This was possibly due to the sinking of land bridges which then made it possible for them to be there; but because of the absence of those land bridges now, they couldn't be there.

Bones of human beings are found mingled with those of animals, showing their co-existence at same time—all of which shows great changes in climate covering great periods of time.

Great quantities of lime deposits are now found in valleys or depressions in the bottom of the ocean. Given time, these deposits form layers and under heavy superior pressures form a soft or hard stone formation foundation. Wherever there is a bed of limestone, then, away back when, it was from a depression in the bed of the ocean.

Limestone deposits are found in many places in the United States:

- in the Shenandoah Valley
- in the Mississippi Valley
- in the Carlsbad Country
- in Edmonton County, Kentucky
- in Linwood, near Davenport, Iowa
- in Decorah, Iowa

Limestone, when burned, makes cement. Wherever there is a cement plant, there is a limestone deposit. Ask men who work there, and they will tell you they find seashells of various kinds embedded in the rock. In practically every limestone bed, there are crustaceans, mussel shells, trilobites, etc., buried in the limestone.

All this vast territory between Rockies west, and Appalachians east, was once one vast salt water ocean. Three different continents sank, two in what is now the Atlantic, and one in what is now the Pacific. There were five great recessions of this vast quantity of ocean water; three from sinking continents, two from the draining off process of what remained.

As the ocean receded, it created lakes here and there, with rivers running into or from them to lower levels. As oceans receded, they created great quantities of rushing waters from higher levels to lower levels. As lakes receded they created rivers seeking a common sea level either into the Pacific, Atlantic, or the Gulf of Mexico. As oceans, lakes, and rivers receded, covering hundreds of years—for this is a steady and gradual process—they washed their way through soft limestone deposits, washing away tubes, tunnels, holes and subterranean passages under the earth surface. Eventually, when all water was gone, it left dry tubes, tunnels, holes, and subterranean passages which we today discover and call caves and caverns.

As oceans, lakes, and rivers receded, covering hundreds if not thousands of years, they dropped from one higher to a lower level and thus created one level before another level in a cave. The history of caves shows them to possess usually five levels showing water erosion receding in five periods of height from the top or ocean level to the lowest or to present land levels.

Caves are formed comparatively fast, depending largely on the volume of water rushing through and how much of it passed through. Lime is soft and water is a terrific force when rushing through and dropping from a higher to a lower level; so it wouldn't take much time to wash out a cave in limestone. For these reasons it can be understood that caves are not found deeply imbedded in the earth's crust. Other deposits, such as copper and iron ore, might be as much as one-half to one and a half mile deep. Never so with caves which are comparative surface conditions, usually found in hills. There is no doubt that many caves now exist where there are now deposits of water forming them.

It was well known in the early days of steamboating on Ol' Man River that we usually had a high stage of water north of the Arsenal bridge at Davenport; low water between Davenport and Muscatine, thirty miles south; and higher water again from there south. Boats frequently got stuck on sand bars between Davenport north, and Muscatine south. Why?

Between these two towns is a heavy deposit of limestone. When the Government was digging foundations for the greatest roller dam in the world, at Davenport, Iowa, just below the Arsenal bridge, they built coffer dams to lay concrete foundations. In so doing, two great holes were found in the bed

of the river. Divers were sent down, but they found no bottom. The river ran into those holes through some subterranean river, possibly forming deep lakes. Some day, if the Mississippi ever runs dry, caves of great size may be found down there. Being filled with water now, no stalactites or stalagmites would yet be formed.

We like to look back and tell the history of a certain section of geography. Geological formations prove much. Not often, however, does one stick his neck out to foretell what is to be the future history of a certain section of geography that is now in the making, as studied and can be read like a book being written, by what that certain section of geography has made in its past and revealed by its present actions.

Right now, the eastern portion of the United States and the backbone ridge of South America is interesting because it does what the preceding paragraph suggests. It is building itself. At the expense of being called a geological prophet, let us tell what that line of action will produce.

Running down the eastern border of our United States from north to south, is the Appalachian range of mountains. They are highest in northern states until we get to Florida where they do not exist to the visible eye; but existing they are, nevertheless, because they pass down below sea level. Underneath the present land area of what is now Florida runs a range of mountains, unseen and generally unknown. This underneath-Florida range of mountains passes through approximately the center of the state, from east to west.

Proceeding south, beyond Florida, the range continues below Gulf of Mexico water level, even lower than those now of Florida. Beyond the Gulf of Mexico they come up again and continue south to become the Andes range on the western slope of South America. Between these is Cuba which is one of the islands built on top of some of those mountains due south of Florida. Peculiarly, and contrary to general understanding, the eastern range in the United States is due north of the western range of South America, with Cuba in between. The entire range runs due north and south.

If you were to ask why this recession in height from north to south, and rise again farther south, we would say that at some time in the history there was a sinking of the center of this range. Was it during the sinking of the Continent of Lemuria, Continent of Atlantis, or Continent of Mu? Who knows! That it sank, is obvious. That certain changes are now occurring because of that sinking, is obvious; and it is upon these changes, of which we see plenty of evidence, that we base a prophecy.

If you could see a cross-section of this range of mountains from Canada on the north to the southern tip of South America, looking from east to west, it would have the appearance of a long, low, dished-out, saucer-like concavity. The elevated portions could be easily seen. The submerged portions can be seen plainly from a high elevation in the Pan American planes flying between

Miami and Havana as they skirt the Keys Islands of southern Florida. Looking down from a height through the depths of the water, mountains and valleys between are clearly discernible, submerged below water level.

As one travels on Highway No. 1, south, between Miami and Key West, he passes over many keys which in fact are a series of hundreds of dotted small islands. They are scattered about, but in general they run from north to south, slightly west. These islands are coral growths on the submerged tops of mountain peaks eventually to reach the surface of tide waters. The higher the mountain peak, the larger that peak, the larger is the island or key now present. People traveling this highway remark about the blue, green, or brown color of the waters. Little do they realize that this brilliant blue, green, or brown is the animal growth now taking place, that has been taking place for thousands of years upon the very keys they are traveling over, and that was the way they were formed.

Now we have levels fixed in mind, and topography understood, remembering that as a result of the submerging of the central part of this long range we now have a section under water. In these under-water valleys and on these under-water-mountain-peaks, crustacea, shell life, and coral began to grow, to accumulate on their tops and in their valleys. Given time, we have a disintegrated lime deposit growth which took width to that of the present land known as Florida, to the length of the present Florida, and to the height of the present land level of the present Florida; a lime coral growth that is very fertile if heavily fertilized with animal matters, and well watered.

Late in the life of the world, about twenty million years ago, the great granite plateau of Florida sank beneath the sea, carrying with it all records of its worn-down mountains, old forests, rivers, and animals. So those who came to a later Florida found no gold or even the bones of the hundreds of thousands of dinosaurs which had roamed that lost land when it was above sea. In the warm shallow sea which then covered Florida lived untold millions of small shell fish called Foraminifera, which tiny skeletons fell into a gentle rain upon the gaunt frame of the submerged plateau, and built a foundation of pure white limestone four thousand feet thick. Ocean currents brought clay and sand down from the continent north to Florida, and delivered these to the forces building the Florida-to-be. Meanwhile, the granite foundations stirred like a giant asleep. The peninsula rose and sank, and rocked from side to side, but so slowly that the limestone crust was not broken, but only gently domed, so that finally the island of Ocala rose from the shallow sea, looking much like a prehistoric white whale, 150 miles long and 60 miles wide.

Between this new-born land and the mainland flowed the Suwanee Strait. Slowly, the mass of soft soluble rock rose from the sea to a greater elevation than it is now, and the warm heavy rains of the old world scored it with channels and funnel-shaped cavities, and hollowed out great underground passages which widened to become subterranean rivers flowing into vast sunless seas

of fresh water. Such a sea was to be the source of Silver Springs, greatest of limestone springs.

Meanwhile, the island of Ocala sank like the hull of a wrecked vessel, to about its present elevation, and this great underground cavern which was to produce Silver Springs lay below the water table of the ocean. But the marvelous purity of the sweet water was safe from contamination by the ocean salt, for the pressure of the great weight of its accumulated waters sealed the sides of the cavern and the surface waters of the island trickling through the sand and rocks from above, brought fresh strength daily to oppose the invading ocean. The rainfall over only one-fourth the area of Marion County is still great enough to keep the spring full. More than 460,000,000 gallons of water per square mile are added each year to the underground area around Silver Springs. A new ally to resist the ocean's threat is added by the weight of solids which rain waters dissolve on their long slow journey down to the nameless sea. Six hundred tons of minerals are still carried off in solution every day in the waters of Silver Springs. In the relentless passage of the homing waters through the thick crust of primeval limestone and in the lime they dissolve, lies the secret of the marvelous brilliancy and transparency of the waters. Small wonder that this prisoned gaint burst the walls of his underground dungeon. Through a great fissure 65 feet long and 12 feet high water flows—swiftly, because of the pressure behind it. Many other springs in the basin add to the volume of the water.

At its maximum flow, 801,000,000 gallons of water a day come from the springs; enough to supply New York City. The bowl of the spring is 400 feet in diameter and in places a depth of 80 feet has been reached, in the deepest fissure.

Having built a mighty spring, secret forces within the earth now set the stage for a second act in the long drama of its history. The time was almost modern, geologically speaking—about one million years ago. The old continent north of the island of Ocala became convulsed by inward agonies, mountains pushed up in new places, old highlands sank in others. In this reassembling of lands, submerged Florida rose, carrying with it a fragment of ocean bed which joined it to South America, thus presenting the reborn land in the role of a mighty continental causeway.

Backing up once more to the north of our United States eastern range, we find heavy rainfalls, snow deposits, and ice deposits—all of which water seeks ocean level.

Jumping quickly back down south to Florida, to the submerged range, we find in the terrain of Florida, from east to west, the "Land of Lakes," some 30,000 of them. We also find Waukulla and Silver Springs, as well as many thousands of others of lesser size, gushing forth tremendous quantities of fresh water. Waukulla gushes forth 675,000,000 gallons of fresh water daily. Silver Springs gushes forth 801,000,000 gallons daily.

Havana, Cuba, is fed by the same subterranean river and through forty-

three springs, outside of the city, receiving its fresh water supply. When it is remembered that Havana is a city of 750,000 people, it can be understood that this water supply is no small item. Havana lies just south and about opposite to Key West and consistently follows the keys chain between Florida on the north and the high mountains in South America on the south.

Each lake, regardless of size, whether it be one acre or miles around, is fed by fresh water springs.

Off the east coast of St. Augustine, out in the bed of the ocean a couple of miles, is still a third huge spring which gushes water of sufficient quantity and strength to force it about two feet above sea level. How much water it gushes per twenty-four hours is anybody's guess. Fresh water fish live in it and salt water fish do not.

From where and how comes all this water? It has been suggested it comes from rains, which saturate the ground, soak in, and then bubble up here and there. Can anyone imagine that there is any such quantity of rain possible anywhere in Florida? Rain or drouth, this has been going on ever since the knowledge of people in Florida.

Is the answer from way up north? If so, how? Through an underground series of tortuous cut-away cave rivers? The Shenandoah Valley we know is a mass of cave. Lakes and rivers crop here and there in various caves, flow back down again in those caves, flowing down, hidden in the bowels again and again through the known and explored underground areas. And, the direction of the flow of these rivers is always south. In one instance a river appears in a cave and just as suddenly disappears.

We suggested a common sense test be made, viz., get a huge quantity of essenced red coloring matter, dump it into one of these subterranean rivers, watch south of that to see if colored water came up in another cave. That coloring was noted in another state in another cave more than 100 miles away, where it came to the surface again.

All this northern water keeps accumulating and flowing south until it finds its final exit in some sink-hole or through the larger cave springs such as Waukulla and Silver.

Water gushing out from Waukulla and Silver Springs contains great quantities of lime matter in solution, showing the present day cutting away internally, making what would be an extended underground series of caves of tremendous size and length if they were dry; and if man should enter and explore them as he has done with the Shenandoah Valley, Mammoth Cave country, Carlsbad territory, etc., he would find caves even under Florida.

If, today, this flow of water could be stopped at source all along its north to south course; and the subterranean lakes and rivers were to go dry; and man were to enter, discover, and explore them, he would find caverns, lakes, and rivers in them of great size and length and theoretically he should be able to walk underground from Havana, Cuba, Florida, through to Maine, and possibly farther north on up to Hudson Bay in Canada.

So far as we know, we are the first to offer this explanation of the source of such huge volumes of water and to explain its source and how it gets from source to point of expulsion. Others explain it by rainfall in Florida, alone. If they knew caves, the continuousness of them from north, south, they would not credit rain alone if at all.

At present, you would not find stalactites, stalagmites, or mititites, for these caves are now being cut out by dissolving the deposits of earth lime substances. These excrescent growths come only after caves have gone dry and seepages come through from above. To look down into Waukulla and Silver Springs is to see solid substances being constantly thrown out through the water exits.

Now that our caves are formed and in existence, how do we account for stalactites, stalagmites, mititites, helictites, mysteries, etc.? They are an excrescent growth of and on a limestone base; a sort of wart on the skins of the cave, in some instances taking on the size of tumors which grow much like those do as a parasite on the human body proper.

Surface rains seep through the ground above, bringing with them solid substances in solution, which leave drips on the ceiling as they slowly seep or osmose through. It leaves a residue which hangs on the ceiling. This begins a growth. Given time, this growth will continue into a stalactite.

As would be expected, not all drop substances in solution cling to the ceiling. Some drop onto the floor. Some of the solid substances in solution are carried through with the drip. This begins a growth on the floor and, given time, becomes a stalagmite.

If there be no wind blowing through the cave, the stalagmite will grow immediately under center of stalactite. If there is a wind blowing, the stalagmite may grow several feet off-center of its stalactite from which it grows.

In the case of a helictite, in one period there was no flowing water or air, so the stalactite grew perpendicular. Later, water or air flowing through would carry the drops in a horizontal direction at right angles to its original growth.

A cave is a big washout. Stalactites and stalagmites are growths. It takes much longer to grow formations in caves than it does to wash out a cave.

In going through caves, you are often called upon to stretch your imagination to the limit, to think you see imaginary grotesque forms as grown by stalactites or stalagmites.

Sink holes abound everywhere around cave country. A sink hole is an unexpected and sudden depression in the top earth's surface, caused by rock caving into a cave below, from the ceiling. Anybody living on top today may find himself down below somewhere tomorrow.

You would be led to believe, from our descriptions so far, that caves, as you wander through them, are washouts only. They are more than that. Gradually interior disintegration takes place. Rocks from above come loose

and drop onto the floor below. In exact ratio as they drop off the ceiling, they gather upon the floor. In some caves, much of this takes place, so much so that it raises the ceiling and floor levels all out of proportion to what the washout level had it originally. Some of these rock drops are of huge proportion, others are of minor size.

Most of the discoveries of caves start with a story about how a hunter shot a bear. The wounded bear ran into a hole in the ground. The hunter followed him in—and discovered a cave. There are different twists. Niagara Falls cave, at Decorah, Iowa, was discovered by pigs that got lost in a hole in the ground. Farmer boys went into the hole to find pigs, and discovered a cave.

At Carlsbad Cavern, at evening time, millions of bats fly out. They have been trailed and found miles away, eating and drinking. At midnight, they fly back and remain sleeping all day. The entrance of Carlsbad is split two ways—one way the sightseers go, the other the bats come from and go back into. The way of the bats has never been opened to the public. Millions of tons of rich bat guano is there and would represent a fortune if it were placed on the market.

Caves are either alive or dead, according to whether they are growing or disintegrating. If there is surface water still dripping and causing stalactites and stalagmites to grow, then it is alive. If the cave is dry, then gradually the stalactites or stalagmites crumble, then it is dying. If the limestone is in a process of reverting back to form, then it becomes as mud, and it is dying.

There is an oppressive stillness and darkness in a cave.

Unless you know caves, it is dangerous to attempt to go through them alone. With lights, it is bad enough, for you can get lost in the meanderings through the round-about ways of up hills and down dales, through avenues and tunnels, from one level to another. Many have never found their way out, going insane from the oppressive stillness and darkness when lights go out. Even in a guided cave, it is advisable to keep close to your guide and not stray from his side. He knows his way and is familiar with landmarks that will lead him out any time. All well-regulated caves have a standing order that if the guide and his party are not out by a certain definite time, another guide starts in after them.

The temperature of caves is exhilarating. You hear about certain routes being so many miles long, but you never feel the distance. The temperature is never below 52 degrees, and rarely above 56 degrees. Usually it hovers around 54, even with a draft in them.

It is an interesting sidelight that the well we dug on the northeast corner of our Clinic Building, 537½ feet deep, dug into limestone territory, through soft and hard limestone, brings up water at exactly 54 degrees Fahrenheit. When we struck water, we pumped 200 gallons a minute for 48 consecutive hours, the quantity never diminishing, proving we were trying to pump an

underground lake dry. Was this a part of the underground cave system between Davenport and Muscatine? Some day, thousands of years from now, there will be an answer to that question.

If and where possible, all prominent caves of the United States are now Government Parks under the direction and supervision of the United States Park Commissioners who have routed trails. You go through with a guide for every certain number of people, who is responsible for your welfare, safety, and comfort. Many caves are electrically lighted. Going through any U.S. Government Park Cave is safe, even for children, if instructions are obeyed.

Mammoth Cave at one time belonged to a private family. Nine heirs inherited it. It could not be sold until the last of these was dead. Meanwhile, the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, realizing its commercial value to their transportation system, bought all land surrounding what they thought were the borders of the cave below, thinking that when the last heir died, they would grab the center surrounding their land possessions for a song, and turn it into a commercial sightseeing enterprise which their railroad could better serve. Parties interested in preserving the cave prevailed upon Congress to purchase it for a National Park.

We say, "where they thought were the borders of the cave below," for no cave has been adequately and correctly or completely surveyed. So many factors make it an impossibility to accurately survey any cave. This was true of Mammoth.

In White's Cavern we mentioned having found the mummified body of a woman and child. We mentioned the jointed stick torches which looked like bamboo poles, which is not a native growth of this country now. We mentioned human guano of great acreage. We mentioned the sliding rock and the carved out wooden dish of a material not now known in America.

Many bodies have been found in our western mountains in cliff dwellings, as well as the one body found in Luray Caverns, as well as our mound builders up and down the Mississippi and Ohio valleys. Who were these people? How long ago did they live? Were they intelligent to their needs as of those days?

The answers to these questions lie wrapped in an ancient study of our world, including more than a study of our North American continent as we now know it. To find the answers, we must go back to the migrations of races. Long before the dawn of authentic history, primitive races of men dwelt in large numbers in natural caverns. The ages are called the Paleolithic or Ancient Stone Age, and the Neolithic or Later Stone Age. Some human remains found in caves are believed to antedate the glacial drift period of Europe.

To find the answers, we must go back to the once-existing continents of Lamuria, Atlantis, and Mu.

Beyond our eastern Appalachian mountain range, out there in what is now the Atlantic Ocean, including land that connected what is now Africa,

Europe, and Asia, including the ocean we now call the Mediterranean, was a great continent known as Lamuria. Its coast line included much of the southern Atlantic and extended north, including entire portions of the northern Atlantic. At this time much of what is now northern Europe and Russia was under water. At a later period, the northern section of Lamuria increased, because of other portions being submerged, perhaps because of volcanic origin and eruptions.

The second period of change introduced the northern division that later became known as the Continent of Atlantis, which included much of our eastern North American continent, as well as much of the northern portion of southern America, including what is now the Gulf of Mexico. Atlantis disappeared about 22,000 years ago.

(If interested in the exact nature of this transition in the earth's history, we suggest you read: *The Story of Atlantis and The Lost Lamuria*, by W. Scott-Elliott, and *Atlantis and Lamuria*, by Rudolf Steiner.)

We are not here interested in geographic details, but to suggest that when these continents sank into oblivion, it drew from portions of our globe our ocean beds, the water necessary to fill the hole thus created. This meant to rob Peter to pay Paul. This exposed much of our ocean beds and made them land, which was the beginning of our North America between its mountain ranges, as well as the beginning of our caves, by the recession of water levels.

Beyond our western range of mountains was also a great continent known as Mu. Mu existed for 100,000 years and disappeared about 12,000 years ago. It had a population of 60,000,000 people. This included land that is now the bed of the Pacific Ocean.

Its land territory included all that which is now Easter Island, Samoan Islands, Fiji Islands, Hawaiian Islands, Ladrões, Carolinas, Gilbert Island, Neinamfou, Tonga, Cook Island, Marquesas, Tahiti, Mariana, Panape, The Philippines, etc., including all the territory that lay between them.

Even at that time, much of what is now our great inland water-sheds was still under some water, but of a different level; for the sinking of the Continent of Lamuria, then Atlantis, did not draw off all the water, but did successively lower its levels, for each of these changes occurred at a different period of earth depression.

In the sinking of the Continent of Mu, it still left some of the mountain peaks of the now named Islands out of water. These are the well known Islands of the Pacific, including what is left of Australia, New Zealand, etc. Mu was such a large continent that it covered nearly one-half of the Pacific Ocean. In some places the land depressions went down thousands of feet and still are miles deep off the coast of Japan.

Even in the early days of America, in North Dakota, there were people, the identity and age of whom we have no record and no one knows. This is evidenced by an altared square. Let us present it as it was when we were asked our opinion of what it was.

There was a large mound-like hill, possibly 300 feet in diameter, possibly 50 feet high, at its center peak. At what might have been a corner of the mound, were two square ends of what might look like two ends of two stone fences as they came together and ran through each other and overlapped; stone ends of the layers sticking out over the edges.

The question was: Was this a man-made fence or was it a freakish effect of petrified mud? Our offhand opinion was that the rocks had been definitely laid by man. It was too faithful a job of masonry to be an accident or a freak of some kind.

We suggested to the committee who asked our opinion: Why one corner of a fence? One corner did not make sense. Any corner of a fence was for the purpose of keeping something in, something out, or enclosing an area for a purpose. If there was one corner, sense says there must be three more. If there were four corners, there had to be four walls around a square. If there were four walls enclosing an area, there had to be a gate entrance. Logically, the gate should face east—it always had through the centuries with all native tribes.

The committee that drove us out to this farm on which was this phenomenon was interested in that corner only. Before expressing our opinion, we asked for time to study the topography of the country where this was. It was a case of using simple thinking to solve the problem.

We then suggested that if they would follow from this southwest corner of what we thought was a fence, going due north, in the center of the east side they might find an entrance through this four-sided square walled-in space. We further suggested, having reached the gate, if they would follow it into the hill, going west from the gate, they might find an altar which was for either worship or sacrificial purposes.

Later, they dug away the first and found everything exactly as predicted. They found the center altar.

How did we reach these conclusions?

Immediately attached to the east wall, running north and south, as we imagined it, extending east for about 200 feet and running north and south for about 400 feet, we found pavement flag stones laid out on a level with the gate from one east corner to the other. It was mostly covered with earth, but here and there showed evidences of this pavement, at least it did to us. They had not observed this until we called it to their attention.

At the fathermost point away from the hill, at the eastern edge of the straight-lined pavement, there was a decided dip in the contour of the land, into a deep valley, which ran parallel to the paving. This valley continued north and south for miles. Upon inquiry, we found that seashells and other evidences of shell growth of many kinds were constantly being found in the bed of this valley, up and down its full length.

We now had all the elements of a complete story of a people who once lived here. People came from far and wide up this river or valley in boats.

They got off at this landing. They walked across the paving. This was a place of meeting where they bartered and exchanged goods, or it was a place of worship. After finishing what they came to do, they went home the same way—by boats, on what was a great river back in the days before all ocean waters had receded from this land.

At our suggestion, they began excavating. Our reasoning was sound for that was exactly what they found. The corner of the fence which they wanted to know about was but one thin bit of evidence that led to uncovering the story of an unknown race. This valley has no water now and has not had within the time of modern man. Neither do the American Indians who live around there have any handed-down legends about such a people.

Who were these people? Who knows! But whoever they were, they lived here when water existed there, when the water was a part of a salt-sea ocean—and that was a long time ago as we count time in our lives—and that was a short time ago in the life of a world as the world counts time.

These local people had had geologists galore, professors of colleges by the dozen, go out and see that corner of the fence, and go away offering no solution. How did we solve it? Used a little common sense, with Innate who knows all, sees all, is all, pushing us to do a little thinking.

This experience leads us to begin wondering about migrations of races of people, century after century. Where did people come from, go to, how did they get about from there, here?

Let us reconstruct two great theories:

The original Aryan race dwelt in Central Asia up in the area of Mongolia, Manchuria, and Tibet.

Two great streams poured out from there, one toward Persia and on west, the other toward India, south and then east, north, etc.

Let us follow the stream that went into India, south.

Arriving in India, we have the East Indian; over into Ceylon, creating Singhalese; from India into Burma, creating Burmese; from Burma into Siam, creating Siamese; from Burma into Malaya, creating Malayans; back into India again, into Sumatra, creating the Batak people; Sumatra into Java, creating Javanese; from Java into Bali, creating the Balinese; from Bali into Australia, creating the Bush people; from Australia into New Zealand, creating the Maoris; from Java to Borneo, creating the Borneans; from Borneo into New Guinea, up into Fiji Islands, creating Fijians; over to Island of Celebes, creating MacCassar people; over to Samoa, creating Samoans; up to Hawaiian Islands, creating Hawaiians.

From the stream that came from India, up into Siam, drifting to Cambodia, creating the Khmer people, into Tomkin and Laos, creating the Mois hill tribes, into Indo-China, creating the Endocheen.

From the Malayan Peninsula into China, creating the Chinese; into Korea, creating Koreans; spread into Japan, creating Japanese; up over land

bridge of Siberia into Alaska, creating Aleutian Indians, and north to Esquimaux; south from Alaska over western part of United States, creating cliff dwellers, then later American Indians as they spread east; down the coast into Mexico, creating Mexican Indian; into Yucatan, then Peru, creating Peruvian Indians, Incas, etc.

If this geography is followed closely, it will be seen they spread like fingers. This is one generally-accepted theory of migration.

The Continent of Mu introduces another: that this continent was the mother habitation of the original race; from Mu, they spread west and east by way of Panama Isthmus; from Panama, then south and north into the Americas.

Which of the concepts is true, possibly no one can know. It would be interesting to know, as a matter of education, although knowledge of the subject would change nothing.

These peoples, regardless of how they came or went, left a record which tells much. All native tribes, such as those mentioned, have a common symbolism and alphabetical language. They have a sign language, even to an alphabet, common pictures and ideographs that express same meaning.

Maacal tablets have been found in India which bear the same symbolistic signs of a common language. Recently, Niven found buried cities a few miles from Mexico City, now 7,000 feet above sea-level, in a plateau surrounded by mountains 5,000 feet higher intervening between it and the now sea-level and surrounding the plateau.

On digging down into the floor of this plateau, there were:

- 1 foot of earth
- 9 feet of boulders, gravel, and broken pottery, then a pavement
- 6 feet of small boulders, gravel and sand, then a second pavement
- 14 feet of small boulders, gravel and sand, then a layer of volcanic ash, underneath which were the buried cities
- under which was a third pavement, making the cities buried under 31 feet of debris.

2,600 stone tablets were uncovered in these buried cities.

Tablets, deciphered, gave a basis of information and proof of the common symbolism and a common associated letter alphabet found all over America.

Maya words are found in every language in the world.

One-half of the Japanese language is Cara Maya.

In India, a larger proportion of languages came from Cara Maya.

Cambodian and Singhalese are full of the original Maya words.

All of the European languages are permeated with them, especially Greek, whose alphabet is composed of Cara Maya vocables.

Fifty per cent of Mexican Indian language is Cara Maya.

A Mexican Indian can converse intelligently with a Japanese, without an interpreter. The same is true of the Incas.

The old Akkadian and Chaldean languages were largely Naga Maya; also the Egyptian.

Evidences are found in now-existing Islands of the Pacific that match with Chinese, Japanese, Malayan, Aleutian Indians, Esquimaux, Cliff Dwellers (whose port of entry was more than likely the mouth of the Colorado River and thence up through its various tributaries, for we find them distributed only throughout that area of North America), American Indians, Cave Dwellers of White's Cavern, Yucatan ruins and Oaxaca Mexico, Peruvian Indians, etc.

Some of the most obvious of these many symbols are the swastika, cross, pyramid or triangle, circle, square, tau, T, two-sided square, and the feather. These are common to all, although there are many more. The swastika symbol, by the way, has a male and a female form. Hitler used the female form, possibly because he didn't know the difference. If he had, he would have preferred the male form because they were the warriors.

(For further information on this sign language, see the Mu series of books mentioned before; Phallic Worship, Its Symbols and Meanings, in another story in this book; as well as many other works dealing with this common symbolism of Phallic worship.)

It thus appears that the early cave dwellers of America, the American Indian, American mound builders, American (high above water) cliff dwellers, were some of the migrations of these early people.

"INDIAN CAME FROM ORIENT"

By JAMES F. REID

Ganado, Ariz., Oct. 20, 1947.—UP.—

"Whether the American Indians are of oriental origin has been long a matter of dispute among anthropologists.

"Dr. C. G. Salsbury, superintendent of Ganado Indian Mission hospital, identifies himself with the affirmative school of thought. Dr. Salsbury, a missionary physician on the island of Hainan off the south coast of China, from 1915 to 1926, declared that the Hainanese are 'strikingly similar to the Navajos in appearance' and that the languages of each are similar in many respects.

"The numerals 3, 4, 7, and 8 are practically identical, Dr. Salsbury said. Many other common words are not a great deal unlike. Some of the tools used by oldtime Navajos are almost exact duplicates of those used by the Chinese.

'MONGOLIAN SPOT' SHOWS

"Dr. Salsbury further stated that every Navajo child is born with what is commonly termed the 'Mongolian spot'—a small bluish discoloration over the backbone which lasts from a few hours to as long as two days. That, he explained, is a characteristic of oriental infants.

"But Dr. Salsbury's observations have gone much further than physical comparisons. He said the social customs of the Hainanese and Navajos also are 'more than coincidentally' similar, as—for example—the respect of children for their elders, hairdress, and the custom of old-time parents of both racial and nationality groups to select the marriage partners for their sons and daughters.

"Inspection of a Navajo hogan, Dr. Salsbury stated, will reveal that the structure is nothing more than an Eskimo igloo made of logs and mud instead of snow and ice. He explained that in their migration from Asia to their present location, the Navajos probably picked up the igloo-type of construction and only changed building materials as they moved further south.

"HERE 12 CENTURIES"

"Dr. Salsbury said the Navajos are believed to have been in this country for about 12 centuries.

"The Hainanese were banished to the island of Hainanese as political exiles from the

southeastern mainland about that long ago, he said. Perhaps the people we know as Navajos were another part of the rebellious group and were banished across the Behring straits about the same time.

"In Canyon del Muerto, near Canyon del Chelly, there are characters of ancient script written on the canyon wall which are very similar to Chinese characters. It may have been here that the Navajos lost the last remnants of their written language.

"HOPIS SHOW TRACES"

"While Dr. Salsbury can be termed rightfully a 'nationally known expert on Navajos and their culture,' he frankly admits that he knows little about the Hopi Indians or their origin. However, in regard to them, he said there was much evidence indicating their Far Eastern ancestry.

"The Hopi and certain oriental peoples are similar in stature,' he commented, 'and a missionary from Japan told me he could almost carry on a conversation with the Hopis in the Japanese language. My surgical supervisor here at the hospital is Hopi, and—if dressed in proper costume—she would be a perfect Japanese type.'"

—*Tucson (Ariz.) Daily Citizen*, October 20, 1947.

Having studied caves, sinkings of continents, then migrations of peoples, next we ask how came the sinkings of continents; what caused them to sink?

We would analyze it thus:

There are certain known paths or channels of outlets of volcanic or gas belts around the world. Down in the center of this ball of earth is a constantly burning fire. From the center to the surface is approximately equal to any given point to the surface of this belt. Two primary ones cross the Pacific from the Panama Canal through to Central China. One secondary belt passes through Sumatra, Java, Bali, Borneo, and Guinea, which spread into two and thence into four sub-divisions that went to the western coast of southern America.

There exists one north and south belt that passes through the southern islands off the southeast coast of Australia, thence into the northeast section of Australia, north through Borneo, up off the coast of China, into and through the Philippines, through Japan, and then passes through the Pacific, passing over into Alaska to the Land of the Thousand Smokes.

There are four north and south belts passing through the western part of the United States, down south through Panama into the western part of South America. One of these belts passes off shore of British Columbia, Oregon, Washington, California, Southern California, Panama, etc.

It was these gas pockets, buried deep into the earth, which exploded in volcanic eruptions which caused the earth to fall back and fill in the space formerly held up by gas pockets. It was these which caused the sinking of the major portions of the continents in question.

Inasmuch as the swastika is a universal symbol, dating back to when no man knows, let us analyze its use and meaning. It was originally associated with good luck from being the favorite symbol of the Sacred Four who were in charge of the physical Universe, and therefore the means by which all good things came to men. While the swastika is one of the oldest and most universal of symbols, being found throughout the ancient world, its origin and meaning have been lost for the past 3,000 years. The loss occurred when the fierce Brahminical priesthood of India persecuted and drove

their teachers, the mild and highly educated Maacals, into the snowcapped mountains of the north.

We found the origin and meaning of this symbol:

First: In the maacal writings which were brought from the motherland and for thousands of years, probably, had lain dust-covered and almost forgotten in the archives of oriental temples and monasteries.

Second: Confirmed by the Mexican Stone Tables.

Fate, however, ordained that their coverings of dust and ashes of thousands of years should be removed and their secrets be once more known to the world.

The "good luck symbol" is a very appropriate name for the swastika, since it represents the physical welfare of man and all the universe. The swastika evolved from the plain original cross.

Here is an explanation of the evolution of the swastika:

1. It is the original plain cross; one perpendicular line, another horizontal.

2. Here we have a circle drawn around the four tips of these lines. The circle is the symbol of the deity. The cross is now shown within the deity, therefore it is a part of Him. This accounts for the ancients calling their works, "The commands of the Creator," "His desires," "His wishes," etc.

The forces symbolized by the cross were the executors of his commands. With the circle drawn around the cross, it became a composite glyph symbolizing the ancient's full God-head of Five—i.e., the deity and his Four Great Primary Forces, the four original gods.

3. A glyph found among the North American cliff dwellers. The arms of the cross extend beyond the circle.

4. The next step was to project the arms beyond the circle and turn their ends down at right angles, thus forming a two-sided square, which was the ancient glyph for "Builder." Thus were shown the four great builders of the universe.

Without question, it soon became evident to the ancients that by extending the original cross they had deprived themselves of the possibility of mentioning the Four Great Forces without including the deity. They could not write the Sacred Four, but they must write the full God-head of five. To rectify this and bring back the symbol to its original meaning, they eliminated the circle, leaving only the Four Great Builders of the Universe.

The swastika is either male or female, depending upon whether it is left or right-winged. If the upper left line is horizontal, it is indicative of the female in the prone position. If the upper left line is perpendicular, it is indicative of the male phallus organ.

We have one more subject to elucidate; then we will close this portion of our subject:

How and why did the cliff dwellers build their homes up so high that it

was difficult to get up to them, or down so low that it was almost impossible for enemies to get down to them from the cliffs above?

The fact is, the cliff dwellers were not "cliff" dwellers. Their homes were built on water levels, for in those days rivers and lakes were up to those levels where they built their homes. Later, as continents sank and drew off those high rivers and lakes, it left them away up there in what are now high cliffs. Any student of topography who studies the lay of the land knows it is always indicative of rivers or lakes being present then and there. Simple thinking solves all problems, for those people did not like to climb away up there from away down where we are now; nor did they like to climb away down there from away up on top where we might be now; but it was an easy matter for them to row their boats on the shorelines and step out into their homes exactly as people do today at river, lake, or ocean shores.

And so ends our migrations into the realms of past ages with peoples we know something about, but not much. It has been interesting to take these trips with you readers, and we hope you have enjoyed it as much as we have in presenting it to you.

CHAPTER 133

THE STORY OF PHALLIC WORSHIP

THE AGE OF THE WORLD can be approximated by its geological strata. Students approximate where people came from when they finally located at certain places, by records left behind in the form of ruins, bas-reliefs, hieroglyphics, etc. They leave a story which approximates driftings of entire tribes from place to place. Certain common groups have certain things in common which they leave as a trail; thus students of migrations can differentiate one group from another, and each can be located definitely, even to saying where the division took place and when they came to a certain geographical settling. Nothing, of course, is absolute, although reasonable so far as the present day mind which was not present then, can figure out, and thus determine with fair accuracy.

This story is based upon a series of migrations of a more or less specific type of people. There are exceptions to this rule, as is to be expected.

The geography concerned in this analysis consists of all territory which now includes Asia, South Sea Islands, as far south to and including Australia and New Zealand, and north to the Equator, as far as the Hawaiian Islands, Alaskan Islands, western United States, all of Mexico, Central America, etc. Whether or not it includes western South America, we do not know, not having been there. Evidence exists that this analysis should include northwestern Africa, more particularly Egypt, as well as Greece and Rome. Whether it spread further into what is now Europe, we are not prepared to state.

The race under discussion originally was the Aryan people who were supposed to have dwelt in central Asia and thence to have separated in two great streams of migration, one toward Persia and India, one toward Europe.

Let us follow the stream that went into India creating the East Indian, pouring over into Ceylon to make the Singhalese. From India another stream crossed over into Burma, creating the Burmese. The same stream, given time, poured down into Siam, creating the Siamese; then down into Malaya, creating the Malaysians.

From India, another stream crossed over to the northern portion of Sumatra and created the Batak people. The stream poured over the southern end of Sumatra into Java and created the Javanese. Continuing that same migration, they drifted into Bali and created the Balinese.

From the stream that came from India and poured over into Siam, we find them drifting into Cambodia, creating the Khmer people; spreading a

little farther into Laos and creating the Mois hill tribes, and down into Indo-China creating the native Endocheen. The migration occurred this way across this peninsula because of a natural waterway gulf or water barrier.

Another split occurred when they migrated from Java north into Borneo, creating the Borneans. It was but a short jump from Borneo over into New Guinea, creating the savage there; up into the Fiji Islands, creating the Fijians, and then on up into the Hawaiian Islands, creating the Hawaiians; to the island of Celebes, creating the MacCassar people.

Java appears to have been a starting place with several restless groups, for from Java, we find another stream going into Australia and creating the Bush people of that continent; thence to New Zealand and creating the Maoris; to the Samoan Islands, creating the Samoans, etc.

From the Malayan peninsula, regardless of whether it was the Siamese or Mois hill tribes, we find a definite stream pouring north into China, creating the Chinese. These spread into Korea, creating the Koreans; this spread over into Japan, creating the Japanese. Gradually this migration continued up over the land bridge of Siberia to Alaska, spread out all over Alaska, gradually working its way down the western part of the United States, creating our North American Indians, and going down the coast into Mexico, creating the Mexican Indians, and finally into Yucatan, etc.

These are the so-called black races of the Orient, in contradistinction to the so-called white races of Europe. Even though we include the Chinese as a yellow race, the Koreans as black, the American Indians as red—we still include them as shades of black, modifying their color of black just as they changed their dialects, as time, geography, environment, circumstances necessitated. The common background language is Malayan; but few, if any, of these people who we now set forth as separate groups, can understand any other, because of a marked change in dialect.

As the occidental mind finds these people today, he discovers them in various states of so-called civilization. Some, such as the Batak people, are cannibals, head-hunters, and are generally regarded as savages in all this term means. Many tribes live in a natural state with all the civilization necessary to make a comfortable and existing living—considering where and how they live. Other races which have come and gone have left behind herculean works of art, proving that they were very highly enlightened types. Call any one tribe what you will—savage, semi-civilized, civilized, enlightened, educated—the terms are comparative. If by education is meant books, then they had it not. If by being civilized is meant that they are happy, contented, making a comfortable living, and are satisfied within their sphere, then what more is there to life?

That such migrations did occur is verified by all who have studied the ancient records left behind, of household utensils, implements of agriculture, war devices, carved stones, hieroglyphics, signs and symbols, found here and there amongst their ruins.

The above grouping does not include the races of Egypt and the Romans to which we later allude, although this group may have come from that one stream that we have mentioned that spread into Europe.

No discussion of this question could be considered as worth studying, did we not first define two terms which enter the picture.

1. The "occidental" with his occidental mind, religions and customs; educations and civilizations.

2. The "oriental" or native with his oriental mind, religions and customs; educations and civilizations.

Kipling said it well:

"East is East and West is West
And ne'er the twain shall meet."

These two minds are at opposites, antipodes, diametrically opposed to each other. One lives naturally, the other artificially; one lives from within, without; the other from without, within. Neither mind is capable of fairly judging the other, regardless of whether it be the oriental judging the occidental or vice versa, unless one is willing to step aside and judge the other, solely by its own views, achievements, religions, and customs, educations and civilizations, without prejudice brought about by the injection of the opposite mind.

If the occidental mind studies the oriental mind, and then the occidental mind criticizes and condemns the oriental mind by the standards of the occidental mind, he does him a grave injustice. And, the reverse would be equally as true. All any student of one people about another can do is to use one mind as a medium to think through, about the other mind.

Throughout this discussion, we shall constantly refer to the peoples who have migrated, who reside in the East, the near-East and far-East, and in the South Pacific Islands, as "natives," regardless of their geographical home, past or present, and also regardless of what name they may now go by. The "native" is that people to whom their present habitat is theirs, has been theirs, was gained by natural squatters' rights, and not by right of conquest, such as the whites have done in coming from Europe to America.

Each native lived within a narrow scope. His horizon was confined to his tribe, village, or island. His world, as he knew it, was within walking distance. He had no method of long distance transportation, except ponies and draught animals—such as the cow. He knew no world or worlds as we do. His world was in his island, village, or tribe. His world, as he was given to thinking about it, was confined to his walking or riding distance. He had no radio, telegraph, newspaper, books, telescopes, or big ocean-going ships.

What he thought, was limited by his horizon of action. He looked about; saw fish, birds, animals, reptiles, fruits, cereals, vegetables, trees, etc., and human beings reproducing, multiplying, living and dying. He did not know about other islands surrounding him, or other continents farther away, nor did he have knowledge of the meaning of stars or other planets. The extent

of his knowledge was circumscribed by the legends handed down by the story teller of the tribe or village; the amount of general knowledge he gained was prescribed and proscribed by the few men and women who surrounded him. There could be no comingling of other ideas; no transplanting of other theories, ideas, principles of other men from other parts of the world. His education, if it can be so called, consisted entirely in hearing the recitations of the legends of history backward; told word for word, from father to son, without a change of a word or letter. How different our knowledge, where we can tap the minds of millions of men every day, in libraries, radio, books, etc. Instead of having our education confined to the views of a mere handful, we bring to ourselves the printed or spoken word of millions.

His concept of the creation of things was narrowed to that which surrounded him, which he saw and knew to be true. Underlying all created things, he saw sex as the creator. Sex, then, to him, became the great source of all creative life. Sex predominated in his mind as the beginning of all things that lived. Men knew how all this was done, because they knew themselves, what they had and how they used it to attain the end accomplished. They knew that there was a male and female element which we today know by the names of *lingum* (male) and *yoni* (female), and that when coition took place certain things happened such as reproduction of their kind. They knew that they lived, grew old, and died; that their children grew up, lived, and died—all because of certain sex actions clearly understood by them.

Subsequently, through the awe and reverence inspired by the mysteries involved in birth and life, the adoration of the creative principles in vegetable existence became supplemented by the worship of the creative functions in human beings and in animals. The earth, including the power inherent in it by which the continuity of existence is maintained, and by which new forms are continuously called to life, embodied the idea of God; and, as this inner force was regarded as inherent in matter, or as a manifestation of it, in process of time, earth and the heavens, body and spirit came to be worshipped under the form of a mother and her child, this figure being the highest expression of a Creator which the human mind was able to conceive. Not only did this emblem represent fertility, or the fecundating energies of Nature, but all the mental qualities and attributes of the two sexes were combined or correlated with the power to create. In fact the whole universe was contained in the mother idea, the child, which was sometimes female, sometimes male, being a scion or off-shoot from the eternal or universal unit.

From all sources of information at hand are to be derived evidences of the fact that the earliest religion of which we have any account was pure Nature worship, that whatever at any given time might have been the object adored, whether it were the earth, a tree, water, or the sun, it was simply as an emblem of the great energizing agency in Nature. The moving or forming force in the universe constituted the god-idea. The figure of a

mother with her child signified not only the power to bring forth, but Perceptive Wisdom, or Light, as well.

As through a study of Comparative Ethnology, or through an investigation into the customs, traditions and myths of extant races in the various stages of development, have been discovered the beginnings of the religious idea and the mental qualities which prompted worship among primitive races, so, also, through extinct tongues and the symbolism used in religious rites and ceremonies, many of the processes have been unearthed whereby the original and beautiful conceptions of the Deity, and the worship inspired by the operations of Nature, and especially the creative functions in human beings, gradually became obscured by the grossest ideas and the vilest practices. The symbols which appear in connection with early religious rites and ceremonies, and under which are veiled the conceptions of a still earlier and purer age, when compared with subsequently developed notions relative to the same objects, indicate plainly the change which has been wrought in the original ideas relative to the creative functions, and furnish an index to the direction which human development, or growth, has taken.

As the human race constructs its own gods, and as from the conceptions involved in the deities worshipped at any given time in the history of mankind we are able to form a correct estimate of the character, temperament and aspirations of the worshippers, so the history of the gods of the race, as revealed to us through the means of symbols, monumental records and the investigation of extinct tongues, proves that from a stage of Nature worship and a pure and rational conception of the creative forces in the universe, men, in course of time, degenerated into mere devotees of sensual pleasure. With the corruption of human nature and the decline of mental power which followed the supremacy of the animal instincts, the earlier abstract idea of God was gradually lost sight of, and man himself in the form of a potentate or ruler, together with the various emblems of virility, came to be worshipped as the Creator. From adorers of an abstract creative principle, men have lapsed into worshippers of the symbol under which this principle has been veiled.

Passion, symbolized by fire, is declared by various writers to have been the first idol, but later research has proved the falsity of this assumption. It is true that at an early age of human experience the creative processes were worshipped, but such worship involved scientific and, I might say, spiritualized conceptions of the operations of Nature, which in time were altogether lost sight of. Gross phallicism is clearly the result of degeneration and of a lapse into sensuality and superstition.

At what time in the history of the human race the organs of generation first began to appear as emblems of the deity is not known. Within the earliest cave temples, those hewn from the solid rock, sculptured representations of these objects are still to be observed. Although until a comparatively recent period their true significance has been unknown, there is little

doubt at the present time that they were originally used as symbols of fertility, or as emblems typifying the processes of Nature, and that, at some remote period of the world's history, they were worshipped as the Creator, or, at least, as representations of the creative agencies of the universe.

Concerning the origin and character of the people who executed them, there is scarcely a trace in written history. Through the unraveling of extinct tongues, however, the monumental records of the ancient nations of the globe have been deciphered and the system of religious symbolism in use among them is now understood.

A small volume by various writers, printed in London some years ago, entitled "A Comparative View of the Ancient Monuments of India," says: "Those who have penetrated into the abstruseness of Indian mythology, find that in these temples was practiced a worship similar to that practiced by all the several nations of the world, in their earliest as well as their most enlightened periods. It was paid to the Phallus by the Asiatics, to Priapus by the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans, to Baal-Peor by the Canaanites and idolatrous Jews. The figure is seen on the fascia which runs around the circus at Nismes and over the portal of the Cathedral of Toulouse and several churches of Bordeaux."

Of the Lingham and Yoni, and their universal acceptance as religious emblems, Barlow remarks that it was a "worship which would appear to have made the tour of the globe and to have left traces of its existence where we might least expect to find it." In referring to the "sculptured indecencies" connected with religious rites, which, being wrought in imperishable stone, have been preserved in India and other parts of the East, Forlong says that when occurring in the temples or other sacred places, they are, at the present time, evidently very puzzling to the pious Indians; and in their attempts to explain them, the latter say they are placed there "in fulfillment of vows," or that they have been wrought there "as punishments for sins of a sexual nature, committed by those who executed or paid for them." It is, however, the opinion of Forlong that they are simply connected with an older and purer worship, a worship which involved the union of the sex principles as the foundation of the god-idea.

Regarding the cause of the "indecent" sculptures of the Orissa temples, the same writer quotes the following from Baboo Ragendralala Mitra, in his work on the Antiquities of Orissa; "A satiated taste, aided by the general prevalence of immorality might at first sight appear to be the most likely one; but I cannot believe that libidinousness, however depraved, would ever think of selecting fanes dedicated to the worship of God as the most appropriate for its manifestations; for it is worthy of remark that they (these sculptures) occur almost exclusively on temples and their attached porches, and never on enclosing walls, gateways and other non-religious structures. Our ideas of propriety, according to Voltaire, lead us to suppose that a ceremony (like the worship of Priapus) which appears to us infamous could

only be invented by licentiousness; but it is impossible to believe that depravity of manners would ever have led among any people to the establishment of religious ceremonies. It is probable, on the contrary, that this custom was first introduced in times of simplicity, that the first thought was to honor the deity in the symbol of life which it has given us; such a ceremony may have excited licentiousness among youths and have appeared ridiculous to men of education in more refined, more corrupt, and more enlightened times, but it never had its origin in such feelings. . . . It is out of the question therefore to suppose that a general prevalence of the vice would of itself, without the authority of priests and scriptures, suffice to lead to the defilement of holy temples."

From the facts connected with the mysteries of Eleusis and the Thesmophorian rites, it is evident that in its earlier stages, Nature-worship was absolutely free from the impurities which came to be associated with it in later times. As the organs of generation had not originally been wholly disgraced and outraged, it is not unlikely that when the so-called "sculptured indecencies" appeared on the walls of the temples they were regarded as no more an offense against propriety and decency than was the reappearance of the cross, the emblem of life, in later times, among orthodox Christians.

Neither is it probable, in an age in which nothing that is natural was considered indecent, and before the reproductive energies had become degraded, that these symbols were any more suggestive of impurity than are the Easter offerings upon our church altars at the present time. Whatever may now be the significance of these offerings to those who present them it is certain that they once, together with other devices connected with Nature worship, were simply emblems of fertility—symbols of a risen and a fructifying sun which by its gladdening rays recreates and makes all things new again.

If we carefully study the religion of past ages, we shall discover something more than a hint of a time when the generative functions were regarded as a sacred expression of creative power and when the reproductive organs had not, through over-stimulation and abuse, been tabooed as objects altogether impure and unholy and as things too disgraceful to be mentioned above a whisper. Indeed there is much evidence to show that, in an earlier age of the world's history, degradation of mankind through the abuse of the creative functions and the ills of life resulting from such abuse were unknown.

Behind the sex organs and materials, man understood there was a sex spirit that was immaterial. This, then, became his great source of all things; the common denominator of the beginning; the alpha and omega of existence, was to acknowledge the sex creative life. Sex was the source of all life; it was the great creative force of all and everything. Sex became his fetish (as we occidentals call it); sex became his idol which he builded; therefore was the basic fundamental of his religion. God is love. Sex is love. Sex

and religion are one and the same—both are based on love. One is for the native, the other for the white race.

Man deduced from the operations of nature around him his first theory of creation.

From the egg, after incubation, he saw the living bird emerging; a phenomenon which, to his simple comprehension, was nothing less than an actual creation. How naturally, then, how almost of necessity, did this phenomenon, one of the most obvious in nature, associate itself with his ideas of creation, a creation which he could not help recognizing, but which he could not explain!

By a similar process did the creative power come to be symbolized under the form of the phallus. In it was recognized the cause of reproduction, or, as it appeared to the primitive man, of creation.

Modern theologic systems are the offspring of sex-worship. The establishment of deity may be said to have resulted from the act of procreation and its product. The worship of the generative organs by primitive man caused him to conceive the gods Phallus and Priapus, Venus, Cottytis, Lingam and Yoni. The phallus or lingam was symbolic of the male organ of generation, and the yoni, being oval in shape, was symbolic of female procreative power.

It is probable that these were the first symbols worshipped by man. Survivals of phallic and yoni worship persist in all religious teachings even to the present day. The Bible is full of the symbols of phallicism, and the Old Testament literally teems with sex and discussion of sex.

The Christian boasts that the cross is a Christian symbol, when in fact it is one of the oldest, if not the oldest symbol known to man. For ages the cross has symbolized the phallus and its appendages. The Egyptians used the cross (tau) and it is to be found on hundreds of monuments all over Egypt and India and in other parts of the world, even among the American Indians, the Mexicans, Aztecs and the inhabitants of Yucatan and Peru.

To this purpose, the Rev. Mr. Maurice remarks:

"Let not the piety of the Catholic Christian be offended at the preceding assertion that the cross was one of the most usual symbols among the hieroglyphics of Egypt and India. Equally honored in the gentile and Christian world, this emblem of universal nature, of that world to whose four corners its diverging radii pointed, decorated the hands of most of the sculptured images in the former country (Egypt) and the latter (India) and stamped its form upon the most majestic shrines of their deities."

It is well known that the cross was regarded by the ancient Egyptians as the emblem of plenty.

"One of the most remarkable of these symbols," says Payne Knight, "is a cross in the shape of a letter T, which served as the emblem of creation and generation before the church adopted it as the sign of salvation; a lucky coincidence of ideas which without doubt facilitated the reception of it among the faithful."

"The male organs of generation are sometimes represented by signs of the same sort, which might be properly called symbols of symbols."

The famous *crux ansata*, or handled cross, which may be seen all over Egypt on its monuments and in the hands of its statues is nothing more than the symbolic example of the junction of the sexes, the handle representing the yoni, or female principle, and the tau or cross the male organ.

The cross was just as much a sex symbol as was the obelisk or pyramid, both of which, according to all authorities, symbolized the human genitals.

In Nashville, Tenn., there stands an old Presbyterian church whose architectural design is in exact accordance with the designs of pagan temples in Egypt. The columns which support the roof of the portico are lotus stems with the bloom at the head. One approaches the church by climbing a wide stairway of stone steps, and those familiar with temples dedicated to pagan gods unconsciously look for altar fires on either side of the steps and for priests and priestesses in the garb worn by them in their day, swinging censers, listening at the same time for the patter of the sandaled feet of worshippers attending the sacred rites of the temple.

The interior of the church is even more startling to the eye of the student, for there he sees paganism minus its devotees, in all its pristine glory. The sacred lotus of the Nile, the scarab, the hawk of Horus, the Sun of Thebes and the symbols of Isis and Osiris (all of these are sex symbols) are painted on the walls in the original and symbolic coloring used by the Egyptians ages ago. The likeness of the phallus, stenciled on the wall, is not hard for the trained eye to find. The reproduction of a pagan temple, presided over by a Scotch Presbyterian minister, proves conclusively to my mind, that while paganism was condemned by Christians, they did not hesitate to borrow from pagans the beautiful designs of their temples.

Graceland cemetery (Chicago) is especially full of monuments and tombs which would gladden the hearts of primitive worshippers at the shrine of generation, could they but come back from out of the past and view the handiwork of modern makers of monuments. In this cemetery one sees everywhere the lotus, the sacred lily of the Nile, formerly adored as a phallic emblem. The cross is seen on every hand, and, in many instances, where the family of the deceased had means, they erected over the grave the ancient so-called Keltic cross, which, aside from symbolizing the male generative organ, depicts also the pudenda of the female by means of the circle which is a component part of the whole. In other words, this cross is so constructed that it symbolizes the union of the sexes to those familiar with phallic emblems.

In one place, in this beautiful resting place of the dead, hidden away in a mass of foliage and surrounded by trees, is erected a single circular shaft of red granite, about six feet in height. The artist who designed this monument has reproduced a fair likeness of the phallus, even to its red color and to emphasizing the glans.

To our mind, the worship of the generative principle in nature represents the very acme of religion, and to symbolize in design the holiest, and certainly the most sacred, possessions of men and women was the most natural thing that could have been done by them. Had they failed of homage before the shrine of nature, they would have been guilty of the basest sacrilege.

Three of the most widely used symbols of phallic worship are employed as signatures:

The Plough is used by Indian princes.

The Triform Leaf by Buddhists, and

The Cross by Christian bishops.

Hargrave Jennings in his "Rosicrucians," remarks: "The coarse sensuality which seems inseparable from modern times about the worship of the pillar or upright had no place in the solemn ancient mind, in which ideas of religion largely and constantly mingled. We must not judge the ancients by too rigid an adherence to our own prepossessions, foolish and inevitably hardened as they continually are. The adoration paid to this image of the phallus, which has persisted as an object of worship through all the ages in all countries was only an acknowledgment, in the ancient mind, of wonder at the seemingly accidental and unlikely, but certainly most complete and effectual, means by which the continuation of the human race is secured. The cabalistic arguers contended that 'man' was a phenomenon, and that he did not, otherwise than in his presentment, seem intended; that there appeared nothing in the stupendous chain of organisms that seemed specially to hint at his approach or to explain his appearance (strange as this seems), according to likelihood and sequence; that between the highest of the animals and the being 'man' there was a great gulf, and seemingly an impassible gulf; that some 'after reason,' so to speak, according to the means of the comprehension of man, induced his introduction into the Great Design; that, in short, 'man' originally was not intended."

Revolutionary things are taking place in the realm of modern architecture, so architects say, because of a new era, wherein the exotic in building, especially the oriental, is replacing the gothic of the thirteenth century. The two best examples of this so-called new type in building in the American midwest are seen in the new capitol of Nebraska (plans by Goodhue) and in the accepted drawings by Louis Bourgeois for the Bahai Temple to be constructed in Wilmette, a suburb of Chicago, on the shore of Lake Michigan.

The designs of these two structures are the most distinctly phallic in origin of any ever erected in America. They show their phallic significance beyond all question of doubt. The four hundred foot tower of the capitol, crowned by a glittering dome arising from the center of an oblong building, proves its lingam (phallic) and yonic origin. Carved over the doorway of the main entrance is Apis, the Egyptian God of Virility. This four hundred-foot attribute of the God of Gardens is visible for fifty miles across the flat country on which it stands.

This building is neither Egyptian, Romanesque, nor yet from the ruins of Roman construction in northern Africa. Yet it suggests these three unrelated periods. In truth, what the architect has done is to select a mood and use form to create that mood. It merely so happens that he has chosen the unyielding mood of the temple reared to Isis, of the churches that did honor to the God of gloomy asceticism and of those massive constructions of northern Africa that tell the story of a Rome that had not yielded to the luxury of the emperors, one that was still the Rome of Scipio Africanus.

So speaks a writer in the *New York Times* of July 25, 1930, in describing the new capitol: "The Bahai Temple will groan under the weight of phallic symbols used in its construction."

Many modern architects deny using sex symbols in their building enterprises. When they make such denials they display a lack of knowledge that they, as professional men, should possess. The sex symbol is the most important factor in architectural design and has been in use since the birth of man. This is evidenced by the use of the tower, cross, steeple, rounded dome, obelisk, pillar, pyramid, ovoid and triangular figures and the like, by all designers of buildings and monuments. Certainly the use of these symbols should have none other than an elevating effect upon art, because the reproductive or creative impulse is man's greatest possession. Without it, art, religion, music, and poetry would cease to exist, and there would no longer be any need for the construction of beautiful temples and marvelous buildings, which, after all, are but the expressions of the souls of their designers.

In January, 1920, we had the pleasure of seeing a collection of bishop's rings. Many of them dated back to mediaeval times, and one in particular was of interest to the student of sex symbols because of the exposition of the phallus arising out of a yoni. The ring was evidently designed by someone perfectly familiar with the lingam and yoni of India. The intention of the designer was apparent, for the phallus was so represented that even the glans was readily discernible to the untrained eye.

The interior decorator who wrought the mural designs of the Lincoln Hotel at Indianapolis must have been a very close student of ancient art, for in the general scheme he used for decoration, phallic or Priapic and yoni symbols. In this lobby one can see many things that will carry him back to the shrines of Venus and to a time when the divine principles of nature were worshipped. The fig-shaped vase, which is a female symbol, is reproduced over all the openings in the lobby, while the figure of a woman worshipping before the altar of Priapus is to be seen everywhere on the walls, in bas-relief. The entire decoration of the walls carries one back to the beginning of the myth-making age, and what was certainly foremost in the artist's mind was the reproduction of an ancient Priapic shrine.

The "Principle of Life," being adored at once led the founders of modern medicine to the adoption of the caduceus, which is nothing more than an

improved Tautic (cross) emblem which symbolized generation or the reciprocal forces of nature in action. It is a very prominent phallic emblem, and represents the lingam (phallus) receiving energy and potency from the divine influx of passion from Siva. It received its significance from the fact that the sacred serpents, the cobras, unite sexually in this double circular form. Eastern teachers avow that it is most fortunate for anyone to see this serpentine congress, and declares that if a cloth be thrown over them, or even waved so as to touch them, it becomes a form of Lakshni and, therefore, of the greatest procreative energy. They preserve such a piece of cloth with the greatest care, as a most potent charm in securing good fortune, in bringing about the birth of numerous and healthy offspring and in warding off all evil influences. The entwined snakes are also supposed to represent the sun and moon in the conjugal embrace.

The symbol used as a seal by the Chicago Academy of Medicine is nothing more than the serpent goddess nourishing the divine impulse by which she is aroused to enthusiastic creative activity, thus increasing the number and improving the character of her children.

The same design is also used to indicate the selfish and vampire witch, who thus seeks to renew her vitality and arouse her failing passion so as to indulge in prostitution and destructive lechery, which depletes and destroys the victims of her guile, without increasing or improving humanity.

In one case, the ring in which she stands is the celestial womanhood of eternal and virginal motherhood, and in the other the infernal region of burning sensual desire, not only sterile, but murderous. In the first interpretation, it is the door of life and the vestibule of heaven, which it is every virile man's duty to enter and occupy. In the other it is the entrance of the grave and the portal of hell to all who therein pour their passion-poisoned seed upon a burning soil, where it is always consumed but never germinates.

The reverence as well as the worship paid to the phallus in early and primitive days, had within itself nothing which partook of indecency; all ideas connected with it were reverential and religious. When Abraham, as mentioned in Genesis, in asking his servant to take a solemn oath, makes that servant lay his hand upon his master's parts of generation (in the common version, "under his thigh") it was that which he required as a token of utter sincerity, the placing of the hand upon the most sacred part of the body. The dying Jacob makes his son, Joseph, perform the same act.

The indecent ideas attached to the representation of the phallus were, though it seems a paradox to say so, the result of a more advanced civilization verging towards its decline, as we have evidenced at Rome and Pompeii.

The fact that the worship of phallus (lingam) finally had degenerated into licentiousness and sensual indulgence does not in any way prove that, in the beginning, it was not performed with the utmost sincerity by a people bent only on paying homage to the great life-giving forces of nature. The Christian church taught asceticism, and it was Paul who first placed the idea

in the minds of the Corinthians and others that the conjugal act was impure. He it was who railed at women and declared them inferior beings. He undoubtedly was suffering from a psychosis which might have been easily diagnosed by present day psychoanalysis, a psychosis which made him possibly the most prurient-minded man of all time. He conceived in his own mind, constantly, the thought that purity and chastity, as such, were agents of the devil.

"We must carefully distinguish," as M. Barre writes, "among these phallic representations, a religious side and a purely licentious side. The two classes correspond with two different epochs of civilization, with two different phases of human mind. The generative power presented itself first as worthy of the adoration of men; it was symbolized in the organs in which it centered, and then no licentious idea was mingled with the worship of these sacred objects. If this spirit became weaker, as civilization became more developed, as luxury and vices increased, it still must have remained the peculiar attribute of some simple minds; and hence we must consider under this point of view all objects in which nudity is veiled, so to speak, under a religious motive.

Voltaire has spoken most wisely, and it is to be hoped that what he has said about phallicism will react in favor of more study of this, the most ancient of all religions.

"There is a religious meaning," says Crawley, "inherent in the primitive conception and practice of all relations, which is always ready to become actualized; and the same is true of all individual processes of sense, emotion and intellection and, in especial, of those functional processes that are most easily seen in their working and results.

"Not only the 'master know of human fate' but all human actions and relations, all individual and social phenomena, have for primitive man, always potentially and often actually, a full religious content. So it is with that subdivision of human nature and human life caused by sex; all actions and relations, all individual and social phenomena conditioned by sex, are likewise filled with a religious meaning. Sexual relations and sexual processes, as all human relations and human processes, are religious to the primitive mind."

The egoist of modern times has failed to take into his scheme of things anything that would in any way reflect the opinions of primitive culture. He has arrogated to himself the right to formulate dogmatic and bigoted creeds and fails entirely to consider the psychology of the primitive mind in its relation to the psychology of the cultured mind of today. Because primitive man revered the generative function, he declares such a practice obscene, and condemns it as being a remnant from a period when all men were degenerate, in the sense that they permitted "lewed" and "licentious" practices which, if viewed by a mind free from the entanglements of hypocrisy and prurience of today, would be declared pure, and be said to possess a re-

ligious element not to be found among the theologic systems of modern religious institutions.

We are assured that on the banks of the Ganges, the very cradle of religion, are still to be found various remnants of the most ancient form of Nature-worship and that there are to be observed there "certain high places sacred to more primitive ideas than those represented by the *Pedic* gods."

We are assured by Forlong that Solomon's temple was like hundreds observed in the East, except that its walls were a little higher than those usually seen, and the phallic spire out of proportion to the size of the structure. "The Jewish porch is but the obelisk which the Egyptian placed beside his temple, the Buddhist pillar which stood all around the Dagobas, the pillars of Hercules, which stood near the Phoenician temple, and the spire which stands beside the Christian church.

It is impossible longer to conceal the fact that passion, symbolized by a serpent, an upright stone and by the male and female organs of generation, the male appearing as the "giver of life," the female as a necessary appendage to it, constituted the god-idea of mankind for at least four thousand years; and, we shall presently see that instead of being confined to the earlier ages, phallic worship had not disappeared, under Christianity, as late as, and even later than, the sixteenth century.

Regardless of where this native lived, when he lived, whether he was an Egyptian, Syrian, Persian, Roman, or Grecian, living in Australia or Hawaii, being male and female reproducing, they had this common sex understanding, which they all had, saw and recognized alike. Even though one tribe, village, or island population did not intertravel with other tribes, villages, or islands, and in spite of the fact that they did not intercommunicate, had different talking dialects and perhaps differed slightly in shades of black, they all had the sex concept in common, easily understood by all, independent of any necessity of inter-travel or intercommunication. For this reason, we see the sex symbols prominently standing forth in religious edifices anywhere, everywhere, where it can be said a native lived.

The native, possibly because of living in hot climates, perhaps because of crowded and congested quarters, or it might be because of poverty, laziness, or other necessity, has never seen fit to clothe his body to any extent. The native, therefore, has always *uncovered* his body, he has lived a naked life—both male and female. And by naked, here, is meant the comparative term. The degree of nakedness varies in countries. Some women cover breasts and uncover the balance; some uncover from the waists up and wear long blankets, sampats, sarongs, panungs, etc., to the ground; many others wear nothing but a gee-string. The majority of native men wear nothing but the gee-string regardless.

The native, thinking of sex as the great all-natural creative force of all existence, is proud of his body, his or her male and female sex, and its organs and what they can do; therefore, he honors sex, idealizes it, and glorifies it

by creating out of it his religion. This conclusion is found amongst *all* natives referred to in the great migrations.

The white race, by contrast, have *covered* their bodies; they have been taught to cover their skin—both male and female. By covering is here meant, even in former years, to the neck and arms. It was but a short time ago when women wore tight-fitting neck collars, long skirts, that dragged to the ground. To show a neck, naked arm, or ankle, would have been considered obscene and branding herself in the social scheme of things. Gradually, evolution of dress has permitted women to show their upper chests, then more of the chest, until today the entire breast region is shown. Dresses have been cut lower and lower down the back, until one can practically see the waist-line in evening gowns, in extreme cases. In these respects it can be seen that there is a tendency to reach the same situation as the native, in exposing the naked skin without still denying to themselves the moral disrespect which we occidentals sometimes attach to the native who does more than we have done. The male has made little improvement in this respect—still covering the entire body and practically keeping it so, summer and winter.

The white race has been taught that the naked body, exposing its sex, was a thing of shame; any discussion or conversation on sex was in bated breath and obscene at its best; to study sex was to place filthy thoughts in mind; therefore, sex is taboo in polite society and has been denied any place in the white race conversation, education, literature, or religion.

Obviously, these two races are in opposition on the sex question; the native makes a religion of it; the white race taboos it. The native puts it boldly into common, every-day use in home, altar, drawings, designs, architecture, carvings, and in his temples, as well as in religious symbols which he worships; the white race denies it in conversation, prohibits it in print, makes illegal any information about it, condemns pictures, symbols, or other illustrations for the public to see, think about, or study.

We occidentals, tourists, travelers, have seen it everywhere. We have seen fit to neither condone nor condemn; and study the native and his fundamental of existence, that we might bring to you information as to what he is, what he does, why he does it, and what high and lofty inspiration he religiously gets from the doing of same. A study, therefore, of the native is not complete without knowing this. We shall, then, call this study *Phallic Worship, Its Symbols and Meanings*. We shall study the meaning of phallicism, phallic customs, phallicism and religion, phallicism in literature and art, phallicism as it weaves itself into life in general.

Throughout all the world, the first object of idolatry seems to have been a plain, unwrought stone, placed in the ground as an emblem of the generative or procreative powers of Nature.

In the language of symbolism the upright stone prefigures either a man, reproductive energy, or a god, all of which at a certain stage in the human career had come to mean one and the same thing; namely, the Creator.

In the earlier ages of male worship, upright stones as emblems of the deity were plain, unwrought shafts, but in process of time they began to be carved into the form of a man, a man who usually represented the ruler or chief of the people, and who, as he was the source of all power and wisdom, was supposed by the ignorant masses to be an incarnation of the sun. Thus arose the spiritual power of monarchs, or the "divine right of kings."

Wherever obelisks, columns, pillars, attenuated spires, upright stones or crosses at the intersection of roads are found, they always appear as sacred monuments, or as symbols of the Lingam God.

The Chaldean Tower of which there are extant traditions in Mexico and in the South Sea Islands, the Round Towers of Ireland, the remarkable group of stones known as Stonehenge, in England, the wonderful circle at Abury through which the figure of a huge serpent was passed, the monuments which throughout the nations of the East were set up at the intersection roads in the center of market places, and the bowing stones employed as oracles in various portions of the world have all the same signification and proclaim the peculiar religion of the people who worshipped them.

Whether, as among the Jews in Egypt, a pillar set up as a "sign" and a "witness" to the Lord, or, with the Mohammedans, such figures appear as minarets with egg-shaped summits, whether, as among the Irish, stand forth as stately towers defying time and the elements or, as among the Christians, appear as the steeple which points towards heaven, the symbol remains and the original significance is the same.

The Lord of the Israelites who was wont to manifest himself to his chosen people in a "pillar of smoke by day" and a "pillar of fire by night" is said to be none other than a reproductive emblem, as was also the "Lord" who "reposed in the ark of the covenant." Monuments set up to symbolize the religion of the Parsees or fire-worshippers, after they had succumbed to the pressure brought to bear upon them by the adorers of the prototype, the tower of Babel, typical of the universal creative power which was worshipped as male.

Notwithstanding the fact that the male energy had come to be recognized as the principal factor in reproduction, it is observed that wherever these monuments or other symbols of fertility appear, there is always to be found in close connection with them certain emblems symbolical of the female power, thus showing that although the people by whom they were erected had become worshippers of the masculine principle, and although they had persuaded themselves that it was the more important element in the deity, they had not become so regardless of the truths of Nature as to attempt to construct a Creator independently of its most essential factor.

Protestant Christianity, probably the most intensely masculine of all religious schemes which have claimed the attention of man, has not wittingly retained any of the detested female emblems, yet so deeply has the older symbolism taken root, that even in the architecture of the modern Protestant

Church with its ark-shaped nave and its window toward the rising sun, may be detected the remnants of that early worship which the devotees of this more recently developed form of religious faith so piously ignore.

The large number of upright columns, circles of stone, cromlechs and cairns still extant in the British Isles, bears testimony to the peculiar character of the religious worship which once prevailed there. Of these shrines perhaps none is more remarkable than that of Stonehenge, in England. Although during the numberless ages which have passed since this temple was erected many of the stones have fallen from their original places, still by the light of more recently established facts concerning religious symbolism, it has been possible, even under present conditions of decay, for scholars to unravel the mysterious significance of this remarkable structure. Stonehenge is composed of four circles of mammoth upright shafts twenty feet high, the one circle within the other, with immense stones placed across them like architraves.

In ancient symbolism the circle was the emblem of eternity, or of the eternal female principle. Mountains were also sacred to the gods. It has been said that a ring of mountains gave rise to these circular temples. Faber assures us that a circular stone temple was called the circle of the world or the circle of the ark, that it represented at once the inclosure of the Noetic Ship, the egg from which creation was produced, the earth and the Zodiacal circle of the universe in which the sun performs its annual revolutions through the signs. Stonehenge is said to be the temple of the water god, Noah, who, as we have seen, was first worshipped as half woman and half fish or serpent, but who finally came to be regarded as a man-serpent (or fish) deity.

On approaching Stonehenge from the northeast, the first object which engages the attention is a rude boulder, sixteen feet high, in a leaning posture. This stone has been named the Friar's Heel, but until recently its signification was wholly unknown.

Regarding the upright shaft which stands sentinel over the mysterious circle of mammoth stones called Stonehenge, Forlong says that it is no Friar's Heel, but an emblem of fertility dedicated to the Friday divinity. It is represented as the "Genius of Fire," not the genius of ordinary fire, "but of the supersensual Divinity, celestial fire."

Forlong says: "No one who has studied phallic and solar worship in the East could make any mistake as to the purport of the shrine of Stonehenge—yet the indelicacy of the whole subject often so shocks the ordinary reader that, in spite of facts, he cannot grant what he thinks shows so much debasement of the religious mind; facts are facts, however, and it only remains for us to account for them. Perhaps indeed in these later times an artificial and lower phase of sensuality has taken the place of the more natural indulgence of the passions, for procreative purposes, which principally engrossed the thoughts of early worshippers."

It is within the province of the occidental mind to call them pagans,

living and existing with a pagan philosophy which generated (or, we should say accidentally degenerated) into a pagan religion. The fact remains that such is his basis of observation and existence; that it was based on physiological, functional, and psychological facts of human relations which are alike to the native as they are to occidentals. We admit it is a necessity and deny it a place in our social scheme; the native admits it is a necessity and creates out of it a religion.

We have studied many religions in their native habitats, many of which are called pagan because, being native, they had a belief differing from our Christian one. They have their customs and ceremonies which have a fundamental quite different from ours. At tap-root, the Christian faith believes in the divinity of Christ; therefore, *He* speaks the word of God to mankind. At tap-root, many "pagan religions" worship sex; some male, some female, some both, as the source and inspiration of that mysterious beginning of all life.

We have seen ancient sex ideas weave themselves into modern history, religions, superstitions, architecture, both ancient and modern. It is not generally known but the present day church steeple is the ancient lingam. The fleur-de-lis of France is the female yoni. We have seen sex relations idolized and idealized into temples, shrines, churches, etc., knowingly in native edifices and perhaps unknowingly into Christian structures; the phallus and lingam on altars, male and female figures carved in various, many, and devious forms, on altars, etc., not in a sense of obscenity, but with the most profound worship upon the part of its devotees; carved in ivory, wood, stone, etc.; heroic and small; that which our modern intelligensia calls obscene, idolized and worshipped with the same spiritual respect as our modern Christians respect the crucifix. They see no wrong in it. We think we do. We hark back to the days of pagan Rome. We call their lives lascivious. Was it that, or was it religion?

Wherever we have gone, we have tried to seek, see, and study any and all such, because we wanted to know their viewpoint. We have purchased photos, carvings, idols, in any and all forms, we have an historical, architectural collection well worth seeing and studying. Some day we propose putting it within reach, that others may study, who want to grow and understand more than that which closely surrounds them, who want to push their horizons farther beyond the borders of their own family, home, or village. It consists of pieces from Tibet, China, Japan, Hawaii, France, Egypt, Rome, Alaska, India, Pompeii, Fiji, etc.

After all, is there anything *wrong* in the worship of that which is natural in nature, from which we all spring and have our being? What is wrong in its study or putting its religious symbols on exhibition, that others may study it also? Some day we shall arrange our collection that it may be seen. We anticipate that we shall be criticized, for we know it is hard for an average circumscribed occidental mind to understand the philosophies, religions, and customs of other nations and races, past and present.

In presenting this subject, in giving you observed facts, in laying before occidental minds the basic religion of natives of the oriental East, in even illustrating such specimens as we have obtained from reliable sources in the conduct of our more than one million miles of travel and study and mixing with these natives, we assume no responsibility for the moral question your occidental minds may see fit to inject; neither do we endorse or condemn. As a student of native peoples, we present an analysis of the history of the peoples studied. As an author, we shall allow you to accept, or reject in that spirit because it differs from your views, if you prefer.

Coitus, to the native, has two aspects:

First: physical contact brings forth a physiological act to produce a spiritual communion with the great source to produce a child.

Second: the same act brings them in contact, thereby making of that act a religious one. To them, such an act is equal to a prayer at a shrine. We find frequent proof of this in bas-reliefs and paintings found frequently and commonly in temples, shrines, and in Roman homes and in the ruins of ancient buildings. Feeling this way about this act, the native does not regard any necessity for secrecy in what he does. As the native views it, why should secrecy be demanded in performing such an act that to them is only a natural function; therefore, he may perform this function in temple grounds, at the feet of sacred shrines, and before his symbolic gods, which is the best evidence that he gives to that, that which we construe as a religious worshipping aspect.

Coitus to the occidental mind is a physical act to reproduce one's kind, but being a secret thing, must be considered as shameful and obscene, to say the least, and not discussed in public; thus it is the opposite of the native view.

The religions of the native and most of their legends are based on love; love is sex and sex is their religion. And, how far removed are we? Look at our ordinary books—the theme is love. Look at our movies—the plot involves sex. Love and sex weave themselves into almost all ordinary literature, even Shakespeare, deplore it as we will. Read the newspapers—sex problems and sex crimes. Study the annals of our courts—largely sex and sex problems. So, how far are we occidentals removed from the physiological facts, notwithstanding we do not make a religion of it?

Both native and occidental have the same physiological fundamental. One respects sex, idealizes it, makes a religion based around it, and when left alone by white man, has no sex crimes, because he respects his religion. We shame sex and have sex crimes because it is not respected and does not come within the purview of any religion that teaches us to respect something in it higher than ourselves.

The native, in sex, runs natural. The native even goes sometimes so far as to run to the ascetic or chaste, whereas many amongst the occidentals run wild to excesses upon the same subject. It is noticeably an observation that the native is clean, pure, and a moral abiding type, allowing him to interpret the question of morals from his point of view.

Perhaps there is no one book which has created a more disgusting picture of the lives of the Roman than Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur*. Again we must construe this question from the viewpoint of the native, for Romans were a native people to their own country; the only difference is that they were a trifle closer as to our time than are some other natives, and notwithstanding they were more white than are the natives of other surrounding countries infiltrated with the native concept. The Romans were a people who lived and conducted their lives just previous to the advent of Christianity which places restriction as to dress, etc., on the native and teaches him that the naked body is a thing of shame and that sex is not to be discussed in society.

The Roman baths, with their retiring rooms for male and female, were not houses of prostitution, as our occidental minds conceive that institution. They were places where they could practice that which was an integral part of their pagan religion. That there was excess and an abuse of this one-sided use of their religion, we have no doubt, just as it is undoubtedly true that every native as soon as he is divorced from his natural connection with his own, does run wild, but that does not change the fundamental which is being here set forth.

In many of the luxurious nymphiae in Rome, those marvelously ornate restaurants, where bridal couples made their first appearance after the wedding, there were artistic panels with life-size figures in the nude, displaying the various postures in which the "Great Act" could be most successfully accomplished, both for purposes of sensation and progeny.

Suetonis, in his life of Tiberius, speaks of such a painting, from the hand of a master, in which were shown Atalanta and Meleager, the former ministering to the latter's pleasures.

The appearance of pictures such as these on the walls of banquet halls resulted in lewd and licentious practices on the part of the banqueters; and because of their conduct, the worship of the reproductive function fell from the high estate of a religion into an excuse for the basest of practices in Rome. Thus did the Eternal City become depraved beyond all hope of regeneration.

The ancients paid respect to the goat and the bull, and viewed them with awe, because of their ability to indulge in the sexual act more frequently than other animals; and, because of their virility, they made them gods, in many instances.

The satyr, a creature half human and half goat, was supposed to live in the woods, and was accredited with possessing a virility of such stamina as made him the most envied of all the imaginary creatures conceived in the mind of primitive man. There are many pictures extant, and also hundreds of sculptured objects, where the satyr is shown performing the sexual act with woman and with the female goat. This creature of the imagination has been given many names, the chief and best known of which is Pan.

Each Roman home had its retiring room. This was the home shrine where the male and female natives retired and did those things which were

a portion of their concept of their religion. The paintings upon the walls were portions of their home shrines. The nearest, and possibly an unfair comparison, is to cite our Christian shrines in many of our homes. We worship our concepts, they did the same. They had a place of worship, so have we.

We need go no further into this question than to set forth that *Venus* was the *Goddess of Love*. To one who has made a study of Grecian and Roman mythology, or of the pagan religions, many other names will come to mind which bear this further. Any traveler who has made more than a superficial study of the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum will have long ago reached the conclusion that they erected temples of gorgeous, expensive, and often tremendous size to the Gods whom they named after varying attributes of sex.

Two views are held about ancient Rome. The occidental view is best contained in the book by Lew Wallace, *Ben Hur*. He paints a horrid, lascivious, obscene picture of the life of the native Roman. He would lead his readers to believe that they were libertines and prostitutes, conducting themselves in a wild riot of sex life, both publicly and privately. We do not deny but what some such did exist. They may have been all as bad as he paints them, but to condemn any and all and the nation at large as being what he pictures, we feel he does them manifestly a grave injustice. The question that percolates through our mind frequently is "did Lew Wallace know anything about phallic worship; did he understand that religions can be and were based on sex; did he even attempt to analyze them as they were, or did he jump to wholesale conclusions based upon the modern occidental, educated, civilized interpretations of what constitutes morality and immorality?" Mind you, we are not saying that his views are wrong, neither are we saying the views of the Romans were right; but we do raise the question that each must be interpreted by the standard of each as they thought it, believed it, lived it, and worshipped, if we are to throw any light upon them more than is generally believed. If Lew Wallace had understood the native as the native understood himself; if he had seen beyond and behind the riff-raff, the small group of scum that is to be found in every community (even ours), that the nation at large was a religious, sincere, earnest, constructive, and uplifting race, even though they did worship at the shrine of Venus, would he have written that book as a supposed-to-be honest interpretation of the people he wrote about?

The other view is that taken by the scientists and students in Italy who are digging out the remains of ancient Rome as it lay buried in the lava ruins of Pompeii. These folks have dug out many things in the form of phallic symbols, shrines; they are studying the temples themselves to more correctly know the true motives of these Romans, that they might neither do them injustice nor hold them up in disgrace before all the world for all time. In a private room of the Naples Municipal National Museum is the Phallic Room. Again, for obvious reasons, few tourists are told about it, fewer even

know where it is or get in to see it. The Italian Government and the officers of this museum know that this is a modern age, that the majority of travelers who visit Naples are occidentals, they know the process of reasoning of this educated mind, they know their opinions in regard to what is considered moral and immoral in relation to sex, and rather than have visitors come and go and condemn after they have left, they rarely let it be known that such exists. Guides are cautioned about saying anything about it. The same is true as one is being conducted through the rooms of Pompeii. Here and there is a locked door within which is a room that contains much to see; here is a cupboard underneath which is a painting on the wall; many such exist but the guide will say nothing, neither will he ask the attendants to unlock them. Why? Because Italy does not desire to have forced upon it the natural stigma that would follow by the wholesale condemnation that would occur if the multitude came, saw, went away, and interpreted what they saw. They would condemn the modern Italian as the ancient Romans have been condemned by many writers.

In spite of this, modern scientists, students of antiquity, professors of custom, those who delve into religions and gain motives, have gathered this collection in this museum that they might more accurately study the phallic worship of ancient Romans. These people are convinced that the Romans were not anywhere near as bad as they have been painted. That sex was prevalent in almost everything they did is acknowledged. But it was their religion, why shouldn't it be? As a race throughout, from their understanding, they were a moral people. It is very interesting to talk to these students of ancient Rome. They take us back to the days of Rome and show us the Roman as we would see him if we could be transported back to them. They show us that after all the Romans who conquered the world could not have done so if they had been all that they are now supposed to have been. There had to be goodness and vitality amongst them, something substantial, or the race would have died aborning.

We have, amongst our phallic pieces, a carved ivory snuff box which was dug out of the ruins of ancient Pompeii. That makes this symbol approximately 2,000 years old. It is much like a bi-valve double-shell oyster shell, convex on the outside, concave inside. Between the two outside shells, inside, is a straight partition of ivory that divides the two halves. On one side of one shell are the carved figures of the male; the other is the female. To say the least, from the carving point of view, they are masters of art. The partition piece of ivory represents a male and female in coitus carved in a bas-relief effect. This piece was more than likely carried by some prominent business man or in the toga of some rich or wealthy Roman to carry his snuff or whatever else he used in those days. In what sense did he carry this piece? Was it a thing that he dragged out from his pocket to laugh and carouse over when a group of a certain type of men gathered together in some wine cellar where they became gluttonly drunk? We have our

serious doubts. Knowing the type of mind of the ancient Roman native, we are of the opinion that it was carried as a pocket piece much in the same sense as we today in the occidental countries may wear a crucifix as an amulet around our necks. The crucifix is but a symbol of our religion of this day; so was that snuff box and other symbols used in the religion of that day. True, as we today look back, we call this obscene unless we grasp the full importance of how he believed it had religious significance.

The practice, derived from the Romans, of placing the figure of a phallus on the walls of buildings, prevailed also in the Middle Ages, and churches were especially placed under the influence of this symbol. It was believed to be a protection against enchantments of all kinds, of which the people in those times lived in constant terror. This protection extended over the place and over those who frequented it, provided they cast a confiding look upon the image. Such images were usually to be seen upon the portals, as on the cathedral churches in France; but, at the time of the revolution, they were often destroyed as marks only of the depravity of the clergy.

The figure of the female organ, as well as the male, appears to have been employed during the Middle Ages in western Europe far more generally than we might suppose. It was placed upon a building as a talisman against evil influence, and especially against witchcraft and the evil eye, and was used for this purpose in many parts of the world. It was the universal practice among the Arabs of northern Africa to place over the door of the house or tent, or to put up, nailed on a board, or in some other way, the vulva of a cow, mare, or female camel, as a talisman to avert the influence of the evil eye. It is evident that the figure of this member was far more liable to degradation in form than that of the male, for the reason that, in the hands of the rude draftsman, it was much less easy to delineate in an intelligible form, and hence it soon assumed shapes which, though intended to represent it, might rather be called symbolic of it, though no symbolism was intended. Thus the figure of the female organ easily assumed the rude form of a horseshoe, and as the original meaning was forgotten would be readily taken for that object, and a real horseshoe would be nailed up for the same purpose. In this way originated, apparently from popular worship of the generative powers, the vulgar practice of nailing a horseshoe upon buildings to protect them and all they contained against the power of witchcraft, a practice which continues even to the present day. Other marks are found sometimes among architectural ornaments, such as certain triangles and triple loops, which are perhaps typical forms of the same object.

We have herein set forth what constitutes our analysis of the religious aspect of the native, regardless of country, climate, or age, believing that it matters little whether that native is of one country, climate, or age, believing that it matters little whether that native is of one country or another, therefore we will not proceed to cite instances of varying kinds in differing countries as substantiation of these facts.

The use of the wedding ring has a strong phallic significance; the ring symbolizing the female principle and the third finger the phallus. It will be recalled that in the Buddhistic blessing the sign of the yoni is made by joining the thumb and forefinger, while the phallus is indicated by extending the second, third and fourth fingers, the third finger symbolizing the phallus and the second and fourth the testes. When the ring is put on the third finger it symbolizes the union of the sexes. The left of everything symbolizes the female principle.

In our book, "*Round the World With B.J.*," we have described extensively the geisha girl question of Japan. The occidental mind regards the geisha girl question with its yoshiwara as an attempt to curb or control the social evil. Not so, the native of Japan. To him there is no wrong in what he does. It is endorsed and countenanced by the church of state, by priests of the Buddhist and Shinto faiths. Not that they countenance what *we* think but that they *do* countenance that which *they* believe. To pilgrims who tour to the summit of Mt. Fujiyama, sex ideas underlie in their worship. It is quite common to run into sex-religious symbols in temples, not in isolated places but frequently and usually. We will not elaborate upon it here because it can be found in the book mentioned.

Dr. Sinclair Coghill, now of Venton, who has traveled extensively in China and Japan, has kindly contributed the following, recording his experiences of superstitious beliefs and practices in India and Japan at the present day:

"On my way out of the Far East, in 1861, I had an opportunity of visiting the great cave-temple of Elephanta, near Bombay. In each of the monolithic chapels within the area of the main temple, I observed a gigantic stone phallus projecting from the center of the floor. The emblem was in some cases wreathed with flowers, while the floor was strewn with faded chaplets of the fair devotees, some of whom, at the time of my visit, fancying themselves unobserved, were invoking the subtle influence of the stony charm by rubbing their pudenda against its unsympathetic surface, while muttering their prayers for conjugal love or maternal joy, as the need might be.

"In the course of two visits I paid to Japan, in 1864 and in 1869, I was very much struck with the extent to which this ancient symbolic worship had survived through the many phases of the national religion, and was still attracting numerous devotees to its shrine. I visited a large temple devoted to this cult in a small island off Kamatura, the ancient and now deserted capital of Japan, in the Bay of Yokohama, some miles below the Foreign Settlements. The temple 'Timbo,' as the Japanese term such places of worship, covered a large extent of ground. The male symbol was the only object of veneration, apparently; in various sizes, some quite colossal, more or less faithfully modeled from nature, it held the sole place of honor on the altars in the principal hall and subsidiary chapels of the temple. Before each, the fair devotees might have been seen fervently addressing their petitions and

lying upright on the altar, already thickly studded with similar oblations, a votive phallus, either of plain or wrought cut wood from the surrounding grove or of other more elaborately prepared materials. I also remarked some of them handing to the presiding priests pledgets made of the luxurious silk tissue paper of Japan, which previously had been applied to the genitals.

"These pledgets, with an uttered invocation, were burned in a large censer before the phallic idol. I was struck with the earnestness with which the whole proceedings were conducted, and with the strong hold which the most ancient religious cult evidently still retained over the minds of a people otherwise remarkable for the mobility of their opinions and their manners."

Let us go to Honolulu in the Hawaiian Islands. There stands the original lava-rock Christian Church built in the early days of the invasion of the Christian missionaries. In the rear yard and just behind that church is the early Christian missionaries' graveyard or cemetery. Standing erect upon one of those graves, a Christian missionary named Chamberlain, is a heroic sized lingam. It seems most inconsistent to find a pagan idol on a Christian grave. We cannot tell you how it got there, whether by request of the deceased before he died, or placed there by the hands of his loved ones, or whether placed there by respecting natives who followed his teachings, but this much we know—it is there. We can conceive a possible explanation. We have known and talked with many occidentals who have either gone to native countries for missionary or commercial reasons, who have become imbued with the superior and lofty heights of this sex-religious idea and have practically become converted to or "gone native" in the belief that to respect sex as a religion is a much better way to live a moral life than it is to shame it out of our lives and make it an obscene thing to be practiced in secrecy. Perhaps this missionary "went native" to that extent and he preferred the Christian religion, spiritually, and respected the religious side of sex, physically.

It is to be expected that evidence of sex worship would be found connected with religions where sex is worshipped. This made our sixteenth trip to Honolulu and we have never discovered it before. We took motion pictures that we might have tangible evidence of the grave, tombstone, and lingam. How could any such Christian missionaries associate with and study the pagan religion of the native Hawaiian people and be ignorant of the nature of the natives they came to convert? If they understood and knew the full import of the religious significance of the lingam in the native religion did they knowingly put this phallus on the grave as a compromise to the natives or did they partially deny the Christian crucifix and partially adopt the lingam belief? Did the Christian turn pagan or did the pagan turn Christian? Did the two marry and mix their religions and did the children carry the mixture to their grave? At any rate, this lingam was brought from another Hawaiian Island, over 400 miles away, for this express purpose. Whatever the facts, there's the phallus lingam on a Christian missionary's grave in Honolulu for all to see and wonder about.

While we are discussing cemeteries, let us take a look at any Mohammedan grave. It contains a square or round tombstone, usually from 4 inches up to 12 inches in diameter. It has a rounded head on top. It is the phallic symbol. The man lies in his grave back down, face upward. This lingam erect as it is, is pointing to the heaven he desires to reach. This is not an isolated type, it is the regular thing. Peculiarly, the Mohammedan heaven permits no woman to attain it or ever reach it, yet when a man reaches this celestial abode, women are always there. No wonder he does not fear to die; no wonder he wants to die. Death means that he will cut off just that number of years of worry and physical strife here and that he can quicker reach the delights of his most avid dreams up there. (There is a photo of a Mohammedan graveyard in January or February, 1931, National Geographic Magazine.)

Man never grows old and never tires of his celestial experiences, in his belief. To die is to get away from all of earth with its cares and worries, to go to a place that is not encumbered with physical limitations. Yet, as he also builds his religion, women are necessary on earth but they cannot attain heaven; yet they are there waiting for him in all the beauty of face, figure, and form when he arrives.

Angkor-Vat is a temple erected in the 8th century, A.D., or about 1200 years ago. It passed through three revolutions of religious warfare and its affiliations were transferred from Brahman to Buddhist and back to Brahman again. At one place on the walls is a 1500 feet long, 8 feet high, wall of carved bas-reliefs. It is commonly referred to as "The Churning of the Sea of Milk." As ordinarily observed and seen by the average tourist it means nothing unusual. As a center piece, is seen a man in a standing position, holding the erect lingam in his hands. He is "churning," that is, transforming from the inside of his "milk" member to the outside of himself, the "milk" which he can give. It is being caught in a small saucer by a woman who is seated in front of him. As the panel is a running picture, we next see the woman handing the saucer to the king, who in turn is seen drinking the "milk." The religious interpretation of this picture is that everything that lives reproduces itself by "churning" the "milk," therefore, because it is so extensive as to include vegetable and tree life, birds, animals, fishes and humans, it represents a "sea" because "sea" was the biggest and broadest thing he could conceive of that began and had no ending.

The Island of Bali is Hindu in religion. It was pointed out to us; we saw them, and took motion pictures of several places in various Hindu temples wherein male and female are seen in conjugal embrace. This was not chalked on as a result of some perverted mind of a later period. It was carved in at the time of the building of the temple and represented a part of the religion of those natives.

The Island of Java is Hindu and Buddhistic. Weltevreden is the capitol city of the Dutch East Indies. In the National Museum are dozens of lingams

carved in wood and stone. One of them is the finest specimen I have ever seen; carved true to form in enlarged heroic size. It has placed about it four testes rather than the normal number of two. All of these linga, in this museum, have been gathered from various old temples found in and about these islands.

The visitor to the islands either does or does not go to this museum. Thousands undoubtedly go, see these "stones" and possibly wonder for a moment what they are—and pass on, none the wiser; nor would they know unless they understood the fundamentals underlying the religions of native people. Local people know; the museum people know; anybody who lives in the islands and knows the natives knows; but few occidentals who come there know, because they are thinking the things the occidental mind thinks, rather than trying to know the native mind as the native mind exists religiously.

In the center of the Island of Bali is the *Court of Justice*—an open-air, raised-high place where the former kings tried the cases of crimes as they occurred. It is still used as the Court of Justice by the Dutch Governor-General and the local justices when called up to try cases. The ceiling is painted in colors. On this ceiling is one set of pictures illustrating the pleasures that come to those who do right, both on earth and in heaven. The other group pictures 1,000 punishments that can be inflicted upon the wrong-doer. Many of these punishments consist of ways of inflicting pain and suffering so far as they concern sex organs of male or female, including the breasts and buttocks. For example: placing a burning fire brand between the legs and burning the sex-organs. The average visiting occidental seeing the Court of Justice, rarely looks; and if he looked, rarely sees; and if he sees, rarely understands what it is that he sees. The average occidental seeing these paintings would jump to the conclusion that these people were savages, brutal, obscene, horrible, etc. The Balinese are not savages in any sense. They are not brutal, horrible, or obscene. They regard sex as the source of life and the greatest punishment they can give any Balinese is to injure the thing or place from whence comes this source of life. They believe in "sterilizing" some forms of criminals by destroying the sex life of the criminal from which came the crime. Some of their forms of punishment are, in native thought, equal to our religious punishments back in the days of the Spanish inquisition; it is a question of where the church visits punishments upon him who desecrates and injures that which is a part of their religion.

Coming over on the boat from Japan, on our recent trip to the Antipodes, we were shown a series of photographs of punishment inflicted upon Chinese female spies in their recent civil war. The women spies were stripped, needles were then used to puncture the breasts at various intervals. Perhaps the female was laid upon the ground, naked, her legs were spread split fashion until they were broken, after which a bamboo pole was inserted into the yoni and she was left to suffer accordingly. The occidental mind construes

this as brutal in the extreme; and, grant that it is, the fact still remains that the Chinese inflict this form of punishment to show their contempt for the organs which are the source of their spiritual understanding of a religion. They mutilate sex in many forms to express an abhorrence against the symbol of their religion as inflicted upon that culprit who goes wrong. As they idolize the same parts, when right, so do they inflict punishment upon them when they go wrong, thus reversing their religious symbol so as to make it a symbol of their concept of hell.

Go with us to the ruins of Karnak or Luxor in Egypt and you will again find sex manifested in these ancient Egyptian temples in two forms. Paintings upon the walls illustrating sex of both male and female; you will find carvings of the male with erect lingam in enlarged form. The ancient Egyptian was much a native to his country and this all existed in days before the occidental mind had made inroads, the same as in other places. None of these are considered obscene by the native. It is but one of the many symbols which best express his deification of the source of life as he understood it in his limited concept of his world.

Several phalluses suspended from a necklace were worn by the gravest of women among the Egyptians, Greeks, and Italians, nor did they blush at wearing these amulets in public. They were especially for barren women, and for such as generally brought forth children with difficulty and miscarriage.

Within the oldest temples of Egypt were sacred apartments which may still be seen. In these fanes were the Holy of Holies, and in the past ages, none could obtain access to these places except priests and priestesses of the highest order. In these compartments the mysteries of birth were pictured, together with the symbols of generation, emblems of procreation. Priests and priestesses were the instructors of young men and women in all matters pertaining to sex. It is needless to say that as a result of this broad education, their views of life were purified; and that as a consequence of their early training, they developed into physical and intellectual giants and gave Egypt the wonderful civilization she once enjoyed, a civilization mighty in its proportions. This statement also holds true of Greece, Rome, and of the peoples of the Orient.

Up in Brastagi, Sumatra, the native women wear solid silver ear-rings that must weigh approximately three pounds apiece. They wear one in each ear. The ear-rings are rods of silver, about the size of a small little-finger, curled in two round balls, between which is an elongated section with an opening at the end. The cut-out section is at the end of the elongated section between. In this opening is placed the ear. This phallic symbol represents the testes and lingam of the male. It is worn only by the female. She places it in her ears at the end of the lingam, so that she may receive into her ears that which the male (as symbolized) can give her. It then goes into her head and she will become fertile. These ear-rings are worn as a religious significance.

The triangle that has become such a regular part of all our modern archi-

itecture, drawings, illustrations, etc., originally had its inception by people seeing the triangular pubic hair line of the female. From that source it sprang and from there it has become such a part of the occidental arts that we hardly dare think backward to its common origin.

The most ancient way of administering the oath was by placing the hand between the thighs, on the genitals. The latter was regarded as the Christian and the Jew regard the Bible, as being the most sacred of tangible things. This proves the holy reverence for the generative functions held by the forbears of the present civilization.

According to Davenport, in his essay, "Ancient Phallic Worship": "A custom greatly resembling this manner of swearing existed also in the north of Europe, as is proved by an ancient law still extant: thus, one of the articles of the Welsh laws enacted by Hoel the Good provided that in cases of rape, if the woman wished to prosecute the offender, she must, when swearing to the identity of the criminal, lay her right hand upon the relics of the saints and grasp with her left the peccant member of the party accused." However repugnant these customs may be to the mind today, they show conclusively that in ancient times a greater reverence was shown for the biologic forces which bring about conception in the great laboratory of nature, the womb, wherein the new entity takes form, than is being shown by Anglo-Saxon members of modern social systems.

On the K.P.M. boat, Nieuw Zeeland, is an open-air, upper-deck Roman swimming pool. To bring forth the Roman spirit of this bath, the sea-water comes into the pool through a Roman head with a faucet coming forth from the mouth of the face of the head. The ornament was a reproduction of a similar device found in the ruins of Pompeii. What was it? A face with a lingam protruding from the mouth. This was a modern boat with a reproduced ancient phallic symbol of the native of Rome. More than likely the architect who copied this device for this modern pool little knew that it was phallic in its origin in the early days. It was Roman and he thought it fitted nicely into a Roman pool.

Passing through New Zealand one studies the native Maori people. They are noted for their odd and peculiar wood carvings to be found in their homes and meeting place of the tribes and communities. Many of these carvings are of great size, as long as 10 feet, as wide as 5 to 6 feet, and as thick as 10 to 12 inches in a solid log. The average person looking at these peculiar carvings would pass judgment that they were odd and let it rest at that. Studying these carvings, however, proves that each and every design and character is phallic in its nature. At the peak, in front, of the roof of the community house at Rotorua is a male figure with heroic male organs. Few would notice it unless they were looking for phallic symbols knowing sex was the fundamental of their native religion. Traveling through New Zealand, we found it constantly.

We finally reached Wellington where we asked the Publicity Department

of New Zealand Government if they had any photos of phallic nature in its relation with the Maoris. They had some, and we secured copies. We were then introduced to E. Elsdon Best, the Librarian of their National Turnbull Library, who is an internationally known authority upon this question. He gave us some of his writings which are quoted in this book. With Mr. Best, we went to the National Museum, where they had on exhibit many Maori wood carvings. We asked the Curator if he had any phallic symbols and we were surprised to learn that he did not know what we were talking about, notwithstanding he had associated with many Maoris, had many specimens of their ancient carvings in his museum and had Maoris working on restoration of many pieces for the museum. He went with us to these Maoris doing the carvings, and there every symbol was proved to be sexual in its inception, much to his surprise, although none to Mr. Best or us. It but goes to further prove that many men working with the very objects themselves little know their proper interpretation in its relation.

The New Zealand Maori women wear a "tiki" made of greenstone. This tiki is a peculiar human figure with a twisted head and contorted arms and legs. The tiki is an embryonic symbol and is worn by the women to give them sexual strength and fertility. Many tourists buy them because they are "lucky pieces" and because they are odd things, such as are not found anywhere else in the world.

In Benares, India, is a "sex temple," wherein all the objects on the altars, the carvings on the outside walls, the paintings on the inside walls, are sexual and phallic in nature. There is no attempt to evade, hide, or conceal anything, much less those things which are construed by the occidental mind as being perverted and people who practice them being regarded as perverts in every sense; yet, here they are found in bold display in one of the most prominent temples in the city to which hundreds in the off-season, and thousands in the winter season repair daily. It is a part of the Hindu faith to believe that attendance and worship at the shrines of such as this gives sexual virility, manly and womanly vigor and strength and tends to establish lasting powers which could not be secured other than by praying at such temples and doing homage before such symbols.

Very few tourists are told about this temple, and only men tourists are permitted to go there. Natives cast aspersions upon their own religion. Because so much has been said about it and written against it by tourists in general, it is regarded by guides as one of the places not to be visited.

In another Hindu temple in Madura, is a large carved stone bull, painted red, in a reclining position, the large scrotum and testes extending backward so that all who care may caress these objects. (We know it does not sound proper to discuss this question so frankly, and it perhaps reads worse than it would sound if stated directly, but it is the fact, and therefore a statement of truth and history in this article.) Women who desire sexual strength that they may become fertile, approach this phallic symbol in a religious attitude.

In this same temple, maiden women, married women, will spend the night within the confines of some of the buildings of the temple. During the night they will be visited by "a spirit of sexual strength," and in time they have restored sexual strength or will become enciente with child. The priests of this temple are the physical personification of that spirit, although it is surprising what views people can have in the name of religion. They can *believe* most anything, if they have been taught that way.

But, let us again not lose sight of the purpose of this article. To the native Hindus this is their religion. The object of caressing the testes or sleeping in the temple at night to be visited by a spiritual essence, is to make an appeal to the religious superior generative creative forces to make them more virile, fertile, and give them more sexual pleasure and power. They see no wrong in any of it. They can conceive only of good coming from what they do. They are not ashamed of any of it. They are proud of it all. In fact, they take on that exalted attitude that is found amongst Christians who inhabit Christian religious shrines of various kinds.

The author has amongst his collection of phallic symbols a poi pounder, from the Hawaiian Islands. It is used by the natives to pound the taro root to make poi, an article of food. The head of this stone implement is that of the lingam. While in Alaska, during the summer of 1930, we found another stone used by the Aleutian Indians, to tan the hides of game, which was carved in the same way, with the same effect. So they, too, have the phallic symbol, though Alaska and these islands are many miles apart. An Alaskan Indian altar piece is another in this collection, representing a male and female standing with arms entwined. It can have but one significance. It was worshipped originally in one of their native meeting houses.

While studying Alaska, we visited the President of the Alaska University at Fairbanks. We asked him whether he had any way of knowing whether the native peoples now residing in Alaska were in any way, to his knowledge, migrants from Siberia, Japan, or China, and whether, in his opinion, they practiced phallic worship. He took us to his museum where he has been gathering domestic, fishing, war implements for many years, as gathered from the different islands, and as dug up in the ancient ruins in many places. There, amongst his stone implements, were hieroglyphics of Chinese characters, many of them of phallic symbolic character. The swastika emblem, which is supposed to be of American Indian origin, is a Chinese symbol and is found on many objects of art throughout the world. The ruins of the Maya people of Yucatan also contain Chinese hieroglyphics. This proves migrations of people from the other side of the ocean to this, and further extends the information of migration.

It appears that writers on phallicism strangely neglect the field of living American Indian religion. The fundamental idea everywhere underlying it is the simple dualism of nature to which our writers constantly refer. We have ample information regarding the religion of the Pueblo Indians, Sionan cults,

and the ceremonies of the more advanced tribes of Mexico and Central America. Snake dances and sun dances have been described in almost painful detail. Is it not time that someone should simply, clearly, and thoroughly analyze them in such a way as to show the ideas involved in them? And such a study, done with conscientious scholarship, would throw vast light upon much of the phallicism of Indians and other higher cultures, which is now obscure and incomprehensible. There is still much to be done in the field of phallicism.

Going into the jungle 500 miles at N'Angkor, in old Cambodia, in the interior of Indo-China, there are found the ruins of Angkor dating back to 1100 or 1500 years. Many of these temples were dedicated to the lingam, it having the choicest location in the very center of the Holy of Holies. Another temple had 53 immense towers atop the structure, and on each of them was a lingam with a face on each of the four sides. Still another temple had thousands of these lingams on top of a retaining wall which entirely surrounded it. Other temples had huge lingams within the many shrines found there. Even today, as ruins, one will find these symbols scattered here and there in the various grounds, set up in positions where they must attract attention, but which would mean nothing to the average person, even though he were told what they were, but which is an interesting study to the student who knows the fundamental life of the ancient Khmer people who once lived there by the millions.

It is interesting to note that originally all temple steeples were stupas and the stupa was a tall blunt-headed tower which was erected to do homage to the male creative element. Gradually, evolution of the church steeple took place until today it is taller and more pointed than in former days, yet its origin was phallic and it is said to still symbolize its original form, a fact which few know.

In presenting this study of the native and his religion based upon sex, we can appreciate the conflict that can easily be arrayed against it. The author, considered a globe-trotter, a student of the customs of natives, one who has written much, traveled many thousands of miles, lectured and written books on travel, has seen evidences of what is here and now written about; thus, after 20 years' study of this subject, found that on this last trip to the South Sea Islands, many things crystalized the ideas into more definite facts than before.

Enroute on a ship from Australia to Java, were some travelers who began to set forth their opinions and how immoral and obscene the natives of the various islands were. They, too, had seen much that we had. They quickly concluded that it was all bad. Somehow, we were not looking for the good or bad, right or wrong, of the subjects observed, so much as trying to solve the problem as to why the natives lived as they did, and still be clean, pure, uplifted people that they were, when left alone and unmolested by outside, occidental interference.

It is so easy for an American to judge the commerce of the rest of the world by the American standards, to condemn the oriental because of the occidental commendations, to judge the religions of the native by comparing them with the religion of Christianity. No traveler will ever get anywhere if he goes into a country ready and willing to condemn everything he sees, unless they meet the conditions the traveler thinks things ought to be. As well stay at home as to do that. One should try to understand the native, view him as a native would do, think of things as the native thinks of them, trying to figure out the whys and wherefores as the native has figured them out; then, and not before, can one begin to reason as he reasons.

However, among many of our listeners, readers, and those who will visit our Phallic Worship Museum, will be those who stay at home, who have not been privileged to see what we have seen, or who have not secured the background necessary to understand. Those occidental minds will approach this problem with the already prepared occidental conclusions, ready and willing to place their prejudices before understanding. To those, we fear, all this will be condemned, and considered the work of a mind that has become diverted into wrong channels and thus is a perverted mind from the present day point of view.

Let us assure such people, an occidental is always an occidental; one who thinks a definite line for many years cannot be changed in his ways of living; yet, historians are those who study, prepare, think, and present what they have seen without desire to color or shade the facts as warrant certain conclusions.

We do not present this question with any desire to change any person's ways of thinking or mode of living. We do so only with the desire that you may know the native as he knows himself, that you might better understand him as he wants to and deserves to be understood.

CHAPTER 134

THE STORY OF "IT IS AS SIMPLE AS THAT"

BEGINNING

IN 1895, an incident of world-wide historical human value took place.

Eighteen years previously Harvey Lillard became deaf.

He was in a stooped, cramped position when he heard "something pop" in his neck.

He was deaf for 18 years.

In his neck was a large visible bump.

Fortunately, it could be seen, otherwise it might have gone unnoticed.

D. D. Palmer said: If the *production* of that bump *produced* deafness, *reduction* should restore hearing.

He pushed the bump, three days in succession; bump was gone, and hearing *was* restored.

Fortunately that bump *was reduced*; fortunately, hearing *was* restored.

That incident started and established a truth heretofore unknown and unused.

Would the average man, upon a single isolated case, have discovered a universal human principle and practice?

Was this man justified in laying down an *all-complete*, *all-inclusive*, and *all-exclusive* universal human principle?

Forty-nine years have justified that conclusion.

EXPLANATION

Sir Isaac Newton established the law of gravity from the falling of one apple. Benjamin Franklin discovered electricity from the flying of one kite.

COMPLETED

Man is a *complete* unit, complete *within* itself; yet incomplete, depending upon the universe.

Man has two mental worlds; one within, one without.

One *within* comes complete at birth and stays complete until death.

He is born in conjunction *with* all its organs necessary, with intellectual power plant sometimes called the subconscious, Innate, or the soul.

One *without* works in conjunction with all internal organs necessary, supplied at birth, but directed by an education externally accumulated between the periods of birth to death, called education, that it may internally adapt to external environment.

THE CHIROPRACTIC PRINCIPLE

A concussion of forces—an external invading force *and* an internal or resisting force, *accidentally* applied to a human body—clashes; and as a result, a fracture, dislocation, or vertebral subluxation *can* occur to bone structures.

The vertebral subluxation occludes, reduces, or makes smaller size of openings between vertebrae through which nerves pass on their way from brain to portion of the human body.

- which compresses, squeezes, or produces constrictive pressure around spinal cord or spinal nerves which pass through these openings between vertebrae on their way from brain to portions of the human body;
- which offers resistance to, or introduces interference to normal quantity of nerve force, or nerve energy flow, which flows through, over, or into these nerves on their way from brain to body;
- which reduction in quantity flow, from normal, does not reach the periphery, or distal, or endings of those nerves in body tissue cells or body organs;
- which reduction, from normal quantity, slows action of these body tissue cells or body organs in exact ratio as normal quantity is lowered to an abnormal level;
- which decreases the quantity and quality these tissue cells or body organs should produce as products or by-products;
- which, given time for destruction, to accumulate, develop and grow these effects, is a condition called disease.

THE CHIROPRACTIC PRACTICE

A concussion of forces—an external or invading force *and* an internal or resisting force, *intentionally* applied by a Chiropractor—clashes; and as a result, a vertebral subluxation is adjusted or restored to its former normal position.

The vertebral adjustment opens, increases size of openings between vertebrae through which nerves pass on their way from brain to portions of the human body;

- which releases, reduces constrictive pressure around spinal cord or spinal nerves which pass through these openings on their way from brain to portions of the human body;
- which permits a normal quantity of nerve force, nerve energy, to flow through, over, or into those nerves on their way from brain to portions of the human body;
- which increases, from below normal *to* normal, reaches the periphery or distal or endings of those nerves in body tissue cells or body organs;
- which increases, from below normal *to* normal, increases action of those tissue cells or body organs, in exact ratio as it is increased or stepped up to normal level;

—which increases the quantity and quality these tissue cells or body organs should produce as products and/or by-products;

—which, given time for restoration, construction and rebuilding to develop, accumulate or grow, to occur, is a condition called health.

The complete, all-inclusive and all-exclusive Chiropractic principle and practice is as simple as that. More than that is entering the field of some principle and practice, other than Chiropractic!

CHAPTER 135

EXPLANATION

Reduce the power by some percentage less than normal to a 1HP motor, and you reduce the RPM's per 1 minute of time in exact ratio. Reduce the RPM's per 1 minute, attached to a mechanical pump, and you reduce the normal amount of water required in exact ratio, per that minute of time. The product and/or by-product required by the normal amount of water would be reduced to an abnormal low level accordingly per the same element of time. If the problem were irrigation, the result in unhealthy crop, whether it be grain, fruits, or what have you, would be obvious.

Same is true of tissue cells or body organs of a human being. Reduce the power by some percentage less than normal to the liver, and you reduce the number of secretory and excretory mechanical movements per a 24-hour day. Any reduction of the required action of the liver would reduce the 2 pints of bile necessary per day, which would reduce the digestion product and its by-products accordingly.

Comparisons, with other body organs, are endless.

FACTS

CHIROPRACTIC IS PREMISED upon the fixed facts of physics that

- matter cannot move without force or energy
- human matter is in motion as human energy gets to that matter
- human matter moves in speed in exact ratio as *the quantity* of human energy pre-determines when delivered to that human matter
- more mind in more matter equals more motion.

Matter moves only as moved upon by energy.

Moving composite beings *are* alive. Inanimate composite beings *are* dead.

To move is to live. Motion is life.

To *not* move is to be dead. No motion is death.

A *necessity* for motion, and to *be unable* to control motion, is dis-ease.

Matter cannot move without energy to move it. Living is a rate of motion of matter by a given *quantity* of energy, in a given *quantity* of matter, in a given *quantity* of time, producing a product and by-product as a result.

Quality of living is an element entirely within the knowledge and province of Innate Intelligence resident within us.

Matter moves at a normal rate of speed when man is well.

When it does, matter lives and is healthy.

Reduce the speed by reducing the quantity of energy that moves it, and you reduce the quantity and quality of production of its product and its by-products.

It is as simple as that!

EXPLANATION

"Innate Intelligence" referred to above is a name Chiropractors give to the equivalent of what many know as Nature, *vis medicatrix naturae*, Universal Law, Universal Intelligence. As such, it lives in, flows through, and expresses itself in man.

Various terms can be synonymously used, such as force, energy, power, electricity, mental impulse, nerve force, etc., depending upon whether we refer to the activating agent *external to* or the motivating agent *internal to* the human body. There are keen distinctions with which these terms are used; some terms, such as "electricity is an *artificially* generated force"; other terms, such as "mental impulse, nerve force is a *naturally* generated force" formed within a naturally composite body, such as any living thing. We make this explanation to clarify how and why Chiropractic uses certain terms in preference to certain other ones to clarify its approach to the problem of sickness and how to get sick people well.

Artificial electrical energy or force produces a product such as work delivered by a motor, motion as delivered by a fan, heat as produced in an ironing iron or electric globe, etc.

Natural mental impulse or nerve force also produces a product such as work delivered by muscles, motion delivered by muscles in legs, heat as produced in combustion in tissue cells, etc.

Any and all forms of energy and/or force, whether artificial or natural, are not static. Static energy, whether inanimate or animate, exists as such only in the abstract. Work, motion, heat, animate or inanimate, are energies *flowing through* matter. Energy *must flow through* a substance matter to produce a product. This is equally true in man to produce the product called function.

As we said in our talk, "Researching the Unknown Man":

"We continued to hypothesize, between 1907 and 1935, that ease was because of a *continuity* flow of energy current through a *continuity* circuit between brain cell and tissue and reverse circuit; and the moment this *continuity* energy current circuit *was reduced, interfered with, or resistance offered to its flow*, that moment dis-ease began at the periphery of the efferent nerve. We further continued to hypothesize, between 1907 and 1935, that ease could be and would be re-established at the periphery of the efferent nerve when the *continuity* of the energy current flow was re-established through this *continuity* of brain-cell-to-tissue-cell nerve fibre."

CHAPTER 136

CONTINUITY IS VITAL

LIFE, OR LIVING MATTER, or matter-action at normal rate of speed is because of a *continuity flow of energy through a continuity of matter*. Break the *continuity of matter, or continuity of energy*, and you break the *continuity of action* with its consequent reduction in product *and* by-products. Cut a nerve in two, by intention or through an accident, somewhere between brain and end of that nerve in the body, and you have broken *the continuity of the medium* which carried *the continuity* of energy flow. If *the nerve* is in natural continuity, as it was intended to be in human bodies between brain and end of that nerve in the body; but *the continuity of energy flow is reduced* from normal high health quantity to low abnormal sick quantity; you have *a reduction in the quantity flow of energy*, which slows up *quantity of action*, which reduces *the quantity of product* and corresponding by-products. A corresponding *dis-ease* exists at the external or body end of that nerve, symptoms exist, pathology develops, all of which can be inaccurately studied and diagnosed by medical men followed by inaccurate and innumerable modes, means, and methods of treatments of same.

The psychologist thinks of the *duality* of man's mentalities as "conscious" and "subconscious" or "unconscious"; the latter *inferior and below or beneath* the other. "Unconscious: Insensible; not receiving any sensory impressions and not having any subjective experiences." (Dorland)

To the *conscious* mind, *Innate* is *unconscious* only because it is *not conscious* to the conscious mind. That *Innate* receives "sensory impressions" and does have "subjective experiences" should be obvious, even to our *conscious* minds.

The "conscious" mind is the one you and I *voluntarily* develop by process of accumulation from birth to death. We prefer to think of it as "education" we gather from books, classes, schools, experience, etc. The "subconscious" or "unconscious" is the "other fellow" of the duality of mentalities, herein referred to as *Innate Intelligence*, that builds and runs *our entire bodies* from and between conception and death; builds and runs *all other* natural composite organized objects from *their* conceptions and deaths, etc. I prefer to name this "other fellow" living in *our* human house the *superconscious* mind, because it *is* the *superior* one in quantity, quality, ability, capability, control of functions, not only in composite units but in the totality universe as well.

The psychologist thinks that the inferior "*conscious*" mind possesses

possibilities of talking *to* and directing the character *of* thoughts produced in and by the "subconscious" or "unconscious" mind. *If it were possible*—which I deny—for man to talk backwards and upwards *to*, and take flights of fancy into fields beyond his reach, to direct the quantity and quality of thinking of the *superior* intellect—which he would *like* to do—then he might as well jump the additional remaining small gap and let his sixty years of book-education talk direct to God with its millions of years of Direction of this and these worlds and all that has been or is in them.

The psychologist forgets this world has been in existence, has been running satisfactorily for millions of years, in millions of people, in millions of ways, before *his* feeble infinitesimal college-education began in its present-day form or body; to pass out of the picture when his present-day form or body dies, which must begin all over again in his off-spring.

The psychologist likes to think *his* education *knows* all, *sees* all, and can *direct* all of his "other self" that lives within; therefore he would like to think he *is* directing *its* thinking and acting. He likes to think that he possesses some secret key so he can tell *it* what to do, where, when, how, and why. He prefers to think of his *smaller* intellect being the greater. In that lie the fallacies and mistakes of a wrong approach of psychology to solve any *internal* problems of *internal* man. It is the other way round. The greater directs the lesser! The Master commands the servant!

A simple sample: It is conceded that man is a chemical laboratory—the finest and most independent automatic plant conceivable. It is also conceded that sometimes some part or parts become chemically unbalanced, either plus or minus, which have a direct bearing upon the quality of interdependent chemical by-products. That the educated sick man is grossly aware of this condition *within himself* is obvious. Grant that his limited schooling education, learned out of books, *would like to know all about* such unbalanced chemistry, how can he go about it to know? Two dual personalities live in his body-home. The youngster *wants to know* from the old-old *superior* parent exactly what, where, how, how much, what kind. Suppose the *minor* mind directs its attention to a *liver cell*, to inquire what *its* chemical constituency is, what *its* chemical unbalance is, what *it* chemically needs to become balanced. How does this liver cell impart its knowledge *to* this child-age mind? That *the major* mind—the Innate Intelligence *knows*, is obvious. Possibly book-education considers the *single* liver cell *too minute* an object and therefore rejects it; yet the body is made up of *just such individual cells*. Perhaps *the entire liver* with its 5 pounds, 5 lobes, and 5 fissures would be more easily reached because of greater size. How, now, does *the liver* impart its chemical status to this *minor* mind? The *liver* has no way of communicating this knowledge to this *minor* mind. Or, perhaps education, per se, may consider the liver too small. Perhaps *the entire body* would be a better seeking ground to search for the answer of what, where, how much, when, the chemistry of *the body* is off balance. But again,

the body does not impart its secrets except to *the only source* that is entitled to know—Innate Intelligence.

It needs be called to the attention of students of man that these two dual personalities have lived intimately together, side by side, in same body, for a few years; yet as intimate as they have been together, *ONLY ONE of them knows what the other one WANTS to know* and *THE ONE THAT KNOWS has no way or means of telling THE OTHER what it WANTS to know*—within its own organization.

Shifting the scenes, a sick person, with a chemically unbalanced body, goes to one of many kinds of doctors and recites in a comparatively few minutes *how* he feels, *where* he feels, *how much* he feels—all of which may be true within the limited horizon of education—and *that doctor* living on *the outside* of that second other body admits he *knows instantly, correctly and exactly* in the body of another person, *what* to give, *how much* to give, and *where* to give it to establish *perfect chemical harmony* to the unbalanced chemistry of another. Having no way of knowing *WITHIN HIMSELF ABOUT HIMSELF*, yet he *knows exactly all in the chemically sick who come to him*. So, he prescribes more of this, less of that, vitamins, calories, placing him on various diets—nut diet, meat diet, no-meat diet, milk diet, no-fried-foods diet, no-sugar diet, no-starch diet, more proteins, less carbohydrates, no this, no that, without end, each to his fad and fancy. The entire output of patent medicines, vitamin pills, is manufactured under a common wholesale formula—all alike. The output of factories is in millions of bottles, boxes. Sick or run-down people are *all different*, each with a *different* disease, no two people *being* alike. How can patent medicines, or vitamin pills—all alike—fit into the physical conditions of everybody—all of whom are *different*? One man's food is another's poison. If admitted that Innate Intelligence (Nature) *in the body of sick person* discriminates and takes or leaves, then we back up to the value of the Chiropractic *Innate within us again*, rather than the educated opinions of manufacturer, salesman, professional man, or buyer and user. All this, obviously is empiric, experimental, hoping to pit his ignorance that he might accidentally stumble into a right solution.

If patient lives long enough, if doctor lives long enough, and between them they experiment long enough, they might *some day*, temporarily, *relieve* some of the distressing symptoms.

Visualize the world's greatest human chemist, the one who *does* know all and more than is to be found in any, every, and all books on human chemistry; who *knows* all and more than all college professors combined; who can operate, control, and direct the perfect running activities of the world's finest human laboratory; who not only built that lab, but knows its every intricate crevice, piece of equipment and working apparatus. So long as this world's greatest human chemist *has full and complete charge and can and is permitted to work without restriction, hindrance, or interference of any kind*,

it can, will, and does produce finest chemicals and chemical balance between all parts. In reality, *that is how we do run when we run healthily*. Put restriction, hindrance, or interference in the path of this chemist, *between it and its laboratory*, and soon issues are confused, products are unbalanced, by-products are upset, the lab soon looks like a shambles, the relationships between parts are soon a mess. If, as, and when such conditions *do* exist, what is the thing to do?

We have two outs: 1. We can turn loose *on the outside*, meddling inside, a gang of "modern" book-worm chemists in this lab and ask them to run it as they think it should be run. Soon test tubes *are* broken. Retorts *are* spilled. Material *is* displaced. They decide that certain equipment is unnecessary and proceed to cut it out. They see *more* coming from the laboratory than they think necessary, so they decide to feed *it less*, so *less can come out*. Or, they see *less* coming from the lab than they think essential, so they decide to feed *it more*, so *more can come out*. They *think* they can force a balance by force-feeding. By the time this group get through experimenting *anything* can happen.

2. Obviously, turn the key in the lock, unlock the door, open it wide; correct the restriction, hindrance, or interference that keeps the chemist *that lives in that house* from coming into its laboratory, thus permitting the Master Chemist to again take full and complete control. Once the *internal, natural, Master Chemist* is on the job, chemical chaos *is corrected* to chemical cosmos, unbalanced conditions *restored* to normal balance, the lab *is rebuilt* to look like its old former self, and relationships *are re-established* between all parts, and soon everything is running smoothly again.

We know the various arguments advanced by food-faddists that we live in an artificial world; artificial foods do not contain natural elements; therefore, we must artificially supply what we don't receive naturally, etc. Even if all these various empiric explanations *were* sound, the fundamental fact still remains that there was *no way* the *external* doctor could *know* the *internal* chemical unbalance in patient; and neither would he know, in the absence of this internal information, *how to supply the* external remedies to cure same.

To live, we must contact the outer abstract world through the eight senses, plus absorption of breathing and drinking pure air and water with nutritious food. We said "eight senses"—seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, feeling, *plus common and horse*. The eighth is "instinct" or "nature." Anything coming to or into the body from the external can be good or bad, right or wrong, constructive or destructive, food or poison. How are *we*, as human beings, *to know*? How does *any* animal, bird, insect, reptile, etc., *know*? *We* say they "have instinct"; the "nature" in them knows. Even though comparisons are odious, animals—wild or domesticated—live by the use of the same *internal and external* processes as we do. Animals, birds, insects, reptiles, etc., do not go to college, study chemistry, buck up on vitamins, to know *what* to

accept, *what* to reject. Innate Intelligence in other living objects *produces* that which is sufficient *for us*, be it mutton, pork, beef, milk, butter, chicken, eggs, fish, oysters, etc. They use *their* eight senses as they eat and live. We *should* use *ours*. You may say "human appetites are jaded and perverted." Who is to say *what* constitutes a "jaded and perverted" appetite? Education, that went to school; or Innate that lives within us, who *knows* the *needs* of that body? Suppose the pregnant mother hungers for chalk or vinegar. Is that "perverted"? The Innate *within* knows.

Exercising the best sound educated judgment any of us possesses, with the best limited education we have, can you conceive of a grain of sand on the seashore suggesting to the tides and currents of the ocean when to come and go; or directing the propagation of millions of fish, whales, and what-have-you, that swim the seven seas? Can you imagine a drop of water that is drawn up into the skies by the heat of the sun, wafted over the land, meets cold air, drops as in rain, waters the soil from which vegetation grows, trying to instruct the waters of the world when to come, where to go, and what to do over the land when they arrive? Can you possibly think of *one* animal trying to direct the activities of all other animals that inhabit the face of the globe? All this seems ridiculous! It is! Yet the psychologist tells man—and man in the infinitude of things is like the grain of sand, the drop of water, or one animal—that *he* alone, of all things that come and go, live and die, *can and should* talk back to the Innate source of life within himself and direct *its* creation, transmission and expression of itself through *all* mortal men. And that is just as ridiculous.

Back-talk becomes back-fire when you think seriously of the caprices, idiosyncracies, peculiarities, and differences existing in people, groups of people; nationalities, religions—all trying to become the key-note of directing *man* so *he* can shape the world to *his* selfish desires in which he lives.

If it *were possible*—as psychologists contend—that man can shape his eternal destiny—that our limited school book-worm education can back-talk to the unlimited internal eternal law-source within us, fathers and mothers could pre-determine children where there were none; decide whether it shall be boy or girl; quints, that such might be exhibited for financial gain; blond where both parents are brunettes; slim where either or both are short, fat, and stumpy; a beautiful figure to act as a profitable model; either might order a musical genius, like they now order bread; another, an electrical Edison, like they now do butter; another, a Hollywood glamour girl—ad infinitum, ad nauseum. The fact remains, *in spite of our psychological thinking*, not because of it, *we get just what the law that is beyond reach of us* decides to give us, which proves that our limited education cannot "talk-back" and has nothing to do with *what we get*, for we take what comes and like it; *what comes being pre-determined by a law beyond the reach of books, classes, schools.*

The Chiropractor presumes no such understanding of the psychologist,

neither does he presume any correct understanding of knowing how to secure a correct understanding of internal human chemistry. He realizes that the Innate Intelligence *that lives in and regulates and runs that body does know*. If that Innate *can* get through to work, as only Innate can work, then *Innate* can and will re-establish perfect chemical balance, once it has become unbalanced. It is not necessary that a Chiropractor *know anything* about bodily chemistry, either in balance or unbalance, especially when the world's finest and best chemist *lives in that body and is capable*, and lives there *for that express purpose*.

In last paragraph, we mention "production of its product and its by-product." In several other places in this same talk, we refer to the same thought.

Every living organ in the body, including glands, possesses a pre-determined quantity of action, which was pre-determined by quantity of energy which produced that action, which *produces* a quantity of product. This "product" might be contraction of muscles, calorific heat, reparation where destruction has taken place; it might be a quantity and quality of secretion and/or excretion; it would be reproduction of the species, etc. The "by-product" would be the sum total of *all* these "products" *in relation to each other*, in producing a *combination* result.

Example: Energy goes to liver. Liver works. A working liver produces bile. Bile is *one* of many secretions and excretions which, mixed *with many other* secretions and excretions, produces the "by-product" of digestion, of which liver and bile are but *a part of* the "digestive system." Bile is one chemical agent in digestion, but *by itself and alone* it could not "produce" digestion, for digestion is a "by-product" of action *of many* secretions which bile chemically *helps* as one element to bring about.

CHAPTER 137

CONSTANTS

THE CONSTANT which comprises the *scientific* fundamental upon which Chiropractic rests is:

An accident of some one of many kinds introduces the external concussion of force; which, when it meets resistance of body it contacts, produces a "*concussion of forces*"—one, invasionary; other, resisting—which, because of the clash and concussion of forces betwixt and between, being the vertebral column, *subluxates a vertebra* of the spinal column;

which, because of being subluxated, out of normal or regular position, *makes smaller a bony opening* through which nerves pass;

which, in turn, *produces a pressure* indirectly upon nerves that pass through that opening;

which, in turn, diminishes *the quantity flow* of nerve force through those nerves by interference, or resistance, by constrictive compression, between the brain and some portion of the body.

This energy-flow interference is because of a *mechanical distortion* from normal position of a vertebra in the spinal column.

This energy-flow interference *reduces the quantity* flow of nerve force *from* brain to body, affecting the *quality* of return feeling function from tissue cell to brain.

This reduction in quantity flow of nerve force *slows* speed of action of tissue structure attached to the distal or peripheral ends of those nerves—producing any of the many dis-eases.

EXPLANATION

Sciences have fundamentals, known as "*constants*," such as 2×2 equals 4—not sometimes, but always. A *constant* is a conclusion of fact which is fixed and stable.

Theories and *sophistries* are experimental, arbitrary, and empiric opinions. A variable fluctuates with whims, fancies, blowing hot or cold, without logic or reason. That is what makes them "*variables*."

The *constant* is single and simple. Variables are endless and unlimited; limited only by "*so many men, so many minds, so many opinions*."

The Chiropractic *practice* is:

To locate *the* exact vertebra which *is* subluxated, ascertain its *precise* abnormal position; then, *by hand only*, efficiently give it an adjustment to *correct* its mal-position, which *opens* the small compressed opening through which nerves pass and *releases* pressures upon nerves; which *permits a restoration* of transmission of normal quantity of nerve force flow between brain and body.

which *flows automatically* under intelligent direction of the inherent Innate Intelligence resident within us

which *speeds up action* of tissue cell structures, to normal, attached to peripheral endings of those nerves

which, given time, produces health.

It is as simple as that!

EXPLANATION

To the average person, anatomical terms are perplexing; therefore, these explanations: "*A vertebral subluxation*" is where one of the small bones of the backbone has been twisted, wrenched, or jerked out of normal or right position, producing a "kink" which remains in that position in relation to other bones immediately above and below it.

"*A vertebral adjustment*" is what the Chiropractor does to correct the bone that is "twisted," wrenched, or jerked out of normal position, straightening this "kink," putting this one small bone of the backbone back into normal or right position in relation to other bones immediately above and below it.

To the Chiropractor, "*a vertebral subluxation*" is where one vertebra is out of correct juxtaposition in its superior and inferior articulations in relation to its co-respondents above and below, as a result of which *four elements must* be present to constitute such:

(a) the vertebra must be out of alignment in relation to its superior and inferior articulations with its immediate co-respondents above and below

(b) it must occlude the inter-spinal canal or intervertebral foramina lumen between *three* vertebrae, changing its size, shape, and/or circumference, reducing its carrying capacity

(c) it must produce a constricting pressure upon the spinal cord or spinal nerves passing through that opening

(d) thereby creating interference and/or resistance to the free flow of the normal quantity of mental impulse or nerve force between brain and body.

To the Chiropractor, "*a vertebral adjustment*" is that action upon his part, by hands only, at the location of the vertebral subluxation, at the time of proven existence of such, in the right direction, to reverse its abnormal position, with the right method to correct same, with the purpose of reversing the four stated elements of a *vertebral subluxation*.

"*A concussion of forces*" is where two quantities of energy clash in opposition to each other, coming together from opposite directions, wherein any material substance between changes that matter from an organized state of normal relation to surrounding structures, into a disorganized state of being, or being put into abnormal position in relation to surrounding structures. Fractures and dislocations are examples. *A vertebral subluxation* is another.

A "*concussion of forces*" is a comparison between relative values of *two* forces: (1) the external or invasionary force; (2) the resistance or internal force.

If the internal or resistance force (2) is normal, healthy, up to standard par (say 100 per cent), and the external or invasionary force (1) is 400 per cent or three times greater than the resistance, result *could be* a fracture of some bone.

If internal resistance force (2) was normal, healthy, up to standard par (say 100 per cent), and external invasionary force (1) was 300 per cent or twice greater than the resistance, result *could be* a dislocation of one bone in relation to another.

If internal resistance force (2) was normal, healthy, up to standard par (say 100 per cent), and external invasionary force (1) was 200 per cent or once again greater than resistance, result *could be* a subluxation of one vertebra in relation to its co-respondents above and below. It takes *more* external invasionary force (1) to produce fracture than dislocation; and *more* to produce dislocation than subluxation.

In above comparisons we have used the normal or *healthy* internal resistance (2) as 100 per cent. If, however, that "normal" or *healthy* internal resistance has been lowered by dis-ease, and internal resistance (2) is *low*, or *below* 100 per cent, then the external invasionary force (1) can be materially reduced and still do the damage of a fracture, dislocation, or subluxation. Sickness, or dis-ease, is lowered internal resistance. That is why fractures, dislocations, or subluxations are more likely to happen in sick or elderly people than in healthy or young persons.

In "*a concussion of forces*" there is always an *invasionary* force trying to penetrate some object, as well as the *resistance* force trying to keep it out. These forces can be, but rarely are, equal to each other. When the invasionary force is *greater*, damage to structural relation takes place. When the resistance force is greater, no harm occurs to structural continuity.

"*Invasionary forces*" are many, varied, and attempt invasion in diverse ways. Cold, heat, liquids, poisons, muscular contractions—each is a force and each has a potency attack.

"Potency" means quantity. Difference between hot and warm, cold and cool, different "poisons," various medicinal compounds, anacin and aspirin, varied graduated pull of muscular contractures, are their differing potencies. Vitamins, as simple as the name implies, could have an invasionary or attacking potency.

A concussion of forces, wherein the invasionary *accidental* external force *overcomes* the *intentional* resistance force, can and usually does produce a vertebral subluxation.

A concussion of forces wherein the *intentional* invasionary external force *delivered intentionally by the Chiropractor*, at *right* place, at *right* time, in *right* manner, can and usually does reduce the vertebral subluxation.

A concussion of forces wherein the *intentional* invasionary external force *delivered intentionally by the Chiropractor*, when given at *wrong* place, at *wrong* time, and/or in *wrong* manner, can and could become an *accidental* concussion of forces producing a vertebral subluxation, where before none existed, or can increase one already existing, or can reverse its direction and change the entire history of a case from one condition, one place, to another.

Two terms are used in anatomy in reference to nervous system: epiphery and periphery. "Epiphery" refers to nerve coming *from* or going *to* brain. "Periphery" refers to nerve going *to* or coming *from* tissue cell. Each is at opposite end to the other.

"Foramen"—singular for a hole in a bone, an opening.

"Foramina"—plural for more than one opening formed by the notches of any two adjacent vertebrae; between bones.

"Lumen"—another term for a transverse section of the clear space between two or more vertebrae.

CHAPTER 138

ENERGY

ALL ENERGY for *all* the body is resident in *all* the brain.

Each part of the brain produces *all* the energy for *that part* of the body.

Cut off, or reduce, that normal quantity of brain energy from going *to* some part of the body, and it reduces its tissue speed, reducing its working product or by-products, and it is sick; and, if entirely cut off, would be dead.

Reduce that quantity of brain energy from going *to* that part of the body, and it slows its action, reducing its production; its by-products, in exact ratio to that reduction of energy flow, and unbalances not only itself but all other organs to which it is a contributing factor, for no one part of the body lives unto itself.

It is as simple as that!

Matter cannot move without energy to push it

- electric fan
- ironing iron
- motor
- electric globe

The *amount* of product, or by-product, depends upon the amount of the producer—the flow of energy going *through* the matter

- no EMF (electro-motive-force)—no fanning—no wind
- some EMF—some fanning—some wind
- normal EMF—normal speed—normal amount of wind.

—no flow of EMF—no resistance to transmission—no heat in ironing iron

—some flow of EMF—some resistance to transmission—some warm heat in ironing iron

—normal quantity flow of EMF—normal quantity of resistance to transmission—normal amount of heat in ironing iron.

—no flow of EMF to motor—no RPM's of work delivered by motor

—some flow of EMF to motor—some RPM's of work delivered by motor

—normal flow of EMF to motor—normal amount of RPM's delivered by motor.

—no flow of EMF to globe—no white heat—no white electric light

- some flow of EMF to globe—some white heat—some white electric light
- normal quantity of EMF to globe—normal white heat—producing normal amount of white light, a by-product of heat.

All this you know. It is old understanding. It is as simple as that!

Same is true of human organs.

- heart is a pump for blood
- lungs are bellows for inhaling and exhaling air
- stomach is a churn for extracting food elements
- kidneys are vacuums for withdrawing excess fluids and fluidic poisons from body
- muscles are motors to give locomotion to the human automobile.

In general terms, each of these is subject to *three* broad quantities of energy.

- right or normal amount
- too much or an excess quantity
- too little or not enough quantity

If right quantity of NMI (nervous mental impulse) flows *through* heart, it will pump 72 TPM (times per minute)

If too much quantity of NMI flows through heart, it might pump 84 TPM, or more.

If too little NMI flows through heart, it might pump 60 TPM, or less.

Whichever quantity of energy flows predetermines the TPM it pumps; which predetermines what it produces as a product or by-product in ratio.

If right quantity of NMI flows through lungs, they will inhale and exhale the normal quantity of oxygen and carbon dioxide.

If too little NMI flows through lungs, they will inhale and exhale less frequently than normal or necessary.

If too much NMI flows through lungs, they will inhale and exhale too frequently, also producing an abnormal condition.

Whichever quantity of energy flows through lungs predetermines the TPM they inhale and exhale, which predetermines what they produce as a product or by-product in ratio.

If right quantity of NMI flows through stomach, it will churn normally, break down foods normally, extract food elements normally, and we will have normal digestion.

If too much quantity of nerve force flows through stomach, it will churn abnormally fast, break down foods too rapidly, extract food elements it shouldn't, and we will have sour indigestion.

If too little NMI flows through stomach, it will churn too slowly, break down too few if any foods at all, and we will have cramps and pain in the stomach.

Whichever quantity of energy flows through stomach, predetermines the TPM it churns, which pre-determines what it produces as a product or by-product in ratio.

If right quantity of NMI flows through kidneys, they will vacuum all poisons and all unnecessary fluids from the body and we will have a general normal chemical body balance.

If too little NMI flows through kidneys, they will vacuum little, if any, poisons and unnecessary fluids from the body, dam them back into the chemical system, and we will have some form of local or general poisoning or some form of dropsy.

If too much quantity of NMI flows through kidneys, they will vacuum too much fluids from the body, cause the organs and skin to go dry and we have a whole series of chemical unbalances.

Whichever quantity they vacuum, other than the normal, predetermines the TPM they act, which predetermines the normal or abnormal product or by-products they produce in ratio.

If right amount of NMI flows through muscles, they will contract and relax normally according to demands and needs, and motion will be under full control of this auto-mobile.

If too much NMI flows through muscles, they will jerk in spasms, meeting no demands and needs; none of which will be under control of this auto-mobile.

If too little NMI flows through muscles, we will stagger, lose balance and possibly fall; none of which would be under control of this auto-mobile.

Whichever quantity of NMI flows through muscles, other than the normal, pre-determines the TPM, producing abnormal contractions and relaxations, producing abnormal product or by-products in ratio.

All these comparisons of electric fans, ironing irons, motors, electric globes—heart, lungs, stomach, kidneys, muscles, are to you well known—if, as, and when you think them through in their simplest understanding.

SOURCES

Brain is *life source*.

Spinal cord and spinal nerves *convey or transmit* life flow to all parts of body to which they are attached.

Tissue cellular structures, including all organs, *expressed by tissue cellular action* give functional expression called life.

A simple experiment:

You say to me: "Raise your right leg."

Your statement goes to *my* mind, where it is interpreted.

I think: "Raise the right leg."

From my brain flows a *thought-force* down to and *does* raise the right leg.

A sense impression flows back *from* the right leg *to* the brain, where it is interpreted, and I *know* the right leg *has been raised*.

But if, in some way, that thought-force *could not* flow from brain to right leg, it would not be raised. That would be called "paralysis."

The vertebral subluxation interferes, by resistance, to the life flow, reduces quantity, slows up action, diminishes speed of production and by-products, as well as interdependent functions, and dis-ease of any kind begins to exist.

The brain generates *all* energy necessary for *all* parts—when the body is healthy.

The brain also generates *all* energy necessary to *all* parts—when the body is sick.

To *restore* health to unhealthy parts is to get *all* the energy *from* brain, *where it always is*, to some part of the body where it is not.

How?

Release pressure, *permit continuity quantity flow* between brain and body, and health grows up to normal speed production.

It is as simple as that!

ELECTRICAL

The human brain is a human dynamo.

The human body is a series of human motors.

The human nervous system is a series of transmitters of human energy, both efferent and afferent, completing circuits.

Generating, conveying, acting *human* electricity.

Each nerve circuit—brain to body and body back to brain—is independent in brain production, nerve transmission, and tissue cell speed of action, yet simultaneously dependent *on* all others as all others are dependent on it.

The human *mind* is a great intellectual *director, regulator or controller* of human energy

—mind is a thought-force.

If—the brain *generates* thought-force

—the nerves *convey* thought-energy

—the body *expresses* that mind-function

—the body *is healthy* in all parts.

If—the normal *quantity* of mental impulses gets through from brain to all parts of the body we have a normal *quality* of function at the periphery of those nerves.

Quality is dependent upon quantity

—electric globe is an example

—darkness *is* the absence of *any quantity* of controlled electricity.

—light *is* the presence of the normal *quantity* of electricity.

"Darkness" and "light" *are qualities* dependent upon *quantities* of controlled electricity.

Reduce *the quantity* and you change *the quality* of light by reducing it, or increasing the darkness.

Death is the absence of *any quantity* of life force at work in a human body.

Life is the presence of the *full quantity* of life force at work in a human body under Innate control.

Dis-ease is some quantity *present*, some quantity *absent*, in a human body. Innate has lost control.

Death is because of a *no* quantity of flow between brain and body.

Life is because of a *normal* quantity of flow between brain and body controlled by Innate.

Dis-ease is because of a *reduction* in quantity flow somewhere *between* normal *life* quantity and *death* quantity of flow between brain and body.

The *character* or name of the dis-ease depends upon the *quantity* absent and *what organ* it is absent in.

To give an adjustment *is* to permit restoration of the normal *quantities* of life force

—this re-establishes the normal *qualities* of function in the organ

—the feeling of life and health *is* the inevitable result.

Dis-ease *is one* condition, not many *things*—slowed up speed of structure action.

Health *is* restoring that *one* condition, not many *things*—increasing speed of structure action to normal par.

It *is* as simple as that!

CHAPTER 139

EXPLANATION

WE STATE ABOVE that "*dis-ease is one condition, not many things.*"

"*Disease,*" to a physician, is *many things*. It is not always *the same thing* to differing physicians observing the *same case*.

"*Dis-ease,*" to a Chiropractor, is "*not-at-ease*"—a contrast between "*ease*" in brain energy quantities and lowered "*not-at-ease*" quantities of energy in an organ of the body.

"*Dis-case,*" to a Chiropractor, is *one condition*.

By "*condition*" is meant any, many and all symptoms (which patient feels), and any, many, and all pathologies (which doctor can see or feel), wherein some tissue structure *has been slowed in action from normal par-rate of speed of action to a lowered below-par rate of speed of action* because of a reduction in *the quantity of energy* to keep it up to par-speed of action.

Any reduction in *the normal quantity of mental energy*, or nerve force, causes tissue structure *to move slower*, thus doing less, producing less, accomplishing less function in its interrelation and interdependency with other organs of which it is a part.

(Throughout this explanation we shall continuously refer to "*reduced*" energy "*slowing*" action. All students of physiology, symptomatology, and pathology know that frequently a *condition* exists which *seems* to indicate an *excess* of function, going faster, doing more, etc. This is *adaptative* to some organs to counter-act the *minus* of function, going slower, doing less, of others.)

To reduce *the normal quantity of energy* going to *bowels*, is to produce *one condition* in those bowels—slow their action. It could take many forms, each of which would be diagnosed *one thing* to a physician.

To reduce *the normal quantity of energy* going to *stomach*, is to produce *one condition* in that stomach—slow its action. It could take many forms, each of which would be diagnosed as *one thing* to a physician. As *each thing* was diagnosed, he would have *many of them* in the stomach.

To reduce *the normal quantity of energy* going to *heart*, is to produce *one condition* in that heart—slow its action. It could take many forms, each of which would be given a separate name, each becoming a *separate thing* to a physician. He would have as *many things* in the heart as he would observe and differentiate one from the other and give a different name to.

(We have said "It could take *many forms*." This depends upon *the quantity of energy* that is *reduced* going to a particular organ. 5 per cent reduction creates *one thing*; 25 per cent reduction entirely changes that picture.)

Diagnosing disease is essential and necessary to the principle and practice of medicine. Diagnosing is fraught with many imponderables. It is difficult and oftentimes impossible to diagnose with accuracy. Yet, a physician *must* diagnose because prescription or treatment *depends* upon diagnosis.

The physician *doesn't know* what ails his patient, therefore asks questions. The patient *doesn't know* what ails him, therefore he goes to a physician. If physician *knew*, he wouldn't ask questions. If patient *knew*, he wouldn't tell them to a physician. This exchange of questions and answers, between physician and patient, and the physician's converting the common sense answers of the patient into a Latin assemblage, is called "*diagnosis*." The word comes from "*di*" and "*agnosis*." "*Agnosis*" or "*agnostic*" means "*I don't know*." "*Di*" means two or double. So, *di-agnostic* means *two people "don't know"*—physician and patient.

In a fundamental approach to diagnosis, there are *two* kinds of symptoms and/or pathology, viz., the *direct* symptom and/or pathology, and the *indirect or adaptative* symptom and/or pathology. *Every* symptom and/or pathology could be *either direct or adaptative*. Which, is often *impossible* to decide. When physician mistakes either for other, his diagnosis is wrong, prescription or treatment would be wrong, and cure questionable.

Examples:

1. Heart could be *directly* involved, beating too fast or too slowly. Any heart symptoms arising from *direct* involvement of heart would be *direct* symptoms; and any direct

enlargement of heart or prolapsis of valves of heart would be a *direct* pathology of heart.

2. An adaptative situation: Liver could be *directly* involved. It could secrete and excrete too much bile. This regurgitates backward into stomach. Unable to belch this fluid, the stomach burns it into a gas, and stomach becomes distended. This distension squeezes heart into smaller space, compelling heart to work faster to accomplish the same amount of work in same period of time. This overdevelops muscular walls of heart. We now have manifest symptoms and pathology of heart—all of which are *indirect and adaptative* to the *primary* condition of liver. When liver becomes normal, stomach and heart *will* be. If physician mistakenly diagnoses case "heart trouble," and prescribes *for the heart*, he is making a blunder to the detriment of case. Whether it is heart or liver is often difficult to separate. This is no fault of physician—or the case; yet both could suffer injury because of inability to *correctly* separate one from other.

3. Ninety-nine per cent of cases in The B. J. Palmer Chiropractic Clinic possess either *direct* curvatures or *indirect* adaptative curves of spinal column.

Spinal column can be *directly* involved with caries, necrosis, tuberculosis, exostosis, ankylosis, or other diseases of bones, which produce a *direct* curvature of one or more parts of spinal column. As a result, case could have well developed cases of "backache," "lumbago," "weak-back," "sway-back," etc. Incipient pathology could be at one place and produce adaptative curves in balance of spinal column. Case could also have one or more *indirect or adaptative* curves in one or more portions of spinal column, and have the same conditions similar to those listed here.

4. Case could have a vertebral subluxation immediately under the skull. This side-slips and throws head off-balance. Neck bones now adaptatively swing in opposite direction. Soon we have a left and right curved letter "S" throughout full length of vertebral column, which finally raises one hip higher than other, making one leg seem shorter, etc. If a podiatrist or orthopedic surgeon put lifts in the shoe, or began to stretch one leg to make it as long as other, he would be working on *adaptative* conditions rather than the *direct*.

Every patient and each dis-ease has *direct* as well as adaptative conditions. How can one tell which is which? I know *no* accurate method. It is *this* problem which makes it impossible for one patient to go to ten doctors and get *the same* diagnosis, except in rare cases.

The *practice* of medicine is admittedly empiric and arbitrary. The *practice* of diagnosis is equally admittedly as empiric and arbitrary, depending upon whether that which is *minor* in symptoms and pathologies is observed as *major*, or vice versa. In vast majority of cases it is admitted to be almost an impossibility to know which is which. A state of confusion exists at first approach and there is no way now known to obviate that confusion.

To these conditions, of plus or minus of normal organic action, medical physicians give two general classifications of names.

This creates two types of dis-ease:

- stimulated function—too much action
- inhibited function—not enough action

This necessitates two general types of diagnosis:

- "hyper" as a prefix—for too much action
- "hypo" as a prefix—for too little action

This necessitate two general types of treatment:

- inhibit the stimulation—lower the too high
- stimulate the inhibition—raise the too low

Or, stated another way:

- hyper the hypo
- hypo the hyper

The physician thus seeks

- stimulated and/or inhibited symptoms and/or pathologies
- diagnoses stimulated and/or inhibited symptoms and/or pathologies
- treats simulated and/or inhibited symptoms and/or pathologies
- working with and upon abnormal products and by-products.

This demands an empiric and arbitrary theory of approach and practice,

which varies with each physician, because none *knows* where the normal level or par is.

To *try* to establish the normal level or par, he experiments with prescriptions, until he hopes, by experimentation, to accidentally stumble on to it, if the patient lives that long.

5. A vertebral subluxation occurs. It restricts opening through which nerves pass; this produces pressure upon nerves leading directly from brain to kidneys; this reduces normal quantity flow of nerve force energy to an abnormally low quantity, and as a result kidneys now work *slower*. The work of kidneys is to sap towards themselves all waste fluids from body, and to expel them to the outer world.

Because of being paralyzed *and slowing* the process, they cannot do this. Result? Specific and general fluids of the secretory and excretory system of body *are dammed back* into various and many glands of that system. Symptoms and pathologies that can be or are now developing in that body are an endless chain. "Dropsy" can be one. "Dropsy" may be in legs, abdomen, arms, lungs, heart, etc. If excess fluids "drop" in abdomen, it is "ascites"; if in legs, it is "oedema"; if in lungs, it is "hydrothorax"; if in heart, it is "cardiac dropsy," etc. If distributed generally, it might be called "uremic poisoning." If "dropped" in one certain gland, then it takes another name accordingly. By using imagination, most anything, anywhere, can happen, and it could and would be diagnosed according to what symptoms and pathology physician observed, or thought he observed, according to which direct or adaptive group directed his attention most, and according to which he thought took precedence in importance.

6. The work of kidneys is to sap towards themselves all waste fluids from body; and to expel them to outer world. Suppose, as is possible, kidneys were working *overtime*—one of those "excess" conditions where patient was urinating too much, too frequently. Result? All specific and general fluids of secretory and excretory system of body *are robbed* of what should be retained *back* in various and many glands of that system. Symptoms and pathologies that are now developing in body are another endless chain, opposite of fifth type. The body is drained *dry*. Glands go dry; digestion is upset; bowels become costive; catarrh develops; body becomes undernourished and depleted; loss of weight becomes apparent; skin is dry, parched, and eruptions occur; dandruff is manifest, etc. By another flight of imagination, that different type of most anything, anywhere, can also happen, and it could and would be diagnosed according to what direct or adaptive symptoms and pathology physician observed, and thought most important, or took precedence over some others.

In both instances about kidneys, there is also an endless chain of *adaptive symptoms*, most of which assume important proportions and are ones most usually observed and felt by patient; and ones they complain to be suffering more from; and ones they expect treatment and cure for. Yet they are *all* indirect. If patient complained *only* of those; and physician observed, studied, classified, diagnosed, and treated *only* these *indirect* symptoms and pathologies, obviously case would *never* get well. If, however, he saw behind *indirect* symptoms and realized *kidneys were the direct organs involved*, and began *treating kidneys*, he might *temporarily* improve kidney action and thus *temporarily* improve general *indirect* conditions dependent upon them. But, the fundamental *still remains* that *case could not get well* until *kidneys* resumed and were restored to their natural, normal, healthy quantity action as pre-determined by a natural, normal, healthy quantity flow of nerve force energy to make it possible.

If physician were to take *one* of these many *direct* conditions, which is in reality a minor, and hypothecate it as a *major* with which life could be materially cut short, then he might be right as he diagnosed the minor, but wrong in believing it the *major* issue.

Example: Stoppage of heart beat in "cardiac dropsy" might be more vital to cutting life short than would be inactivity of kidney action; or stoppage of breathing in "hydrothorax" would be more vital to taking life than would be inactivity of kidney action; but no amount of treating or prescribing *for heart or lungs* could ever *directly* cure them of their conditions, because both were *indirect* effects and *adaptive* to inactivity of kidneys. To cure heart condition known as "cardiac dropsy," or lung condition known as "hydrothorax," he would have to get *kidneys* to working normally.

"Headaches" can be direct or adaptive. Most usually they *are* adaptive. For each body dis-ease, there is a characteristic type of "headache" to go with it. We have "nervous headaches," "sick headaches," "bilious headaches," "periodic headaches," etc. Because patient *feels* the headache far more than he does the body dis-ease from which it has its sense origin, he takes "something to kill the headache." It would be the normal and proper process if he got his body organs normal, after which the "headache" would naturally pass out of the picture.

The Chiropractor, in contrast, in either of these multitudinous types of cases, would

be little interested in any symptom or symptoms; any pathology or pathologies; nor would he be interested in attempting to assemble, classify, or attach a name to any particular group located here or there; nor would he focus his attention to whether one group was of greater importance to life than any other. *The one thing which would be all-important would be the desire to get kidneys back to a normal quantity of activity. If working too rapidly they would slow down to normal. If working too slowly, they would increase speed to normal.* Both of these could be brought about by adjusting the vertebral subluxation. Such would open the reduced opening through which nerves pass; release pressure upon nerves; permit normal quantity of nerve force flow to go from brain where it is, through nerves that lead from brain to kidneys where it is not; and thus upon the arrival of this energy, that energy would accomplish entire job of correction of a tremendous quantity of indirect or adaptative diseases occurring in various parts of that body, as listed.

The Chiropractor would not be interested in diagnosing any disease resulting from kidney inactivity or overactivity. He would be interested in locating the cause and correcting it, which would restore kidney activity to normal, which would then restore health to all diseases listed, and many more.

The same fundamental conditions of symptoms and/or pathologies of sickness and dis-ease are to be found in every case which goes to a Chiropractor.

Instead of seeking symptoms and pathologies

—diagnosing and treating effects—products and by-products

—and making them a *major* approach and method

he seeks *cause*

—why the nerve force mental impulse flow is abnormal, above or below par, between brain where it is *always* normal, to body where it *can be* abnormal

—making this his *major* approach and method, all else being minor.

The Chiropractor is *not* interested in effects. He is vitally concerned about *cause*. Because of this different approach to aiding patients, it matters not to the Chiropractor whether any or all symptoms and/or pathology are direct or adaptative. They could be either, and still not change his ability to *adjust the cause* of both. The Chiropractor could, or could not, diagnose any case correctly or wrongly, and his patient *would still get well* because of difference in approach from that of physician. The physician *must* diagnose. The Chiropractor *need not* diagnose at all.

It is as simple as that!

The *condition* almost automatically solves itself

People are sick and they want to get well.

Here's how simple this problem solves itself:

An accident occurs—in any one of a million ways

Accidents induce a concussion of two forces—the external or invasionary force; the internal or resistive force.

When invasionary forces are greater than resistive forces, a vertebral subluxation occurs.

A vertebral subluxation, between two bones which are our hardest human substance, produces an occlusion, a squeeze, a reduction in size of the opening between these two bones through which nerves pass.

This produces pressure upon nerves, the softest human substance.

This constricts the nerve channel for the flow of NMI; introduces resistance to transmission.

This raises or lowers the quantity flow of nerve force

—which increases or decreases the resultant action in the organs at the end of those nerves—be it heart, lungs, stomach, kidneys, muscles, etc.;

—producing any and all the increased or decreased functions of the body

—producing any, many and all dis-eases that man or woman has.

What to do?

Now that we have stated *the condition*

the cause—

the *correction* almost automatically solves itself.

Adjust the fundamental and primary cause.

Reverse the purpose of the concussion of forces—instead of being accidental, direct them intentionally.

Reset that vertebral subluxation

Open the squeeze on nerves

Release the pressure

Restore the normal quantity of transmission between brain and body

Let it flow to the ends of those nerves, in organs now sick.

When it arrives, *it knows what to do, how to do it, and how much* should be done; which permits the normal quantity flow to re-establish a normal balance of health where and when needed.

The Chiropractor, as a second individual, outside body of patient, as first individual, does *not* know and has *no way* of knowing the normal quantity of *NMI* necessary for any healthy or sick organ

—but the inherent, internal Innate Intelligence *within* the body of the sick person *does* know.

Given time for reparation, sickness fades *out* as health fades *in*, exactly as darkness fades *out* as light fades *in*.

It is as simple as that!

What *are* a few of the thousands of "*many things*" which could and do complicate a physician's thinking and acting, his diagnosing and treating?

With *bowels* it could be "constipation," "hemorrhoids," "diarrhoea," etc., almost without end. He would ask the patient: "Do you have difficulty in ridding the bowels of contents? Do you have itching, bleeding, or protruding in or around the rectum? The patient would answer "yes." He then proceeds "to give something" "to help move the bowels," or "to draw up the piles" or "to stop the itching" or "to check the bleeding." Thus he *treats symptoms, effects, and pathologies*.

It is plain that "something *can be given for the bowels*" which *will* cause them "*to move*" today. Tomorrow they fill up again. Tomorrow they are still "paralyzed." Tomorrow we again have "*to take something*" to move them *again*. And this will have to keep up without end.

Back of the inability of the bowels to move onward and outward their contents, is a "*paralysis of muscles of that area*." Back of "the paralysis" is a *lack of strength* of muscles to contract with their natural vigor. Back of the "lack of strength" and "the paralysis" is a *reduced quantity of energy* going to those muscles surrounding the lower bowel. Back of "a reduced quantity of energy going to those muscles" is a vertebral subluxation interfering with the normal quantity flowing from the brain where it is to the bowel where it isn't.

There is *another better way*. Let a Chiropractor adjust the vertebral subluxation. This releases pressure upon nerves, permits *the normal quantity restoration* of nerve energy to flow uninterrupted *from the brain where it is, to the bowel where it isn't*. When this *normal quantity of energy arrives to and flows through* muscles surrounding lower bowel, those muscles *contract naturally and normally with healthy vigor* and then *the bowels of their own action* evacuate their contents as they were intended to do as they *do do* when they are healthy. The patient is now *well of "constipation."*

With *stomach*, it could be "indigestion," "hyperacidity of," "cancer of," and hundreds of other names *things* could be diagnosed as. Physician would ask: "Do you belch gas? Does your stomach burn? Do you vomit frequently? Do certain foods bother more than others?" To which patient might answer "Yes." Physician now advises patient to *not* eat foods which "bother him"; or he prescribes an alkali to neutralize excess acids; or, he advises an operation to "cut out" the cancer. Thus he *treats the symptoms* of one or another *thing*.

Something *can be* "given by mouth" which will "go to the stomach" which will *temporarily relieve* pain, excess acids, belching, etc. When the effects of *those* drugs wear off, *the condition* again returns as before. *Tomorrow* the stomach is *the same* as it was today or yesterday. *Tomorrow* patient will again "have to take something" to do the same thing *again*. And this will keep up without end.

In medicine, we hear the thought expressed "this salve will *heal* a sore; this prescription will *cure* a disease." Behind such is the belief that chemical compositions *contain* within themselves certain *healing or curing* properties—*different* compositions containing *different* healing and curing properties for *different* diseases, etc.

Would any drug of any character, applied *anywhere* outside or inside a *dead human being*, *cure or heal* any disease? If not, why not? Because *the healing and curing* comes from *within living bodies only*. If this were not so, there would be no reason for *different* prescriptions. They could *all be the same!*

Many believe some kind of medicine or salve put on a cut "helps" or "aids," or actually *heals* a cut. Let us ask:

a. If man *were dead*, and he had a skin cut, would putting "some medicine or salve on the cut" help, aid, or heal it?

b. If man *were alive*, and he had a skin cut, and "some medicine or salve" was put on the cut, would it heal?

c. If man *were alive*, and he had a skin cut, and *nothing of any kind* was put on the cut, would it heal?

d. If an animal in the field received a skin cut from a barbed wire, and *nothing of any kind* was put on the cut, would it heal?

The answers are obvious. Why?

Inasmuch as "*the healing and curing comes from within living bodies only*," then it is of *one* character and works as a single action for all diseases alike. Only *one* thing is necessary to "*cure*" or "*heal*" any and all diseases, so-called. As the issue stands, we have *three* methods now pursued by health professions:

1st. *Many* treatments, *many* methods, *many* applications, *many* ingredients, *many* prescriptions, *many* chemical compositions for *many* diseases.

2nd. One treatment, one method, one ingredient, one prescription, one chemical composition for *many* diseases.

3rd. The Chiropractic adjustment. *One* dis-ease. *One* internal cure. The *curing and healing* being internal, the Chiropractor dispenses with any and all studies and practices that build up *external* cures and *healing* treatments, methods, applications, ingredients, prescriptions, chemical compositions, etc.

CHAPTER 140

CAN I GET WELL?

EVERY PATIENT who goes to a doctor always asks: "Can I and will I get well?"

Every sick person has been educated, taught, trained, believes, expects, and looks for something *outside* to be taken *inside*; or something *done outside*, by another, to cure his dis-ease. He has great "faith" in *external* things, while giving little, if *any*, thought to any power *inside*. He expects to lie in bed, have somebody rub his tummy, apply a lamp, heat, or lights; or have the doctor give him pills, get something in a bottle from the druggist to be taken in a teaspoon, with the understanding that such *from the outside* will cure something *inside*.

We get sick because of something inside going wrong! We will get well because of something inside going right!

Innate Intelligence (nature, spirit, *subconscious* or *unconscious* mind, or other name given this *internal* power *within* us) is what cures and heals. Innate Intelligence is *never* sick, *never* depleted, *never* runs dry. It is an exhaustless reservoir of Intelligence *and* power and is *always* full to capacity and running over. It is there, ready, willing, anxious to deliver life and health at all times, in all places, and in all ways. Its potentials are there from the moment of birth to the last breath before death. No matter how sick, run down, depleted, or dying *the body*, the Innate power house is desiring to, capable of, and ready to get the sick body well.

Innate Intelligence *within the person of sick patient cures himself*, when the power *that is within the brain can get from where it is to where it is needed in the sick body*.

Getting well is as simple as that!

The five senses, which are as common to animals as humans, take in from the outside to the inside. Each animal or human, and each sense, has a nervous system and nervous circuit. Sight, hearing, smelling, tasting, and feeling—each is a quantity energy flow *from the outside to the body; from the body to the brain*.

Color and all its varying shades between white and black; heights, depths, lengths; *sound* within the reach of animal or human—high or low tones, the different key-tones on a piano or other musical instrument, the differences in "timber" of human voices, high or low notes; *smelling*, with all its variations; *tasting* and its fluctuations; *feeling* and its up and down scale, with all its graduations—*each* is but a quantity of vibrations of energy as it is received,

transmitted, and flows through living matter. It is obvious that *dead* matter has *none* of these senses.

Differences between white, black, red, blue; high or low sounds; pleasant or unpleasant smells; bitter or sweet tastes; hot or cold, smooth or rough feeling, are but *differing degrees of quantities of vibration which each occasions*, registering themselves upon, being picked up, and passing into living bodies, traveling to the brain where *the mind* evaluates, calibrates, and interprets the varying quantities into their respective quantity interpretations; for while the interpretation is *quality*, *quality is dependent and pre-determined by quantity*.

Definite physical media are designed to receive better than others—eyes for *sight* vibrations, ears for *hearing* vibrations, nose for *smelling* vibrations, tongue for *tasting* vibrations, and skin for *feeling* vibrations. Any and all senses *can be* and often *are* transposed into some foreign channel. Some people *feel colors* with finger; *hear sounds* through teeth; *smell* with tongue; *taste* with nose; etc. Each is a part of a totality of a sense necessary for the *living body* to live with to better internally adapt itself as it contacts the external world. When one sense is lost, another doubles and assumes the lost responsibility to the whole. When sight is lost, hearing becomes doubly keen; when hearing is lost, sight becomes doubly keen; when smell is lost, taste becomes doubly keen, etc. If hearing is lost via ears, bone conduction enables the individual to hear; or he can read lips and understand speech. Fundamentally, each sense is a registration of a *quantity of vibration*, varying only in *interpretation*.

Without these sense informations, coming up from tissue cells to brain, *the mind* would not know how to react—whether to receive or reject, to take in or repel; whether a food or poison, any substance coming to and into the human body.

Each step in the energy flow is *equivalent* to every other step. The *only unbalance* in the cyclic energy from brain to body, and body back to brain, is between the amount of *normal* energy manufactured and *the reduced* quantity that is *not* expressed when the individual is sick. *When* the amount manufactured in the brain is normally expressed in the body, there is *no* unbalance and the individual is well with all his senses. *When* there is unbalance on the sense side of the energy cycle, then *Innate needs know the exact quantity of that unbalance* to cooperate by adaptation as best thon can, through other functions that *are* balanced.

When the sense organs—eyes, ears, nose, tongue, or skin—cannot *pick up* any quantity; or the nerve cannot *transmit* the pick-up quantity of vibration from sense organ, and therefore cannot transmit it to the brain; or brain cannot *receive* any quantity of vibration for interpretation, then *the mind* has nothing to interpret, and "ear-deafness," "nerve-deafness," or "brain-deafness" exists. When only a *portion* of the total quantity of vibration is *received* by the sense-organ; or only a *portion* of the total quantity of vibra-

tion is transmitted by the sense-nerve; or only a *portion* of vibration is received by the brain, then distorted sense exists, varying according to how much is absent between the normal par and no par at all; the distortion being *the difference* between what exists as vibration in actuality that *should be* normally picked up; the quantity that is sub-normal *that is* picked up, and the abnormal absent quantity *that cannot be* transmitted to the brain and *does not* reach the brain and is not interpreted as sense by the mind. This applies equally to each and all senses.

Voice, whether words or music, is a varying series of quantities of vibrations, sent into a receiver at one end, picked up by the electrical carrier wave in a telephone circuit, carried through wires and reconverted back into a varying series of quantities of vibrations, as words or music, at the other end. Same is true of television. It is a series of moving pictures, converted into a varying series of quantities of vibrations, picked up by a camera at one end, picked up by the electrical carrier wave of a telephone circuit, carried through wires and reconverted back into a varying series of quantities of vibrations, as pictures, at the other end. *That* is what microphones, cameras, wires, loud-speakers and iconoscopes do.

There is, however, one fundamental difference between a man-made and man-manufactured telephone system *and* the natural God-made animal and human conversation and sight-seeing systems. The man-made and man-manufactured system functions by virtue of a man-manufactured electrical current energy flow through man-manufactured apparatus and appliances. The natural God-made animal and human internal mental impulse nerve energy manufactured by the body through which it works, operates and functionates; keeps it in working organization; *repairs and rebuilds its parts*, if, as and when such becomes necessary. In living man, energy values have a triple capacity and performance. Reduce or cut off the human mental impulse nerve energy flow and it ceases to act as an inter-communication system between brain and body, and body and brain. Reduce its flow and you interfere with its innervation and the substance begins to disintegrate, growing a symptomatology and pathology which prevent it from performing its function. And, by the same token, the restoration of this internal human mental impulse nerve energy supply, restores innervation *and rebuilds the physical media* through which this function is restored once more.

To restore any reduced or abnormal sense to normal sense, is to restore the normal quantity of and to the pick-up organ; the ability of the nerve to transmit; and/or the ability of the brain to receive. This vertebral adjustment alone does, in a permanent restoration.

Two people, talking to each other at two different distant points over a telephone circuit, with one person speaking at *one end* of a telephone line, and hearing voice *from the other end*, and vice versa, is a good and practical comparison. The receiver into which *you* speak at *this end*, *must receive* the voice vibrations which fluctuate in tonal inflections and emphasis; wires be-

tween *must transmit* exactly as the receiver receives; and what *you* said at *this* end must *reach the brain and mind* of the other fellow at *the other* end. When normal in all its functions, there is understanding conversation. This works *both* ways—from *you to them* and from *them to you*.

When you put the transmitter to your ear and hear that "sing" in the ear, that is the "carrier wave" of electrical flow through the telephone circuit. It takes a flowing current of electrical energy to receive to transmit, and to issue sound at the other end. It takes the same to return sound from the other end to you. When there is *no* flowing electrical energy at your end, the receiver does *not* receive. When there is *no* flowing electrical energy *through the wires*, there is *no* transmission. When there is *no* flowing electrical energy at other end, sound does not issue to your ear. This would be a case of "phone deafness," sometimes and commonly referred to as "a dead phone." Obviously, there is nothing *wrong with the phone*; it is just that there is *nothing flowing through* the phone which makes it actively work. When the quantity of flowing electrical energy is *low*, materially reduced, below normal, yet somewhat above being totally "dead," then the conversation is inarticulate and inaudible, or a condition of "*partial deafness*."

In this phone illustration, there is nothing mechanically wrong with either phone at either end; nothing wrong with the wires between; and nothing wrong with their connections. But the fact remains *you do not hear perfectly* and you *do* desire to improve hearing. Two things are possible to do: first, ask the person who is talking to you, whom you can't hear at all, or indistinctly at best, to *shout, scream, yell louder* into his transmitter. You soon find that no matter how much *he tries* to *shout* into the receiver, the receiver is *not* picking it up. No amount of *hollering* at *your* end could possibly *increase* the diminished flow of electrical energy *to increase itself*, to receive, transmit, or issue more normal sound *at your end* of that line. You might *try* various means and methods of screaming, but *no kind of treating these effects* will help adjust *the* cause. Second, there is a single, more simple, definite and positive way of securing *practical* results: *raise the "gain"* in the quantity of electrical energy flow *through that circuit*, then you *can whisper* in the receiver at *your* end, and it will be heard distinctly and clearly at *the other* end. That is the *only* practical method of adjusting *the cause of the condition*.

CHAPTER 141

THE DOCTOR DOES NOT CURE

THE D.C. DOES NOT *cure* DIS-EASE.

He cannot.

That is done by the flowing forces within you.

It is electricity which produces light—not the man who turns on the switch.

It is steam which gives heat—not the man who turns on the valve.

It is water which grows fruit—not the man who opens the faucet.

It is the force *within you* which gives you life, makes you live; which, interfered with, makes you sick; which, restored, makes you healthy again.

All any Chiropractor does, or *can* do, is to adjust *the cause*; all else that follows comes from within you, the same as it did when you *were* well.

To do this, he uses four things:

—his head to reason with

—his hands to work with

—his NCM to locate *where* the cause is

—his spinograph (X-ray) to know *how*.

The Chiropractor pays little, if any, attention to symptoms or pathologies; finds no necessity to diagnose or treat abnormal products or by-products, but does give scientific and efficient research to the *natural, normal* producer.

To the Chiropractor, there is only *one* dis-ease

—*one* cause

—*one* cure

—he does not treat dis-ease in any manner, shape or form

—he uses no adjuncts, modalities, etc.

—*all* he does is adjust cause

—after which you cure yourself

—from your own inherent forces.

It is as simple as that!

That which comes *from within*, which *cures and/or heals*, is the flowing life force found *only* in *living* bodies. In conformity with that fact, *one* salve is just as good as any other; *one* prescription as bad as any other. *All any* salve, ointment, treatment, or drug does or *can* do, is to *incite the inner life force into a rebellious stimulated or inhibited reaction against invasion*. No reaction can or does exist in *dead* bodies. This statement is true so far as any action upon a *dead* body, having any *constructive or health-building*

reaction. It is *not* true so far as actions upon *dead* bodies having a *destructive or disintegration* action.

All reaction *against* any and all artificial substances or ingredients in *living* bodies is one of getting rid of the unnatural intruder. We take a drug "to move the bowels." The *drug* does not "move the bowels." It is the inner human life force, acting through the bowels, that *moves the drug*. We take another drug which "causes vomiting." It is the internal active human force at work which *throws out* the drug. Drugs do not "move the bowels" or "cause vomiting" in *dead* people. Sometimes the internal reaction burns up the chemical, producing a feverish heat, to get rid of the rebellious and obnoxious intruder. The obvious is that *none* of these drugs could or would induce *healthy* reaction in *dead* bodies. As soon as that *temporary rebellious living reaction* loses its chemical characteristic by dilution, then *we are back* to the original or *permanent*, growing dis-eased condition. None of these have or can *increase or decrease the quantity of internal life force*.

The degree of resistance-reaction is predetermined by *two* factors: First, *necessity*, as determined by Innate Intelligence living in the live body being invaded; second, *potency* of the invasion-attack to incite response-reaction. Each can invade or resist to the limits of its chemical or physical ability. After either or both are or have been completely spent, in opposition to each other, the breaking point occurs, in which the internal Innate natural life force quantity has reached its maximum potentiality in the physical medium through which it works, after which the break-down begins and occurs.

In a dead body, where *no* "internal Innate natural life force quantity" is present, any *minimum* of external, thermal, electrical, mechanical or chemical approach invasion could break down tissue structural continuity with ease and with assured certainty, producing degeneration, decomposition, decay, etc., because the potency of invasion, even though little, would be great, by contrast, because of *no* internal resistance. The simple illustration of how one rotten apple can spoil a barrel of apples, is apropos. Tie the rotten apple to a live, living, *growing* apple *on the tree*, and nothing happens to the live, living, and *growing* apple.

This talk consistently refers to "getting the sick *well*."

Medicine *tries* to heal, cure, relieve, ameliorate, deaden, desensitize, etc.

Disease is either *too much* action or feeling, or *too little* action or feeling. Medicine "treats" either of these, as so many symptoms or pathology, by *trying* to produce the opposite of what it is. The physician *tries* to do this chemically, for drugs *do have* either kind of results. When it is *too much* action or feeling, he gives a drug which makes *less* action or *deadens* feeling. If it is *too little* action or feeling, he gives a drug which makes *more* action or *intensifies* feeling. Thus he uses the principle of *stimulating an inhibited condition*, or *inhibiting a stimulated condition*. He *tries* to produce the *opposite* of the condition existing thus treating symptoms or pathologies, *relieving*

temporarily, from day to day or hour to hour, conditions as he thinks they arise. This is a *temporary* change.

Take away sedatives, depressants and hypnotics as well as their opposites, the stimulatives, and there wouldn't be much left of medicine.

Example: constipation—too little action. He gives a drug which stimulates momentary diarrhoea to overcome chronic constipation. *Tomorrow*, chronic constipation exists again. Or, if it was diarrhoea, with too much action, he would give a drug which would inhibit or paralyze, thus producing a momentary constipation to overcome chronic diarrhoea. *Tomorrow* chronic diarrhoea exists again.

The Chiropractor has *no such* concept in principle or practice. He *restores* internal *natural* quantity of energy flow going to bowel, which restores its internal *natural* and regular quantity of action, which means that when *action is restored* patient has an internal *natural* health of that bowel, and case is *permanently well*. No day-to-day temporary treatment is within the purpose of a Chiropractor.

Back of the stomach's inability to digest food—and that's what the stomach is for—is a lack of certain kinds of peristaltic actions of the muscles of the walls of the stomach, or a lack of proper quantities and/or qualities of certain secretions or excretions which chemically break down substances for digestion in the stomach. Back of all this is *a reduced or slowed up quantity of muscular contractions* in a given area, in a given quantity of time, felt worse when called upon to do *its most* when food is demanding full action. Back of that is *a lack of the normal quantity of energy* to cause those muscles to contract normally and naturally when food is there to be acted upon. Back of that is *the vertebral subluxation* which blocks the normal quantity flow from *the brain where it is to the stomach where it isn't*.

There is *another better way*. Let a Chiropractor adjust the vertebral subluxation, release the pressure upon nerves, permitting *normal restoration of the normal and natural* quantity of mental impulse supply to flow freely *from the brain where it always is to the stomach where it isn't*. When this *normal* quantity of energy arrives at and flows freely *through* muscles of the walls of the stomach, those muscles contract *with their healthy frequency, secrete and excrete the healthy quantities and qualities of fluids necessary to healthy digestion*. The stomach is *now* able to take the usual necessary foods, break them down chemically, to build up body nutrition. Instead of prescribing *weak* foods for a *weak* stomach, build a *strong* stomach so it can digest *strong* foods. The patient is now *well* of "indigestion," "hyperacidity of," "cancer of," or what have you, amongst hundreds of names *of things* a physician would diagnose.

Let me cite one more instance, after which *you* can make your own application to "*many things*" *you* may have:

With *kidneys*, it could be "dropsy," "uremic poisoning," "kidney stones," and a multitudinous series of names *of many things*. The physician would

look at your skin, see that sallow, yellowish color. He could "pit" the skin and know it contained too much water dammed back into the system. He could see and you could tell him how your entire system "was poisoned" with unnatural fluids that should have left your body long ago. He prescribes some drug which "has an affinity for the kidneys," designed "to stimulate" action of kidneys to force them *to temporarily* work faster, *to temporarily* withdraw more water from your body, and thus eliminate it. Thus he *treats the sick kidneys*, already working *permanently* below their natural, normal, or healthy ability to do. For the moment only, he whips the poor tired out and run down organs.

Back of the inability of the kidneys to draw normal quantities of fluids *from* your body, are two "paralyzed" sponges; the muscles are limpid, lazy, and indolent. They are not getting the normal quantity of energy to keep them working up to par. Why? Because the *normal quantity of energy* is not reaching those kidneys via nerves, and is not flowing into those kidneys. Why? Because there is a block somewhere between *the brain where it is*, to the kidneys *where it cannot go*. The Chiropractor *knows where* that block is. He adjusts that, releases pressure upon nerves, permits that normal quantity of energy *to flow from* the brain *to* the kidneys. When it arrives, kidneys begin to sap and suck all *excess* fluids *from* the body where it is dammed back and, given time, the patient is *well* of "dropsy," "uremic poisoning," "kidney stones" and a multitudinous series of *many things*.

A vertebral subluxation can be aptly compared to a dam. The vertebral subluxation squeezes the opening through which nerves pass. The reduced size of this opening produces a pinching or pressure upon nerves. This obstructs a free flow of nerve force through those nerves. Build a dam across a river and you produce a similar condition. The dam backs up water *behind* the dam. This keeps water from going through and getting *below* the dam. The vertebral subluxation acts *as a dam* on the nerves or spinal cord. This stops the flow *forward* and backs it up *behind*. This damming back of human nerve force produces a stuffy, full, congested feeling *behind* the obstruction—in the head. It also keeps nerve force current from flowing *forward* below the obstruction, starving territory *below*, which would otherwise be fed by that nerve force flow, producing dis-ease in the organs of the body. Dis-ease is a starved condition.

When a dam gate is opened, water is permitted to flow through. When an adjustment is given to the vertebral subluxation, nerve force flow is permitted to flow freely to the place or places to which those nerves go. This relieves the congestion *above* and feeds the starved area *below* the dam. Health is thus re-established, *from within*, both above and below.

When the adjustment is given at the *right* place, at the *right* time and in the *right* manner, the patient feels a relief from congestion *above* in the head and also a surge of new life in territory starved *below*.

Getting sick people well, is *as simple as that*.

Occasionally, the question is asked: If this mental impulse flow is likened unto a current of electricity, and a current of electricity can be restored to circulation in a second of time, *and light* re-established as quickly as the current reaches that globe, why cannot life or health be re-established equally as quickly?

It takes equipment, preparation, and time to secure data and evidence upon which to determine the direction, method, when and where to give a Chiropractic adjustment. It takes but *a second* of time to deliver that adjustment. It takes but *a second* of time for mental impulse current to be restored to circulation between brain and body. From that on, there are two kinds of *conditions* this current has to deal with:

1st Functional. When *this* exists, recovery is rapid, sometimes in what appears to be a "miraculously" short time.

2nd Pathological. When *this* exists, it *may* take hours, weeks, months, and, in rare instances, years for this continuous flow *to rebuild* depleted, destroyed, injured, or worn-out tissue structure, sufficient for the patient to observe or notice improvement taking place because of its presence.

Imagine an irrigation system—

- the sun is fixed
- the soil is fixed
- the fruit tree is planted
- given water, plus time, you can have fruit.

You go into the orchard

- observe most of the orchard is healthy and producing
- a certain section is sickly and not producing
- trees are not budding; are not flowering
- trees are sick and diseased
- fruit is not maturing and ripening.

What to do?

1. Sprinkle water on fruit with sprinkling can
2. Spray fruit with this or that compounded solution
3. Massage the bark of the tree
4. Tickle it with a vibrator
5. Inject serum into tree
6. Put a "lift" under low side and force it straight
7. Perform an applectomy or branchectomy on the theory that there are too many "unnecessary" apples sapping the inside strength of tree

The tree is normal or *was* at one time when it *was* producing

- soil is normal
- sun is steady and a permanent factor
- but a storm-accident happened, felling a tree across one of the arterial water supply ditches, cutting off and reducing the normal quantity flow of water to the section that is now dying.

Without water, you can't raise fruit.

Without water, nothing lives, grows, thrives, produces or reproduces.

What the tree and fruit *need* is sap coming up *from* the ground, inside, *within* the tree.

Adjust the obstruction, remove the dam to the normal quantity flow of water, and you have *corrected the cause*; all else will automatically and naturally follow.

And so we could go on endlessly through *all* organs of the body. By the time a physician builds up *endless things* in a seemingly endless number of organs, and complicates that with his interweavings and interrelations of one organ with another, and their interdependency in functional values to each other, it can be seen *how it becomes important to a physician* to build educational *things* and as many as possible so he might *try* to separate one from another to *try* to know *how* to prescribe for each.

After all is said and done, and we have run the gamut of symptomatology and pathology, there is but *one dis-ease—a paralysis of action regardless of organ such may be in*. That paralysis *of action* produces millions of single or combined sequences. It is these sequences *the physician treats*.

The Chiropractor recognizes the fundamental, underlying *condition*. He adjusts *its cause—the vertebral subluxation—to restore action*, regardless of organ such may be in. To the Chiropractor, regardless of whether *the one primary condition* be in the bowel, stomach, heart, spleen, kidneys, lungs, legs, arms, head, eyes, etc., *it is still one condition*; a common condition, the same in all—*the slowing up of reduced action pre-determined by the quantity of energy that does not and cannot get to it to keep its action up to par*.

Again we repeat: "*Dis-ease is one condition, not many things—slowed up speed of structure action.*"

CHAPTER 142

RIGHT? WRONG?

CHIROPRACTIC, having a right formula for getting sick people well, does get sick people well.

If Chiropractic was wrong, it would fail to get sick people well.

Chiropractic being right, it is applicable in 100 per cent of cases.

If it was wrong, it would apply in no case.

The Chiropractic principle and practice being fundamentally sound, then it is right all the way.

SCIENCES

Vital and fundamental principles and practices have a definite and fixed approach and application which *are not* subject to caprices and idiosyncrasies of men. If they were, chaos in *all* fundamentals would rule.

In this category are found all *sciences*. It is *that stability* which *makes it* a science.

2 x 2 makes four, not sometimes but always—universally so. This regulatory factor is not a matter of individual opinion in which one may make it 6 or 8. It is *always* 4, no matter who, why, where, or how. It is this *fixed rule* of mathematics which makes it a *science*.

Chemistry and astronomy are two more having *fixed* principles and practices.

It is that *ability to agree on fundamentals* that makes *scientists*. It is that *inability to agree on fundamentals* that draws the sharp line between scientists and theorists; realists and sophists.

If everyone who called himself a mathematician, chemist or astronomist had personal reasons for rules of his own, there could and would be *no* scientific value to *any* common fundamental on which they could or would agree. Sciences are based on fixed formulae. Only reason they are, is because *they work*. Chiropractic has a scientific fixed formula that works when worked.

It is this ability to lay aside differences of views, *agree on fundamentals*, hold differences of opinions *on everything else*, which enables *scientists* to find factual data and then agree!

Somewhere between the law of facts of living beings, wandering through the maze of the failures of the practice of medicine, there is a law of life to which and through which all the so-called "phenomena" of life, death; sickness and health, apply. There is a health success formula that works. Time, place, individual opinions do not change fact. They only mislead one in search of the right formula.

When that Chiropractic *success formula* is used, medical mysteries disappear and common sense understood! Instead of the very fertile sick field being under intensive health cultivation, producing bumper crops of well people, there exists a medical jungle of undergrowth and weeds, impenetrable and impassable, with many sowing wild weeds to make it worse.

Each science has *its law* from which *no man* who professes to be an advocate and a follower *can* escape. His beginning, his boundaries, his circumscribed path are defined and confined by it. No man can work *against* law and expect law to work *with* him. That is the law of natural law.

Where is the medical man who, with all his medical education, could artificially make and direct the function of *one* tissue cell? Yet, the Innate Intelligence—living, directing, and regulating *all* tissue cells and functions in the mother—builds entire baby bodies. *That* is the wisdom the Chiropractor prefers to permit to get sick people well.

This reasoning is equally true in man; his conception, gestation, development, birth, life, death; health, sickness, and restoration back to health. It was and is governed by law. It has been governed by law for millions of years. It is governed by law now in millions of people. *To know that law, and to work with that law, is to know how to get sick people well.*

That law is simple, in principle and practice, as 2 x 2 equals 4—not sometimes, but always.

A Chiropractor *knows* that law and works *with it*—that's why sick people get well!

It is as simple as that!

LIFE'S LAW

Chiropractic has discovered and developed knowledge of that law that has always existed and fills the great void for that law, in application to man and his sickness.

Chiropractic destroys nothing, replaces nothing, substitutes nothing; neither is it iconoclastic against any present-day satisfactory order of things in conformity with that law.

Chiropractic is an *original and new* principle and practice, as compared with all others in its field of effort, and was *born of necessity* to make possible a long-sought-for hitherto impossible.

Automobile did not replace horse, even though both were transportation methods.

Electric light did not substitute kerosene even though both sought light.

Neither does Chiropractic substitute medicine, though both desire health to the sick.

Each in its turn and place incorporated a *new* principle, *new* practice, and a *new* result.

Chiropractic has fundamental postulates of science, has constants for scientific logical procedure, possesses essential processes to base its science

on; therefore it meets the exacting demands of proving itself *in terms of science*.

Chiropractic fundamentally *does get* sick people *well* because it *has* well defined, well identified, scientific principles, step by step in sequence, from health to dis-ease and from dis-ease back to health; hence Chiropractic locates and corrects a true *specific* of cause and cure of dis-ease.

Chiropractic, like other sciences, *always* works and *does* attain *the same* ends of *any* science when scientists working it apply correct rules which established it *as* a science.

Chiropractic is natural, created *before men*, not *by* man. Chiropractic is as powerful as any other power contained within and liberated by any other natural power or anything natural. It has nothing artificial in its make-up. It is reason and logic within every bound of logic and reason. In the abstract it is broad enough to cover the entire human race and limited enough to apply to one person. Its very appeal to human understanding lies in its dynamic simplicity.

CHAPTER 143

EXPLANATION

THE INTELLIGENCE WITHIN MAN, which activates and motivates *living* man, which reproduces his seed; *the* intelligence, also, within woman, which fertilizes, develops and matures that seed from a *dependent* to an *independent* child, in 280 days; *the* intelligence which directs, regulates, and controls all of us, night and day, awake and/or asleep; keeps hearts beating continuously every second and minute from birth to death; causes our bodies to inhale oxygen and exhale carbon dioxide; brings about adaptations to latitudes and altitudes; takes mixed substances we ingest, breaks them down chemically, extracts from them needed vitamins, assimilates them into body nourishment; urinates, defecates, and perspires poisons; heals burns, mends and unites broken bones; heats our bodies in winter and refrigerates them in summer—that is *the* Innate Intelligence and law resident within us which *the Chiropractor* works with to get the sick body well.

The intelligence within the new-born babe that directs it to know where, when, and how to nurse and *chew* its liquid food; that assimilates, digests, urinates and defecates; that runs that body and child body throughout its early years, long before it has any "education"; and the *same* internal Innate Intelligence that does all the above in any and all mentally incompetent, idiotic or insane children or adults, where "education" per se is either totally absent or running wild without control—that is *the* Innate Intelligence and law resident within us which *the Chiropractor* works with to get the sick body well.

That *intelligence* which is the *law* in man—which is *so* obvious—that is internally natural, takes care also of the conception, pregnancy, and delivery of calves, colts, kittens, and chickens, in what we "educated" folks seem pleased to call "*dumb brutes*." How "*dumb*" is *that same law* that does in quadrupeds everything it does in bipeds?

It may sound strange, on first thought, that the Chiropractor can be the doctor to animals as well as to humans, using the same principle and practice. They both have spinal columns, vertebral subluxations which get them sick, can be given vertebral adjustments, and have the same Law within which gets them well. The fact that such can be and has been done, is all the more proof of the universal law and its application, and the great simplicity of the application of the Chiropractic principle and practice.

The Book says: "God made man in his own image." Who, then, or what law made animals, birds, reptiles, insects? Did *they* happen? There is truth in what Barlow says:

"While viewing thus the laws that govern these,
Beast, bird, and insect, blooming flowers and trees,
And in them all God's grand designs we trace,
We must conclude 'tis thus throughout all space;
Like the frail needle that directs afar,
If true an inch 'tis true to distant star.
Omnipotence established His decree,
Mapped out all time, no less eternity."

P. 13-14—"Voice of Nature"

"Of all the grains composing earth,
And vegetation fair,
All forms of life of every birth,
In water, earth, or air,

"The rule holds good, no two are found
Whose pattern is the same;
And could we trace creation round,
We would this truth proclaim.

"The forms of life that meet the eye,
Wherever we may gaze,
With varied robes from Nature's dye,
In every form and phase,

"Are but the outward signs that mark
 Their features to the world,
 Their nature yet is in the dark,
 Their motives not unfurled.

"Some kick, some bite, some lick your hands,
 And some will prance and play,
 Some meekly bow at your commands,
 While others flee away.

"Some climb the trees, some bore the ground,
 Some gnash their teeth and growl;
 Some only through the day are found,
 All night some whoop and howl.

"All must reveal the pent-up fires
 Of animated force,
 Portraying ever God's desires,
 From which there's no divorce."
 P. 40-41—"Voice of a Pebble"

"They little think that God hath made
 Unlike ten thousand flowers,
 And giveth each the sun and shade,
 And genial, gentle showers;

"Each flower ordained itself to be,
 None other to desire,
 A type of nature's harmony,
 That angels must admire.

"Should roses in their rich attire,
 More humble flowers disdain?
 Or in a warlike mood require
 All other rivals slain?

"Should creeping vines that hug the earth,
 Assail the morning glory,
 Because of their more lowly birth,
 Who could believe the story?

"Each hath its mission everywhere,
 And all obey God's will,
 By being *most* of what they are,
 And thus their end fulfill.

"Then let each soul with all its powers,
 Forever seek to be
 As perfect in itself as flowers,
 Type of Divinity."

P. 51-52—"Voice of a Pebble."

(From *The Voices*, by Warren Sumner Barlow.)

Many Doctors of Chiropractic think we should "soft-pedal" this animal application of Chiropractic. They fear the public might call them "horse-doctors." The same principle and practice of *medicine* for humans is the same principle and practice of *medicine* for animals. What's wrong, then, with having the same principle and practice of *Chiropractic* for humans being the same principle and practice for animals?

In the early days of Chiropractic, we maintained a veterinarian hospital where we adjusted the vertebral subluxations of sick cows, horses, cats, dogs, etc. We did this to prove to ourselves that the Chiropractic principle and

practice *did* apply. Even today, occasionally, somebody brings us a valuable pedigreed pet to adjust. Of the two, we would rather have animals as patients because *they* do not talk back and *tell us* what they want, how they want it, what and where to give it, etc. They cannot and do not backfire an economic pressure which misdirects our loyalty to the Chiropractic principle and practice. The Chiropractor would locate and adjust the vertebral subluxation in the animal without questions and answers, and the animal would get well because of the internal law life within that animal. In these respects, there is *no* difference between a quadruped and biped.

In what way, if any, *is there* any difference between functions of humans and animals? What diseases has one, the other has not—other than a different title or name we give one, which we don't give the other, such as "asthma" for difficult breathing in the human, and "heeves" for the same effect in the animal? In what way is the practice of medicine on humans any different from the practice of medicine on animals, except for the size of the dose; and in the human we think we give it intelligently, and in the animal we give the treatment ignorantly, doing so blindly? The principle of stimulation or inhibition to inhibited or stimulated functions remains the same in either.

There is a closely allied tie-in association between us humans and those animals. We use them as a basis for experimentation for producing diseases, treating them, and producing medicines from them which we use on humans; and sometimes, vice-versa. We get snake venom from snakes for humans bitten by snakes; we use horses for serums for humans; we use monkeys as guinea pigs, and guinea pigs as monkeys, and both of them to experiment on, from which we conclude what we think might be good for medicines for humans.

I sometimes wonder what would happen if we could reverse the positions of the physician-for-humans to the veterinarian-for-animals; or the veterinarian-for-animals to the physician-for-humans. They both use the same principle and practice. One works on human beings, the other on varied lives, such as cow, horse, cat, dog, pig, or any of the many kinds found in zoos.

The physician-for-humans *questions his patient* exhaustively, to learn all about subjective symptoms, to be able to make a diagnosis, because he *must* diagnose before he can prescribe to treat with the hope of relieving his case. His prescription is chemically based on what symptoms he thinks exist *after* questioning his case.

If all this inter-communication of education *is an advantage* to the physician-for-humans, what a *disadvantage* the veterinarian must find himself in. He cannot ask the cow, horse, cat, dog, pig, or any of the many kinds found in zoos, endless questions, and receive erratic and oftentimes irresponsible answers. He can't ask *one* question, nor can any of the animals give him *one* answer. From a physician-for-humans point of view, the veterinarian-

for-animals would be floundering without a compass; the veterinarian couldn't diagnose *or* prescribe with the same or possible accuracy and efficiency of the physician-for-humans. The veterinarian, trained to ask *no* questions and expect *no* answers, stumbles about, secures what information he can in any way he can, determines what *he* alone thinks ails the animal and prescribes what *he* alone hopes will work. At some times, in some ways, he can sometimes tell when it *does* work—when it works—but it won't be the animal that tells him.

We wonder what *would* happen if the two doctors *were* reversed: the physician-for-humans took over the care of treating *dumb* animals, and the veterinarian-for-animals took over the care of treating "intelligent and educated" humans. The physician would be lost because it would be useless *to ask* questions because his *dumb* animals *could not* answer. He would be floundering without his professional and scientific compasses; therefore, he couldn't diagnose *or* prescribe, except empirically. The veterinarian-for-animals, trained to ask *no* questions and expect *no* answers—what could or would *he* do with humans who told him everything their erratic and irresponsible sick "intelligence and education" dictated? Probabilities are this veterinarian-for-animals *would* ask questions, secure erratic and irresponsible answers, stumble about *with* them, secure what evidence he could, as best he could, determine what *he* thinks ails the human, diagnose and prescribe what *he hopes* would work.

In spite of the physician's "superior professional and scientific education," and the superior intellectual and educational attainments of his human patients; and the inferior or "*dumb*" application of the veterinarian to his "*dumb*" but sick animals, it appears plainly evident that animals are more healthy and outlive humans *because of* inability to tell their sick stories. Humans tell everything they know. Animals, knowing nothing, tell nothing. And animals are better off!

It is this *law of the Innate Intelligence*, resident within both humans *and* animals, with which the *Chiropractor* works to get the sick bodies of humans *or* animals well.

CHAPTER 144

FACTS! PROOF!

CHIROPRACTIC, for many years, existed by virtue of two fundamental *theories*:

1st. That a vertebra of the spinal column *could be* subluxated, and *could be* adjusted by hand only.

2nd. That this subluxation interfered with the transmission of an abstract, mental-impulse or nerve-force flow of energy between brain and body and was the cause of *all* dis-ease and, when adjusted, restored the transmission and thus restored health.

Notwithstanding that thousands of sick people *were* getting well under these "theories," the medical profession denied, ridiculed the possibility of the truth of either.

Neither theory had been proposed previous to 1895 by anyone, including my father.

Neither had either theory been proved by us or disproved by medical men.

In 1910, we introduced *the spinographic use of X-ray*

—to prove that the segments of the vertebral backbone were out of alignment *before* an adjustment

—and were realigned after an adjustment by hand only.

In 1925, a specially-built thermo-couple thermo-pile duality minute heat detector was used

—to prove that there was a pressure upon nerves, interfering with an abstract force between brain and body

—which resistance to transmission set up an artificial or pathological increased heat at that point *before* an adjustment

—and that this nerve-force energy was restored *after* an adjustment, thus releasing the transmission and restoring that point to its normal temperature.

In 1935, we builded a private research Clinic costing one million dollars, to go into more positive proof on all types of problem or failure cases of our and other professions.

—to this end we developed the electroencephaloneuromentimpograph.

The "timpograph," as we call it in the labs, is a highly sensitive pick-up instrument which measures, evaluates, and calibrates *quantity* of nerve-force flow transmitted *from* brain, *through* nerves, *to* and *into* organic structure. This work is done in a floating room which is completely shielded and grounded from external energy values.

In our healthy people tests, we have never measured *more* than five-millionths of a volt. In sick people, it is much less. We pick up five specific spots simultaneously, upon entry of each case to our Clinic, *before* adjustment. This current flow pick-up is then amplified four hundred trillion times, without distortion, and is automatically and mechanically graphed on a running sheet of paper. We now *know exactly* what quantity is *not* flowing from brain into the sick body. It tells us precisely *where* the location of that interference *is*. We pick up the same five specific spots *after* adjustment. We *now know exactly* the proof of the correctness or incorrectness of *that* adjustment at *that* place, at *that* time. Each case is accurately measured *each week* case remains in Clinic. *We* know, from week to week, whether that case is improving or getting worse; where, how, how much. The graph-wave pattern is mathematical proof. Reversing usual doctor-patient attitude, *we tell the case*. It is *not* necessary *that case tell us*.

(Multitudinous other methods, processes, devices, inventions, etc., have been adopted and developed and are used in our Clinic to further prove other phases of our work, to make more accurate and efficient the restoration of health to the sick, about which time prohibits our going into detail here.)

Today Chiropractic stands fully proved as a scientific fact in all its major aspects.

The efficient use of these instruments gives accurate information *where* to adjust, *when* to adjust, and, in reverse thinking, *where* not to adjust and *when* not to adjust, each being important to the other; for, any work as positive as getting sick people well, when done *right*, can be just as negative as the means of making them worse, when done *wrong*.

To adjust the *right* vertebrae, in *right* way, at *right* time, is to get sick people well; and reverse is equally true.

EXPLANATION

"Electro"—electrical in its method of pick-up, amplification and recording device.

"encephalo"—referring to brain.

"neuro"—referring to nerves.

"mentimp"—referring to mental impulse flow between brain and body via nerves.

"ograph" to record its findings automatically and mechanically.

The full word "electro-encephalo-neuro-mentimp-ograph" means to pick up, amplify and record the quantity flow of mental impulses between certain portions of the brain, via certain nerves, to certain places in the body.

MULTUM IN PARVO

If all intercommunicating telephone, telegraph, television, and radio systems of the North American continent could be squeezed into a half gallon container, it would be less intricate that *the brain* which fills the human skull. One automatic exchange for a city of 75,000 is a highly complicated affair and requires a building of its own. Try to visualize *all* phone exchanges, radio stations, telegraph and television systems throughout North America, and roll them into a space the size of the human skull, and you have some idea how intricate the human brain is—only more so!

There are four hundred billion communicating and intercommunicating

telephones *automatically* working every second, hour, and day, between birth and death, between our brains and bodies. Never *once* does *what* we know, or *think* we know, or have *been educated* to know, help or hinder those systems. We can be ignorant or wise, and it still keeps on keeping on at work internally controlled and directed by the Master Resident Manager residing within us.

Below that brain, in the body, we have a counterpart in the vast nerve system. If a pin punctures *any part* of the body, a sensation of pain is telegraphed to and recorded in the brain above. The brain then sends back a return message over another nerve system, putting muscles into action which make us jump or jerk the pin away. If *all* flesh substances were removed except the vast network of nerves, it would be the exact shape of the body.

Yet, some people wonder *why* the Chiropractor emphasizes mind and mental energy circuits between brain and body and why we vitalize importance of the nervous system as they affect every part of that body. *Every* cell of the body is hooked up *with* the brain, and *every* nerve leaving the brain to connect with some part of the body *must* pass through an opening in the base of the skull to go down through and form the spinal cord before they branch out to all organs and parts of that body.

Diseases of any, many, and diverse kinds, diagnosed under varying names, are taken care of every day in this simple way, in our Chiropractic work. Perhaps, on first thought, this sounds foolish—that a vertebral subluxation could affect *all* remote parts of the body. Through scientific instruments, we prove the accuracy of these statements. After all, he who is sick is concerned in getting *well*, regardless of *what* is done, *where* it is done, so long as *he does* get well.

CHAPTER 145

EDUCATED!

OCCASIONALLY, I hear, "Why aren't Chiropractors educated in a college or university?"

This occasions the question: What is "education" or its opposite, "ignorance"?

Every person is "educated" *and* "ignorant"—more "ignorant" than "educated." Every person is "educated" on his *own* subject, slightly so in another, and is ignorant on *most all others*. Every man has "higher educational requirements" on subjects directly allied to his life's main objective—on all other subjects, distantly or remotely disconnected, he has "lower educational requirements". A university professor is tops on *his* subject, but low on others.

One may be educated, skilled and trained as a physician and surgeon, but be ignorant as a farmer, mechanic, preacher, lawyer, or any or all of the other sciences and arts. The farmer is educated, skilled and trained as a farmer, but he's ignorant as a physician, surgeon, lawyer, or preacher. Each is a master to his own, and a novice to all others. Any person can always learn much from another, even though he be a boot-black.

Every man knows much about *one* thing, much less on *several* things, and practically nothing on *most* things. This makes everybody "educated" on *one* thing, somewhat "ignorant" on *several* things, and totally so on *most* things.

We are prone to think all others *ignorant* if they *don't know* what *we* know.

They know much *we* don't know, so *we* are ignorant to *them*!

So, it hardly behooves *any of us* to call others "ignorant" when *we* are as bad, or worse, than *they*!

Even if educated man read all medical books in libraries, listened to all professors in medical colleges, and graduated with high honors from all medical universities, about what medical men think they know about man, his education still would be but a superficial polish and veneer, compared to the depth of wisdom of the Resident Manager within, representing the Universal Creator without. Consistently, the medical man has his conceited educated ego pricked, otherwise there'd be no living with him.

The Chiropractor is educated, skilled, and trained fully and thoroughly on *Chiropractic* subjects, to fit him to competently use *Chiropractic* as a practicing Chiropractor, on the sick, to get them well.

You would not ask that he be educated as a farmer, mechanic, preacher, or as a physician and surgeon, to use something he could not competently use with safety. He *should know* and is "well educated" on that which he professes and holds himself out to be. Beyond that, more or less won't hurt if he *needs* it, can *use* it, and it isn't excess baggage.

Medical education, per se, more and more assumes the dictatorial prerogative of thinking they should know how *to build man*. Medical practice, per se, more and more assumes the dictatorial prerogative of thinking they should *run man* after they have builded him. Medical education and practice, broadening as they are, think they should invade, dispossess and displace the Infinite in Its work of *building man* and *running man* after builded.

The Infinite is beyond the scope of the finite. To try to inflate the finite to becoming the Infinite, in knowledge and ability, complexes the impossibility of one to becoming the other.

Chiropractors realize their educational and practical limitations. They know they cannot build themselves, much less run themselves after builded. Chiropractors circumscribe their finite educations to the realities of factual ability. They realize they *should know how man was* builded, and *how* he is run by Infinite Intelligence. The Chiropractor, at no time and in no way, either by education or practice, attempts the futile process of invading, dispossessing or displacing the Infinite in Its exclusive field in *building man* or *running man*, once builded. The educated finite Chiropractor confines himself to his possibilities, letting the Infinite do the same, each to his own sphere of accomplishments. The Chiropractor confines *his* thinking and acting to seeing that the one works normally through the other.

CHAPTER 146

APPROACH

YOUR APPROACH TO A DOCTOR, as a patient seeking health, is based on your knowledge of medical symptoms, pathologies, diagnoses, theories, and practices.

The Chiropractor is vitally concerned about spinal analysis and his scientific methods which make it efficiently possible.

Our approach is based on knowledge of *cause* and its adjustment—both at opposite poles.

You ask: “What does Chiropractic do for rheumatism, paralysis, etc?”

Chiropractic is a name given to a study of *the cause* of dis-ease and its adjustment.

It gives little value to dis-ease and its diagnostic names of objective or subjective symptoms or pathologies.

Conditions are more vital than effects.

Causes are more vital than conditions.

No matter what name, it has *one* condition and *one* cause.

It is as simple as that!

LAW WORKS

It is obvious that

- the most ignorant savage can and does have born as perfect a baby as the most educated professor—natural law takes care of that
- the most ignorant savage can and does get sick, and can and does get well, as can the most educated teacher—natural law is no respecter of what one does not know or the other does know of the human body.

Vertebral subluxations, as *the* cause of *all* dis-ease, are *produced* by accidents, with their attendant concussion of forces.

Vertebral subluxations, when *reduced* as *the* cure of *all* dis-ease, can also be *reduced* by accidents, with their attendant concussion of forces.

These accidents, with their concussions of forces, can occur to the ignorant as well as the wise; in the jungle as well as in the halls of universities.

What a man may know, or think he knows, does not prevent concussion of forces from striking his body and *producing* or *reducing* subluxations; neither does it make one bit of difference to a Chiropractor whether they are accidentally *reduced*, or he finds them and adjusts them by intention as a scientific procedure.

Life, death, sickness, and health are governed by *law* and a knowledge

of that law is the important thing—not the supposed knowledge the man has of the man product and what *he* thinks about it.

In the past, man has spent too much time studying MAN, and too little time studying THE LAW that builds, runs, and governs him, his functions, and his life.

CHAPTER 147

EXPLANATION

MAN IS A DUAL STUDY.

- The law and what the law has produced*
- The abstract and the concrete*
- Mind and matter*

When material man is studied *to the exclusion* of the law which produced him, material man becomes a complex, complicated series of studies. Matter is found to be erratic, abnormal, for which man tries to change the matter to that of a sensible, normal acting condition of matter.

When material man is studied *to the exclusion* of the law which produced him, the practical application of such studies is to *add matter to matter to change matter*, from erratic to sensible, from abnormal to normal, from unhealthy to a healthy condition.

When this approach is *practical*, as will give external materialities to internal dead materialities and expect them to change from one state of matter to another, obviously *that which makes the change*—the internal law—is absent; therefore no *internal* change of matter can occur by prescribing of an *external* matter, because *that internal factor* which transforms external to internal is *absent*.

To study internal matter as changed by external matter is to lead to endless imponderables—none of which work.

When material man is studied *with the inclusion* of the law, material man becomes a simple and easily understood series of studies. Matter is found to take care of itself, for *the internal law* makes all changes.

When *the law in one man* is used to think about *the law that lives in another man*, then *the law* takes an all-important place in his scheme of studies and practices.

When man studies man, as man sees man, through man's educated eyes and mind, then man presents innumerable mysteries, phenomena, miracles, baffling observations. He looks, sees, then offers his theories for the "supernatural" beyond his understanding. Because of complications, man delves deeply, getting deeper into man and understanding less. Hence to explain, he offers explanations that do *not* explain.

Take a woman, as an example of what we here contend. Regardless of whether a savage in a jungle or graduate of a university, she can and does give birth to a child. Can the ignorance of the savage keep her from giving birth to a perfect child? Can the education of the graduate help her to bring forth a better child? The education of an educated woman knows nothing about *how* to create one tissue cell, let alone billions of them, sort them, arrange them, form them into a human being. Yet, *in both women*, there is a *common intelligence* which creates a complete child. *It is the law of creation that lives and creates in both alike*. How educationally ignorant is educated woman as compared to *that law*! No educated woman could duplicate any part of that *great law* within herself that creates new life.

By knowing the law, understanding is simplified; for, all he didn't know would be left to and for the law to work out, that the law knows and works. When he knows that law knows, then he knows the law *will* continue to produce the daily sun and moon. It makes little, if any, difference whether he says the moon is made of green cheese or whether it is another earth similar to ours. *It is what it is*, whether *he knows* what it is or not. He can know; he need not know; the sun, moon, and stars will come and go just the same.

Man has spent endless time, labor, money, trying to figure *how* the heart this, the stomach that, and everything else. He has built endless houses of theoretical cards, only to knock them down and start over again.

What matters it? The law *knows why* the heart this, the stomach that, and everything else, normal and abnormal. *Why* should we figure *how to cure*, when *we can't cure*, when *the law inside can and does*? *Why* should we try to figure how digestion takes place, when *we can't help it, hinder it, hurt it, stop it, start it*; when the law inside *knows all, does all*?

Suppose man knew *everything* about man—would that help his function run better? Suppose man knew *nothing* about man—would his functions run just the same? Does the wise man run better or worse because of his wisdom? Does the savage who knows nothing about himself run better or worse because of his ignorance?

Turning on current of *artificial* electricity, to secure *light*, is *so simple* a child knows how to push the button.

Electrical current is *manufactured* at a distant point by one fully competent to manufacture the machinery and see that it operates efficiently. Wires are correctly installed in your home by a master electrician under competent supervision. Globe and other electrical appliances are constructed by master workmen who possess the know-how. *All a child need do to secure light is to snap on the switch; the electrical current flows from where it is manufactured, through wires already installed, to appliances made to utilize electrical current when it automatically arrives.*

If a child should approach the electric-light problem as though it were a kerosene lamp, trimming wicks, replenishing oil, cleaning chimneys, inserting unnecessary parts, cutting out necessary ones; and had to know the chemical constituency of kerosene, how to manufacture wicks, how to make glass out of silica; had to make all parts fit with each other, assemble them so they work harmoniously, then it would be complex and impossible for a child to secure electrical current light.

Turning on nerve force current, to *restore* life in a sick body, is equally as simple as that. Nerve force current is *natural* and is *manufactured* in the brain by Innate Intelligence with which Educated man *has nothing* to do. Nerves were installed in each body during its gestation, by the Master Builder, before Educated man knew his first thought about it, and with which he *had nothing* to do. Organs in that body were manufactured by that same Internal Master who knew, millions of years ago; tested since in millions of bodies; not found wanting, and proved capable of meeting every exigency they are called upon to meet. In a *living* body, *all the Chiropractor can do or needs to do is to adjust the subluxated vertebra which interferes with that flow.* The internal nerve force current then automatically of its own volition flows in normal quality, quantity and direction, from the brain where it is manufactured, through nerves already developed in that body, to organs made to utilize nerve force current when it automatically arrives.

Appropos to the importance of the inner life, Innate Intelligence, nerve force, or mental impulse supply, flow from within to without, let me quote the following, from "The Reader's Digest," May, 1944:

"There are many kinds of heart disease: congenital, rheumatic, syphilitic, arteriosclerotic, bacterial, among others. They are in many ways similar, but in more ways different. Medicine has appropriate drugs for each, but *there is only one basic treatment. Call it a way of life. Without it most other treatment is useless.*"

—("Your Heart's in Your Own Hands," condensed from Hygeia, by Peter F. Steincrohn, M.D. Specialist in Internal Medicine and Diseases of the Heart; Fellow of the American College of Physicians and of the American Medical Association; author of "Heart Disease Is Curable.") Copyright 1944, American Medical Association, Chicago, Ill. (Hygeia, May '44.)

In this quotation, note statement: "... but there is *only one basic treatment.*"

Any other "treatment" referred to for heart disease is *not* "basic" and would be palliative and give only temporary relief.

What is this "basic treatment"? He answers: "*Call it a Way of Life,*" which is another way of evading an evasion. "Without it ('Call it a Way of Life'), most other treatment is useless."

He tells us plainly that unless this internal "Way of Life," this Innate Intelligence, Nature, subconscious mind, nerve force, mental impulse supply coming from within without, "most other treatment is useless." If that "Way of Life" is *not* present, any other "treatment is useless." Our position is that it is useless anyhow, because the "Way of Life" is the "only basic treatment" there is.

Every patient asks every doctor: "*Can I get well? Will I get well?*"

Behind the Universe is a *universal intelligence* which has directed its functions in millions of ways for millions of years. It follows a definite pattern which never varies, each to its kind and form.

Behind the Unit of bipeds or quadrupeds is an *innate intelligence* which has directed his or her functions in millions of ways for millions of years. It consistently, insistently, and persistently follows a definite pattern, which never varies, each to its kind and form.

Innate Intelligence is in each of us. It enters at birth and leaves only at death. *It is always* the great reservoir of endless intellectual energy; ready, willing, anxious to work to hold its form together and in perfect function. The matter of the human body *may be* run down, sick, unhealthy; but the Innate Intelligence is *never* sick, *never* depleted, *never* short of a normal quantity of energy. It is *that* source to which and from which we *always* receive that which we need.

That Universal Intelligence is the God of all religions! That Innate Intelligence is the Soul of all philosophies. All people *believe* in God and Soul, but few know *it exists, lives, is in them, and its potentials are endless in potential and practical reality.*

That is the Universal Power all religionists pray to. It is the Source all ask support and aid from. It is the Great Creator all who *believe* in religion have faith in. Instead of praying to, asking aid from, or having faith in, *aim it and know it exists within us; open the channels so all it is in the abstract can be all that it wants to be in actuality in the flesh.*

Know it exists, then correct all interferences between *it and man*, so *man* can be all *it* is capable of being *in man*.

Instead of faith, belief, or hope, it will be a fact, reality, factual. Instead of *asking for*, you will adjust the interference and permit it to come to pass. Instead of vaguely theorizing about an unknown "sub-conscious mind" hidden somewhere in the deep recesses of an unknown quantity, you will *know* that Innate Intelligence is a dependable other person living within you, ready to work, ready to heal and cure, determined to save life when and where possible. Instead of asking questions of others, you will answer them to yourself because of that inner understanding of what the other self is capable of doing.

Health is as *positive* as is life.

That Universal Intelligence heals all ills of the world. That Innate Intelligence heals and cures all sickness in human beings. To question the right to get well, from *within*, is to question the existence of a Soul within.

As Dr. Stanford has so ably said:

"In this 19th century one man began thinking and developing a principle that man is composed of mind *and* matter; that mind operating *in* matter makes life. He understood that it was the spiritual force *working in man* that set him apart from the world making man different; set him up as a thinking, moving, performing, entity. Man's body was separate and apart from all earth, sufficient of itself to provide for itself all that it would need while in existence.

"This man found that man's body was organized, accurately, specifically with a design which others had overlooked. The human body has a definite means of coordinating all parts for the benefit of the whole. The human body was designed and controlled in such a manner that so long as co-ordination existed that body would meet the average, normal demands made upon it in repair, restoration and changes necessary for seasonal differences. In a word, it could be free of maladies, diseases, abnormalities, once man understood the *law* which coordinated its parts. None of it would have to be added to, taken from, coddled, nursed, or pampered, if a means could be found to bring back or restore that which existed in creation of it.

"This man began the search, looked for *and found the law* which will do all for the body which it demands from day to day. He found the vast and intricate net-work of nerves connected the brain with each organ and tissue cell of those organs, and could be deranged, upset, disturbed, interfered with to the extent that the *law* of the human body could no longer control it. He found that man was *body and mind*, that mind lived in and operated body (matter) by means of a very definite and clear-cut *law*. This law never changed. It works always the same, in every human being, every home, every office and every nation. It is a *universal law*. No doctor, no matter how skilled or how wise or how inflated his opinions, is exempt from the *law*. It must be used if the patient is to regain that which is rightfully his."

The Kingdom of God is within you! If that Kingdom of God that is within can get from where it lives down into your body *where it can work*—you *can* and *will* get well! It is as *positive* as that.

If the Chiropractor should approach the internal nerve force current problem as though it were a body *he* had to construct, build, organize, systematize, operate, run, remove some necessary parts, insert "unnecessary" ones, and know all its parts in all its ways, by means and methods *he* had to manufacture, control, and direct from raw materials to finished product, he would find it not only difficult, complex, but impossible, because *his* plan would not fit with the *natural* plan foreordained before him, demanding it be let alone and not interfered with.

If *all* function comes from within out; and if *all* function *flows* from within out, and it is *all* governed by the Innate Intelligence within, *how* can educated man increase or decrease it by knowing little or much about what he thinks about the man from and through which it acts? To know that it *does*, and let it alone so that it *can*, is to let it express *itself* without external interference.

PRODUCTION—REDUCTION

IF SICKNESS AND RESTORED HEALTH are governed by law, and that law is simple, *why* does medicine, *today*, find itself in the predicament of searching, hunting, experimenting, creating *new* theories, discarding *old* ones, testing *new* drugs, seeking *new* causes and *new* cures? Some diseases are on the increase per thousand of population. Those not on the increase still prevail. If medicine *had* accomplished its objective *yesterday*, the reverse would be true, sometime, somewhere, within the past 5,000 years of accumulated history of medicine. Can failure be due to a wrong method of approach?

Does Chiropractic apply to *all* diseases, including cancer, infantile paralysis, appendicitis, tuberculosis, etc? Is Chiropractic a "cure-all"? If so, how?

Man has lived *by* millions, *for* millions of years. Most of them have been sick, in one form or another, more or less. He has lived, died; gotten sick and well, according to *a law* of life, death; sickness and health.

When he gets sick and dies because of sickness, there was violation of *law* which can be defined in definite terms consistent through time and numbers. That law applies equally to male or female; black, white, yellow, or red skins; in jungles or marbled halls; rich or poor; educated or ignorant; desert or ocean; mountain-top or valley; North Pole or Equator. The *same* law that gets a sick man well *without a doctor* of any kind, is the same law that gets him well *with a doctor*, if what the doctor *does* helps make it possible for that *same law* to work. Many people living in remote places have gotten well without *any* doctor. Every one lived *by* that law, and none could or did escape its violations. Same is true if he got sick, got well, and lived.

What *is* that law that *has* existed in millions *over* millions of years? What *is* the common denominator *within* man that applies to all alike, that continues to exist *within* man in spite of medical education that conceives new theories almost monthly, discarding them as rapidly; for history is congested with them?

Everything else is governed by law—such as planets and constellations, gravity, climates, seasons, vegetation. Why not bipeds and quadrupeds?

Why *is man* the *one* glaring and outstanding exception, that *the law* of his existence escapes discovery and application, when *his* welfare is *so* important? Why *is man* an exception *to man*? Why should man *know* all other laws *outside himself*, and yet not know *the* law of existence *of himself within himself*? Man has studied man far more than he has other laws.

Does the law of mathematics apply to everything, everywhere? Does the

law of chemistry apply universally? Does the law of astronomy apply to all space? Where, then, is *the law* that applies to *all* mankind?

Man has always been the product of and has always had *within himself* an independent abstract Innate Intelligence, master governor, resident within his brain, transmitting itself from mind to matter, expressing itself in functions of living beings. Man has always had a brain, spinal cord, and nervous system. Man has also always had a backbone, subject to vertebral subluxations, causing dis-ease. All this goes back to the beginning and includes all the vertebrata.

Man has always been subject to *accidental concussion* of forces, *accidental production* of vertebral subluxations, *accidental* causation of any and all dis-ease types. Man has also always been subject to *accidental* concussion of forces, *accidental reduction* of vertebral subluxations, *accidental* cure of any and all dis-ease types. Were this not so, mankind would have died off long ago.

If this *now* known Chiropractic law of *production* and *reduction* of the vertebral subluxation as *the* cause and cure of dis-ease is sound *today*, as a *law* of the cause and cure of dis-ease, then it has been sound in all time and of all peoples *yesterday*. And, if that law was sound yesterday, before the days of medicine, Chiropractic, or any other health method, then it is *true today*. People got sick and got well *before* Chiropractic discovered this law. People who got sick *before* Chiropractic, got sick for the same reason they do now *since* Chiropractic discovered that law. When they got well *before* Chiropractic, it was for the same reason. *The law of life* is not new! Chiropractic's interpretation and knowledge of how that law works and how to work with that law, is: *Law is eternal! Law* does not change, even if *man* does.

Medical men, possessing no knowledge of this law of government of man's natural and normal functions, change their educated materialistic experimental fads in irregular periods of practicing; create materialistic "miracles" and "phenomena" as explanations for recoveries of health, if, as, and when such contradict their educational materialistic theories and practice treatments. *But*, law keeps on repeating itself through all man of all time, insistently, consistently, and persistently, in spite of educated man rather than because of his empiric materialistic education. The coming and going of man, by millions, over millions of years, proves he personifies a *law*. Man continues in spite of man's ignorance of his law of living.

Two forces are always at work. Centrifugal and centripetal. The external *invasionary* force, and the internal *resistive* force. The greater overcomes lesser. External *invasionary* forces come to man in many varied forms of gases, poisons, colds, heats, shocks, emotions, prayers, fears, twists, strains, wrenches, falls, accidents in multitudinous manners, for each has a *potency* of attack—all represent a *quantity* of invasionary force, which is resisted up to the ability of the forces within *to* resist. According to which is greater,

can come a *production* of or a *reduction* of a vertebral subluxation, the same as there can come a dislocation or fracture for the same reason.

A recent example reported by the press:

A *sane* asylum interne was sent to pick up an escaped *insane* patient. Driving the car was the *sane* interne. An automobile collision occurred. The *sane* interne was found *insane*. The *insane* patient was found *sane*. The now *sane* man drove the former *sane* interne to the hospital, as an *insane* inmate. A medical man might account for this as "one of those unexplainable psychosis shocks." The Chiropractor says: An *accidental* concussion of forces produced a vertebral subluxation in the *sane* man which caused him to go *insane*. An *accidental* concussion of forces also reduced an existing vertebral subluxation in the *insane* man which caused him to become *sane*.

Let me quote that clipping:

"Alessandria, Italy.

"The looniest automobile accident on record occurred in Alessandria. Roberto Brugna agreed to drive his neighbor, Albino Acebro, to an insane asylum. Roberto tried to take a curve too fast and his car crashed into a truck. Both Roberto and Albino were taken to a hospital. When they recovered, the doctors found that Albino had regained his sanity. Roberto had gone mad."

Your speaker has a press and magazine collection, covering fifty years, of many thousands of *accidental* causation and *accidental* cures of diseases, running the gamut of every diagnosed type of dis-ease. Medicine offers *no* sound or sane explanation of what or how such occurred except in vague terms as "a miracle," "a mental quirp," or "a phenomenon" beyond the knowledge of materialistic medicine. Chiropractic now proves they come within the scope of the known law of life, for Chiropractic can and does duplicate such recoveries *by intention*.

Concussion of forces *can* and *does* produce an *accidental* production cause of any dis-ease.

Concussion of forces *can* and *does* also produce an *accidental* reduction of that cause from which *cure* comes.

The Chiropractor *intentionally* takes advantage of this *known law* of *production* and *reduction* of vertebral subluxations, as the cause and cure of dis-ease, by accurately locating the *produced* vertebral subluxation and efficiently *reducing* that vertebral subluxation and restoring health. And, the same place and manner by which it was *accidentally produced* or *reduced*, are the same place and manner by which it is Chiropractically *intentionally* reduced.

Chiropractic *is* an all-inclusive and all-exclusive principle and practice because *the law* of living beings *is* all-inclusive and all-exclusive; because its success formula works and attains its objective.

Chiropractic needs no crutches or braces, drippings or droppings, borrowed or stolen from any allied or alien profession, to accomplish its objective—to get sick *well*. If Chiropractic relied or depended upon same principles, practices, or approach as allied or alien professions, in part or

totality, it would fail, in part or totality, as *they* have done. It is complete and different, therefore it succeeds differently and completely.

Chiropractic is not, and neither is the Chiropractor, a "cure-all" because neither it nor he can or could "cure" anything, but *the law* that resides in man and regulates and governs his living from the beginning of time *has been and is* the "cure-all" of all ills man suffers with, be they spiritual, mental, or physical. "Nature heals" is admitted by all doctors. *Who* is "Nature"? *Where* does "Nature" live? Inside or outside man? When a bone is broken, who and what means unite it—be it man or animal, either of which may never see a physician?

This is not new. You have *always* known it. Common sense observes these facts, except that medicine has misdirected our understanding and diverted our thinking into wrong educated channels.

The cause and cure of *all* dis-ease have *always* been as simple as that!

EXPLANATION

The average mind is prone to consider "unusual," all unexplainable cures that seemingly fit into no then-known rules, especially if they "happen" at shrines or under "peculiar" circumstances beyond understanding. He might call them "miracles" occasioned by the "super-natural."

Thinking proves a rare few do get well under above conditions; the vast majority do not. Neither does the average mind go beyond to understand *all* those *who do*, did so in conformity with the same reason that all those *who failed* did so in violation for the same reason.

There is no "super-natural"! *Any* action that accomplishes a definite objective was predetermined by a law equally as or more definite than the action. Every *physical* manifestation was preceded by *an abstract* law which originated it. There is no *effect* without *cause*. Like effect, like cause.

When abstract cause is *unknown*, we express that ignorance by calling it "super-natural." What is ascribed as "super" is only super to one mind because it is "subnatural" to another. As the "sub-natural" climbs to and understands the level of the "super-natural," the "super-natural" ceases so to be, and becomes "natural." To the "natural," there is no "super" or "sub." *Law is natural—when we know law*. There is no "super" law *except in contrast* to sub-understanding. To a mind that knows *no* natural law, *all* law is "super-natural." The *lower* the scale of understanding of natural law, the *higher* is the scale of superstitious "super-natural" explanations that do not explain. The more the sub rises to a *natural* process of analysis and understanding of natural law, the "super-natural" lowers, until there comes a time when they level off. In exact ratio as man understands how internal natural law works—whether human, animal, vegetable, mineral, astronomical, or what-have-you—the less any action becomes "super" natural. This applies with equal effect to how sick people get well "under super-natural circumstances."

There has always been a conflict between the finite and Infinite. At one time, stars, eclipses, rain, lightning, volcanoes, caves, earthquakes, or other "natural" manifestations were *all* "super-natural." Down through centuries, man has learned to interpret more correctly and accurately, and thus reduce the "super-natural" into workable principles and practices. Today we harness lightning and make electricity work. Today we know why and how birds fly; therefore aeroplanes. Today we talk through space with and without wires; therefore, long and short wave A.M., F.M., and P.M. broadcasting. Today we send motion pictures through air and bring them into our homes; therefore, television. Gradually, man is unravelling the mysterious "super-naturals" making them natural so we can work with them. Today, in man, we have a *natural law* which has always been at work. Today Chiropractic *knows* that law and works with it as practically as we do electricity, thereby keeping healthy people well, and getting sick people well.

Therefore, when patient gets well, physician claims the credit. When patient dies, "It was the will of God."

“PHENOMENA”

It, too, can be reduced to a simple formula.

- two diseases—too rapid action for one type
too slow action for the other
- that's why you find so many having “hyper” and “hypo” prefixes
to their names
- for which he has two kinds of drug treatments
 - inhibit the stimulation
 - stimulate the inhibition
 - hypo the hyper
 - hyper the hypo.

A good example that comes readily is the heart and its action.

When it beats 85 times a minute, it is now pumping too fast and a heart dis-ease, diagnosed as tachycardia, exists. For this, the physician would give some drug which would inhibit the rapid action. What kind of drug or how much to give might be difficult for him to decide.

The *Chiropractor* does not work with *that* principle or practice.

- It is as simple as that!**

INNATE KNOWS

Physicians have the medical concept that the body lives within itself when it is healthy; but, when sick, it needs some external *agency* to give it health. So they prescribe chemicals, anti's, and other neutralizing agencies under stimulative and inhibitive or neutralizing processes, to make it well.

They work on the principle of asserting they *know* what the unbalance is; then, by stimulation or inhibition, force it either up or down, arbitrarily and empirically, to a standard which *they think* they know. When it goes too high, they bring it down with an inhibitive. When it goes too low, they force it up by a stimulative.

The Chiropractor *does not know* that normal par. Only the resident Intelligent force within us *does know*; so we leave that to it.

It is simple as that!

DOES STOMACH KNOW?

When drugs are given, it is with the presumption that:

- the physician *knows* what is wrong, his diagnosis is infallible
- the physician knows the exact failure chemical formula, therefore knows the exact correct chemical formula to give
- when it is a stimulated condition, he knows exactly *how much* of an inhibitive to give, to balance
- or, when it is an inhibited condition, he knows exactly *how much* of a stimulative to give, to balance
- he knows what *the* balance should be, without possibility of error
- when he gives a drug, via stomach, the stomach knows just where the physician wants to send it, and sends it there without deviation or deflection.

For instance, if it were rheumatism in the *right* big toe, the stomach would not send it to the *left* little toe.

The Chiropractor presumes no such understanding.

He adjusts at the location of the interference. That is *all he* can do.

The brain generates the *right quantity* of force, in health and sickness.

The nerves now convey *that right quantity* of thought-force to their periphery, wherever those nerves go, where the dis-ease is, to the place or places where it should go.

When the normal *quantity* arrives, it knows exactly what to do and how to do it, to produce the right quantity and quality of life.

All the things we *don't know*, it does—that is *internally intellectually controlled* and is at all times *beyond our reach* in either sickness, health, life, or death; and we couldn't control it if we wanted to; and we couldn't control it no matter how much education we did or did not have.

CHAPTER 150

EXPLANATION

YOU DO NOT CONTROL the quantity of electricity when you turn on the button

—tell the electricity *where* to go

—tell the electricity *when* to go

Neither do you stimulate or inhibit the wires or globe, or their excess or minus quantities.

It goes when you turn on the button.

When it arrives, it gives light.

Some men doubt, and even deny, the existence of a vital life force flowing in or through our bodies.

They doubt or deny because it cannot be proven in the physics or chemistry labs.

None, though, deny or doubt the existence of electricity flowing in or through electrical appliances.

And yet it never has been proven in any physics or chemistry lab.

Electricity is unknowable, unanswerable, unprovable; yet we all buy or sell it, use it, for it exists.

Today, everything electrical is metered. *Meters register quantity flow.* Meters register quantity generation at power plant. Meters are installed at sub stations to register how much of the grand total they take and use. Meters are at factories. Meters are in your homes. Meters register *how much* the factory or your home receives, uses and pays for. Meters are of various capacities—some for huge amounts, some for minute portions. Meters of importance have automatic graphing devices which register quantity flow, fluctuations in flow, consumption flow; hour by hour, day and night, summer and winter. These records are filed and from them a graph of peak and minimum loads can be accurately forecast. Meters prove *when* and *where* the normal quantity, leaks, shorts, or no quantity at all, flow through wires. One who can interpret meter-graphs can know accurately and locate what is going on at production-beginning and at consumption-ending of an electrical circuit, because he has the quantity flow data before him.

In this way, electrical engineers secure information they *need know* to make supply meet demand. Only by such means can accurate data be secured upon which efficient use of electricity is predetermined.

We remember once, standing in the Shanghai, China, end of the Trans-Pacific Cable from San Francisco. We were told that men there could tell within 500 feet the actual location of a break in that cable between San Francisco and Shanghai. There is no reason whatever, why human-electrical-engineers couldn't be equally as efficient and accurate in their work with sick human bodies.

We do the same with the "timpograph," previously mentioned. It is an accurate and efficient human electrical measurement of flow from brain generation, through nerve supply, to tissue cell demand and consumption.

"ASSIST NATURE?"

During our many world-wide travels, we visited Halemaumau or Kilauea, at Hilo, Hawaiian Islands.

That pit is 4½ miles across and was 1,000 feet deep. Within 24 hours, we saw "nature" erupt and fill that crater up to, and overflow the surrounding terrain. Great is the power of "nature."

That evening, at the Volcano House, we read in the Hilo newspaper an ad which said:

"Take Carter's Little Liver Pills to assist nature!"

We thought: If nature could do what she did *without* a Carter's Little Liver Pill, what *would she have done* if one had been dropped into that crater!

CHAPTER 151

INDIVIDUALISTIC OR COMMUNISTIC?

PEOPLE HAVE BEEN TAUGHT to believe that germs *cause* disease.

Dr. MacCormack, then President of the American Medical Association, came to our town to deliver a talk to the medical profession, as well as the lay public, on the subject, "*No Spit; No Consumption!*"

He talked for two hours, then asked for questions.

Finally we asked one: "Did Adam have consumption?" He did not know. We did! Adam *did* have consumption, because if the theory was sound that "No spit, no consumption," then everybody who *had* consumption *today* caught it from somebody who *had it*, who spit yesterday. It therefore inevitably leads back to the fact that Adam, being *the first man to spit*, must have had it. To this he agreed, and said he would use it in future talks. We advised him not to, because *Adam did not have consumption* because there was nobody to spit *before* Adam.

Which leads us to the question: Is disease individualistic or communistic?

Medical men contend the *cause* of *internal* individualistic dis-ease is an *external* communistic cause.

Medical men contend the way to cure this *internal* individualistic dis-ease is, to vaccinate or immunize the community.

We have yet to know of a communistic movement or principle that has outlived 100 years. Yet, the individualistic cause *within* the individual and the individualistic cure *within* the individual have *produced* dis-ease and *reduced* sickness for millions of years. If this were not so, *all* in a community with a communistic cause would be sick.

An epidemic is usually less than 1/10 of 1 per cent—leaving 99 9/10 per cent of the population free.

Two kinds of governments:

- a. Those that believe in the communistic form, wherein the community is everything and the individual is nothing. Russia has tried this plan.
- b. Those that believe that the individual is the basis of all constructive communistic government. This is one of those governments.

There are two antipodal theories of the cause and cure of disease:

- a. Those that believe that the cause of all disease is because of what the community does or does not do; as the mosquito is the communistic cause of all malaria in a community;
and that the cure of typhoid fever lies in communistic injection of a typhoid serum;

or, small-pox is a communistic disease and can be stamped out only by injecting vaccine-virus in the community.

- b. Those who believe that internal disease, regardless, is individualistic; that its cause is *in* the individual and the cure is likewise *inside* of the individual.

No government can long survive when the individual and his responsibility are ignored and all his responsibility shed upon the community. No government arrives anywhere until the individual has been taught to assume *his* responsibility, after which the community action is automatic; wherein the many are made up out of the one.

All experience that survives in the cause and cure of disease is based upon a knowledge that the cause and cure of disease are *within* the individual and this is not a responsibility that he can shed upon his neighbor and blame him for it.

When any health authority ignores the individual in its equation and casts that blame upon the community, he professes his ignorance of the cause and cure of disease as they exist *in the individual* and thus proves his incompetence to be of service *to an individual* except as he tries to reach him through community welfare.

The cause of small-pox is in the individual—not the community. The cure of small-pox is in the individual—not in wholesale vaccination of the community.

Physicians admit some people are immune; others are fertile culture grounds. Some resist better than others.

Those who resist are stronger and more able to "throw off germs," etc.

And where does this resistance come from? Energy in action in function in tissue cell structure.

An individual *with* a subluxation will resist less; and one *without* will resist more.

Resistance from within is fundamental

—*with* it, we *resist* invasion

—*without* it, we *invite* invasion

All schools of health thought are agreed upon this principle as sound.

Germs exist. We do not deny their presence.

We deny them *as a cause* of dis-ease.

If the germ theory as the causation of disease were true, there'd be no one living today to believe it; for germs have been existing for millions of years as has the man they are supposed to kill.

Germs exist. They are scavengers, refuse eaters, live upon dead waste matter.

It is a natural law that without them we would all have been dead long ago.

They are janitors who keep our hallways open and clean.

The Chiropractor adjusts the internal individualistic cause, builds for

internal individualistic resistance, and thus the communistic external condition does not worry or frustrate him.

When the medical man admits this principle of the necessity of *internal* resistance and then tries to produce it by *external* practice, by attempting to kill germs, he contradicts himself.

When the Chiropractor affirms this principle of the necessity of *internal* resistance and then practices that by making *internal* resistance naturally possible, flowing *from within*, he confirms his consistency in principle *and* practice.

EXPLANATION

One might get the idea that Chiropractic and Chiropractors were opposed to hygiene and sanitary measures. On the reverse all public and private hygiene and sanitation are commendable and essential. The question of this talk, however, goes to the root of *what is the cause and cure of dis-ease*. All of us are aware that many people live in conditions which are anything but hygienic or sanitary—yet remain well. We also know that many people live in mansions and have the utmost in hygiene and sanitation at their command—and are sick. This proves that vertebral subluxations and their correction have more to do with cause and cure of dis-ease than have hygiene and sanitation.

CHAPTER 152

A PROFESSIONAL DISTINCTION

A VERY EMINENT AMERICAN SURGEON brought his wife to our Clinic for *our* service.

She was sick—at least *he* said she was, *she* said she was, and he ought to know because he was an eminent diagnostician.

He, as well as all the other specialists he had taken her to, had failed to get her well.

Obviously, this was a test between *his* principles and practices and the Chiropractic principle and practice.

He made a diagnosis, gave treatment, she was still sick.

We made a spinal analysis, gave adjustment, she got well.

He could not understand how we could do anything without doing all he did, as he did it.

We could not understand how he could do anything without doing all we did, as we did it.

He could not understand how Innate within herself got her well without our diagnosing and treating her condition.

We could not understand how he could succeed without giving her an adjustment.

He called us ignorant. He was right. We were ignorant of everything *he* knew—and failed.

We called *him* ignorant. We were right. He was ignorant of everything we knew—and succeeded in getting her well.

Everything *he* thought necessary, we considered unnecessary.

He failed.

Everything we thought necessary, *he* considered unnecessary. We succeeded.

All the education *he* had wasn't necessary; that's why he brought his wife to us.

When she was well, which both he and she admitted, he could not understand *how* she got well of things we were ignorant of.

He admitted it was impossible for her to get well with what *we* did; yet he also admitted *she was* well, even though it was impossible.

Anything we do, you don't do, is peculiar. Peculiar, isn't it?

CHAPTER 153

"ARMAMENTARIA"

AS A PRACTICAL OBSERVER, watching the efforts of medical men fail to rebuild man to fit their college-taught scheme to get sick people well, reveals surgings of frequent battles with *Nature's* natural army on one side, the sincere and self-sacrificing medical profession, with their man-made gremlins, on the other. Between, is the army of innocent sick, wondering why.

The odds are so unequal. For centuries, *Nature* has balanced every facet successfully, including man who still lives, to fit *her* needs, winning against all odds.

The medical profession seek, name, and aim to destroy what *they* think are human life-destroyers. They are supposed to lurk, like murderers, in every dark crevice, crack, and corner; in air, water, food, even inside man. Everywhere are multitudinous microbes—some so small that only an electron microscope, magnifying 100,000 times, finds them.

These *natural* products, as *natural* as man himself, conceived and created by *nature*, designed by *nature* to fill *natural* functions, are exhibited by man alone as horrible examples of mistakes of *Nature*, as heinous warriors here to destroy man alone, exempting all other animals. All are labeled frankensteins and must be slaughtered, even to the last male and female.

Medical groups build gigantic chemical battle arrays of hypodermic armamentaria to kill all, to save man from his *natural* environment, to wipe out every safeguard *Mother Nature* and *Father Time* have provided through centuries to balance their necessities for man's safety. Man still lives, so it looks as though a good job had been done.

It has been an endless and is now a useless struggle. *Nature* is more powerful in her simple and silent manner *alone* than are all the devices of college men to destroy her products. *Nature* can breed scavengers where and when needed, faster than educated man can artificially destroy them. It is more simple and easier for man to acknowledge *Nature* and *work successfully* with her laws, as an ally. *Nature* smiles kindly on all who cooperate; as she has always been unrelenting to all who oppose her.

EXPLANATION

We refer to the process of medical thinking being "arbitrary" and "empiric." His method of securing information, his method of reaching a diagnosis, his method of determining how to treat or prescribe for such, are all "arbitrary" and "empiric."

If we were to send *one* typical case, with a *definite* set of symptoms and pathology, to *more than one* physician, he would return with *more than one* diagnosis and *more than one* prescription. Each *would be different*. More physicians he appears before, the more opinions and treatments he would get.

How often you, as sick people, have heard: "I will give you this today. Try it. Let me know tomorrow how you feel. If that doesn't work, I'll try something else," or language to that effect. How often you have also heard him say: "I'll come tomorrow; meanwhile, we'll have to wait, let the disease develop, before I can diagnose it." Or, you have heard him say: "Your case has me baffled. I don't know what it is and neither do I know what to do for it. I suggest you see a specialist, or let me call a consultation. Two heads are better than one, you know!"

You, who have been sick, go to a physician. You keep going from one to another. You try this, try that. You are shifted from this place to that—baths, climates, or what have you. Getting worse at the hands of "regulars," you drift into the hands of "irregulars"; from the honorable ranks of failure medical practitioners, into the hands of "quacks," to seek a cure.

Whose fault is it your case grows from an acute to a chronic condition? Whose fault is it you did not get well with physicians? Whose fault is it you now go to a Chiropractor? *It is because medicine is an arbitrary and empiric process*, each practitioner a rule unto himself, each working out a private opinion with a practice peculiar to himself.

CHAPTER 154

YOU!

THE ORDINARY SICK PERSON starts out as an acute case. He now knows what to do. He goes "to a doctor." He hopes to get well. There is a patient who has a dis-ease, as well as a dis-ease that has a patient.

Later, he finds his *acute* condition has become *chronic* with all the complications that go with it. He is now puzzled and muddled as to what to do, to whom to go, to what place to go, to *try* to get well.

He hears so much over radio, he reads so much in magazines, he is told so much by physicians; he has experienced so much with so much grief to his health and pocketbook; his friends have had a like experience and tell him so much, he wonders what it's all about, and what's the way out.

He looks upon medicine as a complicated thing; nobody seems to know much about it that is positive, correct, or right. But he still thinks that somewhere, somebody certainly *must* know *how* to get sick people well. And no one who has had a like experience can blame him!

Medicine has grown to become an over-stuffed profession. It was born of confusion and complexity. Complexities have a way of feasting upon themselves; and because they do, they multiply upon themselves today to overcome yesterday's complexities, to try to succeed tomorrow. Given time, mountains come from mole-hills.

A specialist is one who knows more and more about less and less, and is able to use little of it to get sick people well.

He spends a life-time on eye, ear, nose, throat, heart, stomach, or what have you. *What is more needed are men who know a great deal less about more and more, but who possess the simple success law formula know-how to get sick people well.*

EXPLANATION

Imagine a situation wherein a "specialist" spends his entire professional life studying the minute microscopical detail of an eye. Year after year, he confines *all* his thinking, observations, studies, practices *on the eye*. He actually becomes *an eye specialist*. He focalizes *so much on the eye* that it becomes *the* all-important. He gradually loses *its* connection with the balance of the body to which it is connected, and of which it is a part. He practically and almost completely loses sight of *what* the eye does, *how* it does it, and *what is behind the eye* which makes it and the rest of the body work.

On the reverse, imagine a Chiropractor who regards the eye as a *product of the law which made it—the law which makes it work—who regards that law of functional control as the all-important factor*, to which the material eye is a mere passing incident. Knowing *that law of function, how it works* when healthy, and *how it does not work* when abnormal, the Chiropractor possesses the key to the secret of *how to restore normal eye functions—the simple success formula—how to get sick people well.*

Apply that process to *all* organs, and you find *the Chiropractor is a human law specialist*. In so doing, he needs know "a great deal less about more and more" of the eye, etc.

CHAPTER 155

PICTURE CHANGES

CHIROPRACTIC CHANGES THIS PICTURE.

Instead of sickness, and recovered health, being a highly specialized and complex subject of which only a few university graduates understand only a mere portion, it now becomes a simple subject—in fact, *so simple any man on the street* can have it explained and understand; knows what to do, where to go to get well. Tries it—and rejoices; only to wonder all the more *why* all that, as compared to this and now.

All practical and great services are simple, just as all great and practical men have been simple. The greatest working principles which have evolutionized and revolutionized the world these past fifty years, are simple when reduced to clear understanding.

It is easy to understand *why men, who have spent a lifetime* complexing the study of a complex subject, resent intrusion of any new study that reduces the same subject matter to a ridiculously simple understanding, in terms of one syllable, and to a simple practical application, proving itself in accomplishing objectives heretofore considered impossible. The very success of the simple denies any necessity for its being complex.

Chiropractic has been no exception to this simple rule.

Neither has Chiropractic been an exception to the opposition, persecution and prosecution of complex issues.

SIMPLE

The Chiropractic *principle* is simple.

practice is simple

results for the sick are simple

providing its success formula is correctly and efficiently followed.

Chiropractic is a simple subject to present.

Therefore, this story is a simple presentation.

For that reason, this story may be shorter than most, but we also hope clearer than most.

CHAPTER 156

A GREAT NEED

AT THIS TIME, greater than any other in the history of our work, the demand for Chiropractors far exceeds any possible supply.

Many of our profession are still in armed forces; this leaves many practices vacant. The mechanization of World War II produced millions of vertebral subluxations, each of which created dis-ease needing adjustment. The vertebral shock breakdowns of vertebral continuity of this war *are far exceeding* World War I.

It is a noble work to be a nurse, and nurse the sick. It is a great profession of physicians who *relieve* the suffering. *But greater than all* is the Chiropractor who can adjust *the cause* of dis-ease and let their Innate *get them well*. No greater humanitarian work is before mankind than this. Being a practical, yet simple, science, it appeals to young, middle-aged, as well as people up to sixty, who desire to serve and accomplish this ultimate objective of restoring natural internal health.

OPPOSITION

Most evolutionary subjects are revolutionary until they become established. Being revolutionary, they meet opposition. This is true of medicine and medical doctors to Chiropractic and Chiropractors. There is ONE way medical opposition *can be* practical. All medical doctors *need do* is to cure their patients. This would eliminate *any* necessity for *any* method *other than* medicine. It would be *as easy* as that! Chiropractors are entitled to a license to practice Chiropractic. To secure this, all they *need do* is to get their sick well with accurate, competent, and efficient Chiropractic, which makes it possible. Legislators, legislation, and license will then *come to them*, for sick patients made well will insist it come *that way*.

It is *as easy* as that!

AN AFTER THOUGHT

A *slip* on the snowy sidewalk, in winter, is a *small* thing. It happens to millions.

A *fall* from a ladder, in the summer, is a *small* thing. That also happens to millions.

The slip or fall produces a *subluxation*. The subluxation is a *small* thing.

The subluxation produces *pressure* on a nerve. That pressure is a small thing.

The pressure *cuts off the flow* of mental impulses. That decreased flowing is a *small* thing.

That decreased flowing *produces a dis-eased* body and brain. *That* is a *big* thing to *that* man.

Multiply *that* sick man by a thousand, and you control the physical and mental welfare *of a city*.

Multiply *that* man by a million, and you shape the physical and mental destiny *of a State*.

Multiply *that* man by one hundred thirty million, and you forecast and can prophesy the physical and mental status *of a nation*.

So the slip or the fall, the subluxation, pressure, flow of mental impulses, and dis-ease are *big enough to control the thoughts and actions of a nation*.

Now comes a man. Any *one* man is a *small* thing.

This man gives an *adjustment*. The adjustment is a *small* thing.

The adjustment *replaces* the subluxation. That is a *small* thing.

The adjusted subluxation *releases* pressure upon nerves. That is a *small* thing.

The released pressure *restores* health to a *man*. That is a *big* thing to *that* man.

Multiply *that* well man by a thousand, and you step up the physical and mental welfare *of a city*.

Multiply *that* well man by a million, and you increase the efficiency *of a State*.

Multiply *that* well man by one hundred thirty million, and you have produced a healthy, wealthy, and better race *for posterity*.

So the adjustment of the subluxation, to release pressure upon nerves, to restore mental impulse flow, to restore health, is *big enough to rebuild the thoughts and actions of the world*.

The idea that knows the cause, that can correct the cause of dis-ease, is *one of the biggest ideas known*. Without it, nations fall; with it, nations rise.

The idea is the *biggest* I know of.

CHAPTER 157

THE STORY OF PERVERTED OR WARPED EDUCATIONS

INNATE INTELLIGENCE, so-called "Nature" within us, is the world's greatest chemist

- builds dozens of human chemical laboratories
- equips them with everything needed
- superintends their construction
- regulates quantity and quality of input and output of their products
- directs and controls their inter-communicating by-products
- distributes them at the right place, at the right time.

Innate Intelligence is the world's greatest architect—

- blue prints millions of homes for souls to live in
- builds the home for two people to live in congenially—husband and wife, so long as they are compatible
- builds a foundation sufficient unto its needs
- builds a super-structure, fills in the gaps and all the trimmings
- gives each a color finish—some black, red, yellow, or white
- combines all features for a complete establishment
- keeps these homes repaired and fit to live in
- moves out when they are no longer fit
- builds a new home when that necessitates
- has been doing this for millions of years.

Innate Intelligence is the world's greatest engineer

- builds bridges, cantilevers, levers, pulleys
- designs and constructs a perfectly working, electrically controlled, mechanically perfect, internal, thermostatically regulated hot water heating system, so that all we do is stoke coal and keep boiler well supplied with water
- designs and constructs the first and most ingenious refrigeration unit, regulated and controlled by the same method and process of heating mechanism.

Innate Intelligence is the world's greatest mechanic. There are only 310 mechanical movements known to educated science. All of them, and more, are in man: bellows, pumps, sewerage system, water works, electrical system for an entire human city; dynamos, generators, wiring system, motors, etc.; an automobile complete from head to toe, with head lamps, windshield, cushions, foot-pedals, etc.

Innate Intelligence is the world's greatest electrician

—built the first dynamo generator; the first human nervous system to transmit power; the first series of human motors to move about.

If all intercommunicating telephone, telegraph, television, and radio systems in the North American continent could be squeezed into a half gallon container, it would be less intricate than *the brain* which fills the human skull. One automatic exchange for a city of 75,000 is a highly complicated affair and requires a building of its own. Try to visualize *all* phone exchanges, radio stations, telegraph and television systems throughout North America, and roll them into a space the size of the human skull, and you have some idea how intricate the human brain is—only more so!

There are four hundred billion communicating and intercommunicating telephones *automatically* working every second, hour, and day, between birth and death, between our brains and bodies. Never *once* does *what* we know or *think* we know or have *been educated* to know, help or hinder those systems. We can be ignorant or wise, and it still keeps on keeping on at work internally controlled and directed by the Master Resident Manager residing within us.

With all these wonders of Innate Intelligence, now comes educated man who thinks he knows more than Innate within.

A bone is fractured. What happens? Innate within goes to nearest ossific cell center, develops additional bone cells *above* the fracture, takes them *down* to the edge of the fracture, piles them on that edge downward. Innate also goes to the nearest ossific tissue cell center *below* the fracture, develops new cells, piles them on the edge *upward*. Sooner or later these meet. It becomes a pilastered adhesive material which mends the break. No educated man would consistently think the thing to do would be to "break down" this adhesive adhesion.

Exostosis on or between bones is an adhesive adhesion. It is a normal adaptation to an abnormal pathology, fracture, or dis-ease. It is most readily observable in spinal columns. Chiropractors are prone to think it necessary "to break these osseous symphyses or ankyloses." When the cause is corrected, and there is no longer any necessity for such bridging, Innate Intelligence will denude it, take it away. Innate put it there for a purpose. When that purpose no longer exists, Innate will know it and take it away, cell by cell, as she put it there.

A viscus is prolapsed, such as stomach, bowels, etc. What happens?

A vertebral subluxation reduces the quantity of mental impulse supply which contracts muscles, which holds viscus in natural position and location. When muscles do not get their normal quantity of contraction impulses, they do not contract. If they do not contract normally, they do not hold into position, naturally and normally, organs they support; therefore, they relax permanently, a status of prolapsis.

Innate Intelligence steps in, goes to the nearest tissue cell center, develops

new cells, attaches them, thereby holding the organ from going farther out of place. Such adhesions are normal adaptation to support an abnormal condition. Being normal, they should be let alone.

Educated man steps in and tries to or does massage upon or operate upon and "remove the adhesions," the adhesive material sent there to hold the organ in place.

Educated man's thinking has been so perverted or warped in its concept of Innate Intelligence and what Innate has done, that he thinks he knows better and ruins all.

When Innate Intelligence becomes aware that the body is getting hot, it is refrigerated by perspiration, by the process of evaporation. This opens pores of skin, lets fluids flow, causes the person to get thirsty and he drinks more water.

The human body is seven-eighths water in solution. When we perspire we should not do anything which violates the principle of evaporation, as that permits the heat of the body to escape.

What does educated man do? If he feels warm and perspires, he turns on an electric fan directly overhead, directly upon himself; or fans himself with a fan in his hand, which makes him work harder. This dries off perspiration, closes pores of skin, keeps heat in. As a result, fluids congeal, congestion sets in, lungs go dry, heart is compelled to beat slower but harder, kidneys don't act, and an internal heat is stored up, called fever. Viscera are much like fruit—they are good to eat when full of juices. Dehydrate them like prunes or raisins, they are not good to eat. We again rejuvenate them with fluids to make them edible. Internal viscera are the same.

Average person does not drink enough water to keep liquefied. He dries up, water and sewerage system becomes clogged, chemical labs go haywire for the want of a normal quantity and quality of supplies.

What Innate does is what Innate needs to have done. Educated man should not think warped or perverted ideas contrary to Innate.

CHAPTER 158

THE STORY OF A MURDER CHARGE AGAINST B.J.

WHEN CHIROPRACTIC was a toddling kid, D. D. Palmer had a "treating room" with a mirror on the wall. As the patient lay on the straight one-piece board table, he could look in the mirror and see what D.D. did to his back. D.D. caught one patient doing this. He took down the mirror and it never went back. Why? Because D.D. had in mind the keeping of the Chiropractic art a family secret to be handed down from father to son, etc.

If Chiropractic was what D.D. said it was, if it could do what he said it could, no man could adjust all the vertebral subluxations in one city, state, or country — let alone the world. If it was a question of service to the sick, then many Chiropractors would be needed.

Here was a division of thinking between the father who wanted to maintain Chiropractic a family secret, and the son who thought it better to teach many to spread its work broadcast. This created a split in the family. Many hot and unpleasant words passed between. It finally split father and son, which made the father bitter toward the son. It was a breach never patched, even to the time of the death of the father who stipulated that the son was not to come to his funeral.

On one occasion, the father came to Davenport to an Annual PSC Lyceum, in August. A photo was being taken of a group in front of the PSC buildings. D. D. Palmer stayed across the street, observed the doings, but refused to come across and be in the group, although invited to do so.

Following the photo, the annual parade through the streets of Davenport took place. First came the U.S. flag, then the PSC and UCA flags, followed by an auto which was set aside for D. D. to ride in. He refused to ride; said he was going to walk at the head of the parade, ahead of all flags. Following his car was the car in which rode Governor Morris, National Counsel for the UCA, and B. J. Palmer. The day was exceedingly hot.

What would Davenport think, with D. D. Palmer, an old man, "being compelled to walk in the boiling hot sun, and the young son riding in a luxurious car? B. J. insisted D. D. ride in the car set aside for him. He refused. He was asked to get out of the parade. Several times he got out, but came back in again. Finally, B. J.'s car drove up along side of D. D., leading the parade, and asked him to get on the sidewalk and stay there. At this juncture, D. D. got out of the parade, ran down the sidewalk to the Universal Chiropractic College, went into their building and told them he had been run

into, knocked down and run over, injured, etc. A short time later, however, D. D. appeared on Third and Brady—three blocks away—and started to get into the parade again. A policeman took him out and to the police station.

A few days later, the Universal Chiropractic College, under the leadership of Loban, Moyer, Rheuleman, Sol Long, Willard Carver, and others, started to collect money to prosecute B. J. for injuring his father, contending the statements made by D. D. were correct.

Several months later, D. D. died in Los Angeles, of typhoid fever. It was then the Universal group got actively busy contending D. D. died from injuries sustained at the hands of an automobile driven by B. J. in the parade in question.

Affidavits were secured from "eye-witnesses" who said they saw B. J. run into his father; saw him knocked down; saw him run over, etc. Evidence was conflicting but sufficient to justify taking the matter to the prosecuting attorney of Scott County who presented the evidence on a charge of murder to the Scott County Grand Jury. This was done three times with no "true bill" being reported as many times.

This forced B. J. to gather evidence to the contrary. It was later found that prosecuting affidavits were forgeries; additional evidence was later typewritten into the signed originals.

All this tremendous mass of evidence, pro and con, has been gathered and published in a book titled *With Malice Aforethought*.

Three incidents occurred which brought the issue to a head:

1. That D. D. was sick several months later, was true. That he died, was true. The attending physician signed the death certificate stating "typhoid fever" as the cause of death. Attending D. D. at the time was a nurse. She signed an affidavit for the UCC gang "that D. D. Palmer came to his death as the result of an accident from an automobile being driven at the hands of B.J. Palmer, in a parade on the streets of Davenport, Iowa," even to stating day and occasion of a PSC Lyceum. How could she swear to such when she had never been in Davenport, did not see the parade or the purported accident? When confronted with this affidavit it was purported she signed, she swore it was a forgery; that all she gave in her affidavit was that "D. D. Palmer died of typhoid fever," etc. She issued a counter affidavit stating the true facts, further stating that extraneous matter was added to her original affidavit after she had signed it.

2. All original affidavits held by attorneys for the UCC gang were in an envelope which lay on the desk one spring day. The window was open, desk was open; a sudden spring rain-wind storm came up which blew the envelope off the desk onto the floor. The janitor swept the papers into his basket and took them to the furnace room. He was a patient in the evening clinic of The PSC. It just happened that he told B. J. about having seen some papers of something about a murder against him, and asked "Would

you like to see these papers?" In this way, B. J. secured the originals, putting him in a position to track down the forgeries and other affidavits never sworn to by some names purportedly signed thereto.

3. At the time this matter was up before the Scott County Grand Jury, The PSC had in its clinic a charity patient from Arkansas. He was a charge on county expense. The prosecuting attorney called B. J. and told him it would be better if they sent this case home and took him off the county poor fund. The attorney asked The PSC to reimburse the county for money paid out for his keep. A check was issued and sent to the prosecuting attorneys office for that purpose. At time check was given to P. A., Sol Long., attorney for the UCC gang was sitting in the anteroom. He saw the check pass hands. He immediately jumped to the erroneous conclusion that the reason he could get nowhere with his suit was because B. J. was buying off the P.A. He rushed to the UCC and that day issued a mimeographed letter stating in no uncertain terms that B. J. was buying off the P.A. B. J. secured a copy of this letter next day, sent it to the P.A., which enraged him to such an extent that he immediately dropped all further interest in their case.

One can hardly realize to what dire extents the UCC group were forced, without reading *With Malice Aforethought* in its entirety and weaving through the sordid details.

Presumably, about \$15,000 of good Chiropractic money was wasted on both sides to prosecute and defend this unpleasant episode in the life of B. J., to protect Chiropractic in its purity for posterity. Long since, B. J. has been completely exonerated of charges implicated. Long since, practically every one of the traducers is dead and buried — Loban, Moyers, Rheuleman, Sol Long, Willard Carver, etc. The episode has long been forgotten, but it raged bitterly while it lasted for more than three years.

Most men live with their emotions, passions and prejudices. Few direct their lives with logic, reason, and facts. This is as true in the Chiropractic profession as any other cross-section of mankind. It was true in this issue. B. J. let Innate direct his thinking. That thinking was in line with Innate's thinking. Innate has no emotions, passions, or prejudices. Innate has used logic, reason, and facts for aeons. All this being true, it was unnatural, abnormal, and unreasonable that the majority should try to defeat a minority in working for the betterment of man; greed vs. good where the many endeavored to defeat the few. A little of Innate's reason, logic, and facts is many times stronger than the mountains of emotions, passions, and prejudices. It was inevitable that time should make it possible for truth of this issue to be known and understood. Innate plus time has shown the many they could not defeat the purpose of Innate. How true that proves itself again in the issue recited.

CHAPTER 159

THE STORY OF "WITH MALICE AFORETHOUGHT"

PREFACE

ANOTHER PAGE OR TWO, more or less, will not destroy the usefulness or purpose of this chapter of Chiropractic history, neither will it keep you from studying or reading the same, but we feel, nevertheless, that it is necessary by way of explanation.

We know this epistle is lengthy; we know it is personal; but you will find that it reads much like many novels; it is highly interesting because it brings forth intrigue after intrigue, plot and counterplot. It places before the spotlight the frailties of men, the shortcomings of their business; it introduces the desire of some men to overcome men, and, after all, what else is the game of life?

You will see, waged before you, a play staged at Davenport, Iowa. The actors have been picked from the various states; the settings have been in court rooms, in parades, in secret sessions — in schools; in fact, nothing short of practically every one of the three professions is involved in this aim of man to overcome man.

We ask you, in the name of fairness and justice, to read this carefully, even though it is lengthy. We ask that you give as much justice to the villain (of the play) as you do to the hero. Imagine that it is an opera house play you are viewing and, while you despise the villain for his villainous deeds, yet he is but a pawn on the checkerboard hired and engaged to do what he is manifesting. His pay check comes regularly; outside of which engagement he is human, subject to all shortcomings.

In justice to him who has always managed to keep on top, scientifically, professionally, personally — give him what share of merit he deserves. If, after reading this, you feel he has been injured, damaged and unmercifully maligned, then it is your duty to return the kind deed for the past bad ones and help him regain what has been lost because of the belief of such bad statements, to the discredit of him personally, and to the financial loss of his business professionally.

Asking for your just consideration, for all parties concerned, we hope that you will consider every act and actor and then make your final conclusion when the final curtain has been rung down.

These have been times that have tried one man's heart. Let us grant him a passing thought.

1949 PREFACE

With Malice Aforethought was originally printed in 1915. It is reprinted in 1949 for the same reason it appeared in 1915 — 34 years ago.

To repeat the misrepresentations of 1915 in 1949 to a newer generation of Chiropractors is to make it appear as new, as though just brought to light for its initial expose, but the accusation that existed then, being brought up from time to time as years go on, must be tried before the Court of Public Opinion now as it was then. Those who lived through the 1915 period knew what the issues were and how they were met, but thousands of Chiropractors who have entered Chiropractic since 1915 have had no way of understanding the truth of this personal tragedy that existed in our professional ranks in 1915.

To give the facts to the newer generation is the reason for reprinting *With Malice Aforethought*.

THE BEGINNING OF A SERIES OF HUMAN TRAGEDIES

The author, when but a boy and when Chiropractic was yet being nursed, was forced — by circumstances over which he had no control — to assume the proprietorship of the then only school teaching specific, pure and unadulterated Chiropractic. It was at The Palmer School of Chiropractic that Chiropractic was given birth; it has been here, ever since, that the Chiropractic world has revolved. The Palmer School of Chiropractic has been the hub from which many spokes have radiated through dozens of schools and their graduates — as well as our own — into millions of homes.

It is not our desire to force our labors upon the public, graduates or descendants. If there is any glory, fame or reputation gained, it has been solely through labors performed; none of which was done for that purpose, but came as a consequence.

The writer has never made any claim to being a historian, nor have we attempted to write any history of any portion of Chiropractic. Our life, to date, has been full to the brim with its three important phases: First, philosophical, scientific and artistic development; second, its propagation and disbursement into common print language and public education; third, its defenses in courts.

The new discoveries, developed inventions, manifest fallacies exploded, sciences and arts expanded have been spent into the minds, print and backbones as fast and as far as applicable — that has been history — the work itself. For these reasons, we have had no time to devote to the writing of any phase of history as such; we have been making it. We are yet too young, we have not done enough to record, nor yet reached any pinnacle where we can stop, halt and leave our mark. We are growing too fast.

During the movement, in which The Palmer School of Chiropractic has been making history, we have accumulated those things from which a historian will write history in days to come. Some forty-nine twenty-five inch

Globe-Wernicke vertical unit filing sections are packed with the *printed* history of Chiropractic. Another cabinet contains thousands of photographs from which every phase of the work can be pictorially illustrated. The material is here, the gatherer and gleaner has been busy—yet he has no time to spare to compile.

While we have been making history—others have been writing it in garbled and misrepresented form. One man told that the first Chiropractic patient—Harvey Lilliard—was a white man. Our archives which contain the original hand-written testimonial of Harvey Lilliard, state he is colored; our collection of photographs has a large one proving our contention. This is a small item, but *history* must be facts which no man, time or action can dispute.

Others have discovered Chiropractic in Bohemia, China and other foreign lands. Some have even mentioned fictitious names of parties who brought it to this country. Osteopaths have accused the Chiropractor of stealing their thunder—the truth lies dormant in the archives of The Palmer School of Chiropractic. Time will drag it forth when occasion necessitates the defense.

Man is never justified in starting a fight—if no man started, none would need defend. Every man is justified in defending that which the usurper unjustly assumes; the character he desires to blast; the business he aims to ruin; the profession he works to degrade; none of which need a defense until such times as the public mind assumes them true. Then, and not until, is defense deemed the better part of wisdom.

Meanwhile, we will lay aside making history for a few brief hours, bring forth facts from our archives and treat one phase of personal “history” with truth. The public mind was being poisoned, therefore we hesitate in our scientific research, to antidote charges made.

THE PLOT BEGINS

We present, first Willard Carver’s article as it appeared in his “*Chiropractic Record*,” under the caption “History of Chiropractic—Chapter No. 8,” in the July, 1913, issue:

We repeat the article because it is, in toto, one of the tales handed down in literature, conversation and public since 1906. Our enemies have a motive in seeing it spread; our *contemporaries* use it because it detracts business; our *friends* cannot deny, for we have been silent. Meanwhile we sawed wood and built a Chiropractic Institution.

Our contemporaries have been contemptible and our friends charitable in repeating the story, thinking it true. Dr. Carver’s article presents it as fairly as possible and gets it into print. Our enemies make it worse; our contemporaries exaggerate it; our friends are considerate not knowing it is not true.

WILLARD CARVER WRITES HIS-STORY

Here follows Willard Carver’s article, “History of Chiropractic—Chapter No. 8.”

(During the course of this book, whatever statements are made between brackets, as "(...)," are introduced by the writer for purpose of elucidation, and are not in the original article.)

"In the spring of 1906, D. D. Palmer and B. J. Palmer, his son, were conducting the first school of Chiropractic that had ever been founded at Davenport, Iowa. They had about twenty students in school. The school was being conducted in the name of The Palmer School of Chiropractic; it was not then incorporated and had no officers, but was *managed generally by D. D. Palmer as the acting head, assisted by B. J. Palmer.*

"The school was conducting a magazine called 'The Chiropractor' with D. D. Palmer as its editor, as it had been from its first issue some years before.

"In the early part of the year 1906, both D. D. Palmer and B. J. Palmer had been indicted by the grand jury of Scott County, charged under the Medical Practice Act of Iowa with 'practicing medicine without a license.' Both had given bond for appearance, and sometime in the latter part of April D. D. Palmer's case had been tried by a jury, at the close of which trial he had been found 'guilty,' and the court had entered judgment of conviction, fixing a fine, with the order that in default of payment of the fine the defendant be remanded to jail to expiate the fine.

"D. D. Palmer elected to go to jail. The editor prior to this time, as has already appeared in this history, *had been for years practicing law in Oska-loosa, Iowa, and had been attorney for the Palmers, especially B. J., for several years;* (for correction, see Howard Nutting's statement, next to the final of this chapter) but was at this time in Parker's School of Chiropractic at Ottumwa, Iowa. (Long since defunct.)

"At the juncture of D. D. Palmer being incarcerated, the editor received the following telegram: 'Williard Carver, Ottumwa, Ia. Father in jail — come to Davenport at once. B. J. Palmer.'

"Immediately upon receipt of this telegram the editor took the evening train and arrived in Davenport that night.

"The next morning, in company with B. J. Palmer, he went to Scott County jail and had a conference with D. D. Palmer and B. J. Palmer in the cell of D. D. Palmer.

"A number of consultations were thus held as to the best way and means of handling the immediate matter of D. D. Palmer's incarceration, the pending case against B. J. Palmer, and the Palmer business and dilemma in its entirety.

"I advised the Palmers at that time that the only thing to do in the D. D. Palmer case was to appeal to the governor for a pardon, and in the event of failure to secure the same, to appeal the case and put up an appeal bond, which matter was heard in the Supreme Court, and that if we finally lost we would only have the fine to expiate or pay.

"I was employed at once to go before Governor Cummins, now United States Senator from Iowa, and make application for pardon.

"In connection with this advice and on the general subject of the conduct of the Palmer business, I advised the Palmers to put the business, so far as its conduct was concerned, out of their name and to transfer all of their property, both real and personal, to some disinterested individual as trustee, the trustee contract not to appear upon the surface. Said trustee to hold said property for them and for their use and benefit, and to employ a licensed medical doctor in whose name as manager the business of the Palmer School, the magazine and the business office should be conducted, and under whose supervision as an M.D. all patients should be cared for.

"I further advised that as to the cases against B. J. Palmer the policy would be to continue those until an understanding could be reached with the prosecuting attorney to have them dismissed. This general plan was carried out, and the cases were finally dismissed.

"To carry out my advice as to the other subjects, all of the property of D. D. Palmer and B. J. Palmer was transferred by an instrument in writing to the wife of B. J. Palmer, after which I left Davenport and went to Des Moines.

"Upon arriving there I found Governor Cummins out of the city, but made an appointment through his private secretary to see him a week from that date upon his return, and returned to Ottumwa, from which place I wrote these facts to the Palmers, and also informed them that to insure the Governor's favorable action, it should be recommended by the Scott County officials involved and the trial court.

"M. P. Brown, M.D., in accordance with my advice, was installed as ostensible manager of the whole Palmer concern, including the magazine.

"Upon receiving my letter that I had been unable to see the Governor, D. D. Palmer concluded that he did not wish to lie in jail another week, he already having been in jail about two weeks, so he elected to go before the court and pay his fine and be discharged, which he did, *and returned to the Palmer place of business to take his position as theretofore.*

"Upon arriving at the institution he was informed by B. J. Palmer that he had no interest there any longer and that he was not wanted. He asked to have his share of the property conveyed to him, but was informed that he had no share in the property.

"The property referred to included the school furniture and fixtures, libraries, apparatus, appliances and a fine Osteological collection and amounted to several thousands of dollars in value.

"D. D. Palmer's wife had about *four hundred dollars* that she had saved in the bank in her own name, and *this represented all the available assets, outside of the property that had been conveyed, that D. D. Palmer had.*

"With *this (\$400)* he left Davenport with his wife and journeyed to Medford, Okla., where he had a brother, *Charles* ('History' should at all times

be absolutely correct. The brother's name is not 'Charles,' but Thomas J. Palmer, who was conducting a newspaper).

"Arriving at Medford, he purchased a small grocery store, which he conducted until the spring of 1907.

"In February of 1907, the editor in the meantime having located at Oklahoma City, all of the facts relative to which are contained in Chapter No. 7 of this history, and having learned that D. D. Palmer was at Medford, *went there to see him, and obtained from him the facts relative to the amount of money his wife had and such other personal facts as are herein detailed.* (Notwithstanding that Dr. Carver, speaking of D. D. Palmer, says: 'Those who know D. D. Palmer know that no man living *could* become his associate in business and *remain with him* for any considerable length of time, and B. J. Palmer is not blamed by the historian for not continuing in partnership with his father, . . .' at a later paragraph also saying: 'and it is quite immaterial that his father is an *irresponsible* old man' . . . yet . . . 'the editor . . . *went there to see him, and obtained from him the facts relative to the amount of money his wife had and such other facts as are herein detailed.*' Peculiar, how in one place he was 'irresponsible' and in another believed all he said as 'facts,' and printed it as 'History.')

"D. D. Palmer *was very much broken and saddened at such treatment from a son, as almost anyone would have been.*

"Those who know D. D. Palmer know that no man living could become his associate in business and remain with him for any considerable length of time, and B. J. Palmer is not blamed by the historian for not continuing in partnership with his father, *but his conduct in breaking his relations with his father was, to say the very least, wrong in every respect.* (Willard Carver displays no superfluous love for D. D. Palmer, evident by his statements. It is evident that over forty-five employees, including faculty members, can and do associate with B. J. Palmer for years; therefore, he is not even 'irresponsible,' yet Willard Carver hates the success of The Palmer School worse. To vent this antipathy — up comes the skeleton from the closet.)

"Many of the statements herein contained I would not have made, or would not have felt myself privileged to have made, if it had not been for the fact that at the annual convention of the U. C. A. in August, 1911, B. J. Palmer stood up in my presence before the convention *and denied the things toward his father that are herein stated.* (And, which I again deny, and this time introduce proofs which *cannot* be contradicted.) He also had an attorney, a Mr. Murphy, *who was not at the time connected with the Palmer case in any way* (To cite how accurate this 'historian' is on Chiropractic history: the records of Scott County, Iowa, for 1906, will state that Mr. C. H. Murphy was Assistant Prosecuting Attorney in these cases against D. D. Palmer and B. J. Palmer; therefore, '*was*' connected with the Palmer case in 'some way'), purport to state the facts to the convention concerning it. He also had his sister arise in the convention and explain certain facts in relation

to it, and at the time in 1906, when the things took place, she was not in Davenport, and, therefore, could have known nothing about it. (My sister, Mrs. N. L. Brownell, was not in Davenport in 1906. But she was in 'August, 1911,' when it came to my attention that George H. Otto, then business manager of The Universal Chiropractic College of this city, was purposely, intentionally and maliciously misrepresenting this action of B. J. Palmer vs. D. D. Palmer to prospective students for the same purpose that Willard Carver has publicly printed the same, viz: To poison prospective students against the 'Chiropractic Fountain Head school.' To ascertain the truth, I asked my sister to call, as a prospective student at the Universal Chiropractic College, which she did, there talking personally to George H. Otto, and he then and there repeated the same story as Willard Carver, but exaggerating it very much. If necessary, we have the minutes of that convention in our archives and can prove that statement.)

"These statements unbridled me and gave me the right to speak, and I at that time sent notice to B. J. Palmer that unless the matter was at once stopped I would state the truth to the convention. I do not know whether the information reached him, but in a moment the matter came to a pause and the subject before the convention was abruptly changed. (I can safely call this entire paragraph an unbridled misstatement of fact. Dr. Carver's sole ambition is to impress the public with what an important personage he is. No such action was taken. The minutes further prove, that during this entire discussion Willard Carver, Fred Hartwell, Heinrich Duerringer and others were in my private office on Committee duty, and did not know what was going on in the convention hall.)

"A son cannot do a greivous wrong to his father without at some time paying dearly for it. Therefore, B. J. Palmer must pay the full penalty for the wrong done his father, and it is quite immaterial that his father is an irresponsible old man.

"It is hoped that he will elect to pay the penalty by a full confession in the most public way possible, coupled with a statement that all financial differences between himself and his father have been resolved, and since D. D. Palmer is at the time of this writing at Davenport, Iowa, accompanying the same by a certificate from him to that effect. This for the general good of Chiropractic.

"B. J. Palmer was only a boy when the events of this chapter occurred, and with his confession they could all be forgiven upon the basis of inexperience and excess of ambition for aggrandizement, because the result of his misconduct was to leave him alone and dominate in the Palmer Chiropractic field."

THE ACCUSATION, RE-STATED, IN BRIEF

1. That B. J. Palmer purposely, in some way not known, sidetracked the trial between the two to D. D. Palmer.

2. That, behind this was a purpose, viz.: to get his father behind bars that he might systematically rob him of all interests professionally, scientifically, financially, etc.

3. That, he even was accused of trying to separate D. D. and Mrs. D. D. Palmer.

4. That, while D. D. Palmer was in jail, B. J. Palmer did transfer all moneys, interests, etc., into Mrs. B. J. Palmer's name for the purpose of preventing D. D. Palmer getting any.

5. That B.J. Palmer then ran The Palmer School of Chiropractic under his name and exclusive management.

6. That, upon D. D.'s release from jail, he went to The Palmer School and was told he was not wanted, had no interest there, had nothing coming; that he could go where and when he pleased.

7. That, D. D. and Mrs. D. D. Palmer were compelled to leave Davenport with a paltry \$400 that they had saved; this was all they possessed when they left the city.

8. That, this was the beginning of the downfall of D. D. Palmer mentally, physically, financially and professionally in Chiropractic.

9. That, this was a high moral crime for which B. J. Palmer should, at this date — seven years later — make financial and professional restitution.

10. That, B. J. Palmer should pay the moral penalty to the Chiropractic profession and suffer in character, regard and business, etc.

11. That, he should, even yet, pay D. D. Palmer what he robbed him of, *get a receipt therefor* and then make "a full confession, in the most public way possible, coupled with a statement that all financial differences between himself and his father have been resolved . . ."

THE DENIAL IN BRIEF

The above circumstances, upon which the accusation is based, occurred *subsequent* to 1906.

Our first statements are the facts as they existed *prior* to 1906 that you might understand how it was possible that such circumstances could happen when known that "B. J. Palmer was only a boy when the events of this chapter occurred, . . ."

In 1901 D. D. Palmer scuttled the Chiropractic ship; gave it up as a profession; left it in disgrace in Davenport. B. J. Palmer assumed the remnants, although "only a boy" — 18 to be exact — took the scraps and debts left behind by the elder and reconstructed a business upon the ruins. Upon application, two years later, D. D. was taken into the successful business of B. J. Palmer. He returned penniless, in debt and goods mortgaged. B. J. gave half of all he had, paid his debts and cleaned the mortgage. (See Howard Nuttings' two letters.)

A similar occurrence happened several times at later dates.

B. J. continued to take him back and divide. This leads up to the last

time, during which he did the same act of generosity previous to the trial in question. (If B. J. four times did divide, would he the fifth time steal and rob?)

This accounts for how B. J. came to own one-half of The Palmer School of Chiropractic at the time of the trial in 1906.

D. D. Palmer and B. J. Palmer were both under indictment in Scott County, Iowa. It is significant that the Prosecuting Attorney, for reasons of his own, saw fit to choose the elder to trial first, the reason being best known by local merchants. B. J.'s case never was called to trial and was eventually dismissed — outlawed. The verdict of D. D.'s trial being "guilty as charged."

D. D. Palmer, when asked for reason why he should not be sentenced, gave a lecture to the court stating that he had done no wrong, only good; that it was unjust to fine a man for such. He then, voluntarily, elected to serve his sentence in jail rather than pay fine.

He served seventeen days, as we remember. Finding that the sentence read "until this sum shall be paid," meaning that no matter how long he stayed he would still have the fine to pay rather than that he was paying the fine at so much per diem, he desired freedom. His fine was paid from partnership money. Returning to The Palmer School, he assumed his former position, partnership and ownership and lectured to his classes as usual, although this arrangement was not for long.

During his incarceration he soured on law, courts, public officials and even dearest and closest friends. He thought them in league against him. In time this same attitude spread to his business partner, the institution and its students. Instead of getting lighter, as time went on, it grew worse.

Knowing well that a business could not be continued successfully under such a guise, we agreed to disagree and dissolve the business, either D. D. Palmer buys us or we buy him. We attempted to agree between ourselves. This was an impossibility.

Then came the arbitration committee. During the period of arbitrating the issue, all property, titles, moneys, etc., were deposited and controlled by this committee.

It will be abundantly shown that when D. D. and Mrs. D. D. Palmer left Davenport they had the purchase price of \$2,196.79, plus the \$400 they had saved up, making a total of \$2,596.79.

That this was the beginning of the downfall of D. D. Palmer will not be denied, for his actions were such that he lost the confidence of every one who had to do with him professionally then or since.

The committee's statement relieves B. J. Palmer of the responsibility of saying that he did transfer all moneys to Mrs. B. J. Palmer's name. There was not a time these committee men were not constantly on the case, even previous to their appointment and since. We feel that their rebuttal is of more value than would have been B. J. Palmer's.

The evidence will exonerate B. J. Palmer of any misdeeds or unjustness; it will emulate him for doing those things which few sons would have done to their fathers. We doubt if B. J. would have done so if it had not been that he thought more of the Discoverer of Chiropractic than he did D. D. Palmer; his profession being given preference to the rule of relationship.

We think the public will, for its first time, be aware that the Chiropractic world owes B. J. Palmer an apology for thinking he would do what accused of.

The evidence will be conclusive that he did "get a receipt therefore," therefore a confession would be more proper from Williard Carver to B. J. Palmer than from B. J. Palmer to the Chiropractic Profession.

THE PLAN IN DEFENSE OF THE EVIDENCE IS AS FOLLOWS

1. D. D. Palmer's offer to sell.
2. D. D. and B. J. Palmer's agreement to abide by the Committee's report.
3. The Committee's report stating the amount necessary to transfer all interests of D. D. Palmer to B. J. Palmer.
4. D. D. and Mrs. D. D. Palmer's receipt for the money in hand paid.
5. Statements of people who saw the transfer and deal closed.
6. Bank statement of transfer and money.
7. Statement of Committee — issued at a subsequent date to meet such an emergency as now exists.
8. Statements of Joe Schillig, R. H. St. Onge made before our student body to clear this accusation.
9. Uncle Howard Nutting's personal letter to Williard Carver.
10. Uncle Howard Nutting's public statement to our student body.
11. Williard Carver's "confession" and retraction.
12. Closing remarks.

D. D. PALMER OFFERS TO SELL

The following is D. D. Palmer's offer to sell to B. J. Palmer. The *original, hand signed*, is in our possession.

"I will take \$2,000 for my interest in the bones that we have bought jointly and those I put in.

"I will take \$650 for my $\frac{1}{2}$ interest in all the stuff, including office, bedroom, kitchen, dining room, etc.

"Half of cash on hand — \$850.

"There will be nothing charged for the good will of the business, nor literature on hand and that which is written up.

"I will reserve the spinal column at my residence and one abnormal, the one I had in prison and 6 individual vertebrae which I shall pick, and not to exceed one dozen books.

(Signed) D. D. PALMER."

WE GO TO ARBITRATION

(As we thought the price excessive, arbitration became necessary.)

The following is the agreement made by and between D. D. Palmer and B. J. Palmer and Joe Schillig and R. H. St. Onge, the Committee. The *original hand signed, by both*, is in our possession.

"We the undersigned, have this day decided to divide, sell or buy out the interests of the property of the first or second party and agree to abide by the decision of the Committee composed of Mr. R. H. St. Onge and Joe Schillig. They to take an inventory of all stocks owned by each and come to an agreement whereby a report is presented.

"In case either party, Dr. D. D. Palmer, or B. J. Palmer, D. C., does not agree with the decision of this Committee they are to forfeit \$500.00 (Five Hundred Dollars).

"It is further agreed that all moneys in the treasury is placed in the hands of this Committee and is to be divided according to their judgment to both parties. The moneys spoken of includes notes on those students that have graduated.

"It is hereby agreed that Dr. D. D. Palmer will not go into business in Davenport, Rock Island or Moline. That the good will of the business goes to B. J.

"It is hereby agreed that not to exceed one dozen books leaves the library and one normal and one abnormal spinal column and six individual vertebrae are to be granted to Dr. D. D. and are not up for consideration."

"April 30, 1906. (Signed) D. D. Palmer." (Signed) "B. J. Palmer, D.C."

COMMITTEE REPORTS

The following is the Committee Report after due and deliberate consideration. The *original, hand signed, by both*, is in our possession.

"Davenport, Iowa, 4-30-06.

"Allowance of services on earned money of

"Invoice of Dr. D. D. Palmer, \$2563.45..... \$2563.45

"For rent on Putnam Bldg, 2 mo. \$350.00

"Mortgage on bones \$100.00

One month of new class 83.34

\$450.00 \$2646.79

\$450.00

"Bal. Due Dr. D. D. Palmer..... \$2196.79

The above does not include old notes of which a copy is attached to this statement which is to be divided equally when collected.

(Signed) "R. H. St. Onge,"

(Signed) "Joe Schillig."

D. D. PALMER ISSUES A RECEIPT

The following is a verbatim copy of D. D. Palmer's receipt to B. J. Palmer. The *original hand signed by both*, is in our possession.

Davenport, Iowa, May 1, 1906.

"Received of Bart J. Palmer \$2.196.79 (Two thousand, one hundred and ninety-six dollars and seventy-nine cents) in payment for my interests in The Palmer School of Chiropractic as according to agreement with Committee selected by myself and Bart Palmer for that purpose.

(Signed) "Dr. D. D. Palmer," "Mrs. D. D. Palmer."

A COMMITTEE INSPECTS THE RECORDS

The following is an oath taken by five parties stating that they have seen the originals, compared them with the verbatim copies we hereby quote. We think this clinches every question that may be raised regarding the authenticity of the records themselves.

STATE OF IOWA }
SCOTT COUNTY } ss

We the undersigned, students at The P. S. C. do solemnly swear that we have personally examined each for himself, the following papers:

1. D. D. Palmer's offer to sell his interest in P. S. C. to B. J. P.
2. The agreement between D. D. and B. J. P. to abide the action of the appraisers.
3. The Appraisers' report.
4. D. D. Palmer's and Mrs. D. D. Palmer's receipt for full payment of purchase price.
5. Committee Statement to meet such an emergency as this particular one.

And upon examination thereof and comparison with the original we find the copies submitted above are absolutely true in every word and particular: W. W. Pease, 822 Brady St., Robert MacClinchic, 912 So. 4th St., Springfield, Ill., J. H. Craven, Craig, Nebr., C. C. Smith, Melvin, Ill., W. A. Gage, Crown Point, N. Y.

Subscribed and sworn to by all the above named persons all of whom are personally known to me, and in my presence at Davenport, Iowa, on this 24th day of July, A.D. 1913.

C. H. Murphy.

.....
Notary Public in and for said County.

OATH OF SALE

The following affidavits are self explanatory.

STATE OF IOWA }
SCOTT COUNTY } ss

I, the undersigned, did on May 1, 1906, in the Cashier's Office of the store of H. A. Onge & Co., offer to and did give a check for \$2,196.79 (Two thousand one hundred and ninety-six dollars and seventy-nine cents) to D. D. Palmer in the payment for his interests in The Palmer School of Chiropractic, this being the amount agreed upon by our Committee composed of R. H. St. Onge and Joe Schillig.

Doubting the genuineness, or value, of the check, it became necessary for Dr. D. D. Palmer, Mrs. D. D. Palmer, R. H. St. Onge and myself to go to the Scott County Savings Bank where the said check was cashed.

There was present at the time of the transfer of the check in the store of H. A. St. Onge & Co., D. D. Palmer, Mrs. D. D. Palmer, R. H. St. Onge, H. A. St. Onge and myself.

A receipt was thereto issued, signed by both D. D. Palmer and Mrs. D. D. Palmer. (Signed) B. J. PALMER, D.C., Ph. C.

Now comes before me, a Notary in and for Scott County, Ia., B.J. Palmer, personally known to me to be the person who signed the above statements and swears that the information in the above is true and in substance exactly as transpired on May, 1st, 1906. (Signed) FRANK W. ELLIOTT. Notary Public in and for Scott County, Iowa. My commission expires July 4th, 1915.

SWEARS TO TRANSFER

STATE OF IOWA }
SCOTT COUNTY } ss

I, the undersigned, hereby state that on the morning of Tuesday, May 1st, 1906, I, in company with several others, was at the store and in the office of H. A. St. Onge & Co., located in the County of Scott, City of Davenport, Iowa, and there saw a transfer of a check take place from B. J. Palmer to his father, D. D. Palmer, which check was for the amount of \$2,196.79 (Two thousand one hundred and ninety-six dollars and seventy-nine cents) which was the amount agreed upon by and between D. D. Palmer and B. J. Palmer and the Committee, Joe Schillig and R. H. St. Onge, to permit B. J. Palmer to buy D. D. Palmer's interest in the Palmer School of Chiropractic.

I know these as facts, for, while waiting for the Committee to appear, D. D. Palmer told me these statements. After the Committee had appeared, B. J. Palmer then verified the amounts and facts. Both stating, at that time and place, what the transfer was for.

The day previous B. J. Palmer asked me to sign a note for him for \$500.00

on the Scott County Savings Bank, he, at that time telling me what it was for. This I did. (Signed) H. A. ST. ONGE.

Now comes before me a Notary Public in and for Scott County, Iowa, H. A. St. Onge, personally known to me to be the person who signed the above statement, and swears that the information contained in the above is true and in substance exactly as transpired on May 1, '06. (Signed) FRANK W. ELLIOTT, Notary Public in and for Scott County, Iowa. My commission expires July 4, 1915.

SWEARS TO TRANSFER

STATE OF IOWA }
SCOTT COUNTY } ss

I, the undersigned, hereby state that on the morning of Tuesday, May 1st, 1906, I, in company with several others, was at the store of H. A. Onge & Co., located in the County of Scott, City of Davenport, and there saw B. J. Palmer pay to D. D. a check, the sum of which was \$2,196.79 (Two thousand, one hundred and ninety-six dollars and seventy-nine cents) which was the amount agreed upon by and between D. D. Palmer and B. J. Palmer and the Committee, Joe Schillig and myself, to permit B. J. Palmer to buy D. D. Palmer's interest in the Palmer School of Chiropractic.

D. D. Palmer, Mrs. D. D. Palmer, B. J. Palmer and myself, then went to the Scott County Savings Bank and saw the check cashed. The reason for all going was that Dr. D. D. Palmer was suspicious of the value of said check. (Signed) R. H. ST. ONGE.

Now comes before me, a Notary Public, in and for Scott County, Ia., R. H. St. Onge, personally known to me to be a person who signed the above statements and swears that the information contained in the above is true and in substance exactly as transpired on May 1st, 1906. (Signed) FRANK W. ELLIOTT, Notary Public in and for Scott County, Ia. My commission expires July 4, 1915.

Wanting to make the transfer positive, we telephoned the Scott County Savings Bank, requesting them to send a "Statement of Account" covering the period between Apr. 14, 1906, to prove that such transfer of \$2,196.79 did occur on the date mentioned, to which we got the following communication:

BANK CASHIER LISTS CHECKS

Scott County Savings Bank, Davenport, Ia., 7-22-13,

Dr. B. J. Palmer, Davenport, Iowa.

"Dear Sir: Agreeable with our telephonic communication I herewith hand you a statement of the account from April 14th to May 16th and hope the same will be of service to you. Yours truly, GUSTAV STUEBAN, (Cashier)."

I shall not give the "checks in detail" for the time mentioned but thereabouts. April 26 \$16.80, 81.60, 72.17, 38.70, April 27 — 86.55, 77.75, April 28 — 10.00, Apr. 29 — 7.00, 3.75, 25.00, 10.00, May 1 — \$2,196.79, May 4 — 7.50, 1.00, 38.00, May 5 — 29.70, 1.00.

It will be noted that on "May 1st," a transaction *did* take place that involved the amount the committee's report calls for, the receipt receipted for. This proves every link in the chain.

D. D. PALMER'S COMMITTEEMAN SWEARS TO SALE

STATE OF IOWA }
SCOTT COUNTY } ss

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the above County and State, personally appeared Mr. Joe Schillig, of Norwalk, Huron County, Ohio, being fifty-nine (59) years of age, who being duly sworn, deposes and says that on the morning of May 1, 1906, he, in company with several others, was at the Store of H. A. St. Onge & Co., located in the County of Scott, City of Davenport, Iowa, and there saw B. J. Palmer pay to D. D. Palmer a check the sum of which was Two thousand one hundred and ninety-six and seventy-nine hundredths (\$2,196.79), which was the amount agreed upon by and between said D. D. Palmer and B. J. Palmer and a certain committee, consisting of R. H. St. Onge and the affiant, to permit B. J. Palmer to buy said D. D. Palmer's interest in The Palmer School of Chiropractic, located at 828 Brady St., Davenport, Iowa.

Later, affiant was told by said D. D. Palmer, Mrs. D. D. Palmer, wife of D. D. Palmer, R. H. St. Onge and B. J. Palmer that they all went to the Scott County Savings Bank and there saw said D. D. Palmer cash the above mentioned check.

(Signed) JOE SCHILLIG,

Subscribed and sworn to in my presence this 29th day of July, 1913.
ARO D. SANDEDS (Notary Public), My commission expires Feb. 24, 1915.

The following is the statement subsequently made by the Committee. The *original, hand signed, by both* is in our possession.

BOTH COMMITTEEMEN SWEAR TO SALE

"To Whom It May Concern:

"This is to certify that I, Joe Schillig and I, R. H. St. Onge, both on the arbitration committee that settled the affairs of D. D. Palmer and B. J. Palmer, D. C., and that in said case if we two could not agree we were to select the third man, was so appointed at the time that said B. J. Palmer, D. C., and D. D. Palmer so signified their intentions of dissolving and herein must say that everything was conducted in justice to both so far as our judg-

ments allowed and which was subsequently settled to the entire satisfaction of both and that at no time in the histories of their partnership in running said school have we known B. J. Palmer, D.C., to place his father's or any portion thereof, property in the hands of his wife other than, what the Committee decided was justly B. J.'s property, in fact nothing of the sort was ever done nor is there one bit of truth in the statement when it was made that D. D. Palmer, was turned from the school 'penniless' for in fact B. J. Palmer, D. C., bought his interests and good will of the business entire, paying therefore several thousand dollars in *cash*.

"Instead of doing an injustice, the opposite was what ruled our every motive. We gave and took from both sides until an agreement was reached between us and anything to the contrary is a falsehood and worthy of further investigation from those that know.

The entire control of both the above named parties was entirely under our management from the time of starting until the matter was through. I, Joe Schillig, and I, H. R. St. Onge, was appointed by D. D. Palmer and B. J. Palmer, D.C., respectively. If there was any collusion anywhere it was with us, as the committee men, and as we were appointed by both parties it hardly seems fair to accuse us of such, let alone B. J. Palmer, D.C., who had no voicings in the matter. We hereby exonerate B. J. Palmer, from having performed any moral or unjust crime that others may attach to his name, which in this instance, is as we know, unmerited and base. The entire division rested in our hands from the time of commencement until finished.

"We further wish to brand any rumors to the contrary as base lies and not worthy of repetition, as facts, such as this contradict the foregoing.

"(Signed) JOE SCHILLIG, (Signed) R. H. St. Onge."

Three times, during the period between 1906 and 1913, have we been compelled to subdue the spread of this insurrecting lie. Never have we done more than to ask those vitally interested to state the facts. Notwithstanding, that they have always been glad to do this, have done so nobly and with a truthful spirit, it continues to be nursed, nurtured, fostered and fed by our friends, enemies and contemporaries alike.

THE COMMITTEE RESTATE THE STORY IN DETAIL

At one of those three times we made a record of the matter said and by whom. This occurred in the Spring of 1910.

We quote Joe Schillig (recently a P. S. C. graduate and now practicing at Newark, Ohio), Mr. R. H. St. Onge, being B. J. Palmer's member thereof (now a P. S. C. graduate and practicing at Seattle, Wash.), Howard Nutting being a friend to D. D. Palmer and B. J. Palmer as well as to Chiropractic.

MR. SCHILLIG, COMMITTEEMAN, SAYS:

Mr. Schillig said: "I am not a speaker or an orator but the truth is going to be told. It has been since the year of 1881 that I knew Dr. D. D. Palmer good and proper. He started in business at What Cheer, Iowa, as a grocer. B. J. Palmer was just a baby and his mother brought him into my store with her when she came to buy goods. She was a lovely woman—a woman of the best the word means, ladies and gentlemen, and her son has taken after her in his ideals.

"D. D. Palmer was in business a little while and like a great many more at that time, he 'went under' and then entered the fish business and here he gained the name of 'Fish Palmer.' After a few years he landed at Burlington, practicing magnetic healing, finally came to Davenport and started the same thing in the Putnam building where St. Onge is today. That was about 14 or 15 years ago, as I remember. I was there when he had three little rooms and perhaps half a dozen patients. Time passed on and after awhile B. J. was with him in business.

"The school then had branched into Chiropractic and had grown from three rooms to a whole floor of the building.

"After awhile D. D. Palmer goes west and leaves B. J. Palmer to run the business. He went, and what did he leave? Did he leave a luxurious business or even a footing? He left him a load of debts—a load under which the average man would have staggered, but this boy went right along, worked and kept it going until the father came back. When he came back B. J. Palmer took him in; he stayed a few years—dissatisfied again, he went to California with all his personal effects.

"What did he leave this time? Another load of debts for the already burdened son to shoulder. B. J. Palmer works along, though, and finally D. D. Palmer comes back—the door was open and he starts in again. Finally they move from that building to this one. Did D. D. Palmer do this? *No!* From what little I know of it, he did not. His policy was expressed in saying that he 'would rule the place or ruin it.'

"I advised with him; I had known him for about 40 years and he came to me with his side. But I said, 'B. J. Palmer, on no account go into business with your father if you want to make a success.' But he stayed by his father and took a good deal more than many of us would. But it finally came to a settlement—matters had gone about as far as possible, so D. D. Palmer, selected me as his representative in a settlement and B. J. Palmer picked Rufus St. Onge to assist me and represent his interests.

"We came to The P. S. C., listened to both sides and decided to do without a third party. We four went over the entire place and took stock of everything; I worked for both of them, for both were dear to me. We started in on the basis that which ever one backed out of the contract would forfeit \$500.00 and both signed the contract. As a general thing when either would 'chip in' we said 'Now we are here to settle this thing.' I presume it was

about 5:00 P.M. when we finished and we settled to the satisfaction of both.

"Since that time this institution has more than doubled itself. If it was not successful, I don't believe you people would be here today, and in conclusion I want to tell you that all that has been told you today (if it was my dying oath) is the truth.

"Dr. D. D. Palmer left this town in disgrace if the truth was known. He goes to Oklahoma and starts in the grocery business. He writes to me and tells me what a great business he has and how far ahead of Chiropractic it is. A few months later he writes that he may start a school down there; the next thing I hear he has started a school and I can well believe that he has started more than one and now he is trying to uproot and destroy this institution and the standing it may have, but I hope and pray that none of you will bear an evil word against B. J. Palmer — which you would be doing were you to listen to D. D. Palmer — you would be doing an injustice to this young man and to the city of Davenport as he is a credit to the city of Davenport and I hope they will soon see it as you do today. To those of you who are from Portland, if you follow D. D. Palmer there you will get stuck."

MR. ST. ONGE, COMMITTEEMAN, SAYS:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I do not know of anything much I can add to what the rest have said. I can say that every word I have heard here has been the truth.

"I didn't know much about the family affairs until I was called in here about a year ago, as those who have spoken before — I knew something of how matters stood, but didn't know much until, as Mr. Schillig says, we two were called in to help D. D. Palmer and B. J. Palmer settle their business affairs at the time they separated last. We went through the house from garret to cellar and everything was pronounced satisfactory at the time, but since then the old gentleman claims that B. J. Palmer has robbed him. I don't know how it happened, I am sure, because he was perfectly satisfied when he left here.

"It is certainly a great pleasure to me to come before so enthusiastic an audience and tell the truths about these matters and I thank you for listening to this 'little tale of woe.'"

Here follows a verbatim copy of a letter written by Howard Nutting to Williard Carver after reading his July issue of the "Chiropractic Record" and the "Chapter 8" of "History of Chiropractic." Printed on pp. 4 and 5.

HOWARD NUTTING WRITES:

"Davenport, Iowa, July 20, 1913.

'Williard Carver, Oklahoma City, Okla.

"Dear Nephew: 'Up in the air again.' Why will you persist in being so insensible to the good of your profession and the Science of Chiropractic as

to deliberately set down and write for publication such a mess of rot as is contained in your Chapter 8 of Chiropractic History in your Chiropractic Record?

"Do you think that such will benefit *you* or the science? I think you *know* enough to know that such stuff will in no way help the cause. But, you reply that 'History is History.' Granted, but where you assume the role of Historian you are not writing Editorials which is your opinion of certain subjects under discussion by the public or your readers.

"History is a *different proposition*. In this case you have ignored history and the facts and published your *opinion* of the case between D. D. Palmer and B. J. Palmer, and in so doing you have inadvertently or intentionally ignored some of the principal facts of the case.

"The facts referred to are to you *well known* which deprives you of any excuse for the utterances contained in Chapter 8 of your history — in fact some of the statements set forth you *know* are incorrect, one of which is that you were "attorney for the Palmers previous to the case of indictment for several years." You *know* that you were summoned to Davenport, in this case, *solely through the influence of the writer*.

"You state that D. D. Palmer was in full control or to use your exact words was managed generally by D. D. Palmer as the acting head assisted by Palmer School and that B. J. has been all of The P. S. C. since, left an unexpired lease amounting to something like \$2,000 unpaid, that he took everything that could be moved — every book, every specimen, all office fixtures, left the bare walls, bare floors — left a debt approximately \$2,000, left a *boy* some 17 or 18 years of age to *make or break* Chiropractic. You *know*, too, how well he succeeded.

"You know that had this boy failed or from lack of enthusiasm for the science, had he given up in despair, *you know*, there would have been no Chiropractic *today*. There would have been no Parker, D.C., no Parker School and your Royal Highness would have been still wrestling with Blackstone or in some other vocation than in writing an unauthentic and biased 'History' of Chiropractic.

"You *know* that in 1904 or thereabouts, D. D. Palmer came back to Davenport and that B. J. Palmer, in the fullness of his love for his father and his reverence for the discoverer of Chiropractic, *contrary to the advice of his best friends*, notwithstanding the treatment received at his father's hands, took him back into partnership.

"You *know* further that from the moment he came back, trouble commenced and culminated in some of the facts as set forth in your Chapter 8 of Chiropractic History.

"You *know* still well that D. D. Palmer was a detriment to The P. S. C. from the moment he entered it and that his coming was a pronounced loss of thousands of dollars to The P. S. C.

"You know this, the best of all, that this partnership was settled by two

arbiters, one chosen by D. D. Palmer, one by B. J. Palmer, and the third was to be selected by them if they needed such. These are *disinterested* good *business men* of Davenport. These two appraised and decided the stock and money acquired since the return of D. D. Palmer to the *complete satisfaction* of both D. D. Palmer and B. J. Palmer. There was no controversy whatever except the one point—whether the fine paid for the release of D. D. Palmer should be paid by D. D. Palmer personally or by The P. S. C. and this was settled to the *satisfaction* of both and not until months after was there any complaint when D. D. became affiliated with another school, he imagined he could harm The P. S. C. by stating that B. J. had swindled him.

"Some few misinformed believed his tale but it remained for *one who knew* the facts and *knew* the story to be false to set down and deliberately publish the same, over his signature, as *facts* and most of all called them '*History*.'

"You know still more. You *know* that your Uncle Howard knows the whole Palmer History from A to Z and that he can give you 'cards and spades' and then win easily.

"And, you know *more*, that '*History*' must be kept straight. And, you know, while I am extremely modest, I will straighten this history out and in print and will hew to the line *no matter* where the 'chips fly.'

"As before stated. Had you not been cognizant of the facts, you would be excusable in writing such as your Chapter 8 contains, but in the face of the fact that *you* knew of all the facts herein set forth and then not only failing to publish them as '*History*' but on the other hand ignore the facts and conditions and purposely and with malice aforethought 'uttering and publishing' that B. J. Palmer actually defrauded his father is reprehensible and purely malicious.

"I am sincerely sorry that you did this. I had thought and had written you that you had arrived at the age of discretion and was above and beyond calumny and abuse.

"Do not imagine that I am writing this at the behest of *anyone*. This is your Uncle Howard and *he alone* and is written for your good and the good of the Science of Chiropractic.

"Try, in some way, in your next issues to set your '*History*' *straight*. I do not want to see any more *war* among the Chiropractors. The fights have already set Chiropractic back 10 years and this will certainly provoke more if left standing as it is and your Uncle is compelled to 'get in the game.'

"I remain, yours respectfully, Uncle Howard Nutting."

We have listened to much that was bad and evil to straighten the tangle. By this time we know the facts. We certainly should be convinced of the truth and why the malice aforethought by our enemies and contemporaries.

In or out of our ranks we know no person who has been so close to the

early personalities, kept so careful a tab on Chiropractic progression, so informed to the minute of what was and is doing in all schools and divisions; pursued such a conservative path; seldom seen or heard but on bat when a wrong is committed and *truth* will be heard by "Uncle Howard" Nutting. He has been veritably an "uncle" to Chiropractic, sending out his protecting hand to father and son; friend and foe; enemy and contemporary alike whenever their position was in jeopardy. He is the friend of *Chiropractic*, wherever it may be found, under whatever guise and no matter who possesses it.

Let us listen to Howard Nutting's closing remarks delivered on the same morning Mr. Schillig and Mr. St. Onge addressed our student body. Then we will have the parting benediction and the Chapter of "*Truthful Chiropractic History*" will close.

"UNCLE HOWARD" SPEAKS FURTHER

Mr. Nutting said: "Ladies and Gentlemen — Boys and Girls! Upon invitation I am before you to relate the facts concerning the business relations between Dr. D. D. Palmer and B. J. Palmer, his son. Having been acquainted with both parties for a number of years, I shall mark out a business line and hew to that line, letting the chips fly where they may; I shall not shield or censure either, only so far as the facts themselves bring about blame or praise.

"Here is the first proposition: A father starts a son in business, furnishing the capital and, as is thought by the father, placed on the road fully equipped to gain a livelihood. In 90% of such cases the son utterly fails to gain a sustenance and when stock and capital are again exhausted falls back upon his father for maintenance; often this is repeated once or twice with the same results; then after the son has exhausted the funds of the father and family, he generally gets busy, goes to work and builds up for himself a competence and a reputation. Such instances are common and of every-day occurrence in the business world.

"A second proposition: A father struggles along for years trying this and that, barely eking out an existence for himself and family until a son becomes imbued with ambition to accomplish something; puts his shoulder to the wheel and starts the load, but owing to the father's lack of business ability, failure is the result; the father gets discouraged and disheartened and turns the business over to the son who takes up the reins, runs the business in a business-like manner and is eminently successful — such instances are almost as common as the first proposition. Yet neither of these propositions is applicable to the case in question — the business relations of Dr. D. D. Palmer and B. J. Palmer, his son.

Dr. D. D. Palmer was in this city for years practicing as a 'magnetic healer' and by chance (the circumstances, with which you are all fully acquainted) he stumbled onto the basic principle of Chiropractic. When he

was busy attending to this theory, developing a new thought and fact day by day, he was financially successful, but in a short time he imagined he had found the philosopher's stone; he became independent and sarcastic, feeling that he was the discoverer of a new science which was the only known cause of diseased conditions and having so far developed it as to relieve pain and distress (in some instances almost miraculously) he became contented and lax in further development, and patients coming having conditions with which he was unable to cope, and not being benefited, his business gradually went down until he took his boy, some 16 or 17 years of age, out of school, and taught him all that he, at that time, knew of Chiropractic.

"Business increased again for a short time, but the same old methods of procedure were in vogue and at last the father sought greener fields on the coast of the Pacific; there, as before, disastrous results await him, but during this time, how has the boy fared? Did he leave the son fully equipped? Far from it. He folded his tent and silently stole away, taking the entire paraphernalia of the infirmary and school, leaving this boy, almost 18 years of age, a bare office and 42 vacant rooms in the South Putnam building in this city, with an unexpired lease yet running six or eight months at \$175.00 per month to pay. *How* was he to do it? His only capital and stock combined was his knowledge of Chiropractic. Did he falter? No! Did he waver? No! Taking up the load the father and himself could not both carry, he shouldered it alone and through hours and days, long and sleepless nights he pressed bravely on, steadily developing the theory of Chiropractic.

"When the lease expired he renewed it and was in a fair way to reach the zenith of success; but after the many successful attempts of his father, already mentioned, the father sought the shelter of his boy's care, whom he had abandoned in such a ruthless manner, and begged to be reinstated in the school and Infirmary, as before, and this boy in the fullness of his love and the admiration for his father, took him in and said to him, 'Yes, father, you were the discoverer of the science; it is your place to be at the head of this institution.' Again the old methods of business crept slowly in; again the father becomes dissatisfied; again packs up his belongings, and a committee of disinterested men (the best business men of our city) arbitrated the settlement between the father and son, and he was given his full share of the business the son had made him a *present* of two or three years before. The father seeks the sunny clime of Oklahoma. Again disappointment meets his ambitions and he scales the lofty cliffs of the Rockies and tries his fortune where the billows of the Pacific wash the shores of Oregon. It is sincerely hoped that there and now he may be successful.

"If there are any among you who imagine that you would fare better and learn more of Chiropractic from the original discoverer, you are certainly (in the light of facts cited) woefully at fault.

"If you students were attempting to learn the mysteries and uses of electricity, would you insist on getting it first hand from Dr. Benj. Franklin,

who first discovered it, who chained and drew it from the clouds on a kite string?

"Would you learn of the complex steam engine of modern times from Watt, who discovered the power of steam from a teakettle on his mother's hearth? Would you learn of the history and advancement, the growth and development of America, from Christopher Columbus? How many inventors or discoverers can you call to mind who have ever developed the ideas they conceived?

"Dr. D. D. Palmer was the discoverer of the basic principle of Chiropractic and to him all honor is due for the discovery and his praises will be sung by millions yet unborn; but by his side, down through the vista of time, will stand the name of B. J. Palmer who has made Chiropractic *what it is* and *will make* it what it *is to be*; he will be known forever as the architect who planned and framed the matchless structure from the unhewn logs left him by his father. He it is who turned the shafts, fashioned the wheels; reinforced the building; fired up the engine; put the machinery in motion, the hum and whirr of which is heard today *around the world*.

"The possibilities of Chiropractic are boundless; there are many thoughts and facts yet to be developed and new methods and modes will perhaps be inaugurated! But, Ladies and Gentlemen, if there is a problem before this class not readily solved, do not for one moment imagine that there is in the length and breadth of the entire world any man, or set of men, that can tell you any more, or as much, as your teacher, Dr. B. J. Palmer. Do not imagine that you are in the hands of a pseudo, or that your course in Chiropractic would be benefited by any other professor under the shining sun. Under the tutelage of Dr. D. D. Palmer you would not be allowed to discuss a single proposition; you would act and abide by every proposition as he stated it, without a dissenting voice, or you would be side-tracked until you would learn the lesson of submissive obedience.

"These are facts and conditions as portrayed by a personal and intimate friend of both; by one who holds both personally in the highest esteem, but one who is for the advancement of Chiropractic and the highest attainment of its students, regardless of personal feeling."

WILLARD CARVER RETRACTS

STATE OF IOWA }
 } ss.
COUNTY OF SCOTT }

Case No. 13249.

B. J. PALMER

vs.

WILLARD CARVER

It is hereby stipulated by and between the parties hereto, whereas Willard Carver in the July, 1913 issue of "The Chiropractic Record," Edited by

Willard Carver, L.L.B., D.C., Published on page four to twelve inclusive, an article entitled "History of Chiropractic, Chapter No. 8." The said article being an Editorial: being written by the said Willard Carver and Published by his authority in which the character and honor, reputation, business and professional standing of B. J. Palmer, were assailed and impugned at which said Article is the same Article mentioned as described in the above entitled cause.

Now, therefore, it is stipulated by and between the parties thereto, that the said article is *incorrect and not in accordance with the facts*; and that the same was published by the said Willard Carver *in disregard of the real facts surrounding the matter and things of which he purported and pretended to write*.

Wherefore, it is agreed and stipulated by and between the parties Plaintiff and Defendant that the Defendant, Willard Carver, shall publish a retraction of the charges made in said Article and mentioned in said petition in an issue of the Publication of which the same were made and in a Publication therein corresponding to the position in which the same were made, and that the Plaintiff is herein given the right to publish said retraction in any manner in which he may see fit.

It is further stipulated that pending the publication of said retraction this case shall be continued until the next term of this court, and that upon the publication of a retraction satisfactory to the Plaintiff, that this case shall be dismissed *at the cost of the defendant*.

It is further stipulated and agreed that this said stipulation *shall also apply to the Palmer School of Chiropractic Case* against Willard Carver, being Case No. 13250 based *upon the same allegation of facts and the same article* herein mentioned.

It being the intention of the parties hereto, *to provide for an absolute retraction of all charges made in said article* and when the same is done, that the cases herein mentioned shall be dismissed at the proper cost of the Defendant as herein provided.

(Signed) Bollinger & Block and Morris & Hartwell
Attorneys for Plaintiff

(Signed) Sol. L. Long
Attorney for Defendant

THE U. C. C. NOTIFIED TO RETRACT

Davenport, Iowa, August 1, 1913.

Universal Chiropractic College,
6th & Brady Streets,
Davenport, Iowa.

"Gentlemen: — Dr. B. J. Palmer, of this City, has placed in our hands a number of circular letters which were published and scattered broadcast through the mails by you on or before July 30th to 31st last. This circular

letter was entitled 'A Bit of Chiropractic History' and purported to contain a copy of some matter published by one Willard Carver in a publication known as "The Chiropractic Record" of July, 1913, under the title of 'History of Chiropractic,' Chapter No. 8.

"This matter has been placed in our hands with a view of ascertaining whether or not it does not contain libelous and slanderous matter, and a cursory examination would indicate that it does, and that in scattering this matter broadcast throughout the United States you have subjected yourselves to an action for heavy damages on the part of Dr. Palmer.

"It has been intimated to us that you are contemplating the publication of a withdrawal and retraction of the statements made in your said circular letter. We do not know whether the publication of such a retraction would persuade Dr. Palmer to waive any action for damages he may have against you, but you will certainly realize *that anything less than a complete and thorough retraction and apology certainly would not influence him in this direction. Nor would a retraction and apology that was weak or luke-warm and lacking in force and sincerity of expression have any tendency to make matters any easier for you in the future.*

"You have certainly shown what would appear to be almost criminal haste and carelessness in the getting out of this circular derogatory of Dr. Palmer's character and should be very careful how you proceed in any effort to make amends for what you have done.

"A genuine disposition on your part to do what is right towards thoroughly and completely righting the wrong you have done him might have an influence in determining him whether he would proceed against you for damages or not. What course he may decide to follow may depend largely upon your spirit and attitude in the matter.

"If you are so disposed, we stand ready to confer with you about the situation. In the meantime, we feel that the word of warning contained in this letter will not be out of place.

Respectfully yours,

BOLLINGER & BLOCK."

THE U. C. C. RETRACTS

Davenport, Iowa, August 2, 1913.

B. J. Palmer, D.C., Ph.C., Davenport, Iowa.

"Dear Sir:—Your letter explaining the transactions between your father and yourself, through which you became owner of the Palmer School of Chiropractic, as well as the affidavits of numerous other persons, received and carefully read. If these are true—and we have no reason at the present time to doubt them—*We certainly owe you an apology for printing the article by Willard Carver which appeared in the Chiropractic Record of July, 1913.*

"We therefore apologize fully, and are only too glad to make it as public as we did the copy of Willard Carver's article.

"Hoping this will be accepted, as our sincere desire is to be square and fair in our dealings with all men, we are.

Very truly,

U. C. C. — The School of Quality.

GEO. M. OTTO, D.C., Secretary

CLOSING REMARKS

The facts, affidavits, evidence on *this* issue are before you. You are the jury. Our silence is broken; our past before your gaze. It is for you to issue the verdict. It can be sealed — known only to yourself or it can be an open one, spread upon your lips and actions to correct evils done.

If you have done B. J. Palmer an injustice, it is your right to tell him and the public so. It is your obligation to correct that which you have injured. If you have believed that which you have been told and thereby have held back his personal, professional and business growth, it is your duty to right about face and undo, so far as you can, that which you have done.

This situation is two-sided. The P.S.C. and B. J. Palmer on one side and D. D. Palmer and several institutions, teaching Chiropractic, on the other.

It is well known that The P. S. C. as an institution, has made good. As an educational body it has raised the standard high and forced all else to follow. Composed of scientists, it has made scientific development. No one can successfully contradict its work, its delivery, its product and their product.

In searching for a motive with which to discredit B. J. Palmer thereby destroy the Palmer School, this story is one which has been constantly nagged at as though a sore thumb. D. D. Palmer, being in the Chiropractic teaching business and a minor contemporary, has used it to disparage P. S. C. business, thinking thereby to draw to himself. Other schools have taken up his cue and passed it on.

D. D. Palmer does not like any school that he feeds, but he hates the attainments of The P. S. C. *worse*. None of the schools, thus fed, like D. D. Palmer, but they hate The P. S. C. *worse*.

It is bad enough for any father to go against his flesh and blood. It is worse when a father will sell his interests, give a receipt therefor and then state that the son robbed him. It is still worse when the father will put himself out several months, several hundred dollars and travel thousands of miles to return to the home town of his son purposely to seek revenge from several contemporary public platforms; after the same son, out of goodness of heart, had years before several times pulled him out of the mire. It multiplies the son's good intent when it is known that he knew of the coming of his father, knew of his cruel design in coming, and then, upon the father's arrival B. J. and Mrs. B. J. Palmer entertained D. D. and Mrs. D. D. Palmer as guests in their home, invited D. D. Palmer to address The P. S. C. Student Body, gave him a reception, immediately after which the father, maliciously, at two other institutions in the same city, repeated those untruths.

The last paragraph of Dr. Carver's article states: "B. J. Palmer was only a boy when the events of this chapter occurred, and *with* this confession they could all be forgiven upon the basis of *inexperience and excess of ambition for aggrandizement . . .*" And now, after the evidence is *all* in, the *facts* prove that, although "B. J. Palmer was only a boy," he is exonerated of any wrong, does not need issue a confession, has done nothing to be forgiven for; that he was not "inexperienced," for he *kept the records*, and the evidence is overwhelming with the fact that several times he was charitable to D. D. Palmer as the Discoverer of Chiropractic (not to D. D. Palmer, as a father), gave him a home, divided his business with him, paid his debts, mortgages, etc.; therefore, it was an "excess of ambition for" *generosity, not "aggrandizement."*

What about Dr. Carver by contrast? He is now a man of matured years, some 46 to 48 years of age; has studied and practiced law, read "History," as he presumably knows of the "Magna Carta" and the battle of Runnymede, "*when the events in this chapter occurred,*" and yet he, knowing the facts and truth—as the evidence clearly possess—did wilfully and maliciously misrepresent to do great mental, moral and business injury to one who is admittedly much younger than he. We *cannot* excuse him "upon the basis of inexperience," therefore, the boomerang must act. It was his "excess of ambition for aggrandizement" that led him to do those things he conscientiously knew to be wrong. "Falsus in unus, falsus in omnibus."

... with his confession they could all be forgiven . . ."

I can close with no more appropriate words than the last two paragraphs of Dr. Carver's phraseology, reversed upon himself. A secondhanded descendant of an Alma Mater "cannot do a grievous wrong to his parentage without at some time paying dearly for it." Therefore, Willard Carver "must pay the full penalty for the wrong done his" scientific predecessor, who made it possible for him to be where he is.

"It is hoped that he will elect to pay the penalty by a full confession, in the most public way possible, coupled with a statement that all 'misinterpreted, misstated and misprinted' differences between himself and 'B. J. Palmer' have been resolved."

This is the truthful history of Chiropractic.

"This for the general good of Chiropractic."

ANOTHER LETTER IS ANSWERED

The above article was written, finished and in the hands of our "printery" on Saturday, July 26. On August 1 we received the U. C. C.'s letter, from which we add another closing remark.

"We do not wish you to believe that this is written with *malice* toward any man, for we have none." The U. C. C.'s entire ten-page letter was written to give due publicity to an apparent crime of one who was their contemporary, that they might damage him thereby.

We shall quote certain passages, because they are defensive and give them an opportunity to retract, that "justice" may be done. They commit themselves. We present the evidence.

We doubt whether The U. C. C. would have published Dr. Carver's article or have given it credence and publication had they known that *already* Dr. Carver has offered, in writing and signed, to make a public, printed and corrected statement, a la the testimony herein contained, in the same journal that printed and reiterated the lie.

"It will be a *disagreeable* history to some, none more so than to U. C. C. and Dr. Carver; (it is *disgusting to us*), surprising to others ('others,' none are more surprised than the authors, Dr. Carver, and The U. C. C., to have the *truth* rammed down their throats), but it will be *the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.*" What say you, readers, about the "*truth*" now?

The intention is plain that they desired that I should be regarded in *your mind* as the evidence and facts warrant—as *they produced them*. The following makes that manifest: ". . . so that those who are (Thanks!) leaders in the same way may be *known as they really are*, (We think the testimony proves the *proper* contention *perfectly*; we should not ask for more), be given an opportunity *to do right* (We grasp that opportunity with avidity, or, *failing* in this, to *no longer* parade before the profession in any other light other than *true.*" "*Failing* in this"—he does not propose to fail; it isn't in his vocabulary. As we now feel, we shall continue to do in the present just as we have in the past—the evidence warranting. We feel that tables will necessitate Dr. Carver and The U. C. C. getting straight with "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," as well as B. J. Palmer and the profession, to whom they have done an irreparable damage)—or, failing in this, to *no longer* parade before the profession in any light other than *the truth.*" Peculiar how it boomerangs, isn't it?

"And in this letter we will be *very particular to tell the truth* as near as it is in our power to do so." Precious little "power" they have, and it's so far away they couldn't get much of a corner of it when needed. Dr. Carver has been so "very particular" that he is now in a frame of mind to retract all the misstatements in the article printed, that are now proven untrue. If Dr. Carver is The U. C. C.'s authority, and *he retracts*, methinks a retraction is also due from The U. C. C.

In the words of The U. C. C. letter, "We don't want you to take our word, nor his, but *deduct the truth from the evidence and base your judgment upon that.*" In Dr. Carver's article you have one man's say; in the U. C. C.'s it is the same. In our reply you have the assemblage of thirteen men, most of whom are under oath, all of which agree to the letter. "*Let us shun deception and misrepresentation as we would a pestilence and with heart and hands work for Chiropractic and its future.*" Well spoken, The U. C. C.

What more could I ask than to repeat the well chosen terminology of The U. C. C.: "*We ask that an acknowledgment of these mistakes be made and a promise that henceforth the competitive fight shall be in the open, fair and square, as between men.*" Could aught be more "open, fair and square" than the evidence herein contained?

I repeat The U. C. C.'s last paragraph: "As regards the matter between father and son, we agree with Dr. Willard Carver that a full and frank confession should be made by B. J. Palmer coupled with an adequate restitution. (We *know* that this epistle more than accomplished that mission and *proves* that our record was clear during these ages of mystery and silence from 1906 to 1913.) Necessarily the amount of this must be gauged by the increase in value and income since 1906 (We thank you for this concession, that we have increased and our value has raised. The damage done to The U. C. C. has only been judged by their rapidity in repeating this lie and seeing it "gauged by the increase in value" of P. S. C. stock.) Such action on *his* part will not only do *him* a great deal of good and remove an overburdening weight from *his* conscience, but it will also do Chiropractic good by removing the stigma from one who bears the founder's name." That "overburdening weight" of our "conscience" has been in trying to cover the crimes of others, in protecting "the founder's name," as the evidence again clearly concludes. If it had not been for *his* "stigma," rest assured we would have been ten times greater than now. Whatever "stigma" existed was *made so by and through the evil minds and letters of our contemporaries*. Our minds have been at rest — yours worried trying to dig up our past kind deeds while shielding a man who is now in his dotage, second youth and past the limits of a five minutes connected talk and twisting them into evil. We have tried to be charitable but such revolting actions make us regret that we are compelled, by due process of law, to continue to carry the name of "one who bears the founder's name." The "stigma" is upon the uncorroborated, unverified, false and vicious statements of our accusers.

We believe that the Chiropractic profession is both just and charitable, that first will *demand that justice, already too long delayed*, be done, and that it will *forgive and forget the past* and hope a better life will spring therefrom." As well ask the prisoner, who was unjustly sentenced for life, to "forgive and forget the past" as to ask me to do the same to those who have purposely and repeatedly vilified my life, character, business and activities when all was done intentionally and maliciously.

If there is *no* rebuttal on this entire article, in part or whole, from any or either source, we trust that the Chiropractic profession will take The U. C. C. at their printed word and demand that justice be done to B. J. Palmer for he has everything to lose if this be believed and everything to gain if retractions are *demand*ed.

CHAPTER 160

ANOTHER POSITION IS ATTACKED

B. J. PALMER ADDRESSES P. S. C. STUDENT BODY

YOU ARE ASSEMBLED THIS MORNING to listen to a tale of usual backyard gossip generally heard over the backyard fence between two women who have less than nothing else to do. It is one of those instances where the women have been changed to men, the backyard is our Chiropractic profession, the gossip that of a family quarrel, and the quarrelers two contemporary schools one of which has dug up the skeleton of the other and attempted to manufacture the same into a crime for destructive commercial purposes. As backyard hags have a malicious purpose in gossip, this is but another instance of a desire to sling mud that one person may be so besmirched that his reputation and honor will be blackened, that his business may be reflectedly injured thereby.

AN APOLOGY

I do not usually beg pardon for talking or speaking at any place or time, and much less in our own Auditorium, but this is one of those times when I could not go on without doing so; 1st, because of its seeming lack of necessity; 2nd, it is so foreign to your purpose of being here; 3rd, it does not construct but makes for lost time hence destructive; 4th, when we are through and have heard all the facts we are further from than nearer an altruistic purpose; 5th, because we but emulate the one assailed, and thereby ruin the position of the assailor.

THE CHARGE

The speaker has been charged with one of two crimes which involves moral turpitude, the first involving the rest of the crimes in the category for this involves all others, it being first on the calendar for heinousness and maliciousness — if true. The first crime is murder in the first degree; the second, murder in the second degree or manslaughter. The attempt to pull off this by-play stage would not be at all serious if it weren't that certain malicious guerrillas did more than to make the accusation on paper or idle gossip; they took their evidence before the Scott County Grand Jury (Iowa) on Thursday, March 26, 1914, and there attempted to make the same stick by asking for an indictment to cover one or the other of these charges.

(We regret that the minutes of the Grand Jury hearing are private and cannot be used in self-defense but we can republish that which has been published by Mr. Long in which he practically makes the charge of murder. The following is a form copy of his letter which was given broad publicity

under the date noted. In various places you will not find figures such as "(1)"; follow down, to the bottom of his letter, and you will find specific answer to the subject which immediately follows the figure in his letter. Later the minutes of the Grand Jury were released to us and therefore printed in full in this book in a later Chapter.)

THE PRINTED PUBLIC ACCUSATION

(Note: I.C.A. [International Chiropractic Association] herein mentioned was subsequently dissolved. Had no connection with International Chiropractors Association in existence today.)

Alton, Ill., April 8, 1914.

To The Chiropractors in the Field:

Ever since I took charge of the I. C. A., a portion of B. J. Palmer's hatred of the I. C. A., and of everything else Chiropractic that he could not bend to his egoism soaked will, has been transferred to me and he has lost no occasion, in fact, he has worked overtime to eliminate me from Chiropractic affairs, doubtless under the vain delusion that the I. C. A. was a one man affair as are those things Chiropractic with which he is connected.

For a number of years I have had for my cardinal motto this: "Never explain — your friends do not demand it and your enemies would not believe you anyhow," and right alongside this motto, I have ever been mindful of that old one which says that "He who fights with a chimney sweep will get more or less blackened." However, notwithstanding my reluctance to enter into a controversy with a man like B. J. Palmer, whose honor is a hiatus in a vacuum, and whose sense of decency folded its tents and stole away, like the Arab, before his grandfather was born — notwithstanding this, I should be false to myself and the profession did I refuse at this time to call attention to B. J. Palmer's (1) *so-called change of heart in legislative matters*. Make no mistake touching any position he may take in favor of legislation for be assured that such position is only taken by him for the purpose of better enabling him to betray those who are in favor of Chiropractic legal recognition. B. J. Palmer never has been, is not now, and never will be, in favor of Chiropractic legislation, and his every utterance, ever since he proclaimed himself in favor of it, is evidence of his antagonism. He is antagonistic to everything except B. J. Palmer. (2) *He knows that legislation will compel him to measure up to the standard of other colleges and this he knows he cannot do*. Therefore, his anti-legislative campaign is only one for self-preservation. Legislation will eliminate B. J. Palmer as a factor in Chiropractic, and he knows it, and, on the other hand, Chiropractic must eliminate B. J. Palmer, if it ever expects to obtain recognition. All the recognition we have gotten has been in spite of his every effort to block it and this is well known to the profession.

Be not deceived by the cry that B. J. Palmer has been "born again" — there is no womb in time nor in eternity that can bring forth decent or other than a betrayer of everything and everyone whom he cannot use to further his own selfish ends and interests.

(3) *What did he do in Michigan?* (4) *What is he doing now, touching the Pennsylvania law?* (5) *Why have you not gotten a law in New York?* The only answer is B. J. and B. J. advertising. I am told by a man who is on the ground that the advertising, circulars, announcements, prospectuses, etc., etc., of B. J. Palmer and the P. S. C. were used with telling effect in the New York fight. I know it was used with telling effect in Virginia, and, as a result, Chiropractors going into Virginia from now on, until they succeed in getting the law changed, will be compelled to labor under a serious handicap. He talks of being the "Fountain Head" and rightly, too, but it is not a "Fountain Head" of Chiropractic. It is a "Fountain Head" of trouble for Chiropractors in the field. (6) *In one of his books he advised to "adjust for lice."* It is a pity that there is not some adjustment for vermin such as he. He brands others as "traitors"—in fact, with him everyone is a traitor who will not bend to his egoism. I am so thoroughly convinced that he, himself, is the Benedict Arnold of Chiropractic that I consider it an honor to be called a traitor by him, or any of his henchmen.

Tullia, the Roman Empress, drove her chariot over the corpse of her murdered father, on her way to greet her husband, the murderer of her father, and the usurping emperor. And in addition to being the Benedict Arnold of Chiropractic, B. J. is also the Tullia.

Recently, he got out a letter to the profession, in which, under the head of "Iowa Legislation," he sets forth the copy of a letter he wrote to the other Davenport Colleges and he asks, "Who invited Col. Long to this meeting?" No one invited me. (7) *I did not know at the time I telegraphed B. J. Palmer that there was to be such a meeting, nor did I know, until I arrived in Davenport Monday morning, that there had been such a meeting.* I am in possession of some very important facts which I wanted to lay before the heads of the Colleges in Davenport, touching legislative matters in general and Iowa in particular, and these will now never be known to B. J. Palmer with my consent. He has betrayed you in the past legislative matters and I will not be a party to your betrayal in the future, by giving him any information whatsoever. (8) *Nor will I work with any faction, any association, any man, who countenances him or has anything to do with him now, henceforth and forever.* If you want to go on through the slaughter house to an open grave, following his banner, go, but you will not find me in the company. Let me tell you this (9) *B. J. Palmer will never get legal recognition in the State of Iowa, nor will he ever be other than a nameless burden on the legislative forces of any state, and, mark my words, here and now, and I know conditions, the association, or the set of men, who listen to or have anything to do with B. J. Palmer, will fail in obtaining legal recognition anywhere.*

What has he ever done that did not have in it a sop of his egoism? His going over the country as an expert witness, at the cost of many of you members in the field, had in it no other object, and no other result, save and

. except the advertising of B. J. Palmer, and that advertising has been of such a nature that any decent, self-respecting man would pay money not to have. How is he regarded by the drugless healing forces? Do you ever see him mentioned in any of the papers, save and except as paid advertiser? If he is the great man he has touted himself to be, the entire drugless world is singularly silent. At times in the past I have thought his egoism has addled his mentality, but I have come to the conclusion that, after all, he has something he uses for a conscience and that something is driving him hither and yon like a rudderless ship on a stormy sea. I do not wonder that it should do thus, considering the manner in which he treated his own father. Even aside from his treatment, the things he said in one of his letters he got out last fall, concerning his name and parentage, should be enough now — would be enough now — to drive any man to suicide if he were a manly man. It was an act of kindness, not one of butting in, that caused me to telegraph B. J. Palmer; but he cannot appreciate kindness — no double dealer ever did or could and he is a self confessed double dealer in legislative matters, and no one with an item of discernment can fail to see it now.

(10) Recently, B. J. Palmer offered to come to Boston, Mass., and deliver a lecture free of charge, provided he was allowed to do so *before* the trial of Zimmerman. *Why before the trial of Zimmerman?* Why put any proviso in it at all, if he is out for the good of Chiropractic? Because Zimmerman is an I. C. A. member and Palmer wanted to lecture in Boston previous to the trial so as to insure (as far as he could) a conviction, so that he could tout it to this field. The Massachusetts boys were too wise for him. This is not the first time I've caught him red handed and it won't be the last. Talk of "butting in," I wonder what he calls his offer "provided I can deliver the lecture before the Zimmerman trial" — *why before, I ask again?*

Notwithstanding the fact that I was coming to Davenport as the legal representative of T. J. Palmer, (10) a brother of D. D. Palmer and uncle of B. J., and sisters and surviving widow of D. D. Palmer, for the purpose of placing the results of an investigation of the things which led up to the death of D. D. Palmer before the Grand Jury — notwithstanding this I telegraphed him the invitation to a conference on legislative matters, the same as I telegraphed the other schools in Davenport. I rather think he had an inkling of the main reason why I was coming and the thing he uses in lieu of a conscience whipped and lashed, until he grew small in his own estimation and until it was so painful that it had to strike somewhere and I happened to be the one whom he struck. I am glad now that he did strike for it affords me the opportunity to lay some other matters before you that you will hear of, from the enemy, wherever you ask for legislation and Palmer has aught to do with it, or is even so much as countenanced.

(11) *D. D. Palmer on his deathbed charged that his death was due to being struck by B. J. Palmer's automobile. The morning he left for Los*

Angeles, going to his death, he said to Geo. M. Otto, and others, that B. J. Palmer (prefacing his command with an oath) said to him (D. D. Palmer) "Get off the street or I will run right over you," and that he (D. D. Palmer) did not obey and that B. J. hit him (D. D. Palmer) in the back with his automobile. D. D. said further that the spot where he was hit was black and blue and very sore. I have in my possession affidavits from men who saw the affair, one of which is a Chiropractor, to the effect that B. J. Palmer steered his automobile toward his father, D. D. Palmer, hitting him with the same and pushing or shoving him toward and onto the curb. (11) So much for that. Now take these affidavits:

"Was called to see the late Doctor D. D. Palmer, October 7, 1913, and requested to prescribe for him. After a careful examination the following facts were elicited:

"That D. D. Palmer suffered from great loss of muscular force, decrease of blood pressure and also lessening of the mental phenomena, including the intellectual, emotional and volitional, pointing only (12) *too plainly to second shock preceded by a history of some severe injury*, probably of the spinal marrow, which would explain D. D. Palmer's physical condition at the time.

"Very respectfully, (Signed) D. T. KRUDOP, M.D.

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of December, 1913, ERWIN EASTWOOD, Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles."

(The above was written two weeks previous to the death of D. D. Palmer, although not sworn to until date stated. What does this signify? Why was C. E. Moyers or Mr. Long so anxious to get something *before* his death? Does this not show premeditation, design, and fore-ordained mischief? If you were endeavoring to get another man, wouldn't you figure every action as soon as you could for fear that it would slip away? Does not this deliberate gathering of affidavits at such time show something? Suppose a man was struck by a street car and that within two weeks of his death, a lawyer appeared to get his evidence, would it not look like an intention to get ready to sue that company? [Our authority for the above is Dr. Krudop, himself] who made this statement in the presence of and to Fred H. Hartwell in Dr. Krudop's office at Los Angeles, Calif., on July 3, 1914.)

(While in Los Angeles, July 3, 1914, Mr. Hartwell called upon Dr. Krudop and, during the conversation, Dr. Krudop stated that D. D. Palmer had told him that he [D. D. Palmer] thought "he was poisoned by some salt," that he "thought B. J. Palmer had poisoned it to get rid of him." It will thus be seen that D. D. Palmer's mind was obsessed with the idea that I was always after him. If his statement upon this question was unreliable, what could it be on other subjects less plausible?)

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, }
 City of Los Angeles, } ss.
 COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES, }

AFFIDAVIT General.

Louise Ladd, D.O., D.C., *being first duly sworn*, deposes and says:

That I waited upon Dr. D. D. Palmer in his last illness and which resulted in his death on the twentieth day of October, 1913. I do declare that he did die of Typhoid Fever as stated in the Death Certificate, did die from abscess of side, (13) said abscess being caused from a blow received when struck by an automobile while he was walking in the parade of the Chiropractics in the streets of the city of Davenport, Iowa. Louise Ladd.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of March, 1914.

(Seal)

GENEVA MAXSON CLOYD, Notary Public.

My commission expires Feb. 28, 1916.

(Let us in passing, note that the "Geneva Maxson Cloyd" who swears to this affidavit is a cousin of Mrs. D. D. Palmer. This may mean much or nothing. As a statement, it means that she was interested in the outcome as a matter of relationship, of course. In the light of the statements made by Dr. Ladd, it means that she has done something which no ordinary and usual Notary Public would dare to do, viz: Sworn to this in the presence of the witness. We interject this statement here and now that it might be refreshed to your mind later.)

Now do you want a transaction of this kind and the man who is the only surviving principal in it mixed up in your legislative rights? Even if his record heretofore had been pro-legislative (14) *would you now want him?* If you do, follow him *but I will not be with you in the following.* It is useless to put any money or any effort forth in any State wherein he is so much as countenanced, looking toward the enactment of a law recognizing Chiropractic.

Once before when he attacked me I wrote him a letter, saying that henceforth, I did not want him to so much as mention me and if he did there would be war to the knife and the knife to the hilt between us. Afterwards I let the cry of "Peace, Peace" (when in the nature of things and the nature of B. J. Palmer there could be no "Peace") influence me, against my better judgment, and I treated him, not as an ally, (for I could never bring myself to do that) but as a factor in Chiropractic. Henceforth, I shall not even treat him as a factor.

(15) *B. J. Palmer is either an enemy of Chiropractic or I am*, and I am putting the question squarely before you members in the field. I am diametrically opposed to him, to the position he takes, to his advertising, (16) *to his attitude toward legislation*, and between him and me there is an impassable gulf, and you know my position and you know his, and even if the differences between us were reconciled, (8) *I would have nothing to do*

with any movement with which he was in any way connected for I know it would be forces spent in vain, and, whatever may be your choice now, I know that the future will find you saying that I was correct—that I warned you—and you should have listened.

We are fighting against grave odds, and no one can say that the actions of any so-called leader does not effect Chiropractic. The matter is at an issue. He has seen fit to train his guns on me, and now I say to you—if you want him to lead your pro-legislative fight—if you want to meet these things you will have to meet and you know it, and which you cannot answer, write him and say you are with him and get under his banner and fight me the best you know how; for you are going to have it to do and you might as well get your hand in and get used to it. If you are against him, if you do not want to be hooked up with a man who has a record such as he has and *who has been guilty* of the things of which disinterested parties charge him, let me know and let us go into the fight for Chiropractic legislation unburdened.

Even if D. D. Palmer had not died (17) *it was dastardly enough for his son to run onto the old man with his automobile* for no other reason only that the old man wanted to lead one parade of the followers of the cult he had founded. Egotistical as B. J. is, self-seeking as he is, he should have remembered that there would be other years after his father had died a natural death in which he (B. J.) could lead parades. He acted like a man who had become convinced that his power was waning and that this was his last opportunity to get in the limelight, and, therefore, had determined to get in the limelight at all costs. Let none cry "Peace, peace" to me ever again, in this connection, for I will not listen to him. I have tried the recipe that some of you suggested and I find it won't work. There is no adjustment for egoism and double dealing save force and war and that is what that double dealing egoist is going to get from now on at my hands, and if you are with me, let us say, "at our hands."

Yours truly,

SOL L. LONG

REBUTTAL TO MR. LONG

(1) My opinions of the rights and wrongs of legislation, the securing of statutes, the enforcing of the same, etc., etc., are the same as they have always been. I cannot and will not change them until such times as it can be proven that my position, as regards such evidence, is incorrect. Believing as I did then (and do now) I thought it my duty to begin a campaign of education that I might lead the boys out of darkness into the light. I struggled, pled, introduced evidence that did convince them against their will and then I found them of the same opinion still. I again picked up my self-imposed burden, one where I knew I was working against my own interests, one where I knew the odds were all against me and all for the other fellow with him; but I went on just the same. There comes an end

to all things; the majority were against me, I had proven to my satisfaction that they proposed to continue to be against me even though the proof was absolutely overwhelmingly against them and for my position; then was the time I did not reverse my views, but I did cast my lot with the majority. I am now working for what the majority think they want. I am as sincere in that position as a man can be to help them along to get that which he wants when he knows they are wrong. It's a case of the father helping his wayward children that they might not err greater.

(2) I was not yet aware that there was any other school *better* than The P. S. C., to which we could measure up. I was not vitally aware from a point of equipment, faculty, ability and size, financial investments, age, experience, etc., etc., any other could meet or favorably compare with our enrollment of students or patients in clinics. I did not even think that Mr. Long conceded that there was any other that tried to get into The P. S. C. class; but he has often told me we stood by ourselves.

(3) Michigan is now a matter of history; what it did and failed to do has been recorded. Mr. Long but asks the question and desires that you infer some evil situation. I am content to let history tell its story. But at this juncture and place, I will interject, in brief, what I did and did not do "in Michigan." The first bill I advised be killed, in fact was then treated with the greatest discourtesy. This bill was killed. I was condemned and blamed for keeping off the books one of the worst ever. The second bill came as bad or worse than the first. I shied clear. They got to fighting amongst themselves; medical men slipped in an amendment and now where are they? Now the boys condemn me for not killing that which *they* know was bad.

(4) Pennsylvania has a statute where the Chiropractors are so placed that they are directly under the thumb of the medical men; it's not even a composite board where we have a Chiropractor on the Board. Can I endorse such a bill when I am certain that, if we get anything at all, it should be a straight and separate Chiropractic bill with a separate and entirely distinct examining board? The Colonel may have the pleasure of endorsing such a bill if he likes; none of that kind of compromised legislation for mine. That is what I have been condemning too much to sacrifice on the altar of prejudice or personal hatred.

(5) Utah has not yet tried to get a statute. I suppose it will some day. Why not say now that I will be the cause of its failure in the years to come? Pray tell me, Mr. Long, where I had anything to do with New York? Will you kindly show how I was such a vital factor? You do me greater honors than my friends, and there are many who are intimate. Please don't build some imaginary giant in error and think I can do all things, in all places at all times.

(6) It is true that I say: "if you find tuberculosis bacilla in the lungs, adjust Lu P." I further state that "for tapeworms, adjust an S. P. sublaxa-

tion." I further admit that "if a child suffer with lice" adjust K. P. Would it not be better to attack my statement scientifically than to appear to make the scientific statement ridiculous? I have always assumed that if secretions and excretions were working properly, that there would be little if any scavenger matter upon either the inside or outside of the body and if no scavenger matter no scavengers. I regard bacilli, worms, lice, etc., as scavengers and where they are present it is an indication that there is a disease and a disease needs have a subluxation which needs adjusting. Am I not right, Mr. Long? Have you not frequently argued that same proposition before the courts to save from jeopardy your client? If you weren't suffering with hyperopia in cussedness and myopia in goodness, I think you'd agree.

(7) I am and will be more than content to let the telegram speak for itself. Its wording was so peculiarly characteristic, under the circumstances, that the position of the author cannot now be successfully contradicted. The joke seems pertinent. To those who are enough interested to want to verify Mr. Long's or my position, I would suggest you re-read that message for you will note that Mr. Long does not deny the wording or accuse me of misquoting.

(8) Then I can say, here and now, Mr. Long, that you are destined to get down and out of our ranks for I shall be seen, my hand shall be in evidence and my work and works shall be more prominent to the fore than ever before. My weekly letters have been going into the office of every Chiropractor in the world—"nor will I work with any—man—who has anything to do with him—" I guess every D.C. will have to stop *taking my letters* for that statement is rather, somewhat broad. If you live up to that, then it's you for the tall, thick grasses of the plains of S. W. Texas for I'm a fixture; was long before you knew me and I've got too much invested to let you displace me all of a sudden. These certain chiropractors have engaged Mr. Long as counsel in this as well as other matters. Mr. Long is the intimate friend of The U. C. C. and every head officer connected therewith, and, methinks the compliments are equally reversed. We know that The I. C. A. and the U. C. C. are both. We have heard "legislation" these many moons and what strong supporters The U. C. C. and its officers were for this subject. I caused a ball to start rolling which will give them an opportunity to show good faith or prove that they took that position because it was the opposite side of the question I was on. A meeting was held as our public communication so far show. Between the time of our first meeting and the second (held on Sunday, April 12, 1914, at the Hotel Davenport) out comes this communication from Mr. Long. The vital question is this: Mr. Long is a tall bluffer from the backwoods or he will make his word good. The U. C. C. are out for legislation or they use that purely and solely as a club against The P. S. C. and me. Here's the situation: The U. C. C. says "*nor will I work with any faction, any association, any man, who countenances him or has anything to do with him now, henceforth and*

forever." This tied The U. C. C. hand and foot. If they continue in association with *me* they are bound to lose Mr. Long. If they break faith with me on getting legislation in their home state they retain Mr. Long but it proves they are not out for legislation but have used it as a club for open competition. Is Iowa legislation more important to The U. C. C. or is the "friendship" of Mr. Long? Will The U. C. C. drop all cry for legislation (in Iowa) just to retain the association of Mr. Long? Will the U. C. C. bolt from all other schools to save their great blow but little do policy? Or, will the U. C. C. have nerve enough to again call one of the many and frequent bluffs for which Mr. Long is becoming vastly so noted? We shall await future developments with pleasure.

(9) This may be quite true. Mr. Long may get in his work in Iowa as he did in Kansas — *now don't deny it* for Dr. Foy is holding a few facts in reserve as to exactly what *you* did in that state towards plugging that statute all of which will also come out in due form. You, who have been so active *for* legislation, did go to Kansas and do your damndest to plug it. Perhaps you would do the same here, but so far we are not frightened.

(10) My "Yesterday or Tomorrow" has been especially worked out to be given either before or after a legal trial. My purpose of giving it here "before the trial" was to influence public mind to the extent of getting *an acquittal*. Am I foolish enough to think that a conviction for an I. C. A. means an acquittal for future P. S. C. men? I have frequently done this and once came near being arrested. Corwin's trial was soon on, I gave this lecture in Brooklyn (Iowa) just previous to the trial. I was served with an arrest for being "an accessory to a crime." Anyhow they set aside the trial till the next term and then threw off 18 jurors who had heard of it. Is that not a good motive, Mr. Long?

Mr. Long here says: "I was coming to Davenport as *the legal* representative of T. J. Palmer, brother to D. D. Palmer and uncle to B. J." Does he not say later that he comes as the representative "touching the suit filed by Mrs. D. D. Palmer against B. J. Palmer for damages." (Public letter of July 27, 1914). Where are this brother and D. D.'s sisters connected in this statement? Have they withdrawn from the suit? Are they no longer interested in its outcome? If so, is it because of Mr. Long's misconduct or because of their now apparent love for B. J.? Can it be they have *since* learned a bit of truth that even Mr. Long refuses to concede because of his depth of hatred? Isn't there an apparent discrepancy in language, intent, purpose, personality, motive here?

(11) Such broad general statements cannot be denied. But, Mr. Long will not find us slow to deny them as soon as they are made in a specific and tangible manner so that we can have something to get hold of or reply to. D. D. Palmer also accused me of many things which have been properly settled in their time and place. We shall take care of this here and now also.

The comment here known as No. 11 was regarding a statement purported

to be made by "D. D. Palmer on his deathbed" or, as later shown, at a time when his mind had badly failed according to evidence now before us.

The affidavits which now follow were made at a time within two or three days of his arrival in Davenport or at a time some 8 to 10 weeks previous to the time it is now claimed he was struck by an automobile on the streets of Davenport. These affidavits not only show clearly the state of mind while in Davenport but previous to leaving his home in Los Angeles.

Do they not do more than this? Don't they set up a logical consistent and reasonable alibi of D. D. Palmer having been *struck by a street car previous to coming to Davenport, Iowa?* Who is to say, assuming that such typhoid fever or abscesses did exist (of which we are now in doubt) did not come from *that* accident which occurred in Los Angeles and was but just getting in its work? Let us weigh carefully *all* the evidence and not jump to any conclusion. Granting that Dr. Krudop's statement be correct, can he say such was *not* produced by this accident in Los Angeles?

(12) Assuming this as true, how does this affidavit connect *me* with the condition Dr. Krudop speaks of? Who is to say this did not occur on some street in Los Angeles; that an engine screeched and startled him; that the train bumped suddenly and emphatically while on his way home? There is *nothing* in this affidavit which implicates *me* in a crime or attempt at murder or that I did the things Mr. Long says D. D. Palmer said when he was dying. In a letter to us, under the date of April 18, 1914, the same D. T. Krudop, M.D., says: "Your competitor in Davenport wanted me to make certain statements which I have declined to do." Then again, does not the physician (who could not be wrong in his diagnosis) say that there was "also a lessening of the *mental* phenomena, including *the intellectual*"; then is it wise to place too much credence to a man's statements made on his death-bed under such circumstances? Mr. Long knows right well that a will made under conditions of unsound mind would be invalid. Let us be charitable, Mr. Long, and give even the devil his due. In a letter written by Frank W. Elliott, D. C., under the date of Jan. 23, 1914, Dr. D. Tenjes Krudop, M.D. (the same as made the affidavit herein quoted), said: "I was *the consulting physician* and pallbearer." Medical ethics always places one physician in charge of each case. In this instance it was he who signed the Death Certificate, Dr. McBurney. Dr. Krudop's opinion, at best, is but that of "*the consulting physician*" and not the one who had the case in charge.

It seems that to secure this statement from Dr. Krudop, Mr. Long offered \$25.00. To comply with the request, not necessarily for money but much as a witness would expect his witness fee, Dr. Krudop testified under oath, to the things he knew and sent the same to Mr. Long.

It seems that this was not satisfactory to Dr. Moyers; it did not contain enough damaging statements against his competitor, hence Dr. Moyers again wrote to Dr. Krudop stating that they would pay him what he asked *providing* certain things were inserted into the affidavit.

Upon receipt of that letter, Dr. Krudop made answer, embodying practically the same thought except to add that the said accident was "said by the late D. D. Palmer to have originated by a severe blow in the back from an automobile driven by his son, B. J. Palmer." This full letter is now incorporated in Chapter 3, where it can be read. It will be noticed that the first is an affidavit whereas the second is merely a statement and is *not* sworn to. Dr. Krudop is out his \$25 rightfully promised, solely because he could not incorporate certain things wanted by Dr. Moyer and he would not incorporate them because to do so would be perjury. Dr. Krudop could not give it under oath as having occurred within his knowledge.

(13) Mr. Long, tell me, how this dear, good and kind nurse *knew* that that abscess was "caused from a blow received when struck by an automobile while he was walking in the parade of the Chiropractics in the streets of the City of Davenport, Iowa?" Did the abscess reflect backward on time; had it an imprint of the negative of the scene which occurred; or was it, by some very peculiar circumstance, a moving picture film that this nurse could, as she hourly swabbed it, review the detail? You know as well as I, levity laid aside, that this affidavit isn't worth the paper it took to write it on, much less the cost of the notary. This girl is swearing, under oath, to things she does not know, cannot prove, and such, in court, is perjury. Better warn your witnesses to not be too anxious to swear to *your* theories when making out affidavits. When a physician, who is licensed, files a death certificate, it can be introduced as evidence in a court of record and has such weight as any sworn affidavit. The making and filling out of the same is equivalent to a sworn statement as to the cause of death. If the statement of this nurse is true that he "did not die of typhoid fever as stated in the death certificate," then this is sufficient grounds for causing the revocation of Dr. McBurney's license to practice medicine in the State of California.

Dr. Ladd, being herself a physician, although acting as nurse in the sickness of D. D. Palmer, states that there was an abscess connected with the sickness of D. D. Palmer. Dr. McBurney has already said, and the same was practically verified by Dr. Krudop, that D. D. Palmer had typhoid fever. Suppose we concede, for the sake of argument, that he did have such an abscess, is this something unexpected and unusual with a case of typhoid? Have we not been taught that typhoid is but a question of abscesses of the Peyer's Patches? Suppose this involved much bowel and much pus accumulated, is it rare that it should perforate the abdominal wall and seek an outlet?

Dr. Ladd further says the abscess was in front, slightly on the left of the linea alba or the medium line of the umbilicus. Let us now get our geography, which I think will be conceded by all alike.

D. D. Palmer was ahead leading the parade. He was walking down Brady street. This would necessitate his facing forward. The author, or accused one, was in behind the band, his automobile being also faced forward. All

witnesses agreed that the automobile swerved off to the left of the line of march and then was guided to the right to reach the point of position held by D. D. Palmer who was marching front. Suppose we further assume, for sake of argument, that the automobile, did strike D. D. Palmer, *how* could it do so in the abdomen, in front, on the left side, slightly to the left of the umbilicus without that D. D. Palmer turned right about face and was facing the color bearers, the band and the parade? Is there any evidence that he did such? Or, did the automobile go down hill, face to face? What is the solution, assuming as we are that it would like to be contended that this abscess came as the result of a blow which bruised that anatomical part to the exclusion of all others?

It is also equally well known that this abscess was not a large one, hardly larger than a dollar. Is this not quite in line with the facts of pathology as regards typhoid? What portion of the average automobile is minute enough to just make a dollar impression and then get away and leave all other parts of his anatomy free from bruises? Methinks more detail work is necessary to offset just some simple, straight, coldblooded facts.

A SIGNED STATEMENT FORGED INTO AN AFFIDAVIT

Mrs. Ladd, after being personally interviewed by a reliable and worthy person posted on such classes of matters and knowing a spade when such it is, makes the following statements:

A. What she signed was but a statement, it was not sworn to in her presence or hearing, neither was she asked if it was her voluntary act and deed, neither did the Notary Public then and there sign it herself.

B. That she knows, as a matter of fact, in talking to the Notary Public herself and in such usual conversations she had with Mrs. D. D. Palmer, that the Notary, Geneva Maxson Cloyd, was and is the cousin of Mrs. D. D. Palmer.

C. That she did not sign, as a *statement*, all that is now in what purports to be an affidavit. She made mention that D. D. Palmer, in her opinion, died from an abscess, stopped at that, signed it as a *statement* and said nothing more. All the rest, now in what purports to be an affidavit was inserted afterwards.

D. It was filled in, sworn to and more matter added to it by some party or parties to her unknown, after the paper had left Louisa Ladd's house.

E. The information asked for, granted and signed was a statement, was only given after it was distinctly understood and mutually agreed that it was not to be used in any suit or prosecution of any kind and was not to get Louisa Ladd mixed up in any personal, legal, professional or domestic controversy. That he who now gives this information, while in the presence of Louisa Ladd heard Louisa Ladd call this Notary by phone to only then learn for the first time that her confidence had been abused much to her disgust.

F. That Louisa Ladd was approached by Mrs. D. D. Palmer for this

affidavit who was constantly urged to give one through many letters received from Dr. Moyer and Mr. Long, and finally against the wishes of her husband (Mr. Allen), signed a brief statement to get rid of their insistent entreaties.

G. That had D. D. Palmer had the proper medical attention and had he followed the instructions of his doctors he would have been alive today. He disobeyed all directions, paid no attention to what they told him to do or not to do. Once in particular, they told him to stay in bed, and, in spite of her protests he deliberately got up, went to the closet, failed to reach it and had a very bad rectal hemorrhage.

H. That the statement which she wrote, on a legal blank of paper furnished to her for that purpose, was written in long hand and was not typewritten in any way and contained nothing more than is stated under "C."

I. That that which is now *type-written* and purports to be the original affidavit and which has been quoted by Mr. Long in his accusations is *a false affidavit and the name which is signed below as that of Louisa Ladd is a forged name, was not signed by her and from every appearance of the eye and microscope it was signed with the same ink, same pen and in the same identical hand that signs the affidavit as the Notary Public in this instance.*

In substantiation of the above conclusions, let us herewith include a real, genuine and true affidavit. I ask that you carefully study the signatures on the two half-tone cuts here included which is a verified and true photographic copy of the statement (affidavit) which Mr. Long says he holds from Louise Ladd. It does not take much of a scrutiny to see that the two are *not* the same, that the one of Louise Ladd in the first cut is identical to the signature there recorded as "Geneva Maxson Cloyd" whereas the one recently copied (second cut) is entirely different; one being an imitation of the other.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA	} ss
CITY OF LOS ANGELES	
COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES	

Louise Ladd being first duly sworn on oath deposes and says:

That she is a resident of the City of Los Angeles, State of California and that on or about the second day of March, A. D., 1914, she signed a statement regarding the death of D. D. Palmer, late of the same city and state; that the said statement so signed *was not sworn to as an affidavit and was not sworn to before any Notary Public.*

That before signing said affidavit she had received letters from Dr. Moyer of the Universal Chiropractic College of Davenport, Iowa, and Sol. L. Long, an attorney, urging her to make an affidavit concerning the death of the said D. D. Palmer and stating in the said affidavit that his said death was caused by an abscess, in turn caused by being run into by an automobile in Davenport, Iowa, the said automobile being driven by his son, Dr. B. J. Palmer of Davenport, Iowa. *That she steadfastly refused to make such an affidavit and on*

And Further deponent saith not.

Subscribed and Sworn to before me this } *Louise Ladd*
 2nd day of March 1914 }
Geneva Maxson Cloyd
 Notary Public
 My Commission Expires Feb 28-1916

Louise Ladd hand-wrote a statement. It was that hand-written statement she signed. She did not swear to it, as an affidavit, before a Notary. The above "affidavit" was type-written; it was notarized; it is sworn to. The above "affidavit" was never issued by Louise Ladd; it does not contain her signature. This is a forged "affidavit"; a forged signature. Compare the signature "Louise Ladd" above with the genuine signature of "Louise Ladd" on page 666. Note the ending of the capital "L" in both words; note the different small "e" at the end of "Louise." Louise Ladd swears to its being a forgery. It was upon this *forged* testimony they relied much in an attempt to convict H. J. Palmer of murder. Read forged affidavit.

or about the second day of March one Geneva Maxson Cloyd, a cousin of Mrs. D. D. Palmer, came to the house of affiant and asked her for a statement.

That affiant wrote out a statement and signed it as a statement, which stated that the affiant waited upon D. D. Palmer in his last illness which resulted in his death on the twentieth day of October, 1913, and in which statement affiant declared that he, the said D. D. Palmer, did not die of typhoid fever as stated in the death certificate, but did die from abscess of the side.

That said statement did not contain any allegation that the said abscess was caused from a blow received when struck by an automobile while he was walking in the parade of the Chiropractors in the streets of the City of Davenport, Iowa, or any words, matters or things which could be construed as such a statement, or anything like such a statement.

That said statement was never sworn to; that the said Geneva Maxson Cloyd distinctly agreed that it was not to be used in any suit or prosecution of any kind and was not to be used in any way which would tend to involve the said Louise Ladd in any personal, legal, professional or domestic controversy.

That affiant Louise Ladd was approached by Mrs. D. D. Palmer for this affidavit, and was constantly urged to give one through letters received from Dr. Moyer and Colonel Long and finally, against the wishes of her husband, signed a brief statement to get rid of their insistent entreaties.

LOUISE LADD.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of July, A. D., 1914.

ELIZABETH F. HILLMAN.

(Seal) Notary Public, Los Angeles County, California
 My Commission Expires Oct. 6, 1917.

We now follow this affidavit with a statement from Fred H. Hartwell who, as our counsel, made the trip to California with me in which we trailed down the facts as he herein states. The same is not an affidavit but a statement of facts.

"Dr. B. J. Palmer, D. C., Ph. C.

"Dear Sir: I note with much interest the last letter of Col. Long to the field about the D. D. Palmer case. It is raw enough for the Moyer school to have Loban of its faculty appointed administrator of the estate of the late D. D., and then have Long, its attorney, start an action in order to get a few of your students away from you at this enrolling time — a stunt that is pulled off each year now — but in view of affidavits that I have in my possession and which you have not seen I noted with special interest the last letter of Long to the field.

"I cannot understand why Long allows himself to be used in this effort to keep the field split at all times. I have steadfastly kept out of all controversies that tend to split the field and should think he would do the same, especially when he is constantly announcing himself the chief high priest of harmony.

"That Ladd affidavit is a fake affidavit.

Long and finally, against the wishes of her husband, signed a brief statement to get rid of their insistent entreaties.

Louise Ladd

Subscribed and sworn to before me

this 28th day of July, A. D. 1914..

Elizabeth F. Hillman
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Los Angeles County,
California.

My commission expires October 6th 1917.

one above. They
wer, signed and

This statement was typewritten, she signed it, it was sworn to before a Notary. Compare this signature with the one on page 665. They are *not* the same. The one on page 665 was *forged*; in fact the entire *type-written* statement was forged. The above signed and sworn to statement says so.

"Long says in his bulletin, 'I refer you to one of my former bulletins, and the copies of the affidavits therein contained, in which Dr. Krudop swore that D. D. died from the effects of a "previous proximate injury" and Dr. Ladd made affidavit of like tenor and effect, but added that the injury was received at Davenport, Iowa, by an automobile and received during the parade of the U. C. A. last year.' 'This much of the testimony to be used has been made public, or I would not refer to it. We have other testimony, plenty of it, of like tenor and effect,' says Mr. Long.

"You knew of the Krudop end of the matter and what he told me concerning Moyer and Long and how he happened to say what he did. You did not know that I have in my possession an affidavit signed by Mrs. Louise Ladd, mentioned in the Moyer School attorney's letter. It was taken before a

Los Angeles Notary Public. *Mrs. Ladd volunteered the affidavit and came to the office of the notary to make it.* I am enclosing the affidavit to you under separate cover. You will note that she says:

"... that she is a resident of the city of Los Angeles, State of California, and that on or about the second day of March, A. D., 1914, she signed a statement regarding the death of D. D. Palmer, late of the same city and state; that the *said statement so signed was not sworn to as an affidavit* and was not sworn to *before any notary public.*

"That before signing said affidavit she had received letters from Dr. Moyer of the Universal Chiropractic College of Davenport, Iowa, and Sol. L. Long, an attorney, urging her to make an affidavit concerning the death of the said D. D. Palmer, and stating in the said affidavit that his said death was caused by an abscess in turn caused by being run into by an automobile in Davenport, Iowa, the said automobile being driven by his son, Dr. B. J. Palmer of Davenport, Iowa. That she steadfastly refused to make such an affidavit and on or about the second day of March, one Geneva Maxson Cloyd, a cousin of Mrs. D. D. Palmer, came to the house of affiant and asked for a statement.

"That she wrote out a statement in her own handwriting and signed it as a statement, which statement stated that the affiant waited upon D. D. Palmer in his last illness which resulted in his death on the twentieth day of October, 1913, and in which statement affiant declared that he, the said D. D. Palmer, died from abscess of the side.

"That her statement did not contain any allegation that the abscess was caused from a blow received when struck by an automobile while he was walking in the parade of the U. C. A. last year, or any words, matters or things which could be construed as such a statement, or anything like such a statement.

"That her statement was never sworn to and was not to be used in any personal, legal, professional or domestic controversy.

"That she, Louise Ladd, was constantly urged to give an affidavit through letters received from Dr. Moyer and Sol. Long, and finally, against the wishes of her husband, signed, a brief statement which did not contain what Long says it did. *This statement has been faked up by someone else after it left her hand if it does state what Long claims.*

"I wonder who faked it? I am not making any charges.

"Now you see, B. J., why I read Long's letter with such interest.

"And I have other affidavits from Los Angeles to the effect that Moyer and his attorney Long and not Mrs. D. D. Palmer, are back of this trumped up charge against you that was presented to the grand jury and thrown down. If an indictment could have been gotten then, of course the Moyer School would have had something with which to split the field. Not getting it, the present suit is started by Loban as administrator just to split the field and get students for the other school.

"All in face of the fact that the attending physician says D. D. died of typhoid fever and the death certificate so states.

"I want to congratulate you upon the fact that for the past two years or so you have not even replied to their attacks except to expose them in a few words.

"The field is sure tired of this outfit everlastingly attempting to keep up a fight, especially by people who in the next breath declare to the same field that they want harmony. Why drag poor, dead D. D. out of his grave to the shame of the Chiropractic profession and the great glee of the medical men, and all that this Moyer School may get another student or so.

"The affidavit of Mrs. Ladd I am sending so that you may show to anyone interested.

Yours, Fred H. Hartwell."

WE CONTINUE OUR REMARKS

It is evident that Mr. Long is not doing this grand jury play for his health; presumably money interests him more, and from where does this money come; from Chiropractors who have nothing to gain and everything to lose by this suit regardless of which way it goes or from people who have everything to lose and nothing to gain providing an indictment could have been secured, regardless of whether they eventually lost or gained the suit? There are certain Chiropractic-but-medical-delivering-interests here represented, who would have made a "scoop" of the same if it had gone through to completion as they planned it. Who then pays Mr. Long for his week's time, his heavy correspondence, the cost of the affidavits? Who pays for witnesses, one of which came from New York state; was this for his health also? Who pays \$40 for postage on form letters, for stock, printing, folding, sealing, addressing and mailing them? Who spends several hundreds of dollars on this publicity? And, why do they try this case through the mails to you in preference to the courts who can get them redress? Is this a game of charity, business, or revenge, or both of the latter? If so, who are the stockholders who thought to get dividends? Who does it appear had the most to gain if the four aces could be laid on the table?

(14) I rather think that when the boys get the truth, the whole truth and nothing *but* the truth, they will be more than glad to agree with B. J. Palmer, for they will find him more persecuted than prosecuted; more to be pitied than censured. What these boys need, Mr. Long, is not a part of the truth, but *all* of it.

(15) There evidently is some truth in that statement, You seem to rather lean towards desiring to accuse me of being that mean fellow. I'm not going to retaliate in kind. I'm going to place my facts and let *them* decide. I am not going to try and swerve the jury by personality, but by facts.

(16) This can be defined in few words. I cannot imagine a person who respects *law* more than I. It is the fundamental of all existence, production and reproduction. Man was born by it, made with it, and will die because

of it. Worlds come and go through its manifestation. Statutes are frequently quite proper when made in the interests of the people, not theoretically, but practically. A murder statute is consistent; any statute to cover mob rule would be proper; I am in favor of all such. But, I object to any selfish class, such as physicians, cliquing together that they may make a monopolistic statute for the doctors, by the doctors for the doctors. This selfish desire to rule and compel all others to come their way would not be so bad if it let progress continue, if it permitted the people to still take their choice of other and newer systems that might spring up. No such thing exists; he has cunningly covered all with a blanket clause which does not permit newer system to encroach — it is this monopoly — trust — that I object to. Certainly, that which I object to in medical statutes, could not consistently be endorsed if incorporated into Chiropractic statutes. I should and have as seriously objected to the monopolistic tendencies creeping into our statutes. That which is in the interests of the people meets with my hearty approval, always has and will. The great difficulty comes, though, in the interpretation various peoples make on what is "in the interests of the people."

(17) It rather appears that Mr. Long is taking certain things for granted. Perhaps when *we* are through it will appear that those things are *not* true. Great lawyer, who would ask you to listen to the prosecution, retire and convict to life imprisonment or hanging by the neck until dead without even a hearing for the defense.

(18) Please look at the envelope in which Mr. Long's letter arrived. You will note that it was mailed from Alton, Ill. Note the color, the shape, the size of the envelope. Please compare the form of addressing, the character of the typewritten type on the address, study where the return name was placed on these envelopes; do all this and find that it agrees to a tally with every recent form letter sent from the Universal Chiropractic College. Let us go farther. Note the character of the stock in the letter itself. Notice that it is mimeographed, the stencil was cut with the same typewriter that has cut all of the U. C. A.'s form letters since they discarded the multigraph. The whole proposition proves, by its every ear-mark, that the same was done in the offices of the U. C. C. and from there sent to Mr. Long at Alton, Ill., and from there mailed. But, as a detective trails the telltale marks, so is the evidence here absolutely conclusive as to who *was sufficiently interested in this publicity campaign* to give it issuance and support. Can the U. C. C. get from under the cloud that hangs over their head of being connected with this malicious, vicious endeavor to eradicate and injure a contemporary? If the contents of this paragraph are not true, they will come to you with clean hands, produce a sufficient number of affidavits to show their disconnection with the entire deal.

Mr. Long will tell you that he was engaged by my *dear relatives*; but, in what way can he prove that *this letter of his* did not issue from a certain College office with a specific knowledge of what it contained, therefore, knew

its design and intent? We hold many letters sent forth from the U. C. C. all similar in following facts; but, two in particular I shall describe and see if it does not meet with the facts as you know them, in this connection. One of these letters was sent from Alton, Ill., on April 9 and the other from Davenport on the 10th. Both are the same envelope, both are addressed to the same persons with the same style of typewritten addresses, the spacing, lining up, etc., being identical. The paper is *identically* the same in both; to prove this statement we had a chemical and pressure test made of both and it proves the same. The style of type in both letters is *the same*, even to the both being printed on the same mimeograph being best proven by the fact of the same bad letters showing the same typewriter cut the stencils of both letters. *Who* then got up this letter? *Who* printed it? *Who* knew its contents? From *whose* mailing list were the envelopes addressed? There is but *one* answer.

THE DENIAL

This will be that certain interests were more interested in this issue and its outcome than were the disinterested relatives upon whom the blame is now being showered; that they started this for malicious, vicious purposes; that they were not sincere in bringing the charge to the end of justice in behalf of the State of Iowa to maintain its peace and dignity; that they did this thinking to build themselves upon the ruins of others, etc.

The denial that *they* will issue later will be, that the same vested interests were not interested in this case or its outcome; that certain other parties not vitally interested in Chiropractic, but wholly interested in B. J. Palmer and the peace and dignity of Iowa (even though residents of other states) retained Mr. Long to present this subject and matter and see that the proper punishment be meted out to B. J. Palmer, etc.

THE FACTS

The State of Iowa takes care of its own criminal investigations and prosecutions; that it does not need that parties, whose interests have been damaged, secure specially retained counsel to appear before grand juries to see that the murder statutes are upheld; that Iowa does not need a special prosecutor in behalf of private interests, that, if a criminal action against the peace and dignity of the state had been committed, then it becomes the state's duty, and not that of private parties, to search for evidence, secure testimony and take the same to the regularly appointed prosecutor, who will proceed to do his duty; and should he fail, he will be removed from office upon properly filed complaints; that the state elects, empowers and pays a prosecutor for that purpose, etc.

THE PARTIES VITALLY CONCERNED

The four parties involved in this production of a local war consist of the villain, the villain's tool, the hero and the hero's relatives, with the witnesses on both sides as the super-numeraries. In this play the villain will, because of his business being the same as the hero's, try to keep cleverly

and thoroughly hidden. It shall be the sole business of the hero to dig him out of his trench, hang him and expose him to public gaze; meanwhile the villain's tool will try to fool the hero in his quest and blindfold him if possible. The villain's tool will shift the blame from the villain to the hero's relatives, if possible, that the public may think more of the villain, who has stood in the wings directing how the murder should be played. The witnesses will be the checkers on the board, each side to use them as each possesses the facts, each to get to the king and queen row as soon and as thoroughly as possible.

The villain, in his defense, claims the relatives went to the villain's tool. Did they? If they did, how, where and through whom did they get the introduction, not knowing him before? If the relatives of the hero were opposed to him, then to *whom* would they naturally turn for advice as to ways and means to convict him of a crime they suppose he committed? Would it be his friends or enemies? They would, unquestionably, turn to the villain, ask him to supply the tool, who could and would (with their assistance) manufacture theory into phantasy, which would put the hero out of commission with a stiletto thrust in the back.

If relatives were solely and only interested in this issue, why didn't they retain, engage or employ counsel in their home state, be it Oklahoma, California, Nebraska, etc. Why did they not inter-correspond and get a *good* criminal lawyer to come here to take the place of our regular prosecuting attorney to place this matter properly before the grand jury? Why did they *happen* to go to a contemporary, place the matter before them, ask *them* to supply this missing link, and, if they retained this pettifogger, why? Was it because Mr. Long was best in touch with those who could help him and the relatives most? If this supposition be true, that relatives were assisted in this matter of selection of a particular counsel, who are those people who helped do the selecting?

SUPPOSITION

Suppose this case should have reached indictment, had been tried, I had been convicted, what would my relatives have gained? *Suppose* the gravitated insurrectos, as the villain in this play, were not involved in this case of malicious publicity; who else could gain as much as they? *Suppose* the villain had secured an indictment and the issue led to conviction, can we not all see where it was an asset subject to being cashed into thousands of dollars to their credit and to the disadvantage of the hero?

Suppose the revolutionist-evolutionists, whom you and I accuse of being the villain, are innocent; should they continue to retain counsel who would permit himself to be retained by people who would jeopardize a client's interests by obviously involving them, even though by inference, in a cause of this kind where the issue involves them so closely? Was this good judgment on the counsel's part?

ANALYSIS

Let us analyse, and by analysis is here meant the resolving of the proposition into respective elements that we might weigh the subject piece by piece, eventually to put the same together, sum it up and then know best of what it is composed and from what source it came originally.

MOTIVE

There can be no crime without a motive, and, as criminals let us brand the party, person or set of persons who, as deliberately try to do another injury *and fail* as we would those who try to injure *and succeed*. The difference between the attempt at crime and the success thereof are the circumstances which forestalled one and could not prevent the other. So far as the mental attitude is concerned, both are on a par; the desire to do harm was in the mind of both.

THE RELATIVES

Are interested bystanders only. They have no revenge; in fact, so little has ever occurred between them and myself that they are not vitally concerned. Possibly they would be glad to see done that which they think should be done, after having conditions as frightfully misrepresented to them as they were to our grand jury, to all of which they might agree if forced onward by another, who has an evil design and thus poisons them against their own flesh and blood. There could be no source of *revenge* between my relatives and myself; nothing having ever occurred from which that would be the expected outcome.

THE VILLAIN

Though, is a *vitally* interested bystander; "interested" financially, personally, professionally and socially. The hero has been catching them in subterfuges, attempts to encroach on his fair name, character and reputation. Having caught them in acts, he has given publicity to their designs, not in the interest of their degradation, but doing that which he has done when forced in self-defense, and then only when the last extremity had been reached to permit them to do right without our resorting to publicity to force them. But having boomeranged their actions it had such a retaliative effect that they have been laboring hard to find that action, which, if used, would seek and make manifest the revenge that has rankled within them for some time.

REVENGE

Then, is the motive.

WHO IS DOING THIS?

We think the foregoing letter of Mr. Long's sufficient to implicate him as the Special Prosecuting Attorney who was paid to come to Davenport and spend approximately one week to get a hearing and improperly place this matter before the grand jury for indictment. As a lawyer is always engaged to represent others, not himself, the question logically arises, who are the "other parties" in this case? Who is *behind* this prosecution?

MR. McCORMICK TELLS WHO

STATE OF IOWA, }
COUNTY OF SCOTT. } ss.

I, Bert McCormick, being first duly placed under oath, say, that my home is at Rapids City, S. D.; that on or about the 12th of February, 1914, I came to Davenport to take adjustments at The P. S. C.; that I have been doing that ever since; that on or about the 11th day of May, this year, I was in Hickey Brothers cigar store No. 2, located in Davenport, Iowa, between Fourth on Brady street; that while I was there sitting on the couch there came into the store a young man named G. L. Moyer; that he is the same man I have seen several times in the Universal Chiropractic College; that he has spoken to me several times as I went by; that while he was buying cigars a man similar in features and cut of hair to B. J. Palmer came across the street; that the clerk said to Dr. Moyer, "There comes a man who looks like Dr. Palmer," to which remark Dr. Moyer ridiculed B. J. Palmer; that the conversation continued for several minutes of matter that was personal, which I did not consider of importance; that the clerk led Dr. Moyer on to express himself regarding the recoil adjustment compared with their teachings, etc.; that Dr. Moyer then went into an exposition of the convention parade incident that happened on Brady street, as regards D. D. Palmer and made the remark, in sum and substance, as follows, "They didn't have enough evidence to get him at the last grand jury meeting, but they're gathering further evidence now and by the time of the next grand jury they'll have enough." The clerk, Sam Berningbaum, then stated that he had heard something about the accident purporting to have led to D. D. Palmer's death. To this statement, Dr. Moyer then explained that one physician had signed a death certificate of typhoid fever, but that they had partially proven that this wasn't true. That Dr. Palmer's step-mother was helping them gather the evidence against B. J. Palmer. That all this occurred about 2 P.M., and I heard the same with my own ears and that I left shortly after to attend the clinic to get my adjustment.

Further deponent sayeth not.

BERT McCORMICK.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of May, 1914.

FRANK W. ELLIOTT,

(Seal) Notary Public in and for Scott County, Iowa.

MR. SMITH CORROBORATES MR. McCORMICK

STATE OF IOWA, }
COUNTY OF SCOTT. } ss.

I, R. C. Smith, being first duly sworn, depose and say: That I was the marshal of the street parade given by the Universal Chiropractors' Association on the streets of Davenport, Iowa, on or about the 20th day of

August, 1913; that because of such position was at the head of this parade at the time it is reported that an automobile, driven by B. J. Palmer, struck one D. D. Palmer; that I was a student of the Davenport School of Chiropractic, hence knew Dr. J. L. Sharp, its president; that while coming up Brady street hill and passing the Davenport College of Chiropractic, in company with another P. S. C. student, Mossey, Dr. Sharp was in the rear thereof approximately four feet from the sidewalk sprinkling flowers; that this occurred on or about the 2nd day of July, 1914; that Dr. Sharp passed the time of day to me and I to him; that Dr. Sharp opened and furthered a conversation by referring to the alleged \$52,000 damage suit filed in the local courts by the U. C. C. against B. J. Palmer and he then stated, in sum and substance, that he and Dr. Lindsay had seen the bruise of one D. D. Palmer after the accident; that I then said, "That must have been a mistake, because the auto struck me and not D. D. Palmer, because I was between the auto and D. D. Palmer, " that Dr. Sharp then changed the subject at once.

And further deponent sayeth not.

R. C. SMITH.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of July, 1914.

FRANK W. ELLIOTT,

(Seal)

Notary Public in and for Scott County, Iowa.

My commission expires July 4, 1915.

THE PLAN OF EARLY PROCEDURE

Mr. Long is interested in this issue because he is counsel for the gravitated insurrectos, who were top-starters but bottom-stoppers. He is their legal representative, is invariably called into consultation when they have some scheme to put over regardless whether medical, legal or B. J. Palmer. He held several consultations with the named parties regarding this matter and it was agreed that the same should be begun. Then Mr. Long was introduced to the relatives, by and through correspondence held between these harmony-writers but riotous-givers and my relatives, who in turn took the matter up with Mr. Long, who urged them to retain him that he might properly proceed thus designedly attempting to eliminate the U. C. C. from the charge of being implicated in the plot to ruin a contemporary.

Mr. Long's name appears as defendant's counsel in the cases known on the Scott County docket as No. 13233, in which The Palmer School and Infirmary of Chiropractic is plaintiff and the Universal Chiropractic College is defendant, and also the connection existing in No. 13234, in which B. J. Palmer is the plaintiff and the Universal Chiropractic College is defendant.

(Copies of these issues can be seen, if disputed).

To further connect Mr. Long with this issue, I will repeat, in sum and substance, a statement that occurred at Appleton, Wis., on the occasion of the Wisconsin State Association meeting; there were in attendance G. L. Moyer, Mr. Long, myself and the many others. Following the evening attendance,

Mr. Long called my room up by phone and asked if he might come over, which permission I granted. When comfortably seated he began by asking if I knew what "That damn fool, Young Moyer, was going to say about you this afternoon," to which I replied in the negative. He proceeded as follows: "He was going to start the ball rolling by openly accusing you of murdering your father and was going to ask the convention to not give you permission to talk to them because you were a murderer; that they could not afford to have it said that a murderer had addressed them at their first meeting," etc. Mr. Long then went on to say further, "When that damned fool of a Moyer told me that that was what he was going to say, I told him that, while it was true *we* were trying to fasten the crime upon you, *we* had not as yet done so and until *we* did, *he* had better keep his damned mouth shut or I would get up on the floor and lambast him until he wouldn't know where he was at." As this was my first intimation that there was such a plan on foot, I asked Mr. Long whom he meant by "We were trying to fasten the crime upon you," to which he replied, "Why, all of us, including the people down at the *Universal Chiropractic College*, as well as young Moyer and myself," thus implicating the school, some of its staff as well as himself.

It is needless to say, that with such a warning, "Young Moyers" did not make such mention at that meeting, and let it be said to the credit of Mr. Long, he knew, for once, how to keep down another slander suit against his client by so advising him.

COMPETITION THE EXCITING CAUSE

Competition is the life of trade, and each person who is in competition makes business for that other — providing it is straight, honorable, legitimate and fair. But, when any competitive business has its origin through a dishonest insurrection of trusted interests from one institution, breaking way and starting such institution against its parent, from that time forward trouble is bred, until one or the other goes down. No son yet has successfully disowned his mother, started competition against her under the premise of *misrepresenting* that parentage and made a success, and much less can he pull himself up with his boot-straps by expecting to grow while killing that from which he sprang.

Thus, competition is the keynote of the publicity desired with this malicious charge. The U. C. C. was born of discontent, urged on by other malcontents, fanned into being by those who were refused recognition because of their scientific murderous desires. As a river cannot flow higher than its source, so a school cannot grow beyond the ambitions of its birth spirit; when that is born of insurrection, then insurrection it is either in their camp or the attempt to carry it constantly to another.

Let it be said, to the credit of Chiropractic institutions, that I know of but one other instance where a similar rebellion existed, the other one of which died an early death, thus settling that feud. But in this example, let it also

be said that The P. S. C. never yet forced any issue, but has fought in self-defense and only then with weapons placed at our disposal by contemporaries.

In any dispute, no person is given the right to carry the fight into another camp, and if he does, he must take his medicine like a man if whipped. But, any person who has attacked, in broad daylight or in the dark, his character, reputation or ability, that man at any time honors his existence by defending self, providing the methods he uses are within reason and do not go beyond the bounds of getting back that which was attempted to be taken away. After securing satisfaction, should he become the aggressor, he assumes the same uprighteous position assumed by the adversary he defends himself against. When blood has been drawn, he must stop and consider his antagonist as having apologized; if they then refuse, the limit is none too good.

PREVIOUS LEADING DEALS

I wish to take your time asking you to listen to the things we have had to deal with in this competitive fight in the last four years. After you read the affidavits, which support my contention, I will then ask you to pass judgment, and not before, as to whether silence has been golden and we have suffered persecution without retaliating with prosecution of like kind.

The first is that of having our mailing list bought from under us. In the conduct of our school a mailing list is both general and "live" — the "general" consisting of those leading to future business, the "live" being the business ready to be taken care of now or in the immediate future. Naturally, that which is *most* valuable is the "live" list. It was this which was sold.

We herewith introduce the testimony of one Stuart Krebs, who, at that time, was in our correspondence department employ and was in a position to do all *that he swears* occurred.

AFFIDAVIT TO PRODUCE PROOF

I, S. F. Krebs, promise to produce a witness that will testify at any time the same facts as are herein given; this witness will be produced at any time that the party that holds this evidence may say. This witness has taken oath before the following notary that every statement made in this paper is correct and absolutely true.

This witness says that, having seen the letter that I, S. F. Krebs, received from R. H. Skeels stating that he would like to see me, as he was in a position to slip me a few bucks, called up R. H. Skeels and made arrangement to meet him at the Washington Dairy Lunch on Second street, between Brady and Perry streets.

Skeels then told this party that he was commissioned by the Universal Chiropractic College to pay the sum of \$35 for the list of all the prospective students that Dr. B. J. Palmer then had. This witness said he would deliver the names for \$50. An agreement was made, and about a week or ten days later the list was delivered and the \$50 paid in cash by R. H. Skeels for the U. C. C.

R. H. Skeels said that he was instructed by Dr. Otto and Dr. Moyer to buy these names.

Also, Dr. Otto and Dr. Moyer made arrangements to meet this witness at the Kimball Hotel. They registered on or about the 17th of May, 1911, met them, and after he was in the room and had sat down, Dr. Otto said, "That was a pretty easy \$50 you made."

This witness made the meeting with pretense of having other information to sell which they were willing to buy, but it was in fact merely to give the witness a chance to make certain that they were the originals of the plot to get the names.

The witness also saw them using the names, as he was talking to Dr. Otto, one day following that.

They have also used a part of that list as recent as a week ago.

I, S. F. Krebs, do hereby swear that I gave all names used by Dr. Otto and Dr. Moyer for the U. C. C. to R. H. Skeels for the sum of \$50.

STUART F. KREBS

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 18th day of June, A. D., 1912.

CHARLES J. SMITH,

Notary Public.

I, the undersigned, do most solmenly swear that every word written herein is the truth and that the witness spoken of shall be produced at any time.

S. F. KREBS.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 18th day of June, A. D., 1912.

CHARLES J. SMITH

Notary Public.

KREBS SWEARS TO OVERTURES

Statement of facts made by Mr. S. F. Krebs on this the nineteenth day of June, Nineteen Hundred and Eleven, in regard to selling a list of names of prospective students of the Palmer School to the Universal Chiropractic College.

Mr. Krebs—The first thing that happened I was over in the main office. I was handed a letter in the Palmer School of Chiropractic. I was handed this letter by Miss Elizabeth Heath. I opened the letter, read it, and it was from Mr. R. H. Skeels, in which he said he would slip me a few bucks. I destroyed the letter. In turn, I showed this letter to Dr. Via, Miss Elizabeth Heath, and Miss Lillian Robinson.

Q.—When was this you got the letter?

A.—Sometime during the month of May, 1911.

Mr. Krebs—After they read it I stuck it in my pocket and then went over to the correspondence department and showed it to C. W. Lindstrom and he said nothing. When I got home that night I showed the letter to my wife and then destroyed it after that. Then afterwards, that evening I went down town; I went down to the Washington Dairy Lunch.

Q.—Same evening?

A. — Yes, sir; I ran across this man Skeels.

Q. — Was that by appointment?

A. — No. His wife was not here and he was taking his meals all over. He asked me if I received the letter, and I told him that I had. He then asked me what I intended doing about it. I said that I am working for Doctor Palmer. A couple of days later I saw Skeels when I went down town after stamps and he made the remark, you are going to lose that fifty (50); somebody else is going to get it.

Q. — You mean by fifty (50) you mean fifty dollars (\$50)?

A. — Yes, sir.

Mr. Krebs — That night he also offered me sixty-five (\$65) dollars to get the names.

Q. — What names do you refer to here? You mean the mailing list of the Palmer School of Chiropractic? The live list?

A. — Yes, sir; the live list.

Mr. Krebs — Afterwards I told him that I was working for Doctor Palmer and from that I inferred that somebody else had agreed to sell him the names for fifteen dollars more than he had offered me. Then afterwards, when these letters started coming in from different prospective students from the field, Lindstrom showed them to me with that laughing sneering way and said, "What does that look like to you?" I said that it looked like somebody had sold the names. I heard nothing further from then on until the night that Mr. Heath called me down to the office and said that my services were no longer required. I asked him the reason, but I got no answer, except that I was not competent. After I got through with him I went back and talked with Mr. Lindstrom. I told him to his face that somebody had been doing some dirty work and that I got the blame for it. And I told him in time I would find out who that party was. I did not see Lindstrom again until along in December, well, it was about the 16th of December. My wife and I went to Chicago and she wanted to go out and see her sister.

Q. — Who, the wife of O. W. Lindstrom?

A. — Yes, sir.

Q. — That makes you a brother-in-law of O. W. Lindstrom?

A. — Yes, sir.

Mr. Krebs — He then, out at the house that day, asked me if I ever heard any further in regard to the names. Again, I answered no. We did not talk any more on the subjects of The Palmer School of Chiropractic and the selling of the names. After I came home I went down to see what I could find out from The Universal Chiropractic College and I saw a list of names there, that I can take oath were names used by Doctor Palmer in his live mailing list and I could also see that they were in Lindstrom's handwriting.

Q. — When was that? A. — Some time before the first of the year.

Q. — In what form were these names, on slips of paper, on cards as used in filing, or blank paper? A. — Just blank paper.

Q. — Were they large sheets? A. — Well, the sheets were full.

Q. — Of the names and address? A. — Yes, sir.

Q. — Were they in handwriting or typewritten?

A. — Handwriting.

Q. — You know O. W. Lindstrom's handwriting, do you?

A. — Yes, sir.

Mr. Krebs — Then again on or about, I think it was about the 17th, a letter was there and in it Doctor Otto and Doctor Moyer made advances through Skeels to me wanting to know if they had any more information in regard to the Palmer School of Chiropractic that they could use.

Q. — Meaning by that, any further names or addresses?

A. — Anything that came up that they could use; they did not state anything in particular. They stated that they had rented a room at the New Kimball Hotel and for me to meet them there. They were to meet me there at nine o'clock.

Q. — Morning or evening? A. — Evening.

Mr. Krebs — I left home about eight thirty and got down about ten or fifteen minutes to nine and I went in to see if they had registered for a room, which they had not done at that time. I walked around for a few moments and came back and asked the clerk if they were registered and he said that they had registered. I went up to the room and knocked on the door and went in and sat down. Doctor Otto said to me that it was a pretty easy *fifty* (50) that Lindstrom made, wasn't it? I said, I do not know what you are talking about. He tried to find out different things by asking different questions in different ways about the finances of The Palmer School and of Doctor Palmer, and I told him that I knew nothing about it, so he did not get any answer one way or the other.

Q. — Do you remember the number of this room?

A. — I am pretty certain that it was room number eighteen (18).

Q. — Who was in this room beside you?

A. — Doctor Otto and Doctor Moyer.

Q. — Do you know Doctor Otto and Doctor Moyer by sight?

A. — Perfectly, yes, sir.

Q. — Did they make the statement that they were connected with the Universal Chiropractic College?

A. — Yes, sir.

Q. — Do you remember the Otto referred to is George H. Otto?

A. — No, sir, I do not know; the only name that I knew him by was Doctor Otto.

Q. — You are certain that this Doctor Otto and this Doctor Moyer were the two men connected with the Universal Chiropractic College?

A. — Yes, sir; I talked with him afterward at the college and they were in this room at the Hotel Kimball in which this conversation occurred.

Mr. Krebbs — Then again, Lindstrom asked me to go to The Universal Chiropractic College and ask Doctor Otto and Doctor Moyer what they would pay for the prospective student list who were on the verge of coming into the Palmer School of Chiropractic. I refused at that time to do it.

Q. — When did this conversation occur?

A. — It took place probably along the first week in June; I know that it was quite a while after I received the letter from *Skeels*.

Q. — Did you at any later time go and see about this matter as suggested?

A. — No, sir. But I think that I led Lindstrom to believe that I did for the simple reason he was over me and if I had not recognized him in any way he would have chopped my head off.

Q. — Did *O. W. Lindstrom* suggest, at any time, or imply to you that he had sold these names to the Doctors, Moyer and Otto, of the Universal Chiropractic College? I mean the names of prospective students which was held by the Palmer School of Chiropractic.

A. — No. He never said it in a direct statement, but that one statement, and that was made there that day when he got the letter, the first letter, and he brought them over to me and showed them to me. They were from different students telling that they had received literature from the other school and were wondering how in the world they got their names and that there must be a traitor in the camp. He said, "What does that look like to you?" You know his manner when talking upon a question of that kind, and it showed that he was guilty. That is the condition in which he appeared to me when he made that statement.

Q. — You don't know, then, for a positive fact, that *O. W. Lindstrom* did sell these names of prospective students?

A. — *Skeels* told me afterwards that he and Lindstrom had been in conference in regard to the names.

Q. — Did *Skeels* say that he had been the go-between for Lindstrom and the Universal Chiropractic College?

A. — I don't think that he said it directly, no.

Q. — Did he lead you to believe that he did?

A. — Yes, sir.

Q. — This *R. H. Skeels* at one time was a student of the Palmer School of Chiropractic, was he not?

A. — He was.

Q. — Later becoming a student of the Universal College?

A. — Yes, sir.

Q. — Was it not a fact that he was a student of the Universal Chiropractic College at the time that this conference was going on?

A. — Yes, sir.

Q. — What was *Skeels'* attitude towards the Palmer School of Chiropractic in your conversations?

A. — Everything that he said was very bitter; that is, in regard to the

Palmer School, and anything that he could do to put one over he would do it.

Q. — Do you know what price was paid for this list further than you have stated?

A. — No; Skeels said that was all that changed hands, was that fifty dollars.

Q. — Do you know whether Skeels got this fifty dollars?

A. — No.

Q. — Now, your position in this matter was purely that of being your duty to go and see Lindstrom, being ostensibly a go-between for him and Lindstrom and while Lindstrom was in the employ of the Palmer School and Skeels and Moyer and Otto, respectively, as student, and business manager, and president of the Universal College is that true?

A. — I do not exactly understand that question.

(Question read.)

A. — Yes, sir.

Q. — I am not connecting you in any way, but merely wish to bring out facts, and you held inside information and because of that fact they approached you. You did not carry any of the names, but you only received information of the money for this deal?

A. — I did not receive a cent.

Mr. Krebs — Lindstrom asked me if I ever showed this letter to anybody else besides himself, and I told him no.

Q. — You said a while ago that you asked the clerk at the Kimball House if they had registered and he told you yes. Now, do you know of your own knowledge whether they did register or not?

A. — There were two men there with their backs turned to me and I could not go up to the room without finding who they were. But these two men who had registered were both Doctor Otto and Doctor Moyer.

Q. — Did you see them write their names?

A. — I saw Doctor Otto with the pen in his hands and he had the pen in his hands and was standing over the register.

Doctor Palmer — I will tell you as a matter of record that I have investigated the register of the Hotel Kimball for the months of May and June, 1911, and I have had the clerk investigate for me the books in which the accounts are kept to see if any transaction occurred between George Otto and C. E. Moyer, and we could find no place during these months, nor do we find these parties registered, nor do we find their names on books as having paid for the use of rooms, as stated in this record.

Mr. Krebs — Chances are they are under a fictitious name.

Mr. Krebs — I will tell you something else, and you can rest assured that it is a fact. You remember the night that Doctor Via was at the hotel to meet his mother; I saw him there and Doctors Moyer and Otto were there. I told him that Doctor Via was there and they were scared stiff for fear that

he was spying on them. If you can find out the night that his mother came, you can find the night that they had this room. They also came down the steps and handed the clerk the key after we were through with the room. They did not come down the elevator, they walked down the steps.

Q. — Where is this man Skeels?

A. — Down in Kentucky, some place.

Q. — Simply a student at that time?

A. — Yes, sir, at that time, and he is now in the field practicing.

Doctor Palmer — The fact remains that Lindstrom and Skeels are closely related today. Lindstrom in writing an article for a Chiropractic publication gave R. H. Skeels as the author of it.

Q. — Do you know anything else in any way that would tend to clear up this matter?

A. — I might say that to show, outside of that letter, that Skeels did sell the list, because he said that they used the list, and Doctor Moyer and Doctor Otto afterwards told me that they never got anything out of the list, nor did they ever get any returns out of it.

Q. — When was that statement made?

A. — That was probably in August and maybe later than that. I do not know; it was quite late in the summer.

Q. — When was it that you were in the Universal Chiropractic College office and saw that list that you refer to that was in the writing of O. W. Lindstrom?

A. — The last time that I saw it was in December, 1911, and at that time that I was there they were using this list of names.

Q. — Were they on sheets of paper?

A. — No, they were on cards.

Q. — You said yesterday that a week ago that they were still using the list. How did you know that?

A. — I heard it from Lindstrom. Lindstrom was here Sunday and he told me that they still had some of those on file.

Q. — Some of these names that were bought of the Palmer School?

A. — Yes, sir.

Q. — How do you suppose that he knew that?

A. — He has business relations with the Universal College at all times. He is working on a booklet now for the Universal College.

Q. — In that way he would be in a position to know?

A. — Yes, sir.

Q. — You don't know what kind of money was offered to Lindstrom?

A. — Bills.

Q. — How do you know that?

A. — Skeels told me. I went to Clinton the latter part of August, I think it was this time, and I saw Skeels one day and he said that there was no checks; he said that the money was paid in bills.

Q.—Skeels tell you this?

A.—Yes, sir.

Mr. Vollmer in Q.—Of course, you have the original list of Doctor Palmer's?

Dr. Palmer — A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—You know further which one of those lists got results?

A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—You stated to me that you understood O. W. Lindstrom had come to testify against me (B. J. Palmer) in some particular case. Do you know the details?

A.—I do not. He told me that he had in turn gone to Faithorn and told him about. This was done to put your credit to the bad.

Q.—Do you know anything else?

A.—No. I can't right now.

Q.—Did Doctor Moyer take any part in this conversation in the Kimball House?

A.—No, he was very quiet. I don't think that he opened his head during the time that he was there.

Q.—How long did that conversation last?

A.—About twenty minutes or so.

Q.—Did Doctor Otto do all the talking?

A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—What was the trend of that conversation?

A.—They tried to find out as to the financial standing of your school and they also tried to find out how many students you had.

Q.—Were you at that time in the employ of the Palmer School?

A.—Yes, sir.

Doctor Palmer — As a matter of showing the attitude of the Universal College and O. W. Lindstrom, I have learned that at a certain (grand jury) investigation being conducted, and which had for its purpose the assailing of my position as well as the Palmer School of Chiropractic, I find that Ely & Bush, as counsel for the Universal College, desired the presence of O. W. Lindstrom and secured his testimony against me at the investigation mentioned, and appeared as a witness for the Scott County grand jury in the past year, as shown by the records of the grand jury in the District Court.

STATE OF IOWA, }
SCOTT COUNTY. } ss.

I, Stuart F. Krebs, being first duly sworn, on oath say, that I have read the foregoing statement, and that the same is true as I verily believe.

STUART F. KREBS

Signed and sworn to before me this 19th day of June, A. D., 1912.

FRED VOLLMER,
Notary Public.

CHAPTER 161

ANOTHER PLAN TO INDICT B.J. PALMER

AT THE INSTIGATION of the same gravitated insurrectos, through other counsel than Mr. Long, it was attempted to have me indicted under the charge of "practicing medicine with a license" some nine times before as many different grand juries in Scott County. It is hard to understand the motive, for had they succeeded in indicting, trying and convicting me, it would have but acted as a boomerang upon themselves, for what is good for the goose isn't bad sauce for the gander.

The counsel involved in that desire were such as could also be bought to put over such a deal, at that time Mr. Long not being mixed up in Chiropractic, or more than likely he would have tried this in preference to the local firm who did. The local firm were otherwise engaged in defending these interested parties on a suit for unpaid bills, securing their incorporation papers, etc.

To even implicate the firm and the managers deeper, the facts are that they were also retained by a local medical society with a stipulation, that if they succeeded in getting an indictment, they would be paid a specific sum (known otherwise as a "slush fund"), which was picked up by subscription from local physicians, each giving in defense what he thought the non-enforcement of a threat would be directly worth to him. I understand the sum ran close to \$1,000, which would be the fee for these attorneys if they succeeded, and they get *none* if they failed. It did not look good to see these insurrected gravitators locking horns with and engaging *same* counsel as the medical trust; it comprised both clients, each towards the other, and made it appear strongly of a prearranged plan to go hand in hand against their most common enemy.

INDICTMENTS FOR USE OF MAILS TO DEFRAUD

Twice, two years ago, and three times last year these same gravitated insurrectos made formal complaints to the government that The P. S. C. was assuming money under false pretenses, hence should be prosecuted for the use of the United States mail to defraud. In the former instances stated, inspectors investigated carefully and thoroughly and did, as a matter of form, present the matter to the Federal grand jury sitting then in Davenport and, as usual, failed to indict. In the last named instances, the matter never got beyond the postmaster and inspector sent to look into the case, the maliciousness being so obvious and the source of the complaint so obnoxious that the matter was dropped posthaste.

In these instances the evidence relied upon was the complaint of certain correspondence course students who wouldn't (or couldn't) finish their courses and were vexed because we wouldn't give a diploma without final examinations, or students who had been expelled for incompetency or insubordination to the faculty from The P. S. C., who stated that they came to The P. S. C. under certain representations printed in our annual, which they now said were not true to delivery. We had no trouble in convincing the inspectors making the investigation, that they were satisfied until pumped full of poison at the local, human linquial, virus factory.

ACCUSED OF ROBBERY AND DESERTION

Shortly after the above failure we were surprised to be confronted with a printed article, first published by Willard Carver in his "Chiropractic Record" magazine and then recopied and given further publicity by the Universal Chiropractic College, of that article known as "History of Chiropractic—Chapter No. 8," from which we do not propose to again quote, except to make a general statement thereupon, it having been thoroughly settled in previous pages. The only purpose of referring to it here is to show the multiple malicious steps that we have had to meet in competition.

At that time I was accused of robbing father, driving him out of town and deliberately attempting to withdraw from him (and towards myself) the credit for the *discovery* of Chiropractic. Although this story had been going the rounds for some seven years or ever since I *bought* father's interest, paid him in cash therefor and he voluntarily left Davenport, signing an agreement to not conduct a school in the tri-cities again, no one had, to date, dared to put the same into print and we had not seen fit to deny that of which we were not tangibly accused; otherwise why answer gossip — what "they say" — instead of something concrete.

When the same did get into print, though, we denied it, copying the necessary proofs in the form of receipts, statements of the arbitration committee, etc., which hastily brought forth two apologies, one from Willard Carver, the other from the Universal Chiropractic College, through its secretary, George H. Otto; but, by this time the malicious publicity had been done, its evil had spread throughout the Chiropractic profession, my character and reputation for veracity, truthfulness and honor had been assailed, hence, I instigated suit for \$100,000 damages from both the principals involved.

Willard Carver did not then love the U. C. C., or vice versa, but both coveted the success of The P. S. C., not that they regretted we had it, but they could not possess it also, hence were willing to deny to us any credit and take from us all shred of respectability that we might have possessed.

To all of this publicity we made the proper and due reply, which has settled the question of who possessed the honor; exposed the motive for this introduction of personalities into a competitive business career and thus it boomeranged upon him who shot before he aimed and was in turn shot by him who had been in training to make just that return shot.

Everything, to date had failed to get anything put over on The P. S. C. or B. J. Palmer. They had tried in every way possible to deny our teachings, but the success of our boys in the field made all such impossible; they know too well that to go into this matter at length was but to strike at their own teachings, which they had learned at The P. S. C. and were trying to teach the best they could in an unequipped school with a half-hearted faculty who worked for money, not for Chiropractic.

AT THE END OF THE ROPE!

What was left for them to do? Everything their evil minds could rack or dig up had been schemed, planned and tried. Unless unforeseen, unexpectedly, fate should throw something into their hands they had to either deliver the goods and make good or die, and this they had finally settled down to try to do, when, sure enough, the unexpected did occur and they were not slow to grab at the straw and blow it into a mountain which leads us, right now, to the statement we made at the opening of this unnecessary local fight, viz.: "This gossip is that of a family quarrel, and the quarrelers are two contemporary schools, one of which has dug up a skeleton of the other and has attempted to manufacture the same into a crime for destructive commercial purposes."

We are now, in the chapter of our story, to the facts which lead us to the reason why of the possibilities of a murder charge in the first degree or manslaughter at its best.

PREPARATORY DATA

Before giving the immediate facts, though, I must prepare the way by giving data that led up to the same in years past, to which I have but alluded in these pages.

Some years ago Dr. D. D. Palmer and myself were both indicted for "practicing medicine without a license." For reasons obvious later, Dr. D. D. Palmer was purposely picked for trial and convicted, upon the completion of which he refused to pay the fine, preferring to go to jail and be a martyr for his science, this fact being more than established by his writings of that period. The indictments against myself were dropped. Later it was discovered that the Judge's instructions were in substance, as follows: "Be remanded to jail until the fine be paid . . ." He might be there yet if it hadn't. Finding this out I paid the fine and D. D. was free. He then accused me of robbing him while in jail which accusation was taken into the classroom, upon which he lectured, day after day, to our students until they became disgusted; arguing, that "he had lost his reason from brooding over it." When it began to injure *our* business I saw it was time to settle our partnership, for I could not convince him contrary to his opinion. An arbitration committee was appointed, they settled what his interests were worth, I bought the same paying cash, getting his receipt, etc., for the same.

Even though D. D. Palmer knew to the contrary, he still repeated the story that I robbed him, kicked him out of the business, drove him from

Davenport, etc., which did not draw either closer together, on the reverse engendered a feeling that grew in ratio as he fanned the misrepresentation in after years in letters, magazines, books and lectures, spreading the same over the country until such a time as Willard Carver, thinking it true, published the same, to be republished by the U. C. C. to their combined gain and my single detriment.

Meanwhile — seven years — I had the documentary proofs in my safe and had steadfastly refused to publish the same, not that it would do *me* harm but that it would hurt D. D. Palmer as the *discoverer of Chiropractic*. I knew that if I proved him a mis-stater of facts, it would go down in history and I was trying to protect him, even to my own loss, which I was willing to stand, providing the pressure didn't eventually get too strong. That time came sooner than I expected, when I was compelled to defend myself even to his loss to deny the slander charges made against me by Dr. Carver and The U. C. C.

In the summer of 1913 D. D. Palmer packed up his household goods, stored them and returned here, ostensibly to lecture to the different schools, in reality to get on the staff of The P. S. C., or secure a position in some other school if possible.

JEALOUSY DROVE D. D. PALMER TO DAVENPORT

The following affidavit will substantiate the position which we have previously assumed in this defense. It will be seen that others were being urged to doing that which has been done.

AFFIDAVIT OF C. STERLING COOLEY, D.C.

State of Oklahoma, Tulsa County, ss.

C. STERLING COOLEY, of lawful age, being duly sworn, on oath deposes and says:

That he is a Doctor of Chiropractic engaged in the practice of same in the City of Tulsa, Oklahoma, and is a graduate of the D. D. Palmer-Gregory Chiropractic College of Oklahoma City and a post-graduate of the Palmer School of Chiropractic of Davenport, Iowa, and that he has been for several years regularly engaged in the practice of same.

That he was during the lifetime of Dr. D. D. Palmer intimately acquainted with the said Dr. D. D. Palmer, such acquaintance beginning in the year 1908; that he is also acquainted with the son of Dr. D. D. Palmer, Dr. B. J. Palmer.

Affidavit further says that he met said Dr. D. D. Palmer at Medford in the State of Oklahoma on the 1st day of June, 1913, by previous arrangement, and during said meeting discussion was had for a better understanding of certain unhappy differences that had arisen between Dr. D. D. Palmer and his son, Dr. B. J. Palmer; that a large part of the day of said June 1, 1913, was spent in the discussion of said matters at said meeting and during a part of said discussion said D. D. Palmer had manifested *considerable jealousy* and unfriendliness to his son, Dr. B. J. Palmer; that this affiant is personally

and intimately acquainted with both of said parties and knew that the unfriendliness and jealousy of D. D. Palmer against B. J. Palmer was without any reason and was harmful to the science of Chiropractic and degrading to the parties mutually concerned; that because of his enthusiasm and love for the science of Chiropractic, affiant used his good offices and best endeavors to bring about a cordial understanding between father and son, in order that their mutual interests might be promoted and that there might be no destruction because of their differences of the science in the practice of which both of them were engaged, believing as affiant does that same constitutes, a noble and useful profession.

Affiant further says that during a large part of the time there was present and participating in said discussion and negotiations, Mrs. Mary Palmer, the wife of said Dr. D. D. Palmer, who was a woman in the prime of life and of very forceful character and was the step-mother of Dr. B. J. Palmer and that the said Dr. D. D. Palmer, being an old man, *was largely influenced and dominated by his wife, Mrs. Mary Palmer.*

Mrs. Mary Palmer expressed *great hatred and detestation for Dr. B. J. Palmer and desired to do anything to secure revenge* and reprisal against him and did all she could to foment and incite the anger and hatred of her husband against his son and *to keep alive* the strife between them and to obstruct *and prevent* any peaceable negotiation and settlement of the misunderstanding between the father and son.

That at the said conference between this affiant and the said Dr. D. D. Palmer, in which the said Mary Palmer participated, she urged her husband, Dr. D. D. Palmer, and he threatened, being urged thereto by her, *that he would ruin and bring into disrepute the Palmer School of Chiropractic* by going about the country and selling a book, which he had written, a set of lectures and issuing diplomas to purchasers thereof designating them as graduates and entitled to practice Chiropractic, all for the sum of twenty-five dollars (\$25.00); this he anticipated *and believed would ruin the School of Chiropractic maintained by Dr. B. J. Palmer at Davenport, Iowa;* and this fact was particularly dwelt upon and emphasized by the said Mary Palmer and said parties desired to make this affiant a party to such proceeding and desired to furnish affiant with such book and lectures and diploma for said fee of \$25.00; and affiant being acquainted with the facts and for the reason that he was and is a graduate of the school having earned his diploma by actual student work, indignantly refused to be a party to any such proceeding or to recognize such diploma in any way.

However, notwithstanding the attitude of the parties during the conference, said Dr. D. D. Palmer admitted that his son, Dr. B. J. Palmer occupied and was recognized by the world as the head of the largest school of Chiropractic and was the greatest authority on its teaching; *he further stated that his own character and disposition were such that having once embraced an idea or assumed a position that even when wrong, he could not bring him-*

self to admit his error. He further stated to this affiant that if his (Dr. D. D. Palmer's) son, Dr. B. J. Palmer would invite him, the said Dr. D. D. Palmer to come to the Palmer School of Chiropractic and identify himself, while in Davenport, with the said institution, that he would be glad to do so and it was the expectation of the said parties that such a step would be taken, and so concluded when said conference between this affiant and him was closed.

This affiant further states that said *D. D. Palmer appeared to be unbalanced on the subject of his jealousy and dislike of his son, and because of his advanced age seemed to be somewhat "childish."*

C. STERLING COOLEY, D.C.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of August, 1914.

MABEL JUDD, Notary Public

My commission expires August 13, 1914.

D. D. PALMER MOVES TO A NEW FIELD

His first stop was Oklahoma. Here he first proposed a plan of giving 25 lectures on 25 subjects for a sliding scale of prices, beginning with \$50 and decreasing as the size of the class increased, upon the completion of which he would issue a "*D.C. — Doctor of Chiropractic*" diploma signed by himself.

His plan was to give this course either three lectures a day — taking nine days to the course — or one lecture a day taking 25 days to complete the same *to graduation*; thus beating even Dr. Gregory to his own game. He could not get *one* student to take the same in Oklahoma.

Willard Carver agreed to let him lecture before his Student Body, providing he would *not* mention this course as he was giving a long course and did not want to have it said that he countenanced such a short course leading to diploma and did not want to humiliate D. D. Palmer by denouncing him after he had said it, to which D. D. Palmer promised, only to break it at the first opportunity.

The Oklahoma Chiropractors started to take up a subscription fund to buy a home *providing* he (D. D. Palmer) would retire and give up Chiropractic. But he had left the city very unceremoniously before they could complete their plans to see him.

He arrived in Davenport, I sent a committee to call upon him, invited him to address the Chiropractors of the three schools in The P. S. C. Auditorium, which was done. He talked to no less than 700 Chiropractors that night. We agreed to permit this providing he also would not discuss three subjects, viz: 1st, personalities; 2nd, his short course; 3rd, his religion. To any person not knowing D. D. Palmer, this would look like an unnecessary precaution — but to those knowing him we even then expected him to bolt and do as he pleased; but, thanks to the good judgment of Mrs. D. D. Palmer, who sat in the front row and cautioned him several times, he did not break his promise.

We meanwhile refused to countenance his 25-lecture 8-day-diploma-course

and would not let him mention the same, but refused him any right to advertise it amongst our student body.

He then approached The D. C. C. with the request that he lecture, off-hand, there provisionally that if they liked him he would put on his course. He lectured at The P. S. C. on Monday, and The D. C. C. on Tuesday (the next night) at which he had over 200 willing and ready listeners to something good, but he began berating myself, our school, etc., to such a riotous extent that many left the hall disgusted. He held several lectures in succession, his audience decreasing from over 200 to 30 on the fifth night, at which time he counted them one by one and he was the 30th. It was saddening to the extreme to see to what desperate measures he had driven himself. Finally, he was refused further use of the hall because he did not talk Chiropractic, just personal abuse against not only The P. S. C. but The U. C. C. as well.

Being refused further admission to the hall of The D. C. C. he went to The U. C. C. who, notwithstanding his abuse of them, took him in with arms; not that they loved him, but that they hated B. J. Palmer more and thought here was a club that they could use, viz:; "B. J. Palmer's father lectures at The U. C. C. after being kicked out at The P. S. C. and The D. C. C.," and more of the same calibre.

Here D. D. Palmer *did* put on his 25 lecture, 25-day course for \$220 issuing diplomas, conferring a degree for the same upon those U. C. C. students who attended the same. The U. C. C. have been talking *high standard*, how can they ever again make that battle-cry with this positive statement before them?

So there may be no mistake, I herewith quote the following section from a letter of D. D. Palmer's written to (Otis E. Cronk, Sept. 17, 1913,) in which he says: "I gave 22 lectures at The U. C. C. for \$220. *I was hired by Otto and Moyer . . . Truly, (Signed) D. D. PALMER.*"

During this course, so I am told, he stuck close to his text and did deliver good Chiropractic work, but I understand that The U. C. C. got good and sick of their bargain before he was through, because what D. D. Palmer taught was *Philosophy* and a little of this goes a long way at The U. C. C.

He finished this course but a few days before our U. C. A. National Convention was called at which he was a welcome guest if he had registered and refused to repeat certain things as we knew him only too well in the past for doing.

CHAPTER 162

A 1939 DIFFERENT VERSION

MEDICAL MUSSOLINI, Author, Morris A. Bealle, 1938. (Published by Columbia Publishing Co., Washington, D. C.) referring to this subject matter, says on pages 192-195:

"The story is told that B. J.'s ego and desire to be the whole hog in something his father created was at least the indirect *cause of his father's death*. It was during the 1913 lyceum (convention) parade at Davenport. B. J. was the self-appointed High Muckamuck, was playing chauffeur for himself and driving his own car at the head of the procession. As the band burst out with its umpahs and rum-bums the elder Palmer, who was standing on the sidewalk with an American flag, stepped out to lead the procession down the main street of the Iowa city.

"'Get the hell out of the way,' B. J. is said to have roared at his father, 'or I'll run over you.' D. D. paid no attention to his offspring. Whereupon, so the story goes, B. J. drove his car into the curb *and ran into his father*. His defense was *that he lost control of the automobile and that it was an accident*.

"The elder Palmer lived until November. For years the impression has been rampant in the profession that the accident was not unavoidable. They claim that Palmer was jealous of his father because the latter had discovered the science of Chiropractic and that B. J. wanted everyone to look on him, who had developed the business side of it only, as the whole show.

"After a search for authentic information I contacted Col. Sol. L. Long of Fort Wayne, nestor of the Indiana bar. Col. Long seemed to have made a thorough investigation of the incident and appeared quite well informed in the matter. His connection with Chiropractic had been a professional one. He was retained as an attorney by the International Chiropractic Association after B. J. had wrecked the then existing national body of chiropractors. The I. C. C. had absorbed all but sixty members of B. J.'s Universal Chiropractic Association after they discovered that B. J. had helped himself to \$170,000 of the U. C. A. funds, and blithely charged this sum to 'expenses.' With reference to the death of D. D. Palmer, Col. Long says:

"'Sworn affidavits by eye witnesses who heard what was said by B. J. to D. D. just before he (B. J.) ran him (D. D.) down. There were some two score or more of these affidavits. One in particular that has scared itself into my memory was one by a man and his wife who stood fifty feet away. According to this affidavit B. J. yelled to his father to take his American flag and get out of the way, bellowing: "This is my parade, you old get out of the way or I'll run over you.' Other versions in affidavit form were 'Get off the street or I'll run you down' and 'get out of the way or I'll run over you.'"

"From some of these affidavits it appeared that D. D. had come to Davenport some few days in advance of the opening of the 1913 lyceum and as usual, had stopped at the Universal Chiropractic College (a rival Chiropractic college which sprang up because of B. J.'s high handed methods) to pay his respects before proceeding further up the hill to the Palmer School. When he (D. D.) finally did arrive at the School his prior stopping at the U. C. C. had been relayed to B. J., and a bitter quarrel resulted ending in B. J. ordering his father off the premises. Some of the affidavits claim that B. J. gave D. D. the bum's rush by forcibly ejecting him in person.

"On the morning of the parade D. D. appeared on the sidewalk in front of the main entrance of the Palmer School carrying a large American flag. B. J. sent out two of his bouncers who forced the old gentleman to move down the street toward the U. C. C. As the parade came down the hill from the Palmer School, D. D. stepped into the street waving his flag and called out to the effect that he was the originator of Chiropractic, that it had been stolen from him, that it was his right to lead the parade and that this he was going to do.

"At this juncture B. J. bellowed the above remarks and followed them up by running into his father, knocking him to his knees and with the front wheel and bumper of his automobile pushed him hard up against the curb. D. D. was first struck by the fender of B. J.'s automobile. The impact was in the upper lumbar region and this contusion later developed into an abscess involving the kidneys, from which complications D. D. died three months later."

"Tom Morris, of LaCrosse, a former lieutenant governor of Wisconsin, was one of Palmer's lawyers. He was in the automobile with the Mad Mullah of Chiropractic at the time. He later told Col. Long that B. J. yelled at D. D. two or three times and finally told his father to get out of the way or he would run over him.

"Morris said he started to remonstrate with B. J.; tried to dissuade him. But before he could utter more B. J. stepped on the gas and hit his father. The old man fell against the curb. This is as near to an eye witness account of the mortal wounding of D. D. Palmer as it is possible to get. (See the Morris sworn to testimony.)

"Col. Long's conception of B. J. was collated and included in the following poetic gem which, however, Palmer unfortunately and ignorantly laid to one N. C. Ross, the head of a rival Chiropractic school:

*"Behold the 'Great Developer,' the man who killed his Dad,
The Pussiant paranoiac of the D.C. healing fad;
Lamp him within the spotlight take on a Messiah pose
And generate a chorus of awed females 'ahs' and 'ohs.'
"The dago art conception of the gentle Nazarene,
As to cut of hair and whiskers, is plainly to be seen
When he gets in the spotlight and poses in silhouette,
And tells 'em at thirty-three his mortal sun will set.
"Yea, lamp the 'Great Developer' whose fame will careen down
The corridors of measured time the while he sports a crown;
Has a yacht on the Jasper Sea; a cushioned throne-side seat
And knows St. Peter well enough, to glibly call him 'Pete'."*

CHAPTER 163

KEEPING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

THE NCA JOURNAL (March, 1944) contains an article titled "Daniel David Palmer — A Great Pioneer," by Chas. L. Tennant, President of the NCA. In this article, we find the following:

"While acting as a self-appointed leader of a street parade of students and graduates, Daniel David Palmer was struck by a passing automobile, and taken, unconscious, to a hospital. He recovered sufficiently to be removed to his Los Angeles home where he died October 20, 1913."

The suggestion, intent, and purpose of that quotation are obvious. There were several other misstatements in his article.

The following letter, signed by Wm. P. Brownell, D.C., Washington, D.C., speaks for itself, insofar as the purpose of this book is concerned:

March 23d, 1944.

Dr. Charles L. Tennant,
2605 W. Grand Blvd.,
Detroit, Michigan.

Dear Doctor Tennant:

In the March issue of the NCA Journal you had an article on D. D. Palmer which had two glaring mistakes — one of them I think an extremely dangerous one — to come from the President of the NCA.

You stated first that D. D. Palmer moved to Davenport, Iowa, where he made some study of osteopathy and spinal adjustments.

Where is your authority for such a statement that D. D. Palmer studied osteopathy? The osteopaths have long tried to claim that Chiropractic was a steal from osteopathy, but have never in these long years been able to prove their point. Maybe you have access to data I do not have. If so, I wish you would let me know. But for you — *as president of the National Chiropractic Association* — to make such a statement — is going just a little too far.

You also stated that D. D. Palmer was taken to a hospital in an unconscious condition after an automobile accident in Davenport. It just happened that I had supper with D. D. Palmer and his wife the night of the accident, and nothing is further from the truth than he was ever near the hospital or was unconscious.

Certainly anybody who holds such a responsible position as you do — to state bluntly such facts without something to back them up is beyond me. You owe your profession an apology which will be hard to erase.

Under the circumstances, I do not feel I can continue to serve on the D. D. Palmer Memorial Committee. *Unless public retraction of both of the above statements is made* in the NCA Journal, with proper heading, you can consider this as my resignation as a member of the Memorial Committee. I feel the article was a definite insult to the memory of D. D. Palmer.

Sincerely yours,

Wm. P. Brownell, D.C.

wpb/g

LINCOLN CHIROPRACTIC COLLEGE

623 N. Pennsylvania St.

Indianapolis 4, Indiana.

March 14, 1944.

Dr. C. Sterling Cooley,

415 S. Guthrie,

Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Dear Mr. Cooley:

The copy of your letter to Dr. C. L. Tennant was received yesterday morning. I had not taken the time to read Dr. Tennant's article regarding D. D. until then, but on page 50 several statements that are new to me, if true, appear. In the first place, I have never heard from either D. D. or B. J. or anyone else that D. D. ever made any study of osteopathy. The only time this has ever been brought up to my knowledge was at a hearing before the public health committee in the Michigan Legislature, February, 1911, at which an osteopath made a blank claim that D. D. Palmer had stolen a small part of osteopathy.

You no doubt remember several years ago that Dr. B. J. Palmer had letters written to every osteopathic school in existence asking them if they taught a course in Chiropractic, and if Chiropractic was considered to be a type of osteopathy. Every one responded in the negative, stating that Chiropractic was not osteopathy and they taught no part of Chiropractic. These original letters were photographed in a group and mailed to the profession. In addition Dr. Palmer offered \$50,000 to anyone submitting proof that D. D. Palmer ever studied osteopathy or was ever in Kirksville, Missouri, and there have been no takers to date.

It also seems to me that Dr. Tennant is somewhat confused in his records of D. D.'s activity between the years 1903 and 1910. On page 51 Charley certainly made a grave error in the third paragraph where he states that D. D. was struck by a passing automobile and taken unconscious to a hospital. I was in the head of that parade and the facts are that D. D. was pulled out of that parade at least five times between Sixth Street and Third Street. When he reached Third Street he was pulled out by a traffic officer, Jobe Estes, who kept him in custody until the parade was entirely over. Prior to this Frank Elliott had taken D. D. by the arm and led him from

the middle of the street and to the sidewalk on three or four separate occasions. At no time was he unconscious, not even unable to walk and put up a good struggle for his size and years. Personally, I think it is a very bad policy to keep bringing up this idea of D. D. being struck by an automobile, and it is certainly a rank injustice to manufacture a statement that D. D. made a study of osteopathy as a basis for his later discovery of Chiropractic.

It has never been clear to me why so many Chiropractors who are ill-informed undertake to write authentic information for the rest of us, many of whom are informed. It may be that Rogers does not have the authority to edit such articles, but I believe he should have that authority and should case such raw statements as are contained in Tennant's article.

With very best wishes, I am

Very truly yours,
LINCOLN CHIROPRACTIC COLLEGE
(Signed) Jim
(J. N. Firth, D.C.)

JNF/jas

March 17, 1944.

Dear Doctor Firth:

Thanks for your letter of March 14, and for the information it contained—I was not in Davenport during the Homecoming parade of 1913, however I have listened to some one-half dozen "eye-witness accounts" of what happened, none of which dove-tail with the information contained in your letter of the 14th inst. Some were flowered with prejudice, favoring both sides.

As I see it, from the practitioner's side, all of the statements contained in Dr. Tennant's article can and will perhaps be overlooked by the general public; those interested in Chiropractic as a future profession *except* that paragraph on page 50, wherein he states:

"In the year 1895 Palmer moved to Davenport. Here he made some study of osteopathy and spinal adjustments. His interest in these health problems was attributed to the influence of Dr. James Atkinson of Davenport."

As if D.D.P. had torn a leaf out of A. T. Still's book of osteopathy and built a re-hash and called it Chiropractic. Some of the older Chiropractors have a *tough hide*, and such statements, even in the National Official Publication, make very little difference to us—but, some of the prospective recruits that we hope to get, don't care for an admitted re-hash of the real thing.

If the Chiropractic profession allows this statement, whether original with Tennant or quoted—to stand without a fight, a vigorous fight, it is more *spineless* than I think it possible to be.

Sincerely,
C. Sterling Cooley.
C. STERLING COOLEY.

Davenport, Iowa, April 30, 1945.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

It has been reported that during the 1913 "Home-Coming" of The P.S.C. and U.C.A., Dr. B. J. Palmer, in his automobile, had run into and knocked down his father who was at the head of the "Home Coming" parade and that his injured father died several months later from such injury.

That statement is absolutely untrue, unjust, ridiculous and malicious.

I was a student at The P. S. C. and an eye-witness to the formation of that parade.

It was a clear and warm August day, and during the formation of the parade I was sitting on a stone coping, or fence, in the front of the house south of The P. S. C. classroom building. Directly in front of me, in the street at the head of the forming parade, was Dr. D. D. Palmer. He was wearing a grey suit and a white vest, and walking to and fro, in a very excited and angry mood, before the parked automobile in which Dr. B. J. Palmer and Lt. Gov. Thomas Morris were sitting. Dr. D. D. Palmer was claiming that he was the father of Chiropractic, its discoverer, and the parade were his "Chiro-Kids," therefore he was to be the leader of the parade.

Dr. B. J. Palmer and Lt. Gov. Thomas Morris were also directly in front of me, sitting in the automobile which was known to The P. S. C. student body as "Mabel's electric car." They were waiting to be assigned at the head of the parade. Lt. Gov. Morris was trying to persuade Dr. B. J. Palmer not to argue with his father, but B. J. was adamant. Both he and his father continued the argument when, suddenly and abruptly, Dr. D. D. Palmer left the center of the street and crossed to where I was sitting. As he stepped up the curb he missed his step and stumbled although he did not fall. I put out my hand, which he refused, but he did sit down beside me on the stone coping, freely using his handkerchief on his perspiring neck and face. He continued to be very excited and very angry.

After sitting together for some five minutes, the parade started down Brady Street but stopped about one-third the distance down the hill. Just as the parade started, Dr. D. D. Palmer slowly walked, on the sidewalk, down the hill with the parade. When he had reached the head of the stopped parade he again went into the street and toward the automobile containing Dr. B. J. Palmer and Lt. Gov. Thomas Morris.

I distinctly saw Dr. D. D. Palmer approach the automobile. I distinctly saw Dr. B. J. Palmer driving the automobile, but I am positive that Dr. B. J. Palmer did not run into his father, did not hit him, and did not knock him down. I distinctly saw the parade start again and distinctly saw several men escort Dr. D. D. Palmer to the sidewalk as the parade was about to pass.

The next day I saw Dr. D. D. Palmer in the front entrance of the Universal Chiropractic College, Brady, corner of Sixth Street, and a group of

U. C. C. students who were present said that Dr. D. D. Palmer had just completed a series of Chiropractic lectures in that institution.

Signed Elmer W. Ferguson, D.C.

COUNTY OF SCOTT }
STATE OF IOWA } ss.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, William D. Wagner, this 1st day of May, 1945.

W. D. WAGNER
Notary Public in and for Scott County, Iowz.
My Commission expires July 4, 1945.

Dr. Gordon E. McGowan
Chiropractor
610 N. Fulton Ave.
Baltimore, Maryland
March 18, 1946.

Dr. B. J. Palmer, D.C., Ph.C.
The B. J. Palmer Chiropractic Clinic,
Davenport, Iowa.
Dear Dr. Palmer:

The Dr. D. D. Palmer memorial affair at which Dr. Denniston and I spoke on Saturday evening was apparently quite successful.

Dr. Thompson was first of the four speakers and we thought he did very well on the life of Dr. D. D. Palmer. He defended you in very definite terms in regard to that old charge that you had caused your father's death. He said he had witnessed most of the incident in question and that the charge against you was instigated by certain of your enemies, that it was absolutely unjustified and proved to be false. We believe Dr. Thompson settled that issue once and for all in this state for his word carries weight, as you know. His talk served to keynote Dr. Denniston's and mine which followed.

Yours truly,
(Signed) G. E. McGOWAN
G. E. McGOWAN, D.C.

CHAPTER 164

THE CRITICAL DAY

The fatal time — at which this entire issue arose and is wrapped around — arrived. We had our parade. It was assembled in front of The P. S. C., marched down Brady Street Hill, etc.

D. D. Palmer, without asking permission or our pleasure in the matter, had deliberately planted himself, bare-headed, in the front of the said parade as it was standing in front of the Argyle Flats, or thereabouts.

THE CRITICAL PRECEDENT

Please note the contrast: "Here was an old gentleman, 60 years, on a hot day desiring to walk some three miles up and down hill. Here was the young man, the son, sitting in a \$2,400 automobile driving in the parade taking life comfortable and keeping cool." Could we permit the public thus to gossip? Was it not even worse, when it would be said that: "The father was the discoverer, he gave the son his start and then look what he does to him, makes him walk on this hot day, the old man that he is."

Quick to note the psychological position, R. C. Smith (our Marshal of the Parade) went quietly and quickly to D. D. Palmer, telling him that a place had been reserved in a Faculty automobile for him. He met with this characteristic reply, "Damn your faculty. To hell with your automobiles. I'm here and I'm going to stay," or something to the same effect.

Following this, there were two horns of an awful dilemma: we couldn't let him walk and heap humiliation upon us; he wouldn't ride at our request; hence there was but one thing to do and this Student Smith did in a gentlemanly manner—put him on the sidewalk and thus out of the parade entirely.

THE PARADE PERMIT

That we had this privilege and power was the right conferred upon us when we requested and received official permit to conduct this parade and have in it any person or other arrangement we desired as long as we were decorous and gentlemanly in the doing of the same.

We herewith quote that permit:

Alfred C. Mueller, Mayor, Davenport, Ia.

"Davenport, Iowa, February 6, 1914.

"Dr. B. J. Palmer:

"Dear Sir: — As I have been informed that a question has arisen as to whether or not permission had been given to your Association to have a parade in the City of Davenport on August 27, 1913, I take this occasion to

inform you that both you and your Mr. Hampton spoke to me about the matter and that I orally gave you permission to have this parade.

"I give you this information with pleasure and will gladly give it to you in any other form should you desire.

"Respectfully,

"ALFRED C. MUELLER, Mayor."

Notwithstanding D. D. Palmer was ejected from the parade, he persisted in several times trying to get into it, seemingly knowing that he would get us in bad or determining to make our efforts to regulate him a laughing stock to the crowds of by-standers who were assembled on the sidewalk to see us go by.

THE TRAFFIC POLICEMAN SAYS:

STATE OF IOWA }
SCOTT COUNTY } ss.

I, J. B. Estes, being first duly sworn, under oath do state that I am over 21 years of age; that I have been a resident of Davenport for twenty years; that I was a resident on or about the 27th of August, 1913; that I am a resident at the present time; that on or about the 27th of August I was Traffic Policeman stationed at the corner of Third and Brady streets; that I was so stationed and on duty on or about 1 or 2 P.M. of August 27, 1913; that while on such duty a parade of the Universal Chiropractors' Association was coming down Brady street from the top of the hill; that upon reaching Third and Brady they turned east at that corner; that just previous to said parade reaching Third and Brady I noticed a gentleman whom I recognized as D. D. Palmer coming hurriedly towards me from the northwest corner sidewalk; that he stated, in sum and substance, that his son, B. J. Palmer, would not let him head this procession; that approximately and simultaneously an automobile driven by B. J. Palmer came out of the line of march of the parade and drove up to me, during which time the said B. J. Palmer told me that he held a permit for this parade from our Mayor Mueller; that D. D. Palmer was trying to disarrange the parade and trying to make trouble; that B. J. Palmer requested me to keep D. D. Palmer out of the line of march and that I so instructed him to do. I further testify that, as everybody was on the sidewalk observing the parade and traffic had been stopped to favor the parade, I carefully noted the manner of walk of the said D. D. Palmer; that there was nothing in the same to indicate to me that he was injured, he neither limping nor indicating pain or injury; that he presented no indications of being hurt, so far as I could see.

Further deponent saith not.

J. B. ESTES.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of August, 1914.
(Seal)

FRANK W. ELLIOTT,
Notary Public in and for Scott County, Iowa.

It is stated that this automobile accident happened — *if* it happened at all — in front of the Argyle Flats. The actual distance between those flats and Third and Brady streets — where this traffic policeman was — is close to one mile. If D. D. Palmer had actually been hit, knocked down or run over — and there are several such statements made by Mr. Long in these chapters — isn't it reasonable to expect that by the time he had walked *one mile* on a hot day, and, he an old man, that he would have *shown* some effects of the same?

Mr. Estes further states, in a conversation with the writer, that Byron Rumsey (a local detective) called upon him and asked what he knew about the "accident" herein generally referred to; that, in reply, he told him, "Nothing"; to which Mr. Rumsey said: "I can't get a line of evidence anywhere for my people." When asked who "my people" were, he said "The Universal School."

Because of Mr. Estes' activities in following the request of B. J. Palmer to permit the parade to continue in peace, D. D. Palmer made a report to the Chief of Police, Mr. Schramm. Mr. Estes was asked to explain, which he did to the Chief's satisfaction.

Shortly after four people from the Universal School held an interview with Mayor Mueller, condemning Mr. Estes for "putting D. D. Palmer out of the parade." Being indignant at the seeming insult to the Chiropractors, Mayor Mueller called Mr. Estes "on the carpet." When the entire matter was explained to Mayor Mueller, he (Mr. Mueller) was now more than indignant to think that "four people from the Universal School" tried to use his office to the end of trying to nurse their grudge against a contemporary.

THE AUTO LEAVES THE LINE

It was while he was being put from the parade for the first time that I did come from my assigned position in the parade and went towards Marshal Smith to tell him to do that which he did do, that it is claimed that I struck D. D. Palmer, knocked him down and injured him to such an extent that he eventually died.

HOW THE RUMOR STARTED

D. D. Palmer, being repeatedly denied the right to *walk* in the parade, being indignant as he was, raised the cry that he had been struck by an automobile being driven by his son; this cry was more than gladly picked up by the U. C. C., circulated as a rumor, spread through the city, the papers published it as a statement of fact, which was later retracted, as the record shows.

NOW COMES THE INFLATION

Immediately following this occurrence, the U. C. C. thought they saw an opportunity to take the mole hill and make a mountain out of it; they referred the matter to Mr. Long, who, with his maliciously shrewd legal bril-

liancy, began writing the parties involved, including Mrs. D. D. Palmer, who referred him to other relatives, etc. Meanwhile the triangle was quietly gathering evidence, and if the evidence before the Grand Jury (as stated in the Chapter entitled "The Prosecutor's Case") is any criterion to how much they got, they found pickings mighty slim.

HOW EVIDENCE WAS FINE-COMBED

As proof of the statement that Mr. Long did begin to gather this evidence at an early date (and long before it was introduced to any Grand Jury) permit me to bother you while you read the following letters, or extracts therefrom:

The first is a letter to Otis Cronk from D. D. Palmer. Its logical position will be best understood when read with Mr. Long's letter, which immediately follows.

The second is a letter written by Mr. Long to Otis Cronk and has reference to the letter which immediately precedes it.

The third is the reply that Otis Cronk made to Long's letter which immediately preceded this one.

The fourth is a copy of the letter written by D. D. Palmer on April 15, 1913 long before he came to Davenport. Note the fear of automobiles, showing that the same was preying upon his mind. Attached thereto is an affidavit of correction of the same by Otis Cronk, who received the same.

The fifth letter is one from Mr. Long to R. C. Smith, the Marshal of the parade and explains its purpose.

The sixth letter is Smith's reply to Mr. Long's inquiry.

The seventh and eighth letters are merely substantiative of the fact that Mr. Long was writing hither and thither in his vain attempt to microscope a bit of evidence here and there upon which to telescope his crime.

UNSOUNDNESS OF MIND — WHY NOT USED?

There was a vital reason why Mr. Long wanted the first series of letters; it showed conclusively that D. D. Palmer's mind was quite unsound most particularly on that one subject of being hit with automobiles; that such was his state of mind long before arriving in Davenport, that having such upon his mind it would have been easy for him to imagine a thing that in reality never occurred, because his mind was running along such channels, and he would imagine more than actually occurred because thereof, which could be easily magnified, as such is common to people who think one thought intensely and exclusively of the facts regardless of what they might be. Such evidence in the hands of Mr. Long would be buried and *not* introduced, for such is *defense*, not prosecution.

Los Angeles, Cal., 42 W. Vernon Ave., 9-17-'13.

OTIS E. CRONK, D.C.:—

I was particularly struck by the portion of your letter which reads, "I do

not believe that the auto will be made that will rob the world of its Greatest Benefactor."

"I came nearer being run over by an auto in Davenport than in the great city of Los Angeles, the former 50,000 and the latter 500,000."

As I re-read your letter I thought the above briefly told would be of special interest to you. One of the P. S. C. employees said to me that the P. S. C. students did not dare to say anything openly, but there was an under-current of sympathy with me. Drs. Otto and Moyer called on me and said that sympathy was all with me. I was told at the depot (we left at 10:23 P.M.) that Mr. Long in his lecture gave B. J. an awful scoring, finishing up by saying, "I would not blame the Old Man if he was to dynamite the P. S. C. building."

I gave twenty-two lectures at the U. C. C. for \$220. I was hired by Otto and Moyer.

(Signed)

D. D. PALMER.

Otis E. Cronk, D.C., Viroqua, Wisconsin.

Dear Sir: — Mrs. D. D. Palmer sent me a letter from you to D. D. Palmer, dated May 7th, this year. This was before D. D. was struck by his son's automobile, and in it you say:

"I don't believe that the auto will be made that will rob the world of its greatest benefactor."

What does this mean? Did D. D. write you to the effect that he had a premonition that he would be killed by an automobile, or what? If he did so write you, I will be obliged to you for a copy of the letter, if you have it, or if you do not have it, then your statement as to what is contained.

Yours truly,

SOL. L. LONG.

Davenport, Iowa, Jan. 4, 1914.

S. L. Long, Atty., Alton, Ill.

Dear Sir: — Yours of December 29, 1913, at hand, and in reply will say that I regret that I did not preserve a copy of the letter in question, but can give you the meat of the communication that passed between Dr. D. D. and myself. I was approached through letter by the doctor in regard to a diploma, and owing to circumstances which at this time I do not care to set forth, I tried to come to terms with him, and remarked that diploma signed by anyone in his school outside of himself would rob it of its value, and owing to his age I was afraid that something might happen to him before we came to terms.

In his next letter he said that he felt that way himself and that he feared going down town alone, owing to the way that the automobiles dashed around — they confused him — which called forth the remark from me which you cited in your second paragraph.

Would like to ask if the following is an insinuation or specific charge? "This was before D. D. was struck by his son's automobile." If it is the former, will say that I think it is uncalled for, as I was in attendance at the U. C. A. convention and had been in Davenport but a short time when I heard the circumstances of the auto incident.

Hoping that this answer is satisfactory, I am,

OTIS E. CRONK, D.C.

Los Angeles, Cal., 4339 S. Grand Ave., April 15, 1913.

Otis E. Cronk:—"Yes, I am, also, fearful of 'something would happen.' *Every time I go into the city the autos are hunting me and some day they may run me down. I no longer go into the city alone, as I came near meeting an accident a short time ago.*"

(Signed)

D. D. PALMER.

WAS HE INSANE?

Many, in their spirit of justice have tried to believe that D. D. Palmer did not possess the revenge which seems frequently displayed throughout the recital of this domestic trouble. The only evidence is what is placed before us from time to time. We give it for two reasons: 1st, that it is proper and justifiable defense to those who use it as a prosecution; 2nd, it is charitable to thus account for the acts rather than to think any father could so bitterly oppose his son.

On Oct. 27, 1913, T. J. Palmer, (brother to D. D. Palmer) wrote a letter to C. Sterling Cooley, D.C., in which he says: "After talking with you over the phone at my house I came down to the post-office and received a letter from D. D.'s wife giving an account of my brother's death October 20th — from his wife's letter *he was evidently on the verge of insanity* over grief from the mistreatment of the ingrate."

On Oct. 29th, 1914, we also note another communication received by us from C. Sterling Cooley, D.C., which passed between him and T. J. Palmer. In it we find the following: "Seeing the strained condition of his (D. D. Palmer's) mind, *verging on insanity* from the imprisonment and dastardly treatment of his son, I persuaded him to put in a grocery, which I knew he could sell at any time, *to draw his mind from his grief and worry* caused by acts his damnable son had induced.—"

STATE OF IOWA }
SCOTT COUNTY } ss.

I, Otis E. Cronk, being first duly sworn according to law, on oath depose and say that I am over 21 years of age, that I formerly resided at Viroqua, Wis. That I had certain correspondence with one D. D. Palmer, late of Los

Angeles, California, and that the annexed letter was duly received by me from said D. D. Palmer in his lifetime through the United States mail in the regular way. That I am firmly of the opinion that the signature signed to said letter is the signature of said D. D. Palmer, and that said letter hereto attached was written me in answer to a letter sent by me to said D. D. Palmer.

Witness my hand at Davenport, Iowa, on February 4th, A. D., 1914.

OTIS E. CRONK.

Subscribed and sworn to by Otis E. Cronk before me and in my presence at Davenport, Iowa, on February 4th, A.D., 1914.

C. H. MURPHY,

Notary Public in and for Scott County, Ia.

In further substantiation of the fact D. D. Palmer was of unsound mind and had the great fear of being run over, let us note the affidavits of F. W. Elliott and C. H. Murphy.

STATE OF IOWA }
 } ss.
SCOTT COUNTY }

I, Frank Elliott, being first duly sworn, depose and say that I am a citizen and resident of Scott County, Iowa; that I am over 21 years of age; that on or about the 1st day of June, 1913, I was at the city of Rock Island, Ill., where I met one D. D. Palmer of Los Angeles, Cal., who was there visiting with his friends, the Kale family; that I had a long conversation covering a period of almost forty-five minutes in which we conversed upon general subjects, and during that conversation he told me that he was afraid of losing his life by the reckless manner in which automobiles were now being driven upon our streets; *he also at that time stated that just previous to his coming to Iowa, while walking on the streets in Los Angeles, he was struck by a street car in said city of Los Angeles, knocked down and his trousers were torn, but he was a little too tough to kill him,* that when asked if he made any claims for damages from the street car company he said, "No, not even for the trousers." That further deponent sayeth not.

F. W. ELLIOTT, D.C.

Subscribed and sworn to before me in my presence on the 30th day of July, 1914.

C. H. MURPHY,

Notary Public in and for Scott County, Iowa.

STATE OF IOWA }
 } ss.
SCOTT COUNTY }

I, C. H. Murphy, being first duly sworn, on oath do depose and say that I am a resident of Davenport, Scott County, Iowa. That I am 57 years old;

that on or about the 1st day of June, 1913, I was present with Dr. Frank Elliott in Rock Island, Ill., and met Dr. D. D. Palmer of Los Angeles, Cal., with whom I conversed in general with said Elliott and during conversation I heard said Dr. D. D. Palmer say *that a short time previous to his arrival to coming here on this trip that he had been struck by a street car and knocked down.* What occasioned this statement from him was a statement by him that we were practically living in a very speedy age and that he *"was afraid of being hit by an automobile, because of the reason that he could not get out of the way of them as fast as he could some years before,"* that afterwards, to-wit, on or about the 1st day of August, 1913, and, as I recall about the same day and date as above named, in a lecture delivered by D. D. Palmer before the students of the Palmer School of Chiropractic, Davenport, Iowa, he then made the same statement that he was afraid of being struck by an automobile; that his wife's fears were of such a nature that she usually accompanied him wherever he went. C. H. MURPHY.

Further deponent sayeth not.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3rd day of July, 1914.

F. W. ELLIOTT, D. C.

Notary Public in and for Scott County, Iowa.

Davenport, Iowa, March 27, 1914.

R. C. Smith, D.C., Grafton, Nebr.

Dear Sir:—According to my promise to you over the 'phone, I am writing you to explain a little more fully.

T. J. Palmer, an uncle of B. J. and brother of D. D. and the sisters of D. D. Palmer, employed me to come here and make sure that some evidence they had touching upon D. D.'s death *and his being struck by B. J.'s automobile* during the parade last fall was presented properly to the Grand Jury, and in investigating matters after I got here I was told that you had seen B. J.'s automobile strike the old man and that you were one of those who *picked D. D. Palmer up after he fell.* Now, I would like to have you write me just exactly your recollections of the affair and if you saw him strike B. J.'s automobile to say so, and if you did not see him struck to say so. We do not want anything but the bare facts in this case, but these the Palmers are bound to have come out. We have the affidavits of three doctors, an Allopath, Homeopath and an Osteopath, to the effect that D. D.'s death was directly caused by a second shock resultant from some previous proximate injury.

Very truly yours,

SLL-EJ

SOL L. LONG.

P. S.—All we want of your evidence is to corroborate other evidence. We have two different parties who saw D. D. struck by B. J.'s automobile. If you did not see him so struck, do you know of anyone who did? LONG.

Address Davenport, Iowa.

Duplicate Copy.

Grafton, Nebr., 4-3-14.

Sol. L. Long, Davenport, Iowa.

Dear Sir: — I was Marshal of the U. C. A. parade last August and was intimately concerned in the affair mentioned, but I do not want to testify "either for or against" unless compelled to do so.

This is not a personal reason, but simply because "I've troubles of my own."

Respectfully yours,

R. C. SMITH.

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 28th, 1914.

B. J. Palmer, D. C., Davenport, Iowa.

Dear Sir: — I have never said anything to you about the matter, but there was a constant firing of letters, from different sources, came to me, for quite a little time after the death of your father, which tried very hard to get me to send them either the letter that you wrote me shortly after his death or send a copy, but I never made answer, and they finally quit.

I caught what they were at, which was to try if they could not find something in it that would help them, try to make a case against you, regarding the auto episode.

I did read the letter to the old lady, and she wanted a copy, but failed to get it, and never will, nor will anyone else.

Most respectfully,

HARRY ST. CLAIR.

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 29, 1913.

B. J. Palmer, D. C., Davenport, Iowa.

Dear Sir: — It was with sadness that a goodly number of Chiropractors gathered and looked for the last time on this earth upon the face of him whom we honor as having given Chiropractic to the world.

This mockery and deception was indulged in in this case, as is usually done, and *those that made the biggest pretense at attempting to show sorrow were the very ones that during his life had said the most unkindly things of him, but what matters it now?*

To you as a leader in the fore-front rank, we are looking for great things, and you will not disappoint us by allowing our science to become contaminated with other cults, but set the standard high and keep it pure to the end.

Again I say we are looking to you for great things, and I feel assured that you will not disappoint us.

I remain,

Most respectfully yours for Chiropractic,

HARRY ST. CLAIR, D. C.

AN ARGUMENTATIVE CONCESSION

Even if (conceding the same for sake of argument) he *was* struck, he was not serious, as he was able to give Dr. Elliott (as young as he is) a merry run

down Brady street hill, and kept R. C. Smith busy dodging between managing the parade and seeing that he either followed the wishes of those involved or stayed out of the same.

D. D. Palmer returned to his California home on the night following this parade and incident here related, railing "at all three schools and everybody connected therewith for their mean, cruel and inhuman treatment of me," etc.; so states his oldest daughter, who was then a student in the P. S. C., who went to the depot to see him off.

D. D. PALMER DIES — P. S. C. SHOWS RESPECT

He died six weeks later, on October 20, 1913. We would not have known of the same had not my attention been called to a short Associated Press notice from a Chicago paper of the next day. A hasty P. S. C. faculty meeting was called and decided to fly the flag half-mast and close school out of memory for the man who had not only discovered Chiropractic but after whom the *Palmer School of Chiropractic* was named. It might not come amiss to state that, to our knowledge, we were the only school to do his memory consideration in this regard.

The following sent his widow messages of condolence: First, myself personally; second, the faculty, with Dr. Wishart as Chairman; third, Uncle Howard Nutting and myself, with the request that his remains be buried in Davenport, the town of his scientific birth; fourth, each of the three class presidents; in total some six messages from the P. S. C.

In appreciation for this consideration, in due time, I received a message from the widow from which I extract the first line and refuse to go farther out of consideration for her mercy and your feelings:

Los Angeles, Calif., 420 West Vernon Ave., Oct. 23, 1913.

B. J. Palmer: — *This morning I received a mess of your garbage and I want to say to you never do I want you again to send me any more of your stuff.*

Mrs. D. D., I am proud of the *name* I bear, Mrs. D. D. Palmer.

After scraping up the little evidence he has, now comes Mr. Long with the audacity to present the penurious tail feathers of gossip to a Grand Jury with the effrontery to ask them to consider it seriously. He asks them to take almost less than nothing and piece it into the worst crime the Iowa statutory possibly possesses.

WHY THIS STAR CHAMBER PROCEDURE?

Is this investigation, by Grand Jury, because of public demand that justice be meted out to a man whom the community considers dangerous? Is it because the majority think a heinous crime has been committed and the man who did it must be dragged into court and tried according to the statutes of the land and receive a punishment that would fit the crime? Is it because the nature of the crime was so revolting that public opinion need

gravitated insurrectos crystallizations that they might the better know what an awful criminal was hiding in their midst?

Or is there herein imbedded a seed of maliciousness which was long ago taken out of the hands of the immediate family by contemporaries and placed into fertility by a lawyer who loves not content and harmony but ever searches for misconstructions that he might the better be bruited about from state to state, society to society, that he might more advantageously again show the general make-up of his unholy, wily and unscrupulous history of the past ages repeating themselves before us now, in this age and in *our* work? Is this but another instance where he, who has ruined other associations and businesses, can, in the stealth of desire, sneak under our cover only to dig a dagger between the short ribs that he might leave devastation behind us as he has ever done in the past?

As the preceptor, so the precepted; as the School so its counsel; as the lawyer so his client. They must split if they don't agree; if they agree they will the closer cling to each other, for each needs the support that only such of its kind can give.

COMMENTS OF RELATIVES

I interject a few of some of the many extracts possible from letters received from relatives that it may be more advantageously shown how their sympathies and revenges have been unmercifully preyed upon.

Correspondence went back and forth until those whom I held dear eventually thought me a murderer of the most heinous description. Poor relatives! They have been more badly worked than worked upon; more deeply sinned with than sinned against.

The first two communications are extracts from letters sent to me; that which follows is my reply to one that it might show the better my attitude toward them in reply.

Thursday, 23, 1913.

Dear Brother T. J.: — Brother, you remember he told you about B. J. hitting him on the hip; well, he never got over that hit. *Dr. Ladd said he had an abscess in the side above the hip was one thing the matter with him. He lived on liquids and ice cream for four weeks.*

I gave out, and Dr. told Papa he had to let me have some one to help me, *so on Friday I got a nurse, and he died on Monday morning at 8.* Now he is gone and he is where none of the Chiropractors can lie on him and where B. J. can't hurt him any more, *for he certainly died broken hearted more than anything else.*

Your Sister, Mary Palmer.

Tacoma, Wash., Nov. 6, 1913.

Can I call you Nephew? How can I when you were the cause of my brother's death and your father? Oh, B. J., think what you will have to

answer for in the next world, and what a conscience you must have, not a clear one. I hope your father's spirit will haunt you all the rest of your life. Oh, I feel so bad.

Oh, Bart, this is a pebble in the bucket. How could you run him down with your auto? Why did you not be a man and take your father in with you and take the lead? I will say my brother should not have got before you and your auto, for he surely knew your hatred towards him, for just look at the past years. The terrible letters you strewed among your friends and Chiropractors, trying to kill his fatherly reputation. Oh, Bart, how could you try to kill your poor old father? At last you killed him with your auto, which was the cause of his death. That was a sad visit on his part. Oh how I do wish he hadn't gone. My eyes are streaming with tears. He died broken hearted. He would say, "And I never laid a hand on him." Why was it? Because he loved his boy, Bart. Will you ever forgive yourself?

Murder! Just think of it! Oh, I feel so sad to think I am obliged to write such to you, Bart. Yes, he now is out of your way; you have killed him at last. Putting him in prison nearly sent him crazy; to think a son would be the cause of that. If it wasn't your fault, Bart, why didn't you go and get him out, like a son ought to? Instead, his wife borrowed the money to do it. Oh, it is dreadful. I can hardly stand it all. Poor brother went through it all.

Bart, *the penitentiary is too good for you*. It's a long road that has no turn. It is too late now for you to ask forgiveness for the past wrongdoings. You will only have to wait until the judgment day.

Oh! how sad.

In grief,

AUNT JENNIE

On June 25th and June 26th, 1914, I was called to Tacoma, Wash., on legal business other than what is here fully described. While in this city—the home of "Aunt Jennie," whose communication is here copied—and while in the city, being otherwise engaged, did desire to see this aunt, and then and there sent her the following written communication:

"Aunt Jennie: — I have arrived; am at the Hotel Tacoma. Will be here today and have this morning as leisure time. Would be more than pleased to have you call.

"Notwithstanding what you think you know, lay it aside and come. Owing to the many practitioners calling, I cannot leave, or it would be my pleasure to call on you instead.

B. J. PALMER, D. C., Ph. C."

To which I received the following written note on the rear of the same as follows:

"Bart: — I am your aunt, but a sister to your poor father, who now is dead, and he said on his dying bed that B. J. was the cause of it all. I am so sorry. No, Bart, under the conditions, I think we had not better meet."

Now for what occurred, in detail: The aunt refused to call on me June 25th but did attend, in company with my cousin, our public lecture given in the Masonic Temple, that evening in that city. The aunt sat in the rear of the hall while the cousin sat in the front row.

After the lecture the cousin came upon the platform, determined to meet me in spite of the protests of the aunt for her doing so. I then asked the cousin where "mother was" to which I was told she was "in the rear of the room." We immediately went to the rear to find she was gone. We then tried to find her at the nearest street car station to find she was gone. I then invited the cousin to include herself and the aunt as my guests at luncheon at the Hotel Tacoma, next day which they both did.

Coming direct to my room were Mr. and Mrs. R. H. St. Onge; he was my committeeman at the time of the division of the spoils, referred to in Chapter 1. I opened the subject, desiring to present the facts for my aunt's consideration when I was met with: "I do not care to discuss it and much less before strangers." I then said: "Very well, we will not discuss the question. Let us go down to lunch," which was done.

My aunt then expressed a desire to attend the trial. An auto was secured and she was taken there. During the course of the afternoon, I was the witness and my aunt became greatly wrought over the fact that "They would not let Bart say what he wants to." Little did she then know that afterward I made an analogy of her manner as comparative with the prosecuting attorney's for not letting me say at noon what I desired.

The following Sunday I lectured at Bryn Mawr, at Seattle, some 55 miles from Tacoma. Imagine my surprise to find the same cousin and another I had never met came all that way "because mother said it wasn't right to have Bart lecturing here on the coast and not have the Palmer family represented." Upon inquiry I found that my cousin had taken my version, as told to her, to my aunt who, after learning both sides, agreed that I was more wronged than wrong.

My aunt, for the first time, learned that it wasn't right for a juryman to go out and convict a prisoner, send him to the pen and hanging, without at least giving him a hearing in his own behalf. That much for her court experience of that afternoon. We are now glad to report that, if time could be set back, Aunt Jennie would not have written the communications which are now herein a matter of record in our defense.

A CHANGED OPINION

Under date of August 14th, 1914, we received a letter from "Mrs. H. G. Palmer," here known as "Aunt Jennie," from which the following are extracts

"Dearest Nephew: — I must congratulate you on your book of travels. You kept a good diary. My, to see and know what you saw and took down and the loss of sleep and being so worn out, I can't see what there was left

of you, when you got home. My your brain, as well as body, must of been near done out. I could hear you talking while I read your description of the different cities, etc. I never got such a big letter before. If nothing prevents, Bart, I'll see you in Davenport before I return for Tacoma inside of September or October. I well know, Dear Nephew, you would make it pleasant for me even if I did have hard feelings at one time. As you say, there are always two sides to a story. Never mind, it will all come out in the wash. Right always prevails.

As ever, your loving Aunt Jennie,
MRS. H. G. PALMER.

"B. J., we are quite sure you are the cause of your father's death. I hope punishment will be meted out to you, as you have done to your father. He died with his heart broken over the way you hurt him. While here he complained of the injury which caused his death. One thing sure, he took all the honors of Chiropractic with him and I think the least you say against him, the better *for your neck*. You had better fly on your *roost* and stay there.

Aunt Kate Wiles.

MY REPLY TO THE RELATIVES

Aunt Jen: I have just received a letter written by Aunt Jen and an appendage by Aunt Kate.

I can see you are suffering the great mental loss that all of us went through, when learning of the death of my father and your brother.

It is true, D. D. Palmer did set into motion a great and noble good work, for which he will go down into history and no one will be more glad to do him honor than myself.

The conditions have been very peculiar, and I can see that history has been running riot and neither of you have known of its circumstances. As history is voluminous, I shall not attempt to go into the matter thoroughly, but hastily, as my time is valuable, perhaps more so than was father's, Mary's or yours then or now.

In recent years every time I tried to do father public justice, it was hurled back at me as sarcasm; therefore I desisted from publicly drawing towards myself, by exposure, the anathemas of even as great as he. When I didn't, then, do the things our relatives thought I ought, then I was heaped with abuse by my silence; it was then called contempt.

Now that he is dead, I can do him justice and even he can say me nay.

At the present time, I have a school with over 500 pupils, each paying \$250 per year for training. Our teaching staff is 13 professors and three assistant faculty members. We have close to 40 employees. Our annual payroll is over \$50,000. Our clinic is approximately 1,200 patients daily.

I expect the argument will come to me, that I robbed father of all this. It was in defense of this charge that I am now accused of hurling ungrateful letters to our profession at large. I think this charge was sufficiently denied

that it will never again be resurrected by any who knew. It was sufficiently strong that each of my accusers was glad to publicly beg my pardon and retract every accusation.

In brief, I don't know to what extent any of D. D.'s relatives ever supported him in time of need or trouble, that they, at this time, have reason to raise up any such tremendous howl that they must invoke the gods on high against one amongst them who still lives through the thickest and thinnest of the fight.

I do not propose to get into any fight with Mary Palmer, you, Aunt Jen, or you, Aunt Kate, but there's just enough of the original Palmer strain in me that if anybody else starts anything I'll be the one to finish the game. I think father would have played the game that way and I think I can too.

Any of us will stand much from our relatives, it's more or less the usual custom to do so, and I am not aloof from following that custom unless the strain reaches the breaking point. You can hand me anything you please and I will stand for more or less of it, but if these *private* opinions ever become *public*, or are advertised in such a manner that I am compelled to defend my honor or character against slander, then I shall have to resort to the use of those weapons that my accusers place in my hands.

Bluffs are proper and quite consistent in their place; but there come times when even bluffs are called. I stand ready to call any of such that you care to return to me with.

Believe it or not, I'll tell you. Our automobile *did not* strike D. D. Palmer. He *was* asked to get into our automobile and ride in the parade with our faculty and he said "damn your automobiles, to hell with your faculty." After that, he was ejected from the parade with the aid of the proper police traffic power.

But what's the use of arguing much of this? Neither of you are in a proper frame of mind, at this time, to listen to the defense of one who has been condemned without hearing. If, at any time, you have cooled off and want to know the facts—providing you can calm down enough to believe there are any—then I shall be glad to give them, but if you want them you'll ask for them. I'll never volunteer.

I have now taken too much time to even write you this. I'm glad to relate, my relatives don't bother me much. If they had bothered D. D. a little more while he lived they would have more ground to ostracise me now.

Requiescat in pace. The devil gave us our relatives, but thank God we can choose our friends. As ever, the nephew you despise, all for which I am sorry, but don't give a damn. I am, Chiropractically yours, B. J. 11-1-13.

As another example of highly over-wrought relatives, permit me to read you a copy of the letter sent by my uncle to the prosecuting attorney of Scott County.

If the statements previously made regarding buying D. D. Palmer's in-

terests in our business are true, then it will be shown that even Uncle T. J. is not yet straight on *that* matter. Being still in the wrong upon one, why can't he be wrong on others?

We copy this letter, without comment, as it speaks for itself.

ANCHOR REAL ESTATE AGENCY, T. J. PALMER, Mgr.

Medford, Okla., Jan. 27, 1914.

Prosecuting Attorney of Scott County,
Davenport, Iowa.

My Dear Sir: I am a brother of Dr. D. D. Palmer whose death occurred October 20, 1913, at Los Angeles, California, *from a blow given him on the streets of Davenport, Iowa, by an automobile directed by his son B. J. Palmer premeditatedly, intentionally and maliciously*, I am informed by persons who witnessed the act. I have investigated the circumstances of his death and its cause *thoroughly satisfying myself of its correctness and truthfulness*. I am also sure that plenty evidence can be secured to prove and sustain a prosecution of the person committing the act. When it was believed that D. D. Palmer had violated laws of Iowa by curing people of various diseases by Chiropractic adjustments without a medical license, he was prosecuted, convicted and sent to prison until the fine and costs were paid. This *degenerated* son, though a partner with his father who suffered martyrdom for a cause which has triumphed over its enemies, yet this son, a beneficiary, *refused to furnish the money to pay the fine*, though the firm had money in the bank which could have been used for the purpose. From that time to his death, B. J. Palmer persecuted his father that he, the son, *might steal from him the honor of discovering the principle of Chiropractic* and its development into a science. *He drove his father from the home he had made in your midst* and made him a wanderer on the face of the earth. When Dr. D. D. Palmer returned to the scenes of his early work at the request of many of his early pupils, his egotistical son *sought to remove him from his path*, and in doing so gave him the wound which caused his death. The wound produced an abscess from which his father died. This is established by letters in my possession, copies of which have been sent to Col. Sol. L. Long, Alton, Ill., who will render you all the assistance you desire, and to whom you are referred, for aid in the prosecution.

I think it high time that some action should be taken to bring guilty young men to trial; *the thief and slayer* should not be permitted to profit by his crime and I ask, yes insist that B. J. Palmer be placed on trial for the crime committed, not accidentally but feloniously. If I can be of any service please command me. Yours very truly, T. J. PALMER.

CHAPTER 165

TESTIMONY OF EYE-WITNESSES

HAVING TAKEN A LONG TIME to get all around the main issue; having presented the prosecution's argument, their testimony and affidavits; having introduced our opening remarks and constructed our case by showing the previous circumstantial history and things that lead up thereto, I think we are now ready for the testimony of *eye-witnesses*. Not coached, not told, in California what happened in Davenport and then asked them to perjure themselves about it — *no, not that kind of testimony*.

Note also, that, while we will be charged of making the record voluminous and repetitious I would rather do that at the expense of boring you than to give two affidavits and ask you to convict a man upon the strength of those, as weak as they are. I want my testimony to be so overwhelmingly preponderant that there can be *no* shadow of a doubt in your mind as to *what actually occurred*, not as it comes from *my* mouth or mind, but that of *multiple eye-witnesses*.

THE TESTIMONY NOW FOLLOWS

STATE OF NEBRASKA, }
COUNTY OF FILMORE } ss.

I, R. C. Smith, being first duly sworn, on oath depose and say that I am over 21 years of age. That I am a resident of the above named county and state. That on or about August 27th, 1913, I was a student at The "P. S. C." at Davenport, Iowa, that on or about said date I was requested by Dr. B. J. Palmer to act as Marshal of the parade to be held on said date, and to detail such assistants as I needed to make the same a success; to get and select the positions of the various groups of marchers and those in autos; I commenced to form the parade in front of the Administration Office on Brady Street. As I was lining up the marchers I noticed Dr. D. D. Palmer was attempting to lead the parade and I went up to him and taking him by the arm stopped him and attempted to lead up the street, saying "this will be a long walk before we return and you will be very tired and it will be better for you to go up and get into one of the Faculty autos and ride, taking it easy, and let us young fellows do the walking," or words of similar import. This apparently pleased him for the moment, but in an instant he broke loose from me and said — "D—n the Faculty, I'm going to lead this parade." He be-

came very abusive and I led him over to the sidewalk from the center of the street. In a few minutes he made another effort to lead the parade, but I made him desist, but as I stepped up to the band of musicians to start the parade I noticed that Dr. B. J. Palmer's car was slipping out of line to the left side of the street when I again saw D. D. Palmer in the lead of the procession, and I again ran up to him and taking him by the shoulder started pushing him to the west side of the street, and sidewalk, and as I looked over my shoulder I discovered the B. J. Palmer auto coasting close to us and I gave D. D. Palmer a shove and got him out of the way of the car and as it slipped by it struck me with the fender before B. J. could stop. The car did not touch said D. D. Palmer nor was it closer than four or five feet from him at any time while he was on the street. Governor Morris was in the auto at the time this happened, again D. D. Palmer hurried to the sidewalk and then entered the Argyle flats and the parade proceeded down Brady street, and on several occasions D. D. Palmer attempted to get at the head of the marchers but returned to the sidewalk when ever I hovered in sight until we arrived at or near Fifth street, when he led the parade for about half a block until I came toward him and then went to the sidewalk and did not attempt to lead again. At Third and Brady streets D. D. Palmer again went to the center of the streets and talked with the traffic officer, who told him to "go on the sidewalk and keep out of the street." I further swear that I invited Dr. D. D. Palmer several times to ride in an auto, but he persistently refused. He seemed too obsessed to get to the front and lead the marchers; no other place in the parade would answer his ideas as to his place. He was very abusive at the times I escorted him away from the front of the band.

To offset any claim that he was struck by the auto run by Dr. B. J. Palmer on that afternoon will say that at all times I was between said auto and said D. D. Palmer from the start of the marching to the ending of his antics at Third and Brady streets, when he disappeared from view.

R. C. SMITH

Subscribed and sworn to by R. C. Smith before me on this 17th day of February, 1914.

FRANCIS F. PLITTEL,

Notary Public in and for said County and State.

STATE OF IOWA, }
COUNTY OF SCOTT } ss.

I, F. F. Leonard, formerly of Oberlin, Ohio, and now of Davenport, Iowa, being first duly sworn, on oath depose and say that I am over 21 years of age; that on August 21, 1913, I arrived in Davenport intending to matriculate as a student in one of the three Chiropractic schools; that while in the Office of the Universal Chiropractic College I listened to many arguments

being advanced against the P. S. C. and B. J. Palmer, and while there C. E. Moyer mentioned and reiterated, as an argument against the P. S. C. and B. J. Palmer, about the reported accident of B. J. Palmer running into D. D. Palmer with his automobile, this taking place after the 27th day of August, same year. I do not remember, at this date, whether he stated that it had occurred or was reported to have occurred, but used the same as an argument to keep me from enrolling in the P. S. C.

Notwithstanding, I did enroll in the P. S. C. on December 9, 1913, and have been a student ever since.

On Thursday or Friday, March 26 or 27, I met a deputy sheriff, who handed me a summons to appear before the Scott County grand jury to testify as regards this accident which I had not seen and so stated there at that time. I was not an eye-witness to the accident; fact is, don't know where or how it occurred.

In this grand jury hearing, where I was a witness, the prosecuting attorney read a statement, which appeared to me to be from a letter, which was written by Dr. Moyer in which Dr. Moyer stated that I had said "the incident was true, as I had seen it," and "that that did not reflect on the P. S. C., even if it was true," or words to that effect, which I have never said at any time.

Further deponent sayeth not.

F. F. LEONARD, D. C.

Subscribed and sworn to by F. F. Leonard before me and in my presence on the 31st day of March, A. D. 1914.

FRANK W. ELLIOTT,

Notary Public in and for Scott County, Iowa.

STATE OF WISCONSIN,

COUNTY OF LACROSSE

} ss.

Thomas Morris, being first duly sworn, on oath says that he was riding in the automobile driven by B. J. Palmer in the U. C. A. parade in Davenport in August, 1913; that said parade started in front of the Palmer School of Chiropractic on Brady street and proceeded down said street several blocks, turning off and forming a circuit around other streets, then returning to Brady street and back to said school; that as said parade started out, deponent noticed a somewhat sudden forward movement of the automobile driven by B. J. Palmer, and after the said automobile had advanced forty or fifty, or perhaps seventy-five or eighty feet, deponent noticed for the first time a man in the street immediately in front thereof, but did not then know who he was; thereupon deponent heard B. J. Palmer tell the man to get out of the parade, which he did, returning to the sidewalk and proceeding again down the street for some distance when he again attempted to get in front of the automobile and head the parade; that Palmer again told him that he

must leave the parade, which he did, returning again to the sidewalk; that when the procession reached the principal downtown corner, the name of which deponent does not know, deponent observed the old man talking with a policeman, evidently complaining to him and requesting the officer to aid him in leading the parade, but the officer evidently refused to do this and told the old man to stay out of the parade. This is the last time that D. D. Palmer was seen by deponent during the parade.

Deponent has heard it claimed that B. J. Palmer ran into his father with his automobile at the head of Brady street hill, in front of the Palmer School of Chiropractic, throwing him violently to the ground. This is not the fact. At no time was D. D. Palmer thrown to the ground, and at no time was he struck by the automobile. On the contrary, the automobile stopped before he was reached and within a few feet of him.

THOMAS MORRIS,

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of January, A.D. 1914.

S. MARTIN LEE, Jr.

Notary Public, LaCrosse County, Wisconsin.

My commission expires August 21, 1914.

STATE OF IOWA, }
COUNTY OF SCOTT } ss.

I, O. M. Haney, now living at 613 Farnam street, Davenport, Iowa, being first duly sworn, on oath depose and say that I am over twenty-one years of age; that on August 27, 1914, my wife and I were talking to Dr. D. D. Palmer in front of Dr. Palmer's. Dr. Palmer told me he was going to head the parade and I advised him to stay out of it. My reasons for doing so were that my sympathies were with him and I didn't want to see him humiliated by being put out of it if he did go in.

I then saw him go into and head the parade. I shortly after saw an automobile at the head of the parade, Dr. B. J. Palmer and one other man unknown to me, being in the same. The automobile was barely running and close enough that I saw D. D. Palmer lay his hand upon it, but it did not strike, hit or even touch him. I was in a position where I could see the whole occurrence and naturally wanted to see whether he followed my advice or not, I watched with more than ordinary interest and care.

After the above occurred Dr. D. D. Palmer went into one of the nearby houses. The parade then moved on down the hill. Shortly after D. D. Palmer came out and moved down the sidewalk with Dr. Elliott.

Further deponent sayeth not.

O. M. HANEY

Subscribed and sworn to by O. M. Haney before me and in my presence on the 31st day of March, A. D. 1914.

FRANK W. ELLIOTT,

Notary Public in and for Scott County, Iowa

STATE OF NORTH DAKOTA, }
COUNTY OF GRAND FORKS. } ss.

A. A. Bahlke, being first duly sworn, deposes and says: that he is a resident of the city of Grand Forks, now engaged in the practice of Chiropractic; that during the third week in August, 1913, he was in the city of Davenport, Iowa, there attending a convention of the Universal Chiropractors Association; that during the time of such convention and during said third week in August, the exact calendar date of which this affiant does not recollect, a parade was had of the members and their friends attending such convention; that just prior to the time the parade was started this affiant came up Brady street from the business section of the said city of Davenport and as he approached the Argyle flats the parade was then forming and was then being established ready to start off on the parade and that at such time he noticed Dr. D. D. Palmer standing on the sidewalk in front of or near said Argyle flats among others there also standing on the sidewalk; that at such time the head of and some part of the parade then forming was some twenty-five or thirty feet further down the street from the place where Dr. D. D. Palmer was then standing; that at said time Dr. B. J. Palmer was then standing up in automobile in the line of the parade, which was then stationary, and was then facing with his back towards the front of the parade giving orders with reference to the formation of the parade in the rear; that when said parade started and the automobiles were on the move he noticed said Dr. D. D. Palmer still standing on the sidewalk at such time; that, in my opinion, considering where said Dr. D. D. Palmer was standing with reference to the line of the parade then formed, it would be necessary for said Dr. D. D. Palmer to deliberately walk off the sidewalk and attempt to get into the parade in order that he might be hit by anyone driving an automobile in said parade. That this affiant did not see Dr. D. D. Palmer thereafter leave the sidewalk and go out in the street and attempt to get into the parade, as this affiant was then seeking his proper place in the parade with the North Dakota section.

A. A. BAHLKE, D. C.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of March, 1914.

FRANK T. LEMBKE,

Notary Public, Grand Forks County, N. D.

My commission expires January 7, 1920.

STATE OF WYOMING, }
COUNTY OF LARAMIE. } ss.

I, Chas. B. Lehman, being first duly sworn, on oath depose and say that I am over 21 years of age; that I am a resident of the above named county and state; that on or about August 27, 1913, I was a student at the P. S. C.

at Davenport, Iowa; that on or about said date I was piloting one of the autos in the parade and being in the third auto in line I could plainly see all that took place between R. C. Smith and D. D. Palmer. I saw D. D. Palmer try his best to lead the parade and I saw R. C. Smith escort him several times to the sidewalk. At one time they were only a few feet from my auto. I heard said R. C. Smith ask D. D. Palmer to get in an auto and ride and let the younger folks do the walking. Then one of the Universal students told said R. C. Smith to take his hands off that man; Smith said, "I am frying my own fish; if you want any, come on." The U. C. C. student walked away.

D. D. Palmer then cursed and said he was going to lead the parade and soon made another effort to do so, when R. C. Smith again assisted him to get out of line. I then saw B. J. Palmer's auto coasting toward the place where Smith was escorting D. D. Palmer for about the third time. The car was not closer than several feet to D. D. Palmer at any time. D. D. Palmer caught up with the procession and on several occasions attempted to lead, but R. C. Smith watched him at all times and kept him out of line except between Fourth and Fifth streets. Said D. D. Palmer led the parade for about a half block, and as Smith approached D. D. Palmer abandoned the parade and ran down Brady street. At Third and Brady streets D. D. Palmer went to the corner of the street and talked to the traffic cop, then he went to the sidewalk and disappeared from our view.

As the disgusting antics of D. D. Palmer were such an attraction that all eyes were gazing in his direction and at no time did I see the B. J. Palmer auto come within several feet of him.

CHAS. B. LEHMAN

Subscribed and sworn to by Chas. B. Lehman before me on the 14th day of April, 1914.

CHAS. B. BAILEY,

Notary Public in and for said County and State.

My commission expires October 16, 1917.

STATE OF IOWA,

COUNTY OF SCOTT

} ss.

A. E. Gotthilf, being first duly sworn, on his oath deposes and says: That he is over 21 (twenty-one) years of age and that he carried the Austrian flag in the *Universal Chiropractors' Association* parade which marched down Brady street hill at or about 2:00 P.M. August 27 (twenty-seventh), 1913, in Davenport, Iowa; that the order of arrangements was as follows:

First, the United States flag, second, the Palmer School of Chiropractic and the *Universal Chiropractors' Association* pennants on each side and slightly behind; third, Otto's band, then came the arrangements of the nations, of which I was the color bearer and was first and in front of that

division; that the parade stopped pending the lineup behind, during which time the fore part of the parade was bent toward the street; that I was helping to line up the front and at that time noticed D. D. Palmer getting into the extreme front of the parade and then called the marshal of the parade's attention to the same, who thereupon went to him, said something, I know not what; that having spoken to the marshal, I watched to see the outcome and was in a position where I noticed all that occurred; that I saw the automobile driven by B. J. Palmer move out of the parade and go towards the marshal, who had then reached D. D. Palmer; that I observed closely and carefully the details of what took place and did not see the automobile strike the said D. D. Palmer; that had it done so, I would have seen it, as I was out of the parade at the time and could clearly see all that occurred at that particular time and place.

Further than this, deponent sayeth not.

ARTHUR E. GOTTHILF

Subscribed and sworn to before me, a notary public, by A. E. Gotthilf, personally known to me, this fourteenth day of April, 1914, at Davenport, Iowa.

FRANK W. ELLIOTT,

Notary Public in and for Scott County, Iowa.

My commission expires July 4, 1913.

STATE OF IOWA, }
 } ss.
SCOTT COUNTY. }

Affidavit.

I, Frank W. Elliott, being first duly sworn according to law, on oath depose and say, that I have been a resident of Davenport, Iowa, since August 1, 1911, and that I am over 21 years of age; that I was personally acquainted with Dr. D. D. Palmer in his lifetime; that on the 27th day of August, A. D. 1913, there was formed in front of the "P. S. C." a parade of the membership of the Universal Chiropractors' Association as well as the students and visitors of the "P. S. C." That at said time I saw the said D. D. Palmer step out into the street and attempt to lead the said parade after Dr. B. J. Palmer and Lieut. Gov. Morris, of Wisconsin, had started the parade; the said D. D. Palmer walked right in front of the auto in which said B. J. Palmer and Gov. Morris were riding and it was with some difficulty that said B. J. Palmer stopped the car within four or six feet from said D. D. Palmer, and it was at this time that I, as an officer of the Universal Chiropractors' Association, asked said D. D. Palmer to take a place in the parade just behind the band and in the automobile provided for the faculty of the "P. S. C." and that after so inviting the said D. D. Palmer he said to me, "Damn the faculty," and then added, "I will call the police and see if I cannot walk in the streets where I want to," and then he went into the lobby of the *Argyle Flats* and tried to give me the impression that he was going to

phone. He came out in a minute or so and started down Brady street and I walked along with him, trying to pacify him, until we reached about Sixth and Brady streets, when said D. D. Palmer started to run, and I followed at some trifling distance when I again saw said D. D. Palmer start into the street, evidently trying to lead the parade, but at this place the marshal of the parade spoke to him and he retired to the sidewalk until he arrived at Third and Brady streets, when he went to the center of the street and had some conversation with Traffic Officer Estes; then I went into Harding's drug store and then returned up the street when I saw D. D. Palmer engaged in conversation with a number of persons who were unknown to me, after which I saw said D. D. Palmer walk north on Brady street.

I further swear that at no time did the automobile operated by said B. J. Palmer hit, touch the body of, or in anywise come in contact with the person or body of said D. D. Palmer during said parade, and the closest that said D. D. Palmer and said auto was a distance of four to six feet and that was when said D. D. Palmer deliberately ran in front of said car at starting of said parade. Further this deponent sayeth not.

FRANK W. ELLIOTT

Subscribed and sworn to by Frank W. Elliott before me on the 14th day of January, A.D. 1914.

C. H. MURPHY,

Notary Public in and for Scott County, Iowa

STATE OF IOWA,

} ss.

Affidavit.

SCOTT COUNTY.

I, John F. Baker, being first duly sworn according to law, on oath depose and say, that I reside in Davenport, Iowa, and have been such resident for more than three (3) years last past; that I am over 21 years of age; that I was personally acquainted with Dr. D. D. Palmer in his lifetime; that I saw him on the 27th day of August, 1913, when the parade of Chiropractors was being formed at the top of Brady street hill, in front of the "P. S. C." and shortly thereafter when the parade formed and started south on Brady street, at or near Eighth street on the west side of Brady street and he, Dr. D. D. Palmer advanced to the center of Brady street to lead the parade of marchers; just at this time Dr. B. J. Palmer was on the east side of Brady street in his auto with Lieut. Gov. Morris of Wisconsin, and as Dr. Palmer, Sr. advanced to the center of said street said Dr. Palmer, Jr. brought his machine to the center of the street and within four or six feet of said Palmer, Sr. and asked the latter to take his place, prepared for him in the line of marchers, immediately behind the band, at the same time informing said D. D. Palmer that he could not march at the head of the parade but must take the place selected for him by the marchers; Dr. D. D. Palmer showing considerable petulance of manner retired to the sidewalk on the west side of

Brady street and the marchers proceeded south on Brady street, said Dr. D. D. Palmer keeping abreast of the auto in which his said son, Dr. B. J. Palmer, and said Gov. Morris were riding, and at the corner, or near Seventh and Brady streets, said Dr. D. D. Palmer again rushed to the center of the street and attempted to lead the marchers in said parade, but was again warned by said Dr. B. J. Palmer to take the place selected for him and the latter again retired to the pavement until the marchers neared Third and Brady streets, when said Dr. D. D. Palmer again hurried to the center of the street and requested Traffic Officer Estes to permit him to lead the parade; after a few words said officer escorted said Dr. D. D. Palmer to the sidewalk and the marchers proceeded east on Third street toward Perry street; I later saw said Dr. D. D. Palmer enter Sadler's drug store, where he remained for a very short period of time and then come out and in a hurried manner and with firm step proceed north on Brady street. I further state that all the above was under my personal observation and of my own personal knowledge, and in addition thereto I swear that at no time from the commencement until the ending of said parade did the auto operated by said Dr. B. J. Palmer knock down or even touch the person of said Dr. D. D. Palmer; that any statement by any person or persons that said Dr. B. J. Palmer struck said Dr. D. D. Palmer with his auto while in said parade, on said date, is a pure and unwarranted fabrication and a malicious untruth, without even the semblance of foundation in fact, for the reason that said Dr. D. D. Palmer was under my personal vision from the commencement of said parade until he proceeded north on Brady street; that at no time was the said auto wherein said Dr. B. J. Palmer was seated nearer than several feet of said Dr. D. D. Palmer and only such distance as he could talk to and try and persuade said Dr. D. D. Palmer to take the place selected for him at the head of the marchers and not at the head of the parade.

I furthermore swear that Dr. Frank W. Elliot was with me and accompanied me during all the time that I have narrated herein, and had every opportunity to seeing all that I saw on the date of said parade so far as the same relates to the particulars mentioned above. Further deponent sayeth not.

JOHN F. BAKER

Subscribed and sworn to by John F. Baker before me in my presence on the 10th day of January, A. D. 1914.

C. H. MURPHY

Notary Public in and for Scott County, Iowa

STATE OF IOWA, }
COUNTY OF SCOTT. } ss.

Edward Blesse, a citizen of Davenport, Iowa, and a member of Otto's band, on August 27, 1913, first being duly sworn, says, that as he was in the

first ranks of the band and immediately behind the American flag in a parade of the Universal Chiropractors' Association he was in a position where he saw all that transpired in that certain parade ahead of him. He says that at no time during the said parade did he see Dr. B. J. Palmer's auto come in direct contact with the person of the late D. D. Palmer during the progress of the parade, but the affiant does say that he saw D. D. Palmer step out into lead of the parade and some one said, "Go on," and the band followed with D. D. Palmer in the lead until the marshal of the parade stopped the band, which was in front of the Argyle apartments on Brady street, and he then saw the marshal take the said D. D. Palmer to the sidewalk, after which B. J. Palmer took the lead in his automobile and on down Brady street.

Further than this deponent sayeth not.

EDWARD BLESSE

Subscribed and sworn to in my presence this fourteenth day of April, 1914, at Davenport, Iowa.

FRANK W. ELLIOTT

Notary Public in and for Scott County, Iowa

STATE OF IOWA, }
SCOTT COUNTY. } ss.

I, D. E. Whittenberg, being first duly sworn according to law, on oath depose and say, that I did reside in Davenport, Iowa, on the 27th day of August, 1913, and had been such resident for several months preceding that date; that I am 21 years of age; that I was personally acquainted with D. D. Palmer; having met and talked with him several times; that I was appointed to and did carry the United States flag in the Universal Chiropractors' parade on the 27th day of August, 1913, and as such flag bearer did lead the parade, being the first in the same; that following me were two other pennant bearers, viz., G. S. Foster and L. E. Erickson; that this parade was formed at and in front of the P. S. C., and gradually moved forward and down the Brady street hill; that at a point between Dr. Decker's residence and the Argyle flats we waited until the rear end was arranged and while waiting I noticed D. D. Palmer standing on the sidewalk at or about opposite to me, which distance was about fifteen feet; that I heard the said D. D. Palmer talking loudly and using very abusive language, cussing everybody and everything in general in connection with said parade. That shortly thereafter the parade started and he walked forward and took a position in front of me, some fifteen or twenty feet, seemingly intending to lead the parade. I saw R. C. Smith go to D. D. Palmer, say something and move him toward the sidewalk. Meanwhile I saw the automobile being driven by B. J. Palmer, which contained himself and Mr. Thomas Morris, come down on the left side of the parade and move towards R. C. Smith and D. D. Palmer, meanwhile he was repeatedly and loudly blowing his horn; the car was moving

very slowly and at a point shortly in front of me it stopped altogether, where B. J. Palmer asked his father to get on the sidewalk. After auto stopped D. D. Palmer walked to the sidewalk, after which I again heard him using profane language and shaking his fist at the members in the parade.

I was not in a position to say D. D. Palmer was not hit by the automobile, but do know that D. D. Palmer walked from the street to the sidewalk without limping; I later saw him walking very fast down the hill and then later saw him break into a run, seeming to want to beat the parade down town. At none of these times did he present any appearance of any injury.

After leaving the spot above stated, I saw him several times and at different places along the line of march trying to butt into the parade. At none of these times did he appear to be but in the best of healthy spirits and agility, in fact, more so than would be expected for a man of his age and size.

Further this deponent sayeth not.

D. E. WHITTENBERG, D. C.

Subscribed and sworn to by D. E. Wittenberg before me and in my presence on the 30th day of March, A. D. 1914.

FRANK W. ELLIOTT,

Notary Public in and for Scott County, Iowa

STATE OF COLORADO,

COUNTY OF LARIMER.

} ss.

Affidavit.

I, G. S. Foster, being first duly sworn, on oath state: That I am twenty-four years of age; that I am a resident of the city of Fort Collins, in the above named county and state; that on or about August 27, 1913, I was a student at the "P. S. C." at Davenport, in the State of Iowa. That on or about said date I was requested by Dr. B. J. Palmer to take part in a parade and to carry a "U. C. A." banner in such parade; that the parade was formed in front of the Administration office on Brady street by R. C. Smith, who was manager. That during the time said R. C. Smith was lining up the marchers, I saw him approach Dr. D. D. Palmer, who was attempting to lead the parade, and heard him state to Dr. D. D. Palmer that he could not lead the parade, and that it would be better for him to go back and ride in one of the autos.

That in reply to the suggestion made by said R. C. Smith, said Dr. D. D. Palmer appeared to become angry and swore, but that I was unable to hear the words used by said Dr. D. D. Palmer.

That I then saw said R. C. Smith take the arm of Dr. D. D. Palmer and lead him from the center of the street over to the sidewalk, at which point they stood and talked for a time, said Dr. D. D. Palmer still manifesting anger, but I was unable to hear what was said by either party at that time.

That said R. C. Smith then left said Dr. D. D. Palmer and again

attempted to start the parade; that about the same time the auto of Dr. B. J. Palmer was proceeding along the side of the line of march and toward the front of the marchers and that said D. D. Palmer again attempted to get in the lead of the marchers when said R. C. Smith again took hold of him and pushed or led him to the sidewalk; that the automobile in which Dr. B. J. Palmer and Lieutenant Governor Morris, of Wisconsin, were riding, did not touch the body or person of said Dr. D. D. Palmer, but passed him by a margin of several feet.

That at another time and after the parade had traveled several blocks, and while Dr. B. J. Palmer was leading the same, said Dr. D. D. Palmer again got in front of the auto in which Dr. B. J. Palmer and Lieutenant Governor Morris were riding, and attempted to lead the parade, when a traffic policeman took hold of said Dr. D. D. Palmer and led him away from the line of march.

Further affiant sayeth not.

G. S. FOSTER, JR.

Subscribed and sworn to by G. S. Foster before me this 3d day of April, A. D. 1914.

G. A. WEBB,
Notary Public.

My commission expires November 18, 1916.

STATE OF IOWA, }
 } ss.
COUNTY OF HARDIN. }

Be it remembered, that on this 31st day of March, 1914, there came personally to me L. E. Erickson, who states that he is over twenty-one years of age; that on or about the 27th day of August, 1913, he was a student in the "P. S. C." at Davenport, Iowa; that on or about the said date he was selected with another young man to carry flags in front of the band which headed the parade to be held on that date; that during the progress of the parade he was close enough to R. C. Smith, who had charge of the parade, and to the D. D. Palmer who is in question, to see all their actions and to hear what they said during their conversation, and that the R. C. Smith repeatedly insisted on D. D. Palmer keeping out of the parade, and did this in a gentlemanly manner, and that he was present when R. C. Smith assisted D. D. Palmer when he was about to be struck by an automobile, and that R. C. Smith got Mr. Palmer out of the way of the automobile, but was struck by the fender of the machine himself.

He further states that the statements of R. C. Smith, hereto attached, are true and correct.

(Signed) L. E. ERICKSON, D. C.

Subscribed and sworn to before me by L. E. Erickson, this 31st day of March 1914.

C. M. WHEELER.
Justice of the Peace.

STATE OF IOWA,

COUNTY OF SCOTT.

} ss.

Robert MacClinchie, being first duly sworn, on oath says that, my home is at Springfield, Ill.; that since May 1, 1913, I have been a student at the P. S. C.; that I was a student on the date of August 27, 1913; that I took part in and became a member of the parade known as the Universal Chiropractors' Association parade which formed in front of the P. S. C. on August 27, 1913, and that I was among the first in the same, in fact my position was about 100 feet to the rear of and from the U. S. flag, which led the same; that the parade at this division had buckled outward toward the street-car tracks and I was just outside of the line of that; that I was enough out of that line to have a clear line of vision between where I was standing and the extreme head of the parade, therefore, was in a position to see all that occurred at such place; that I saw a commotion occurring at the head of the parade and first thought some person intoxicated, but upon further observation I saw the face and recognized the features of Dr. D. D. Palmer and R. C. Smith, who was the marshal of the parade, having an altercation the words of which I could not hear, although I did see Student Smith pointing first backward towards the automobile, then later towards the sidewalk; that I saw the automobile driven by B. J. Palmer come out of its regular position, swing to the left of the parade and approach toward where R. C. Smith with his right arm lead D. D. Palmer, on his left arm, towards and put him on the sidewalk; that there were no violences used by the said Smith towards D. D. Palmer, and had he done so, I could have clearly seen the same from the position I held while the parade was standing still preparatory to getting ready to march; that there is a decided slope in the hill at this point which placed me back of where the occurrence happened, although I was above the place indicated, therefore, had a perfect line of vision; that my eyesight is good and 100 feet is very easily seen by me.

Further deponent sayeth not.

ROBT. MAC CLINCHIE.

Subscribed and sworn to by Robert MacClinchie before me and in my presence on this 14th day of April, 1914.

FRANK W. ELLIOTT,

Notary Public in and for Scott County, Iowa.

—
"Los Angeles, California, Dec. 20, 1913.

"Dear Dr. Palmer:

"Mr. Patterson was down to see Mrs. D. D. Palmer, 230 West Vernon. She was glad to see him, and sure had lots to say about B. J. and the school. Am sorry we didn't know your *father* was sick at the time. I was talking to one of their neighbor women and she said, '*he just burnt up with fever.*' She thought he had typhoid. She told me she thought they were both

poisoned on some canned fish, for she said they were *both sick at the same time*. She said, 'Dr. D. D. Palmer adjusted Mrs. Palmer and she got all right,' but she did not seem to have any luck *with him* and they called in some more of their students and they adjusted him, but was of no avail. *The woman said he was only sick about a week. She seemed to think it seemed too bad to see a man look so healthy and then to be dead in a week's time.*

"Chiropractically yours,
"PATTERSON & PATTERSON, D. C.'s."

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, }
COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES. } ss.

I, Err L. Patterson, being first duly sworn, on oath state, that on or about the 15th of November, 1913, received a letter from The Palmer School of Chiropractic announcing the death of one Daniel David Palmer; that being a resident of Los Angeles and a practicing Chiropractor, I felt I was by duty bound to call and give my respects to the widow; that in hunting for her home I dropped into the home of a next door neighbor, Mrs. Alfred Smith by name; that having made the mistake of not finding the right home, I stated my purpose of calling; that up till this moment I was not aware that there was any dispute over the cause or manner of death of D. D. Palmer; that I then asked Mrs. Alfred Smith what was the cause of death, to which she volunteered the following information, in sum and substance, as follows: "I can't understand it. It was but a week ago he was running around as active as ever. He was an early riser, you know, getting out to his garden as early as 5 o'clock. It was just about a week before he died, they had some salmon for supper, after which both became poisoned. Dr. D. D. Palmer adjusted Mrs. Palmer and she got all right, but it seems she didn't have any luck with him. Mrs. D. D. Palmer told me they called in several doctors, but they didn't save him from dying. He died a few days later after burning up with a fever. He was not sick or showed any signs of other diseases until he ate this fish. It seemed so peculiar to think that he was so well and then dead in such a short time of a week." Mrs. Alfred Smith then told me where Mrs. D. D. Palmer had moved to. Having no more time at my disposal, I did not further investigate that day. About two weeks later, being interested, I called on Mrs. D. D. Palmer at the removed address and then asked for further information, at which time, unsolicited, Mrs. D. D. Palmer told me several different forms of stories regarding his manner of sickness, none of which agreed and all of which were conflicting. She informed me that he had another course ready to teach to a class that he was gathering at the time just preceding his death. Altogether my conversation lasted about two hours.

Further deponent sayeth not.

ERR. L. PATTERSON.

Subscribed and sworn to by Err. L. Patterson before me and in my presence on this 3d day of July, A. D. 1914.

ELIZABETH F. HILLMAN.

(Seal) My commission expires October 6, 1917.

On this 26th day of August, 1914, before me a Notary Public for County of Allegheny and State of Pennsylvania, came Charles R. Pease to me personally known, who in due form of law acknowledged the following statement concerning the controversy between Drs. D. D. Palmer and B. J. Palmer to be true and correct.

I was standing in line of parade when I saw Dr. D. D. Palmer join the parade and attempt to lead the procession by advancing probably fifty feet after which Dr. B. J. Palmer appeared in an auto at the head of the procession and told Dr. D. D. Palmer to not attempt to lead the procession. I do not remember that Dr. D. D. Palmer made any reply to Dr. B. J. Palmer's request and for Dr. B. J. Palmer to gain possession of the position as leader, it was necessary that Dr. D. D. Palmer step out of the way, which he very reluctantly did.

The line of the parade being formed between the street-car track and the curb and Dr. B. J. Palmer being on the left hand side of the procession, it was necessary for him to run his auto in front of the procession in order to keep off the street car tracks. Dr. D. D. Palmer being as I believe a little stubborn in giving up his position and it seemed to me as if he dared Dr. B. J. Palmer to put him out of the position as leader. As Dr. B. J. Palmer's auto moved into the front position, *the front right mud guard very lightly touched Dr. D. D. Palmer as he stood facing the auto, the force of the auto against Dr. D. D. Palmer was so light that in my opinion it did no injury to him, as the auto stopped immediately as the mud guard touched Dr. D. D. Palmer and did not throw him down as would be commonly expected.*

A Mr. Smith one of the aids in the procession invited Dr. D. D. Palmer to ride with the faculty members as he said he thought Dr. D. D. Palmer too old to walk, to which Dr. D. D. Palmer replied "to hell with the faculty" and he stepped to the sidewalk and continued his way in the same direction of the parade.

I think the entire transaction would not consume more than three minutes.

My position at the time of the above incident was to the right and rear of the auto not more than fifteen feet from Dr. D. D. Palmer and in such a position to be fully cognizant of all that was said and done.

CHARLES R. PEASE

Myles McConnon, Witness.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, }
COUNTY OF ALLEGHENY. } ss.

Before me a Notary Public in and for said County and State personally

came the above subscribed Charles R. Pease who in due form of law acknowledged the above statement to be true and correct.

In witness whereof I hereby affix my name and Notarial seal this 26th day of August, 1914.

MYLES McCONNON,
Notary Public.

My commission expires January 18th, 1917.

STATE OF IOWA, }
COUNTY OF SCOTT. } ss.

Now comes before me, Frank W. Elliott, a notary public in and for Scott County, Iowa, one W. A. Gage, who is personally known to me and having been placed under oath according to law makes the following voluntary statement:

On or about the 27th day of August, 1913, I was acting in the capacity of assistant marshal of a parade of The Universal Chiropractor's Association which assembled in front of the Palmer School of Chiropractic and as the people were assembling I then noticed that D. D. Palmer attempted to lead the parade having given the word to go ahead to the band. I then went to the head of the parade to assist the marshal. The marshal and I spoke to him and thinking that he would then stay out of the parade, the marshal went back to rearrange the lines. Then D. D. Palmer made the second attempt to lead the parade when I saw the automobile driven by Dr. B. J. Palmer come from out of its place in the parade and take the lead. By this time the marshal had come back to the head of the parade on the left side and I saw him, (the marshal), escort D. D. Palmer to the sidewalk. *The automobile did not strike D. D. Palmer as was later reported. I was at approximately right angles to the car as it came into the center of the street so that I was in a position to see any such accident if it had occurred. I did not see the automobile strike D. D. Palmer there or in fact any other place during this parade.*

Further deponent sayeth not.

W. A. GAGE.

Subscribed and sworn to in my presence this 11th day of December, 1914 at Davenport, Iowa.

(Seal) FRANK W. ELLIOTT,
Notary Public in and for Scott County, Iowa.

STATE OF IOWA, }
COUNTY OF SCOTT. } ss.

Jerry S. Green, being first duly sworn, on oath says, that on the day Dr. D. D. Palmer and wife left Davenport, Iowa for California, August 28, 1913,

I believe it was, he met the said Dr. D. D. Palmer and wife on the west side of Brady street, north of The Palmer School of Chiropractic; that having been a friend of the said D. D. Palmer for nineteen years and thereby knowing him intimately and during said meeting, he asked me why I had not called to see him, etc., and that during said conversation he said he was sorry to see me, whom he had ever liked, connected with and employed by his son, Dr. B. J. Palmer, and as usual commenced a tirade of abuse of said son, and among other things said: "Do you know of his trying to run over me with his automobile during the U. C. A. parade yesterday?" To which I replied, "No." Dr. D. D. Palmer then said, "Well, he tried his damndest to run over me." I said, "Well, he didn't succeed in doing so, did he?" To which the said D. D. Palmer said, "No, but he only lacked a few feet of hitting me, and would have hit me and run over me if I had not dodged the automobile." This his wife assured me was the truth. He did not intimate, neither did his wife, that the car hit him, but on the other hand in answer to my direct question on that specific point, said it did not hit him.

JERRY S. GREEN

Subscribed and sworn to by Jerry S. Green before me and in my presence on this 11th day of April, A. D. 1914.

FRANK W. ELLIOTT,

Notary Public in and for Scott County, Iowa.

STATE OF IOWA

COUNTY OF SCOTT.

} ss.

I, Henry Nagel, being first duly placed under oath, do say that I am over 21 years of age and have been a resident of Davenport for sixty years; that I have been elected an alderman from the third ward and a commissioner of public works; that I live at 914 Harrison street that I have lived here for seven years; that I lived here during the months of July and August, 1913; that while so living Dr. D. D. Palmer and Mrs. D. D. Palmer did board at Gladstone's, our next door neighbor; that on the day following of the Universal Chiropractors' Association parade on or about the 28th of August, 1913, D. D. Palmer was sitting out in front and, in passing, I asked him how he was feeling, that I thought he was looking fine, to which he replied, "I never felt better in my life."

Further deponent sayeth not.

HENRY NAGEL.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, in my presence, this 3rd day of August, 1914.

FRANK W. ELLIOTT,

Notary Public in and for Scott County, Iowa

STATE OF IOWA, }
COUNTY OF SCOTT. } ss.

I, Mary H. Rowland, M. D., being first duly placed under oath, do say that I am over 21 years of age and have been a resident of Davenport for fifty-eight years; that I have known D. D. Palmer and his family, including his former and present wives and the three children, known as May, Jessie and B. J. Palmer; that I know them by sight as well as personally; that I have talked with the late D. D. Palmer several times before his death; that I did talk with him several times just previous to his death and while boarding in Davenport, Iowa, County of Scott, during the months of July and August, 1913; that I lived then and live now at 913 Harrison street; that is next door to 914 Harrison street, and that our house is within ten feet of the porch of our neighbor, Mr. Henry Nagel, who lives at 914 Harrison street; that I am a graduated and licensed physician and in that capacity have examined, diagnosed and treated many insane patients, therefore know the symptoms of the various phases of mental incompetency; that D. D. Palmer and his wife did board with our neighbor for the period of five or six weeks during the aforesaid time that I watched, talked to and studied the late D. D. Palmer very carefully; that I can say, in my opinion, he was not sane, appearing at times off and on during his entire stay here, very irrational; that, living next door to Mr. Nagel, I particularly remember the last day when Dr. D. D. Palmer roomed there, of seeing him standing on the approach to the front porch of Mr. Nagel's residence and, when saying good-bye, Mr. Nagel asked D. D. Palmer how he was feeling, to which he replied, "I never felt better in my life, but I am going back to God's country, where they have cool nights"; that this statement was made the next day after the parade of the Universal Chiropractors' Association; that it was made within ten feet of my presence; that my hearing is good and could easily hear ordinary conversation at that distance; that I had heard it rumored that he had been struck and I watched his actions in walking especially, to see if he manifested any such symptoms and that I was unable to detect any.

Further deponent sayeth not.

MARY H. ROWLAND, M.D.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, in my presence, this 3d day of August, 1914.

FRANK W. ELLIOTT,
Notary Public in and for Scott County, Iowa.

STATE OF IOWA, }
COUNTY OF SCOTT. } ss.

I, Mrs. Nellie R. DeVere, being first duly placed under oath, do say that I am over 21 years of age and have been a resident of Davenport, for twenty-

five years; that I am the daughter of Mary H. Rowland, M.D.; that I live with my mother at 912 Harrison street; that I have known D. D. Palmer, his late widow and his three present living children; that I know each personally by sight as well as by friendship; that I have observed the same mental aberrations from the first week D. D. Palmer moved into our neighborhood; that, in my judgment, he was not necessarily violent or insane sufficient to be committed to any institution, yet at times he was uncontrollable even to such statements being made to me by the widow Mrs. D. D. Palmer; that I was by the side of my mother at our home when the late D. D. Palmer shook hands and said good-bye to our next door neighbor, Mr. Nagel; that I also heard Mr. Nagel ask Dr. D. D. Palmer how he was feeling, and I heard his answer in the following language, "I never felt better in my life, but I am going to God's country where they have cool nights"; that D. D. Palmer was a loud and distinct talker is well known to me; that my hearing is keen; that after he had gone mother and I remarked how peculiar that could be if there was anything to the rumor we had heard, "that he had been run into by B. J. with his automobile and knocked down."

Further deponent sayeth not.

MRS. NELLIE R. DE VERE.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, in my presence, this 3d day of August, 1914.

FRANK W. ELLIOTT,

Notary Public in and for Scott County, Iowa.

NEWSPAPER COMMENTS

D. D. PALMER IS PUT OUT OF PARADE

The question of whether Otto's band or D. D. Palmer, father of B. J. Palmer, should head the Chiropractors' parade yesterday, was the occasion for a dispute, at several points along the line of march.

Years ago, before the Palmer School was made the big institution it is today, D. D. Palmer sold his interest to his son, B. J. Palmer. The latter has been responsible for its phenomenal growth and development.

Recently, after rather a migratory experience over the country, D. D. Palmer returned to Davenport and again wanted to resume his partnership at the Palmer School. This was denied him, after which he became connected with one of the rival schools in this city.

Yesterday D. D. Palmer insisted that he should lead the procession. He was put out at the start of the line of march at the top of Brady street hill, and again at Fourth and Brady streets, and when he attempted to again break into the ranks at Third and Brady streets, he was taken in hand by Traffic Policeman John Estes, and ordered to stay on the sidewalk or go to jail. He chose that former course.

Dr. B. J. Palmer states his father was informed that he was welcome to ride in the procession, but that he insisted he should lead it. This request was denied him — *The Davenport (Iowa) Democrat and Leader*, Thursday, August 28, 1913.

CHAPTER 166

A SUMMING

YOU HAVE LISTENED to the reading of many affidavits; they have each and every one sworn to that testimony (except Patterson & Patterson's, whose extract was taken from a letter) and by this time you have been impressed with the *positive and no uncertain* manner and words they have used to express what actually occurred.

But, be that all as it may, assume further, for the sake of argument, that we possessed none of that documentary evidence, that which now follows would be enough to convince *any* jury of twelve fair-minded men that D. D. Palmer did not die of injury.

That which follows is a certified copy of the Death Certificate issued for the funeral of D. D. Palmer. Read that portion carefully which gives the "Cause of Death" as "*Typhoid Fever*."

Why, yes, pray tell us why, Mr. Long, did that innocent, youthful trained nurse out in California perjure herself to testify to a thing which she did not know? Why did this far from just being from Texas, refute this Death Certificate by asking her to contradict it? Mr. Long, you may be able to twist a nurse that fears a Texas ranger worse than she does her life, but you can't twist facts or sidetrack the truth when it comes to a showdown, where more than bluffs are necessary to move grand juries to professionally kill a competitor. Why did he not tell you about what this Death Certificate said, in his letter?

THE DEATH CERTIFICATE

Form Health 47 B

HEALTH DEPARTMENT—CERTIFICATE OF DEATH

No. B 1075

Los Angeles, California, U. S. A., Feb. 17, 1914, 191

Name *Daniel David Palmer*. Age of the Decedent *68 yrs. 7 mo. 14 days*.
Nativity *Can.* Date of Death *Oct. 20, 1913*. Cause of Death *Typhoid Fever*.
Race *White*. Sex *Male*. Place of Death *Los Angeles, Cal.* Where Buried
Los Angeles, Crematory. Physician in attendance *M. R. McBurney, M.D.*
Issued at the request of *C. H. Murphy*. Fee received *50c*.

JNO. S. MYERE

H. SIEP

City Auditor

Mortuary Clerk

I certify that the above is a true abstract from the Records of Death in Health Office of the City of Los Angeles, California.

L. M. POWERS, M.D.

Health Commissioner

I, Chas. L. Wilde, City Clerk of the City of Los Angeles, do hereby certify that L. M. Powers, M.D., whose name is hereto attached, is the duly appointed, acting and qualified Health Commissioner of the City of Los Angeles.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the corporate seal of the City of Los Angeles, this 17th day of Feb., 1914.

CHAS. C. WILDE, City Clerk
R. DOMINQUEZ, Deputy.

FURTHER DEATH INFORMATION

The following letter, as will be seen by the address, was received unbeknown to us, was inquired for to verify our statements, and is verbatim as to facts of the affidavit given above. Mr. Hogben is a student of The P. S. C., but made the inquiry from his home town, so there could be no collusion.

"Mr. Edward J. Hogben,

890 Chapel Street,

New Haven, Conn.

"Dear Sir:—To your inquiry of February 16th regarding death of D. D. Palmer, who died in Los Angeles about October, 1913.

"D. D. Palmer died in this city on Oct. 20, 1913, the cause of death being Typhoid Fever.

"Very truly yours,

"L. M. POWERS, M.D.

"Health Commissioner."

WHAT COULD BE GAINED?

Grant that the purpose was malicious; suppose the charge were true and could be proven, what could be accomplished; where was the business foresight; where the shrewd business judgment, if any?

The people most interested in this issue, the principals, who thought to engage counsel who would lend strength to their issue but who made a fizzle of it and thereby sold them body and soul, tried to put B. J. Palmer languishing behind bars for the rest of his days for murdering his father, deliberately and intentionally; but they did not figure what *would* occur in the event they even failed to indict, much less convict and punish; little did they figure on what an incompetent lawyer might play into the hands of the man they were aiming to make suffer; small was their foresight when they played the game without thinking of the checkmating possible in rebuttal when they were all through, down and out.

Here it was the coming on of spring with the May enrollment not far removed. To get an indictment, have it officially recorded in the records of our County Court, have it become public property in the newspapers; *my, what a club* to ruin his *prospective* business. What great publicity campaigns could be based thereon! Who wouldn't spend close to \$500 of stockholders' dividends to secure that personal grip on a contemporary? Having secured

this leverage, it would have been played up to the four winds between March 26 and Sept. 1, to its utmost; then when the next term of court rolled round and this case was called for trial it would have been quite an easy matter for their counsel, Mr. Long, to have been unable to get a certain dark-horse witness from New York and thus drop the case over until December, allowing them *all summer* to again hammer that charge into the people's minds.

Should the charge have come to a hurried trial (they know and so did I) there could have been but one verdict, but to delay this equitable decision was to play business into their hands and away from ours — the longer this could have been done the harder pressed we would become and the easier would have been their sailing.

Get an indictment! Give it publicity! Delay the trial as long as possible! Wasn't that a beautiful outlook — but they forgot the outcome *should they lose*.

It is said that no criminal ever lived that didn't leave a clew. It is equally true that no one ever tried to unjustly slip something over on the just that, in their eagerness, they didn't give away their purpose.

Mr. Long and the malicious guerrillas are no exception to this rule. They first tried to introduce this charge into *the police court* that it might hurriedly get into the papers before and previous to the setting of the grand jury. This exploitation was refused them.

Then, on the day set aside for this hearing in the grand jury (which was in the afternoon) Mr. Long did go to the two papers, telling them about what he was going to spring in the afternoon, who the party was, what the crime was, and he requested them to play it up sensationally. Mr. Long forgot to give our papers credit for the insight of questioning the veracity of his statements. They made an investigation and found that to do what *Mr. Long* requested would constitute an offense (a misdemeanor) in Iowa and therefore refused, for several reasons; first, his story was too highly colored, they suspected; second, his maliciousness was so superficial that they doubted it as given in good faith; third, his clients were not advertisers, and had a reputation of doing nothing but knocking ever since they started, hence took this as another example. For these and other reasons they turned him down on his most eminently, highly respectable and dignified desire to give publicity to a citizen of Davenport whose morals, drinking propensities, knocking proclivities and murderous desires had not as yet been questioned.

Had this case gone to trial, in the fall, and been lost — who would have cared? Meanwhile it would have besmirched a reputation that would have taken years to clean, even though then acquitted by a petit jury. It would have cost the prosecutors *nothing*, the expense of prosecution having been borne by the state; the defendant spending his own good money defending himself.

Nothing short of a young and over educated fop of a parliamentarian

who thought more of Roberts' than Palmer could have thought of such hideous treachery. Nothing short of a pettifogger, without home and friends, would take a spider's web and try to make a non-shrinkable, guaranteed, all-wool, a-yard-wide cloth of it.

I may be a Burro Joss, Mr. Long, in *your* opinion, but you failed to get a jury of 12 *sane* men to believe it.

ALL HONOR TO D. D. PALMER

D. D. Palmer — *the discoverer of Chiropractic* — is dead. His honor should be great, his memory we must revere; his work is our work; with all his personal short-comings he was a professionally great man.

I did and have done for some 10 years that which few could have controlled themselves to have done; viz., bury the personal (almost) and emulate the professional.

While D. D. Palmer was the guest in our home in Davenport (August, 1913), I took a photo of him on our lawn which, when developed, I thought one of the best likenesses ever taken. I had it retouched, enlarged, a cut made and over 4,000 copies struck off. I made it a duty to see that every Chiropractor in the world got one, with my compliments, that they might frame it, hang it in their office and thus proclaim to the world *who* the discoverer of Chiropractic was.

My opinion was asked about a popular, proper nationally interested memorial. I got behind the proposition, advised all to subscribe, immediately placed the same out of my hands and am still pushing the same that greater honor might be done the *discoverer of Chiropractic*.

Are such acts those of a malicious son or are they not a spirit of magnanimity which few could control themselves to show?

MY PERSONAL POSITION

I come before you to state facts; I am not asking for, nor do I want your pity or sympathy; justice or mercy; life or liberty; *but*, I do ask that *you help me* in protecting that which has been assailed — *my character and that institution which has been builded around my industry* — The P. S. C.

I have suffered much, in years past, been humiliated in the extreme, lost a great deal financially, in fact, have endured much in years past to stay in Davenport—not that I liked Davenport, or that the concerted actions, associations and clubs have ever supported The P. S. C., but to show a few like Mr. Putnam that one who was but a "pup" could develop himself into a thorobred and carry away the blue-ribbon at the Commercial Club some day.

Today the name *Palmer* is respected financially, commercially, professionally and personally in Davenport. But I have had to live down much to make it go. I could have gone East or West and been taken for face value and been farther advanced *in every way* than now, but there was a certain pride that I wanted to put forth and until that has been *completely* done I shall not move. We are on our way; we have not yet arrived.

NOT GUILTY

I am more than pleased to tell you, at this time, that the Grand Jury saw fit to not only *not* report a bill against me for murder in the first degree or manslaughter, but were so disgusted with the attempt to use them as a cat's paw to ruin others that they even refused to report *any* kind of a bill; seeming to think that the best disgust was expressed by absolute contempt, hence never made any mention of their investigation in their report, which is unique in their proceedings as all know who are posted.

Resolutions

I herewith attach some of the resolutions passed which shows more than words of the feeling that exists in The P. S. C., and when it is remembered that every one came unsolicited and as a surprise to me, their value must increase. I wish to, here and now, thank each member of the student body for consideration.

Resolution

To the President of the Palmer School of Chiropractic, Davenport, Iowa.

Dear Doctor: We the New York Alumni of The P. S. C., at a meeting held in the Amphitheatre of the P. S. C., Davenport, Iowa, April 11th, 1914, unanimously passed the following resolution, to-wit:

That we deplore the abuses and charges, that some parties or individuals of a low moral character have seen fit to inflict upon you.

We, The New York State Alumni wish to express our entire confidence in your integrity.

Also to commend you upon your open-hearted action, of treating the whole matter.

Kindly express our sympathy to Mrs. Palmer, who so bravely bears with you, the unfounded accusations.

With greatest respect, we are, HERMAN A. McARTHUR, Pres., Myrtle Read Angle, Sec.

Resolution

Davenport, Iowa, Apr. 17th, 1914.

B. J. Palmer, D.C., Ph.C., Davenport, Iowa.

Dear Dr. Palmer: It is the sense of the Senior Class of The P. S. C., that the malicious, vicious, and scurrilous attack made upon you by the self-styled "Col." Sol. Long, is but the reflection of the venom of unworthy competition who know no higher atmosphere than that in which they wallow.

One who will thus unjustly attack his superior in all things, one he cannot even imitate in any worthy endeavor, is not worthy of recognition among civilized men and women.

The gorilla-like warfare of this unwholesome bunch is but poisoning themselves and their self-destruction is but a logical determination.

We, being nearest to you, know you best and are one in most enthusiasti-

cally assuring you of our steadfast devotion to you, and the constructive and unequalled work in Chiropractic you are constantly doing, of our constancy of purpose to stand for and with you, and aid you all in our power, to continue to live above the miasmatic fog of the malefactors who seek to thrive by your destruction.

We know only too well your innocence of each and every villainous insinuation made by this "Col." Long, and observe the *insinuation* he hides behind, not daring to come out and make a specific charge, and we pledge to you our rugged and undivided confidence and assistance.

Remember, Dr. Palmer, that as the good or ill we accomplish is all of us that shall live among men, it is easy to see what the paintings being thrown upon the canvas will disclose to those who follow us.

Confidingly and faithfully, THE P. S. C. SENIOR CLASS, E. J. Jaster, Pres.

Resolution

Whereas, the students of The Palmer School of Chiropractic having been called in assembly on the 10th day of April, 1914, to listen to alleged statement of facts concerning affairs of a personal nature derogatory to the character and good name of B. J. Palmer, D.C., Ph.C., and which have been brought prominently to the notice of the public by persons apparently actuated by unworthy motives, and,

Whereas, after listening to said statements, we, the Freshman class of The P. S. C., desire to convey an expression that would indicate the justice and equity with which each student has considered the matter, therefore, be it

Resolved, That an occasion having arisen whereby the probity, the morals and the professional ethics of Dr. B. J. Palmer have been made a subject of unfavorable comment, we as a student body, believe said statement to be untrue and unjust.

We, therefore, wish to express a feeling of confraternity toward and our full confidence in Dr. Palmer and consider him capable and worthy to preside over us and develop us in the Science, Art and Philosophy of Chiropractic. Be it further,

Resolved, that a copy of this resolution be presented to Dr. B. J. Palmer, personally. (Signed) H. L. LYON, Representative of the Freshman Class.

The above resolution was read to and adopted by the Freshman class without a dissenting vote. RULAND W. LEE, President of Freshman Class.

Resolution

Whereas, a general letter has recently been sent broadcast to the Chiropractic Profession, signed by Sol. L. Long, (who is Attorney for The *Universal Chiropractic College*) in which he has maliciously attempted to injure the reputation of Dr. B. J. Palmer by bringing epithets, *we, therefore*, the Junior Class of The *Palmer School of Chiropractic*, in class assembled do hereby resolve.

First, That we resent the insults maliciously offered Dr. Palmer as being an insult to each and every student of our School.

Second, That we hereby express our entire confidence in Dr. Palmer as a man, and our loyalty to him as President of this School, knowing the charges against him to be absolutely false and without foundation.

Third, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the Chiropractors in the field. MAURICE F. COTTER, President of the Junior Class.

Resolution

Whereas, A general letter has recently been sent to the Chiropractors in the field, by which certain parties have attempted to maliciously injure the reputation and standing of Dr. B. J. Palmer by bringing false charges and using vile and abusive epithets against him,

We, therefore, the Indiana State Alumni of The Palmer School of Chiropractic in regular session, do hereby resolve,

First, That we resent the insults maliciously offered to Dr. B. J. Palmer as being an insult to each and every member of the aforesaid organization.

Second, That we hereby do wish to express our confidence in him as a man and our loyalty to him as the President of our School. Knowing the charges to be absolutely false and without foundation.

Pres. GRACE M. CARROL. Sec. DOROTHEA S. RIECHERS.

Committee: (Signed) I. M. DAY, (Signed) R. E. DAVENPORT, (Signed) C. B. BLAIR, (Signed) JOE JEFFRIES, (Signed) R. E. DAVENPORT, (Signed) H. M. DIAMOND.

Resolution

The following letter was written during The P. S. C. First Annual Lyceum, Aug. 17 to 24, 1914; the same being signed by a large number present and then mailed to Mr. Long:

Col. S. Long, Alton, Ill.

Dear Sir:—As the result of an expression of sentiment, developed in the course of being thrown together during our attendance at Lyceum Week Program, given in The Palmer School of Chiropractic Auditorium, Davenport, Iowa, through the week beginning Aug. 17th, the action outlined below was desired by the persons whose names are subscribed hereunto:

The primary object of this letter is that of protest against your action as noted in your several field letters of recent date, highly derogatory to Dr. B. J. Palmer, President of The Palmer School of Chiropractic.

We are of one mind in desiring for the Science of Chiropractic the best success. To obtain this much desired end, we believe it highly essential that good will and good feeling predominate in Chiropractic ranks.

We have concluded that your letters, referred to above, contribute nothing toward the attainment of such good feeling and good will.

As a mark of esteem and out of loyalty to our principles, we desire to state our unqualified regard for B. J. Palmer, whom we own as a developer

of the Science of Chiropractic and the one man above all others most capable to advance the Science of Chiropractic into the good favor of the general public, and to direct us in such professional training and business relations as will be conducive to our professional dignity, humanitarian service and material reward.

All honor to D. D. Palmer, the recognized discoverer of the Science of Chiropractic. All glory to him, now deceased. We will revere him always and esteem him for his greatness in connection with our grand Science.

But again, and that emphatically, all honor to the Developer of the Science of Chiropractic, who is now, always has been, and always will be, heart and hand, soul and body, behind every move of proved value to the Science of his school affiliations.

This statement comes to you as a protest of enlightened men and women who are moved alone by the spirit of good will and confraternity, in requesting that you, a man of much power and influence in Chiropractic circles, undergo a refinement of feeling and a change of mind that will elevate you to a place of dignified eminence as a Chiropractic exponent, above the plane of sordid personal vituperation in the printed matter which comes to us from time to time over your signature. If you cannot and will not grant this request, to be a brother in spirit as well as in name to all the Chiropractors and Chiropractic Leaders, we beg of you in our own behalf that you discontinue sending us such of your letters as are inconsistent with the sentiments expressed herein.

We extend our good will and fellowship, and will be pleased to learn we have your approval to our appeal.

Our watchword is *harmony*. Will you help us to have it?

Yours truly,

THE LYCEUM COMMITTEE

CHAPTER 167

THE PROSECUTORS' CASE

THE PROSECUTORS IN THIS CASE consist primarily of The Universal Chiropractic College and the people thereto directly attached who were the instigators of this entire malicious publicity campaign, viz., The Moyers, C. E. and G. L. and Geo. M. Otto and their paid attorney, Col. Sol Long.

Their case in chief consisted of a letter addressed to the "Prosecuting Attorney of Scott County, Davenport, Iowa," written by T. J. Palmer, which letter we have copied in another chapter of this lengthy answer.

2nd. A letter written by Dr. M. R. McBurney, the physician who made the affidavit as regards the certificate of death which we have heretofore quoted in full. This letter was in direct reply to an inquiry directed to Mrs. D. D. Palmer by C. E. Moyer, D.C., Pres. The U. C. C. which links him absolutely with this case. Note carefully the address and the first line therein. This letter is as follows:

"November 15, 1913.

"C. E. Moyer, D.C.

"Dear Doctor: *With regard to a letter you sent to Mrs. D. D. Palmer* will say that I was one of the attendants of D. D. Palmer in his last illness.

"There was a typhoid condition but the symptoms and termination could not be explained by that alone, there was the discharge of substance as from an abscess *but I was not present at the time.*

"Dr. Ladd was there and will write you about that.

"Dr. Ladd will write you concerning her findings which I feel will be conclusive.

"*The line of evidence as to intention on the part of the automobile driver you will be able to take up at the other end of the line.*

"With kind regards,

Yours truly,

"M. R. McBURNEY, M.D."

3rd. An affidavit by one Ralph B. Cass, which is couched in the following language:

"STATE OF NEW YORK—County of Chenango.—ss.

"*Ralph B. Cass, of Bainbridge, Chenango County, New York, being duly sworn deposes and says:*

"That on or about the 29th day of August, 1913, I was in the City of

Davenport, Iowa; that on that day while I was walking down Brady street in said city past the Palmer School of Chiropractic there was a body of men and women, which I understood to be members of the Chiropractic profession and Palmer School of Chiropractic students, forming in a line of marchers. Dr. D. D. Palmer came along and said in my hearing, among other things, 'I have been misused and abused about enough for one day, but as I am the father of Chiropractic I ought to head the parade and I should do so.'

"After saying this Dr. D. D. Palmer started and went out into the middle of the street ahead of the marchers and started down towards Sixth Street. I then saw Mr. B. J. Palmer coming down the street in his automobile on the left side of the line of marchers, and crossing ahead of them, in the meanwhile shouting to his father to get out of the way and off the street. As the old gentleman did not obey the command Mr. B. J. Palmer, his father, hitting him and then continuing to shove him toward the curbing on the same side of the street on which I was standing. After shoving him, Dr. D. D. Palmer, as near the curbing as he could with his automobile, two of the marchers at the head of the parade took hold of the old man, Dr. D. D. Palmer, and shoved him up on the sidewalk near where I was standing. One of them remarking to him at that time, 'If you want to march you must get in line at the rear, and if you attempt to get in front again I will flop you on the ground and hold you there.'

"This took only a few seconds to happen. It *appeared* to me that Dr. D. D. Palmer being hit as he was and as hard as he was by the automobile must have been thrown to the ground and run over. He, Dr. D. D. Palmer, was very excited and stated as he started for his house, 'I am going to call up the police and see if I can have protection, as I am afraid of my life.'

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of February, 1914.

"RALPH B. CASS"

"It *appeared* to me that — he — must have been thrown to the ground *and run over.*" How far and to what extent would what "*appeared*" to have been stand up against *what did* occur? It is facts that a man is being accused of, tried for and perhaps convicted upon. Appearances are often deceitful, therefore, facts are none too strong.

STATE OF NEW YORK }
CHENANGO COUNTY } ss.
Clerk's Office }

I, Fred L. Ames, Clerk of said County and also Clerk of the Supreme and County Courts of Record, directed to be held therein, Do Hereby Certify that H. D. Owens, before whom the proof of acknowledgment of the annexed instrument was taken, and whose signature appears thereto, was, at the date of said proof or acknowledgment a notary public in and for said County, duly qualified and residing in said County, and that as such he

was then authorized by the laws of this State to take and certify affidavits, oaths, and to take and certify the acknowledgment and proof of deeds to be recorded in this State. That I am well acquainted with the handwriting of such officer and verily believe that the signature to said Certificate of proof or acknowledgment is genuine.

And I Further Certify, That said instrument is executed and acknowledged according to the laws of the State of New York.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the Seal of said County and Courts at Norwich, this 24th day of February, 1914.

FRED LE AMES, Clerk.

4th. An affidavit by Geo. M. Otto, who was then business manager for The U. C. C. Note that it was he and C. E. Moyer who were invited to the boarding house of D. D. Palmer and it is Geo. M. Otto who helped to fasten the crime upon the writer.

"COUNTY OF MARATHON }
"STATE OF WISCONSIN } ss.

"G. M. Otto, of Wausau, Marathon County, Wisconsin, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

"That on or about the 29th of August, 1913, I was in the city of Davenport, Iowa; that on the evening of the said date, as nearly as I can remember, I received a telephone call from Dr. D. D. Palmer, who requested that Dr. C. E. Moyer and myself call upon him at his room that evening, as he was leaving that night for the west, and had something of importance that he wished to tell us.

"Dr. Moyer and myself called on Dr. D. D. Palmer as requested the exact hour being forgotten, but I remember it was after the supper hour. It was the day when a number of Chiropractors who were in Davenport attending the U. C. A. convention together with a body of P. S. C. students joined in a parade. Speaking of the parade and incidents pertaining thereto, Dr. Palmer said in substance, I started to lead the parade, for being the father of Chiropractic, I felt it to be my place to do so. A short time thereafter, while still in the lead of the marchers, B. J. came up behind me in his automobile and called to me, saying, 'Get off the street, God damn you, or I'll run right over you, and as I did not obey orders, he hit me in the back with the automobile, and then forced me to the curb with the machine. The spot is now black and blue and very sore; otherwise I feel fit for my long journey.'

"GEO. M. OTTO."

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this 16th day of March, 1914, at Wausau, Wis.

Commission expires March 12, 1916.

(Seal)

R. N. LARNER, Notary Public

5th. A letter written by Dr. Krudop, which has not been heretofore published by either side. As we believe in presenting this matter not only fairly but fully, we herewith quote that letter as follows:

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 1, 1913.

"To whom it may concern:—

"This is to certify that the undersigned, D. T. Krudop, M.D., was called October 7, 1913, to the bedside of the late Dr. D. D. Palmer, the father and founder of Chiropractic, and found him suffering from the effect of some violent cause, said by the late Dr. D. D. Palmer to have originated by a severe blow in the back from an automobile driven by his son, B. J. Palmer. The symptoms of Dr. D. D. Palmer were those of second shock, namely, loss of muscular force, decrease of blood pressure and also a lessening of the mental phenomena, including the intellectual, emotional and volitional.

"The subsequent history of the last two weeks of Dr. D. D. Palmer and the latter's death October 20, 1913, only verified diagnosis of "second shock," which was the direct cause of Dr. D. D. Palmer's death. Although there being typhoid symptoms present, the certificate of death was subsequently made out by Dr. McBurney, giving that as the cause of Dr. D. D. Palmer's death.

*"Respectfully submitted,
"D. T. KRUDOP, M.D."*

One thing courts and juries will not stand for, viz.: hear-say evidence. They want facts as seen by the witness himself. What somebody else told him occurred does not count. It is not here a question of whether right or wrong — did it occur and did YOU see it with your own eyes? Dr. Krudop does not say that *he* saw it, neither does he swear he saw it; he merely states that he *was told* "by the late Dr. D. D. Palmer" that such and such facts occurred. Gossip has no place under oath.

6th. This was also followed by an affidavit from Dr. Krudop which heretofore copied in Mr. Long's public letter, which he published. The only discrepancy between that and the original is that the latter was addressed to "Mr. Long, Alton, Illinois."

7th. This was also followed by the affidavit by Louisa Ladd, which has been heretofore also published in Mr. Long's printed letter, which we quoted.

8th. This was followed by an affidavit of one Paul Erdmann, which we give without further apologies. I do not know why, neither can I understand why the prosecution should have held back evidence from being published and sent to you when Mr. Long seemed so desirous of making it appear as bad as he could.

STATE OF IOWA }
SCOTT COUNTY } ss.

"I, Paul Erdmann, of Sebeka, Minnesota, R. R. No. 1, Box 53, being first

duly sworn, on oath state that I was a patient at the Davenport Chiropractic College in August, 1913; that on the day of the parade of the Palmer School of Chiropractic I was standing on the west side of Brady Street in the city of Davenport, Iowa, almost in front of the Argyle Flats. That just as the parade was to start, D. D. Palmer was standing at the head of the parade about the middle of Brady Street, apparently waiting for it to start; that while standing there, B. J. Palmer came up in an automobile which he was running, and said to D. D. Palmer in substance: 'If you don't get out of the way I will run you down.' D. D. Palmer did not say anything in reply, but stood there, and B. J. Palmer run the automobile up against him, striking him with the corner of the automobile and the wheel struck him on the leg, and the automobile pushed him along. Then D. D. Palmer started toward the sidewalk and two men got hold of him and took him to the sidewalk.

PAUL ERDMANN."

"Subscribed and sworn to before me by the said Paul Erdmann this 25th day of April, A.D. 1914.

(Seal) 4-25-14.

A. G. BUSH,

Notary Public in and for Scott County, Iowa.

As the defendant in this issue, I have no hesitancy in giving publicity to all facts that are possible. Only truth will remain after all is said and done.

As a juror you are called upon to weigh *all* the evidence, pro and con, and then give due deliberation to the same, weighing each with his interest, throwing all doubts to that side which produces the preponderance of evidence in their favor. This, we think, we have produced.

Now for the last and, we hope, final move in this case. Finding that one prosecuting attorney and one grand jury did not have sufficient evidence upon which to convict, Mr. Long took it that he and they failed to do their duty. The matter was then placed in the hands of other local counsel, who then referred the matter up to the Attorney-General of Iowa, with the request that *he* command that other than what occurred be forced to be brought about.

Finding that this could (or would not) be done, the case has been finally dropped out of the mad desire of one competitor to force another to close shop for their special benefit.

CHAPTER 168

ANOTHER GRAND JURY PROSECUTORS' CASE

Mr. B. J. Palmer, Davenport, Iowa Davenport, Iowa, Sept. 26, 1914

Dear Sir:—Mr. H. J. McFarland, Clerk of the District Court of this County, informs me that the records in his office, which are public to all citizens, shows in Criminal Appearance Docket B., page 86, in a certain case entitled State of Iowa vs. B. J. Palmer, which was filed on April 3, 1914, that the Grand Jury brought in a "No Bill." The minutes of the testimony in this case, which are also open to all citizens, shows that this was a case in relation to the death of D. D. Palmer. There are no indictments against you. I remain,

Yours very truly,

FRED VOLLMER, County Attorney

That which follows is a letter from the Clerk of the District Court of Scott County. It states its mission:

"Davenport, Iowa, Oct. 12, 1914

"B. J. Palmer, Davenport, Iowa.

"Dear Doctor:—Enclosed find certified copy of minutes of testimony, as per your request, which kindly accept with the compliments of the Clerk.

"With kindest personal regards and best wishes, I am

"Yours very truly,

"H. J. McFARLAND."

That which follows is a verbatim copy of the minutes of evidence introduced by Mr. Long before our April (1914) Grand Jury, upon the strength of which he desired to get an indictment of murder in the first degree.

STATE OF IOWA,

vs.

B. J. PALMER.

Frank P. W. Lindsay, being first duly sworn, states that I live at 420 East 15th and LeClaire Sts. I was across the street on the way to the Davenport Chiropractic College, near Palmer School. I saw the disturbance. D. D. Palmer came along the street. I saw the machine brush him aside. Some one in auto told him to "get out of the way." B. J. Palmer and others were in the machine. Shortly after he said "get out of the way," the machine brushed him out of the way. *I wouldn't say that it struck him.* Man at wheel turned to get out of the way. This was in Scott County, Iowa.

FRANK P. LINDSAY, M.D.

STATE OF IOWA,

vs.

B. J. PALMER.

Ralph B. Cass, being first duly sworn, testifies:

Live at Bainbridge, New York. Chiropractic business. On or about Aug. 29, 1913, standing on west side of Brady street in vicinity of Argyle Flats, just as parade was forming, about 2 o'clock. While standing there D. D. Palmer came along talking excitedly. B. J. Palmer came along in his automobile and waving his hands and ran into D. D. Palmer, who was in the street, telling him to get off the street. He kept the auto moving and pushed D. D. Palmer to the curb. Auto struck D. D. Palmer in the back. B. J. Palmer was running the machine. D. D. Palmer had his hand on his back — about the small of the back—after he was hit.

This was in Scott County, Iowa.

RALPH B. CASS

STATE OF IOWA,

vs.

B. J. PALMER.

Fenelon Leonard works for Palmer Chiropractic School, being first duly sworn, states that he resides at 612 Brady St., Davenport, Iowa. I did not witness the injury to D. D. Palmer by an automobile ran or directed by his son, B. J. Palmer. If anybody says I did, it is false.

FENELON LEONARD

It will be noticed that the above comment is a certification of the correctness of these minutes. It leaves nothing for me to fake, should I so be accused.

Let us review: Dr. Lindsay, himself an M.D., says, "I wouldn't say that it struck him." Mr. Leonard says "I did not witness the injury to D. D. Palmer by an automobile ran or directed by his son, B. J. Palmer." As they only had three witnesses, the remaining person said, "He kept the auto moving and pushed D. D. Palmer to the curb; auto struck D. D. Palmer in the back."

Only one person finally testifies to having seen an accident. Upon the strength of this *one* person they expected to fasten the most heinous crime in the statutory calendar, viz.: Murder in the first degree.

With all fairness and justice, any person and all people know that the evidence of only *one* person cannot convict or acquit. The evidence must be conclusive and corroborated. Otherwise one person's evidence for a crime could be off-set by the evidence of *one* person against it.

In all cases tried, it is one of the fundamentals of statutes that whatever evidence is given it must be corroborated by two or more persons, otherwise the case can be dismissed upon request. In all frankness, I gave Mr. Long credit of knowing more of statutory law than to try to indict me for murder in the first degree with *one* witness.

CHAPTER 169

THEY NOW ATTACK ON CIVIL SUIT FOR DAMAGES

HAVING FAILED TO INDICT through criminal procedure by grand jury indictment, we next will note that Mr. Long and C. E. Moyer are starting a civil suit for damages in behalf of the widow.

We herewith quote telegram received while at the Hotel Angelus while in Los Angeles, California, which it will be noted is the home of the widow of D. D. Palmer.

The telegram is as follows:

Davenport, Iowa, July 2, 1914

B. J. Palmer, Hotel Angelus, Los Angeles, Cal.:

"Loban, as administrator of estate of Daniel David Palmer, files today damage claims amounting fifty thousand against you. Long, at attorney for them. Suit filed by request of Mrs. Daniel David.

F. W. ELLIOTT."

Dr. Loban is a hired teacher in the employ of the Universal Chiropractic College, which stock is controlled by one C. E. Moyer. He does not and did not know D. D. Palmer any more intimately than did thousands of other people in our profession. He became the administrator of this estate only by and through the request of certain parties, viz.: C. E. Moyer and Mr. Long, and the fear of losing his job if he refused.

It will be noted that one Joy M. Loban is now administrator of the estate, but such was not the case until after Mr. Long went to one Joe LeClaire, now living at 1219 Brady, and tried to get him to assume that position. Mr. Long asked him to name his price and "then if we beat them, you will get also what the Judge allows you," to which Mr. LeClaire answered: "You haven't money enough to buy me in any such dirty work." Mr. LeClaire is at a loss to know why Mr. Long even came to him because he does not know either of the Moyers and had never met Mr. Long before.

Little did Mr. LeClaire know that that was a part of the game. The more distant he was in his relationship to any party vitally concerned the better for its purposes as a blind, being "as he was a *disinterested* party" it would leave less room for connection of him with Dr. Moyer in this gang.

How many others were approached and turned down in like manner, we are at a loss to know, but the significant fact remains that they were compelled to come back to one who was near and close to Dr. Moyer, one

of his paid employees, a man whom I befriended very thoroughly; hence the selection of such a man to repay me in rocks for the gold given him.

Fact by fact, the web weaves closer and tighter. Bit by bit has Dr. Moyer aimed to shield himself from public gaze in this connection yet one by one come the undisputed facts as to *who* is behind this persecution and constant hounding of the "one man" whom Dr. Loban most bitterly remembers.

Up till this date it will be noted that openly The U. C. C. or any of its people have been keeping their hands as much off this case as they could publicly. Now comes Dr. Loban to the fore. Thank goodness, who is behind this entire persecution will soon display themselves to public view.

"Suit filed by request of Mrs. Daniel David" only after such a time as they urged, coaxed and got her finally and badly worked up over the possibility of getting a great amount of money. It is the least of Mr. Long's or C. E. Moyer's anticipations to get any money; what *they* want is the undue and malicious publicity they give me. When they have done *this*, little do they care whether the widow dies or starves to death.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, }
COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES } ss.

I, Harry St. Clair, D.C., being first duly sworn, under oath do say that I was an intimate friend of the late, D. D. Palmer; that I am today a very close friend of the widow, Mrs. D. D. Palmer, and in such capacity have frequently called upon D. D. Palmer when living and have done so since with the widow; that I have received one letter from C. E. Moyer relative to D. D. Palmer's death; that he seemingly knew that I had received certain communications from B. J. Palmer and asked for copies of the same, relative to D. D. Palmer's death also. That between the dates of October 20th — D. D. Palmer's death — and the present time, I have made at least three visits to the home of Mrs. D. D. Palmer, and have had several 'phone talks in which she frequently stated to me she was constantly being bothered with urgent letters from C. E. Moyer and Col. Long, urging her to start suit, to go on with the fight, to get even with B. J., to which she emphatically stated that she was not interested in this damage suit, did not care to prosecute B. J. even if he was cruel to his father; that B. J. had no money because it was all in his wife's name, and she would get none of it even if they won this suit. Further deponent sayeth not.

HARRY ST. CLAIR

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3rd day of July, 1914.

My commission expires Aug. 28, 1916.

(Seal)

C. A. ANDERSON,

Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles.
State of California.

COPY OF COMPLAINT

The following is the copy of the complaint filed in the case:

Original notice. State of Iowa, Scott County. Joy M. Loban, Administrator of the

Estate of D. D. Palmer, deceased, Plaintiff,

vs.

B. J. PALMER, Defendant.

In the District Court of said County.

To the above named defendant:—You are hereby notified that there is now on file in the office of the Clerk of the District Court in and for said County of Scott, State of Iowa, the petition of the above named plaintiff, claiming of you the sum of Fifty-two Thousand Dollars as damages for wrongfully causing the death of plaintiff's decedent. For further particulars see Petition.

And that unless you appear and make defense thereto before noon of the second day of the next term of said Court, to be begun and held at Davenport in said County, on the 8th day of September, 1914, a default will be entered against you and judgment rendered thereon.

SOL. L. LONG, Attorney for Plaintiff

Petition

Comes now the plaintiff and for cause of action against the defendant states:

COUNT I

That plaintiff is the duly qualified and acting administrator of the estate of D. D. Palmer, deceased.

That said D. D. Palmer died in the city of Los Angeles, California, on the twentieth day of October, A.D. 1913.

That on or about the .. day of August, A.D. 1913, said D. D. Palmer was in the City of Davenport, Scott County, Iowa, and lawfully upon Brady street in said City, and while so upon said Brady street and in the exercise of due care upon his part and without his fault or negligence was run upon and into by a certain automobile or motor vehicle, driven, operated and controlled by the defendant, B. J. Palmer, thereby receiving severe internal and other injuries, which on the date aforesaid caused his death.

Plaintiff alleges that the running into and upon said D. D. Palmer by the defendant, B. J. Palmer, was, on the part of said defendant willful, reckless, wanton, malicious, intentional, grossly negligent and purposely.

Plaintiff alleges that by reason of the injuries and death of plaintiff's intestate, plaintiff has been damaged in the sum of Twenty Thousand Dollars (\$20,000).

Wherefore, plaintiff demands judgment against the defendant for the sum of Twenty Thousand Dollars (\$20,000) actual damages, and for Twenty Thousand Dollars (\$20,000) exemplary damages, and for costs of this action.

COUNT II

That plaintiff is the duly qualified and acting administrator of the estate of D. D. Palmer, deceased.

That said D. D. Palmer died in the city of Los Angeles, California, on the twentieth day of October, A.D. 1913.

That on or about the . . day of August, A.D. 1913, said D. D. Palmer was in the City of Davenport, Scott County, Iowa, and lawfully upon Brady street, and the exercise of due care upon his part and without his fault or negligence, was run upon and into by a certain automobile or motor vehicle, driven, operated and controlled by the defendant, B. J. Palmer, thereby receiving severe internal and other injuries which on the date aforesaid caused his death.

Plaintiff alleges that the running into and upon said D. D. Palmer by the defendant, B. J. Palmer, was, on the part of said defendant, wilful, reckless, wanton, malicious, intentional, grossly negligent and purposely.

Plaintiff alleges that by reason of the said wanton, reckless, malicious, intentional and grossly negligent acts of the defendant, B. J. Palmer, in so driving and steering said automobile or motor vehicle into and upon said D. D. Palmer, said D. D. Palmer was grievously injured internally and bruised externally, and by reason thereof was subjected to painful and intense suffering and was put to great expense in and about care and medical attendance, and that by reason thereof a cause of action arose in favor of said D. D. Palmer, during his lifetime, against the defendant, B. J. Palmer, for the sum of Twelve Thousand Dollars (\$12,000) which cause of action survived to this administrator as such and for which this action is brought.

Whereof, plaintiff demands judgment against the defendant for the sum of Twelve Thousand Dollars (\$12,000) and for costs of this action.

.....
Attorneys for Plaintiff

The following is the copy of the answer filed in the case:
In the District Court of Scott County, Iowa, September Term, A.D. 1914.
JOY M. LOBAN, Administrator of the

Estate of D. D. Palmer, deceased, Plaintiff,

vs.

B. J. PALMER, Defendant.

At Law.

Answer

The defendant for answer to Count I of Plaintiff's petition admits that plaintiff is administrator of the estate of D. D. Palmer, deceased.

Admits that said D. D. Palmer died about the day and date set forth in said petition.

Denies each and every allegation in said petition.

And further answering, states upon information and belief that said D. D.

Palmer died as the result of a disease the exact nature and name of which is at this time unknown to the defendant and which he is informed and believes to have been what is known as typhoid fever.

The defendant for answer to Count II of plaintiff's petition, admits that said D. D. Palmer died about the day and date set forth in said petition.

Denies each and every allegation in said petition.

And further answering, states on information and belief that said D. D. Palmer died as the result of a disease the exact nature and name of which is at this time unknown to the defendant, but which he is informed and believes to have been what is known as typhoid fever.

.....
Attorneys for Defendant
FRED H. HARTWELL,
LaCross, Wis., of Counsel.

The following are copies of the comments made by the respective papers:

SUIT FOR \$52,000 AGAINST PALMER
ADMINISTRATOR OF FATHER'S ESTATE FILES CASE
ATTORNEY FOR INTERNATIONAL CHIROPRACTIC ASSOCIATION
REPRESENTS PLAINTIFF, JOY M. LOBAN

For alleged injuries inflicted wilfully, as the petition states by the defendant on August 28, 1913, in running into his father with an automobile during a parade of delegates to the national convention of Chiropractors here, Joy M. Loban of Davenport, administrator of the estate of D. D. Palmer, has filed a suit for \$52,000 damages in the Scott County district court against B. J. Palmer, head of the Palmer School of Chiropractic. Sol. L. Long, of Alton, Ill., attorney general for the International Chiropractic Association, represents the plaintiff.

It is alleged in the petition that on October 20, 1913, in Los Angeles, Cal., D. D. Palmer died as a result of the averred injuries. Actual and exemplary damages of \$40,000 are asked, and \$12,000 on the second count for damages to the estate. The deceased was hurt internally, it is set out by the plaintiff.

D. D. Palmer was run down, according to the plaintiff, as the parade started down Brady street. It is declared that the victim of alleged malicious intent was lawfully on the thoroughfare and exercised all due care and without fault on his part was hit by the automobile driven by his son.

The said D. D. Palmer was grievously injured internally and bruised externally, was subjected to painful and intense suffering and was put to great expense in and about care and medical attendance, and that by reason thereof a cause for action arose in favor of said D. D. Palmer, during his lifetime, against defendant which cause of action survived to this administrator, the petition states. The widow, Mrs. Mary Palmer, is now living in Los Angeles, Cal. — The Daily Times, July 2, 1914 (Thursday).

SUE PALMER FOR \$50,000 DAMAGE

LOCAL CHIRO HEAD MADE DEFENDANT IN BIG ACTION BY
STEPMOTHER

Suit for \$50,000 damages against Dr. B. J. Palmer has been instituted in district court by Mrs. D. D. Palmer and stepmother of the local Chiro head. The action was filed by Joy M. Loban, administrator of the estate, through Colonel Sol. L. Long of Alton, Ill., his attorney. The petition charges that the son was the indirect cause of the death of the father in that his automobile struck him in August, 1913.

The letters of administration were issued to Loban, formerly of the Universal Chiropractic College, in district court today. Immediately after becoming the legal representative of the estate, Loban filed the suit through Attorney Long. Mrs. Palmer had instructed Attorney Long to file the suit. The petition claims \$12,000 damages to decedant during his lifetime; \$20,000 actual damages and \$20,000 exemplary damages by his death. It is said by the plaintiffs, however, that the action may be curtailed to an even \$50,000.

The alleged injury to the father which the plaintiff claims resulted in internal injuries and death two months later occurred during a Chiro parade in Davenport. It is said that the automobile of the defendant struck him while he was on the street.

An effort was made to secure an indictment against Dr. Palmer at a former meeting of the grand jury but this failed. The jurors failing to return the indictment. Attorney Long says that it will be brought before the grand jury again at the September term of the district court. He declares, however, that he is interested only in the civil action. Colonel Long is attorney for the International Chiropractic Association, a rival association to that supported by The Palmer School. — The Davenport Democrat and Leader, Thursday, July 2, 1914.

PALMER DAMAGE SUIT DISMISSED

NOTICE OF \$50,000 ACTION BEING TAKEN FROM COURT
IS FILED

After pending in court for several months the damage action of the estate of D. D. Palmer, against the son of the latter, Dr. B. J. Palmer, head of the local chiro school has been dismissed in district court. The notice of dismissal was filed by Joy M. Loban, who is administrator of the estate, today.

The action grew out of the death of D. D. Palmer and the estate had asked for \$50,000 damages against the son. It was claimed by the plaintiffs that the aged Dr. Palmer was struck by the automobile of the son during a Chiro parade in Davenport. It was also claimed that no effort had been made on the part of the defendant to avoid the accident.

In addition to the civil matter, a criminal action was brought against the defendant the estate asking for an indictment against him on the ground of criminal negligence. This came before two grand juries and the last time the jurors *returned a scathing report against the instigators, threatening to conduct an investigation against them and hinting at personal prejudice as the motive for the action.*

With the dropping of this matter it is believed that the plaintiff found the other matter weakened. Dr. Palmer is at present out of the city, but when the school was called by telephone today, Frank W. Elliott, who is business manager of the institution, said that it was the first he had heard of a dismissal. He said that Dr. Palmer had made every effort to push the suit to its conclusion, and that no settlement was made by him — The Davenport Democrat and Leader December 28, 1914.

FAMOUS PALMER CASE DISMISSED

DAMAGES ASKED BY PLAINTIFF AMOUNTED TO \$32,000

ADMINISTRATOR OF ESTATE CLAIMED THAT
D. D. PALMER WAS STRUCK BY
SON'S AUTO

The famous Palmer damage suit, which was filed by Joy M. Loban, administrator of the estate of D. D. Palmer, against B. J. Palmer has been dismissed without prejudice, according to a notice filed with Harry J. McFarland, clerk of the Scott county district court today. The total amount of the damages which were asked by the plaintiff were \$32,000. Sol. L. Long of Alton, Ill., was the attorney for the plaintiff and C. H. Murphy of Davenport for the defendant.

According to the petition, which was filed by Loban, the elder Palmer was struck by an automobile which was being driven by his son, B. J. Palmer. The accident occurred during the chiropractic parade which took place in Davenport, Aug. 20, 1913. It was claimed in the petition that the injuries which D. D. Palmer suffered in the accident resulted in his death a short time later. The petition contains two counts and asks \$20,000 on the first and \$12,000 on the second making the total amount of damages asked \$32,000.

During the last session of the grand jury the case was taken up by the attorney general of Iowa, and an attempt was made to indict B. J. Palmer, the defendant, for murder. The jury returned a "no bill," however, *and recommended that civil matters should not be taken to the criminal courts.* — The Davenport Times, December 28, 1914.

CHAPTER 170

COL. LONG REITERATES PERSONAL TIRADE

THAT THE RECORDING of every stage of this charge be made complete, we herewith attach the latest attack upon the character of the man who made all possible for every person thus charging. Had it not been for B. J. Palmer there would have been no P. S. C., no U. C. C., no Mr. Long, hence no series of slanderous letters.

There is much in the following letter that is so insipid, silly, vapid and flat that we shall pass it by, repeating it all here only that our readers may the better know the *personal* nature of the attacks.

"Alton, Illinois, May 1, 1914

"To the Chiropractors in the field:

"B. J. Palmer—Burro Joss—Heurta of Chiropractic, now that his Madero is out of the way—the Weyler of Brady Hill (1) *has turned his typewriter loose* and grows lacrymose, (2) *in his appeals for sympathy, to hysterical old women, despondent old maids, and sexless men.*

Were it only B. J. Palmer, the person, I should pay no attention whatever to the poor little egoist. I should feel like a man engaged in the business of pushing little chickens in the creek; or taking candy from a baby, should I, in any manner, interrupt his self-worship; but the good of Chiropractic is at stake *not at stake because of anything B. J. has done for chiropractic*, but because he is the son of D. D. Palmer, the founder of Chiropractic—D. D. Palmer, the man who gave it to the world, and he died before his time because he loved it. Were it just B. J. Palmer, and him only, I would content myself by sending him a copy of my new book, "The New Woman" with a number of paragraphs underscored; and this upon the same principle that the Allopathic physician gives calomel, (3) *or the Chiropractor adjusts in the lumbar region. I would not send any of Alice B. Stockholm's works* for he is already familiar with them.

"When I was in Lincoln, the other day, arguing, the Harvey case in the Supreme Court of that State, I got one of those flaming posters he uses in advertising his inducements to sleep and profanity, which he calls 'lectures.' I brought it home and tacked it up in the office. My neighbor has a little spitz pup, and the pup came in, looked at the poster then looked at me with a sad and far away expression in his eyes.

"I said: 'You don't understand it do you, doggie? That is a picture of the great B. J. Palmer, the developer of Chiropractic, the man who made Edison, Galileo, Bruno, Columbus, George Washington and Michael Kelly

famous — by merely calling attention to the aforesaid in comparison with his own greatness and worth.'

"The poor little dog looked at me in an incredulous manner, wagged his tail in a half hearted way, tucked it between his legs, took another glance at the poster and walked out of the office, murmuring: 'Don't that beat Shool.'

"I don't know whether the dog meant it 'beat Shoal,' because there was no picture of a tag on the poster showing that B. J. paid his dog tax for this year; or whether the puppy meant that to 'beat Shoel' that B. J. could develop anything — even a kodak negative.

"He characterizes my last letter as a 'murderous attack' on him; but he is strangely *silent* as to his own attack on his father last fall. I wonder if he overlooked it, or has it slipped his memory — possible the latter, for B. J. has a very convenient memory.

"*This little shrimp*, with the incurable habit of loving himself, solely, and hating everyone else who does not love what he loves, affects to have discovered a mare's nest; touching the printing of the last letter I sent out. The letter was sent out under my signature, and was sent out from the town of my residence, and I am responsible for it, (4) *and it is entirely immaterial where, or by whom it was printed*. Further than this, it was my letter, and I did not crib, nor steal, from another, when I wrote it. In this I differ from Burro Joss, for he is the reincarnation of Ali Baba's forty thieves, when it comes to brain products.

"It is a pity that adulation cannot be bought by the pound at the grocery store, for then B. J. might divert some of that 'monument fund' to the purchase of the same. *He has the soul of a setter pup* — always prowling around for approval and courting praise. He partakes, also, somewhat *of the nature of a bull pup*, in that his sole ambition is to set his teeth into something as such a pup would do with a leather strap, and then worry it by the hour all the while deluding himself that the strap was an enemy that could feel.

"He has actually auto-hypnotized himself into thinking that he is *entirely responsible for civilization* and that the only reason the good Lord allowed any of the great men of the world to be born (and stay born long enough to get a place in history) was so they might serve as a sort of reflector to show off the greatness of Burro-Joss Palmer — by comparison.

"If you do not believe this latter remark, get hold of one of those flaming posters, by which he advertises himself, *and that two hours of platitudinous anesthesia* which he calls his lecture. I saw one of them at Lincoln, Neb., and I also know of the black eye of the poster, and the lecture gave Chiropractors in Lincoln. Do not take my word for it — write to all of the Chiropractors in Lincoln, and ask them to tell you frankly what they think, (4A) and see what all but two of them say.

"Possibly B. J. is not to be blamed for his egotism, for Nature abhors

a vacuum, and he was not born with a soul, nor has he acquired one post-natally. About the only thing of note he has accomplished is to add to the gayety of nations and to convince the people that he is a mellifluous mutt, and a scion of no-bull ancestry. By this latter I mean he acts like he did not come of a line of ancestry that disdained, and refused, to throw the 'con.'

"When he makes a statement that he is for the good of Chiropractic, everyone with an atom of sense knows that it is for the good of B. J. Palmer, and B. J. Palmer's kind of Chiropractic, and none other. He has vomited trouble for members of the I. C. A. and he knows it. He has attempted, in three different instances, in a round about way, to encompass the conviction of three different members of the I. C. A. and he knows this also. In two cases he failed, signally, and it remains to be seen whether or not he will succeed in the third.

"He cannot keep faith with anyone. His poor lame pitiable lie as to why he broke faith with the other colleges, respecting the meeting held in Davenport is another proof of his faithlessness. He said it was because of statements I made that he broke faith. His letter was out and I saw it at the U. C. C. before I ever made a statement to anyone, save and except President Moyer. Up to the time I saw that letter I had not even so much as talked with any of the rest of the Faculty of the U. C. C.

"Frank Elliott saw me Wednesday or Thursday night—I am not sure now which. On my way down to the hotel I dropped into a picture show. Elliott came in and sat down by me and I told him practically what I said in my former letter. After the show Elliott walked with me over to the Dempsey Hotel, and I have the statement, from an employee of that hotel, that it was Wednesday night that Elliott and I sat in the hotel awhile and talked. I think it was Thursday, but let it go as Wednesday. It was then two full days after Palmer's statements were out and yet *the little shrimp* had the effrontery and the nerve, to tell Moyer and Loban that it was because of things I said to Elliott that he put out the letter breaking faith.

"*Some day someone will discover a commercial use for human gall and then men like B. J. Palmer will be quoted—on the stock exchange—but not before.*

"However, it is very little use to attempt to nail the lies of B. J. Palmer—there are not enough nails. He says that I 'spoke in haste and will repent at leisure.' Not on your life, you Chiropractic Tullia—Huerta—Weyler with the typewriter—not on your life did I speak in haste; nor will I repent at leisure, nor in a hurry. I have stood your double dealing and, as I have said before, because of the cry of 'peace, peace,' I have stood by while time after time you have lied about and lampooned the U. C. C., myself and the I. C. A., and its officers; for no other reason only that we were upholding the standard of Chiropractic—demanding quality rather than quantity—and we are gaining the respect of the public, which same respect you never had—and have not the ability to get.

"(7) Do you know, B. J. Palmer, that the Medical bunch of every state in this Union have your books, and more or less complete files of your announcements, circulars and especially your 'Reasons for the Prosecutions of Chiropractors' which you call 'Fountain Head News' — and that is a safe bet that they will have that bombastic poster that you had at Lincoln.

"(8) Do you know that hundreds of men — good average American citizens, merchants, lawyers and men of affairs, believe in Chiropractic *and would be its strong champions were it not for you and your manner of holding yourself out to the public?*

"Do you know that you have done and are doing more to retard Chiropractic, bring it into disrepute, and make of it a laughing stock, than all of the A. M. A. — all of the Osteopaths — all of the opposing forces of whatsoever nature?"

"Do you know that in no State will Chiropractic be recognized in any manner, if you have aught to do with its affairs in that State?

"If you don't know these things I do and so do *hundreds* of practitioners in the field, and so will the majority of your followers know them (9) *inside of twelve months*. If you do not know them now you never will. *Your egotism has baked your brain so that to know anything is impossible with you.*

"In his recent letter he attempts to shoulder everything on to me, in an indirect way, by saying that the officers of the U. C. C. were 'afraid to break faith with Col. Long.' Why afraid? I am not, nor have I ever posed as anything save an ordinary American, with the ordinary attainments of my fellows. If anyone is afraid to 'break faith' with me, it is because I know the proper road to travel.

"B. J. Palmer has conducted a mail course and he knows it, and the field knows it, and the public knows it — the public who will have a say in Chiropractic legislation — more of a say than the M. D.'s too. Palmer is sore because the U. C. C. *by raising the standard*, debarred him from the very profitable mail course field of exploiting, and were the U. C. C. out of the equation Palmer would go back into the mail course business in thirty days and everyone, with intelligence enough to reason from breakfast to dinner, knows it.

"(10) *He speaks of me as the attorney of the U. C. C. I am the attorney of the U. C. C. in that suit he brought against the college for damages; but before I was the attorney for the U. C. C. and when I took the employment, the officers of the U. C. C. understood perfectly, that my first duty was to the I. C. A. and that means that my first duty is to the members of the I. C. A. in the field, and that is what has brought on this present fight; viz., my conception of my duty to the members of the I. C. A. in the field, I do not conceive — I do not guess — I know — that if B. J. Palmer is not eliminated, he will eliminate Chiropractic. Therefore, in keeping with my idea of duty to a client, (11) I am going to do my best to eliminate B. J.*

Palmer. Take it from me; I am going to do it. He can talk about me trying to 'butt in' and him 'butting me out,' as much as he pleases, now, but you people — friend, foe or neutral — who are in the field, take stock of now and then, take stock a year from now and see who 'butts in' and who is 'butted out.'

"Since he has dragged the U. C. C. into this fight with me, and has also dragged Zechman, let me say this to you: (12) *That Zechman, in the past six months, to my knowledge, has done more for Chiropractic, in Iowa, than B. J. Palmer has in his entire life; in that Zechman has paved the way for a desirable law; in the event B. J. Palmer can be eliminated.* It will not do for Palmer to mouth about Zechman 'attending an Osteopathic College,' for Palmer himself, in his literature, quotes from friendly Medical men, and let it be known, now and here, to the profession at large, that outside of the Politico-Medico wing of the A. M. A., and a like wing of the Osteopaths, and the fossils, Medical and Osteopathic, (13) *All the medical and osteopathic profession recognize the worth of Chiropractic* (14) *and are really willing it should be recognized.* Purge Chiropractic of Palmerism, short course and mail course, and you will get the standing and recognition that you deserve in every state in the Union, just as soon as the legislatures meet.

"Now as to the U. C. C., and I mention the U. C. C. now because of the fight Palmer has been making and is making. I would mention any other college of like standing, just the same were the fight made the same. The practitioners in the field should know and realize that the U. C. C. *by reason of its elevation and upholding of the Chiropractic standard, is to be given the credit for the recognition Chiropractic has had so far,* and if you get any in the future it will be because of such elevation and upholding of the Chiropractic standard.

"*I am not interested financially in the U. C. C. nor otherwise, save and except as a paid attorney in the suit heretofore mentioned, but I am interested in the standard of Chiropractic, and I say to you that the U. C. C. is a standard bearer that deserves the support of the field and in supporting it you are supporting yourselves for if you ever get legal recognition it will be because you have colleges like the U. C. C. — colleges that have never dabbled in mail courses or short courses, or played the mountebank as has B. J. Palmer.* And here let me say that when Moyer — or anyone else — or the U. C. C. sink to B. J. Palmer's level, I will rip him, them, or it, up the back; in the same manner I now rip B. J. Palmer up the back.

"*Sink to B. J. Palmer's level! Why, B. J. Palmer is now so low that he has to rear up to root — even for himself.*

PERSONALLY TO B. J. PALMER:

"In response to my last letter I have now over (15) 180 *replies* from P. S. C. graduates who say they are with me. I have only received one letter from any sort of a Chiropractor — graduate of any school — criticising that

letter. Burro Joss, this is a pretty good percentage. Most of these letters are personal, and *I am asked to keep the names quiet*; but a great many of them say that I can use their names, and quote what they have said, in any manner I see fit.

"What is the matter of these P. S. C. Boys? Very few of them know me personally. Most of them detail some transactions which, if true, would be sufficient justification for any man with red blood in his veins, and any sort of a sense of right and decency, to throw the harpoon into the Heurta of Chiropractic—the Weyler of Brady Hill (16) *The man who is so far lost to a sense of decency that he will lend himself to a scheme of exploiting his father's memory for his own personal ends*—(17) *The father who attempted to lead a parade at Davenport, Iowa, and—you know the rest*; see my former letter.

"Yours truly,

"SOL. L. LONG."

OUR REPLIES TO THAT TIRADE

(1) At the time of the issuance of this letter (May 1, 1914) there had not been a public typewritten or printed reply made to any statement of Mr. Long's charge; in fact, it was ignored between publishing of his first letter (printed in the forepart of this reply) to the present publication. I had made an oral reply to the same in the Auditorium of the P. S. C. to our student body and was not even typewritten until some six weeks after because of being away on a lecture tour.

(2) Nothing having been typewritten, nothing published, then Mr. Long received his information from hearsay evidence; this being true, Mr. Long must have meant that *students*, then in attendance at the P. S. C., were "hysterical old women, despondent old maids, and sexless men." Granting his hypothesis, that I *had* written a reply and was about to send the printed edition forth, then all who would *read* the defense would be "hysterical old women, despondent old maids, and sexless men." No matter which viewpoint is accepted, those who listened *or* read, the appellations must apply.

Grant that I may be all that Mr. Long thinks of me, *why* should he take his vituperative fight into the peaceful homes of the innocent ones who attend the P. S. C. and call them names? I do not like much what the U. C. C. does; but have always conceded that the usual run of students of that school were probably as good and would average up to the same type of manhood and womanhood as were found in the P. S. C. I have never yet taken my contentions into the student body of the school and its methods that I contended against. This seems, to me, to be rank unfairness. I have argued against the U. C. C., some of its officers and some members of its faculty, but I have never attacked its student body since the original insurrectos left and new hearts came.

And, granting that it was reasonable to take the argument into the hearts

of the students of the P. S. C., was it just to render unto those who but read both sides of an issue—the graduate practitioners—as such? I assumed Mr. Long was a lawyer, therefore knew that every civil or criminal case was composed of two sides, a prosecution and defense; would it be consistent to call a jury (who listened to *both* sides, to form "a fair and impartial verdict?") as composed of "hysterical old women, despondent old maids, and sexless men?" Because *he* was the prosecutor, does he not know that he prejudices the jury against himself to call them names? How unfair, of a lawyer, to call names unto they whom he catches listening to the defense. For shame! Mr. Long, have you not yet learned *the* (honorable) *elements* of trying cases in court?

(3) I would call any such references, even in private, among men supposed to have a baser level of morals, vulgar. It certainly is out of place in a communication of this kind. If it is desired to not only accuse my character but morality, then the Chiropractic profession is ready to listen to facts, pro and con, and give equally as fair a hearing as on this murder charge. It is because I am "already familiar with them" that I say they *are* vulgar.

(4) I would say such was quite material, it is so material that it could not be stretched to be circumstantial evidence. Even *this* last communication "published by Mr. Long" emanated from *the same* source. We are willing to grant that Mr. Long's signature was *printed* on the last page (which *was* done in The U. C. C. office); that it "*was* sent out from the town of my residence" (*after* you received them from The U. C. C.) but all this blustering does not *deny* the original charge made, viz: that that murderous charging letter was printed, assembled, slipped and stamped in The U. C. C. office, then shipped from Davenport, *to* Col. Long at Alton in a package and *from there* mailed one by one. This "immaterial" simply proves The U. C. C. asked *you* to do *their* bidding and, as a dutiful paid counsellor, (which you now admit) you did.

For every unjust accusation, there's always a friend with the truth. The following letter will put the quietus on that statement and came unsolicited from one of the parties most interested in having the truth, whole truth *and nothing but the truth*, told. "University Place, Lincoln, Nebr., May 6th, 1914. Dear Dr. Palmer: I have another of Sol. Long's screeds dated May 1st abusing you. When he was in Lincoln he only called on two Chiropractors, viz., Nicholson and myself. He failed to meet Dr. Ashworth. The others, that call themselves Chiropractors, he visited. They are not friendly to B. J. P. or any of The P. S. C. people. They are not members of the Nebraska Chiropractors' Ass'n. and cannot be as they use vibrators, etc., and the N. C. A. will not allow members to do this. This letter is extremely disgusting to anyone who understands the whole business. I am, yours with love to you and yours, A. F. Walsh, D. C."

NEBRASKA CHIROPRACTORS COMMENT ON
LONG'S COMMENTS

"Lincoln, Nebr., May 13th, 1914.

"Dear Doctor: I want to say a few words concerning the letter sent to the field by Col. Long. It seems to me, being a lawyer, he should be sure of his facts before rushing so recklessly into print. I was in Lincoln and attended your lecture there. I heard quite a number of comments — all favorable and I asked an acquaintance that attended how he enjoyed it and his reply was 'Fine — his points were well brought out.'

"The following day I was in Dr. Ashworth's office, when a lady came in and said she would like to talk to Dr. Ashworth — that she attended the lecture the night before and would like to investigate, that she wanted to know more about our science. That doesn't sound like a black eye to me.

"I think your lecture and the convention had the effect of rousing the M. D.'s to the fact that they would need to get busy. (Judging from last night's paper — a copy of which was mailed to you), otherwise we might gain a right *by law* to live — without their permission and for any one to live without the permission of a M.D. is a calamity indeed.

"If there is anything I can do to help eradicate the impression Long's letter might make on those who were not there — I shall be glad to do it.

"Respectfully yours,

"L. GEDDIS, D. C."

"*To whom it may concern:* We, the undersigned Chiropractors of Lincoln, Nebr., wish to contradict the statement of Col. Long in his circular of May 1st, 1914, wherein he states that the lecture delivered at the Auditorium in Lincoln May 6th by B. J. Palmer, D. C., Ph. C., was a black eye to Lincoln Chiropractors. On the contrary the lecture was the greatest boost and the best advertisement the Science has ever received in the city of Lincoln and the State of Nebraska, and the business of each has materially increased since the lecture.

"Furthermore we wish to state that with the exception of Mason & Mason (Dr. Mason is taking the medical course and they are not practicing much), we are the only Chiropractors in Lincoln who practice straight Chiropractic, and are eligible to membership in the U. C. A. or I. C. A. and we three are the only members of the Nebraska Chiropractors Association in Lincoln.

"(Signed) A. F. Walsh, D. C., S. L. Ashworth, D. C., Hattie H. Nicholson, D. C.

"Dear Doctor: You can't stop progress of whatever thief it is trying to injure you and enrich themselves.

"You and Mrs. Palmer have my sympathy in each and every attack made upon you and our dear old P. S. C. even though you never hear from me.

"Often have unpleasant things come up, such as one of my gold painted

signs cost me \$5, stolen. I thought of how much greater wrongs you bore up under for sake of Chiropractic, was ashamed to think I was so worried over such a little thing compared with things that are heaped on you every day.

"I haven't sent you any clippings, as I know Dr. Walsh sends everything worth sending. But I want to take opportunity in this to tell you how much I enjoyed your being with us. My patients and friends were more than pleased, and are looking forward to your return which I hope will be in October. But we will talk of that at Convention in August.

"With best wishes to you and Mrs. Palmer, I am, Hattie H. Nicholson, D. C."

J. A. Campbell, D. C., Secretary The Nebraska Chiropractors Ass'n., in referring to the meeting which Mr. Long slightly mentions, says, in a form letter to his Chiropractors under date of May 29th, 1914, as follows: "To those who did not attend the meeting I wish to state that it was the largest and most enthusiastic of its kind ever held in the State. We are thankful for our outside help and the assistance that was given us at this meeting, particularly to those whose names appear on the program. Dr. Foy, president of the Kansas Ass'n., raised many legislative points we could never have received unless we would have gone through the very mill he did. We can say as much for Dr. Fields. And to Dr. Palmer we are very grateful. He did not miss the opportunity of saying the right word at the right time, helping to boost and securing new members for the Association. Dr. Palmer's enthusiasm is the white heat that fuses all qualities into one effective mass. He thrilled all the Doctors with new hope that their future realization would be fulfilled — namely, legislation."

What does this situation signify? That Mr. Long would desire to emulate those who are not respected by those of their own class and profession. He would ask you to hold up to respect people whom their own State Ass'n. refuses to acknowledge with membership. And yet, Mr. Long talks about standard, high duties to specific, pure and unadulterated Chiropractic, etc., and yet would resort to such unjust supports for his contentions.

Mrs. Ashworth, speaking of the lecture in question and the comments thereof made by Mr. Long says: "Sol L. Long is mistaken about Lincoln Chiropractors. We are all well pleased with B. J.'s lecture. Walsh, Nicholson and I are the only ones who belong to N. C. A. — only ones eligible — except the Masons and they are not practicing much — not advertising. Bixby's answer to J. Wimbleton Jones and the comment in Journal shows your lecture was well taken.

"Your friend,
"S. L. ASHWORTH, D. C."

WE CONTINUE OUR COMMENTS

(5) We would have appreciated it if you had, *then and there*, gone on and given these "goods" that you could "prove." But, you slipped your trolley again and *forgot* (?) to give them.

(6) As the facts are not given, there is nothing to deny. Shall I hit at air and paw atmosphere?

(7) Yes, I am fully aware that these men, as are you, are after my hide and have been scraping heaven and earth for my every act, thought and deed from the beginning of birth to date, and I note that you find little to actually hammer your "goods" upon and take up space, instead, in personal epithets which even the feeble-minded can also do. I have never said much that I am ashamed of and little have I printed that I later retracted or was sorry for, therefore Mr. Long, if you will let me know where such literature is wanted, I will gladly send complimentary copies and when it comes to the killing I will be there to protect my blue-ribbon winning stock.

(8) The fact that you make the statement, I suppose, does not make it true. You are suffering with myopia, Mr. Long, and need a series of adjustments. It will take a long time, as the exostosis is heavy and the ankylosis hard.

(9) Why make the time so short? Won't you be merciful and grant a reprieve? I don't care to go to heaven quite so soon. Please Mr. Arbiter of my future, grant more than twelve months, that I might close up my earthly affairs and *try to get a soul* ("and he was not born *with* a soul, nor has he acquired one postnatally") that I might have something to fly away on?

(10) Now we approach the only decent statement made in the entire paper. I accused him of the same, in the forepart of this lengthy dissertation; now we have two marked admissions. This relieves me of much I thought necessary to say to prove that which I thought would also be evaded or denied as to Mr. Long's source of much of this contention.

(11) It has been my observation that cool-headed lawyers — that kind that *do* things — never are found strutting around blustering, bluffing and blowing about what they are *going* to do. If they've got something up their sleeve *they're doing it and nobody's the wiser until it's done*.

(12) "Zechman"? Where have I heard that name before? Isn't he the man who made a failure of Chiropractic in Des Moines and then went to the Still College of Osteopathy and studied there to compromise two sciences that he might play legislative traitor to both sides? Methinks he is the man who publicly said that he "didn't care whether the Palmer School lived or died" — so little was his interest in the home that made it possible to give him something to play traitor to and against. But, little fear, Mr. Long, you will soon "eliminate B. J. Palmer" — twelve months or thereabouts — hence no one need stop this mighty and wonderful Zechman, whose name and reputation is not respected by another Chiropractor of his home city, whose

work and works are so familiarly known to every Chiropractor, who has done so much in the past six months from doing marvelous things in the future.

(13) This is assuring news. Suppose we grant that "fossils" constitute one-third of those two professions; it is surely encouraging to have such an eminent statistician tell us that two-thirds of the M. D.'s and D. O.'s "recognize the worth of Chiropractic." No more fighting, begorrah.

(14) That's just the trouble, they are so willing that they would *help us* get legal recognition. It is this Mr. Long has gone on record as favoring and that which I have proven such a stumbling block to the profession (?) of our noble profession's doing.

(15) If you don't mind, I would like to reserve my private opinion as to the actual quantity you heard from that were *favorable* to your murder charge. I don't doubt that you *did* get "180 replies," (in fact, wouldn't be surprised if that was putting it low) but they were all such as you wouldn't *dare* print and send through the United States mails, not because favorable but *un-favorable* to your position. Between the devil and the deep blue sea; between the "most" who "asked to keep their names quiet" and "a great many" who say "that I can use their names and quote what they have said" I would say you were in a pickle. The first *dont want* their names linked with yours in any public communication and the second said things that you *couldn't* publish without exposing how little they thought of you. (I shouldn't have said that, Mr. Long, for it is the most unkindest cut of all and probably the only personalism resorted to).

(16) Such accusations are not made in good faith. This money is in the hands of a committee where I have never touched one copper; couldn't today if I wished, and won't even when it's being spent. The boys know this, if you don't. Is there a sample of human being running at large in this country who will yet accuse a son of ulterior motives who tries to do his honored Father honor? Let us hope there is but one, and he has already spoken.

(17) "and — ? ? ? Why not have said it? Mr. Long dares not put into print that which his mind can think. No government can control a man's thoughts no matter how base or low; but they can control his printed expressions and how they may be transported. Silence was the better part of good judgment there, Colonel.

CHAPTER 171

ANOTHER U.C.C. PERSONAL TIRADE

On July 28th, 1914, there was printed at The U. C. C.'s office in Davenport, Iowa, another letter which was mailed from Alton, Ill., over the signature of Mr. Long. This letter is in common, in its make-up, with all the rest, variously described. They are printed on the same stock, with the same mimeograph; addressed on the same style, shape and manner of envelope, hence the origin is obvious, notwithstanding the crude manner of trying to hide itself.

In this letter was a reprint of a portion of a page extracted from the Rock Island (Ill.) Argus of July 2, 1914. The article is as follows:

\$52,000 DAMAGES ARE DEMANDED IN SUIT OVER DEATH

MRS. MARY PALMER, WIDOW OF FOUNDER OF CHIROPRACTIC,
FILES SENSATIONAL ACTION. SON IS THE DEFENDANT.

ALLEGES DR. B. J. PALMER RAN AUTO INTO FATHER, INFLECT-
ING INJURIES FROM WHICH HE DIES.

Suit for \$52,000 damages was filed in the district court at Davenport yesterday afternoon by Mrs. Mary Palmer of Los Angeles, Cal., wife of the late Dr. D. D. Palmer, against Dr. B. J. Palmer, president of the Palmer School and Infirmary of Chiropractic.

The action is an outgrowth of the injuries which Dr. D. D. Palmer, founder of Chiropractic, received in August, 1913, at the hands of his son, Dr. B. J. Palmer, when the former was attempting to lead a parade in Davenport at the annual convention of the United Chiropractic Association and which are alleged to have later caused his death. His son, Dr. B. J. Palmer, was also trying to head the same procession.

It is alleged in the declaration that as the old gentleman was walking down on the west side of Brady street that his son was proceeding down the east side of the street in his automobile and that when near the Argyle Flats the son ordered him out of the way and then deliberately turned his automobile across the street and struck the walking man, knocking him down. It is claimed that the injuries which he received at that time resulted in his death October 20, 1913, at Los Angeles, Cal.

Why did Mr. Long quote you this Rock Island paper? Can it be that

the Davenport (Iowa) papers were silent on this "Sensational Action," that was filed in its own city? Can it be that, being in the town of the action, they were better posted on both sides of the issue, and stated the facts nearer to truth? Can it be that, for this reason, Mr. Long did not care to reprint those issues and articles because it would be detrimental to his malicious publicity campaign? Can it be that by reproducing *those* articles he would be helping the man he aims to injure? Can it be that Mr. Long purposely and seditiously went to this Rock Island paper and told them what to say and how to say it, with the aim in view of reproducing same to injure his opposition? Can it be that he told this Editor that he would give *his* paper publicity and free advertising *if* he would print the article as he (Mr. Long) wrote it and brought it to them for publication? It will be noted that the Rock Island Argus did not reprint the article as it appeared in either the Davenport Times or Davenport Democrat hence had a new report on the same. It is further noted that the Rock Island Argus does *not* keep a reporter on this side of the creek to gather news for its paper; if anything of note occurs in Davenport and is introduced in Rock Island it is because it is paid for or is purposely called to their attention. Who, then, did this and why? As a jury would not be polled from Rock Island City or Rock Island County, why try to influence the possible jurors of that county on something to be tried in Scott County in Iowa? What gain would there be in thus taking an Iowa legal affair into publicity in Illinois, except for its publicity in proximity to injure his client's contemporary?

The letter itself was a two-page affair. We herewith quote the same, interjecting our usual numbers in parenthesis, as follows: (1) which is then followed by comments which correspond.

THE U. C. C. LETTER OF COL. LONG

Alton, Ill., 7-27-'14.

"To the Chiropractors in the field: —

"I am enclosing a reprint of an article appearing (1) *in one of the Tri-City papers*, touching the (2) *suit filed by Mrs. D. D. Palmer* against B. J. Palmer for damages. (3) *So many of you have written in offering assistance to D. D.'s widow*, in obtaining redress for the injury to D. D., which resulted in his death, (4) *and asking when suit would be filed*, etc., that I take this means of informing you of the starting of the move to vindicate D. D.'s memory and get justice for (5) *his deserving and dependent widow*.

"(6) To all of you who have signified your willingness to contribute funds for this purpose, and to those of you who may wish to do so, I will say that if you will write in to me I will inform you as to the proper party to whom to send the same. Do not send me any money, for I have not time to attend *to that end* of it. Besides, I am only the hired man — (7) in fact, only one of four hired men — lawyers — employed to get justice for Mrs. D. D. Palmer.

"In connection with the clipping I refer you to one of my former bulletins, and the copies of the affidavits therein contained, in which (8) Dr. Krudop swore that D. D. died from the effects of a 'previous proximate injury,' and Dr. Ladd made affidavit of like tenor and effect, but added that the injury was 'received at Davenport, Iowa, by an automobile and received during the parade of the U. C. A. last year.' This much of the testimony, to be used, has been made public, or I would not now refer to it. (9) We have other testimony — plenty of it — of like tenor and effect.

(See Chap. 3 and see *if* there is "plenty of it." We have herein shown all there is to it; if there had been more we would have printed it. Why this attempt to make us think more than was a reality? Do we scare easily?)

"Now that this suit is started, I want all the facts to lay before the jury — I want them just as they are — just as they were;" (we might excuse Mr. Long somewhat on the ground that he wanted all the facts "just as they *are*" but we see little ground for excuse for his *not* printing all the facts that he had in his possession "just as they *were*" which we have been compelled to do for him.)

"(10) and it is the *duty* of everyone, as a good citizen, (to say nothing of a duty of gratitude to the founder of Chiropractic and his now helpless widow) to come forward with the facts in their possession.

"I now have the sworn testimony of a number of witnesses (11) — three of whom are friends of B. J. Palmer — to the effect that B. J. struck D. D. with his automobile, just as D. D. said he did, but if there is anyone of you who receive this circular who saw it, let me have your statements; or if you know of anyone else who did see the tragedy — for tragedy it was — give me their names, so I may communicate with them. (12) It is your *duty* to do this.

"All we want is facts, and my sole concern now is to establish what I firmly believe to be facts — not having seen the transaction — (13) by such a cloud of witnesses that no man will dare to say, after the verdict is rendered, that prejudice or bias entered into its rendition. (14) I want it so that even those who are sorry, because of the rendition of the verdict, will have no reasonable doubt but what it is just. My attitude toward B. J. Palmer is such that I must bend every energy to make it doubly plain and leave no 'twilight zone' which will cause any man, of average reasoning powers and discernment, to doubt for a minute the justness of the verdict — (15) and we'll get a verdict — the only question is the amount, and the stronger the testimony the more will we get for the bereaved, deserving and dependent widow of the discoverer (there have been many developers — each of you is as much a 'developer' as any other single individual whatsoever) of Chiropractic, who was deprived of her support through malice and egotism.

"Very truly yours,
"SOL. L. LONG."

WE COMMENT ON THIS LETTER

(1) Why did he not say *which* one? Why lead you to guess that it might have been a Davenport, Iowa, paper? Why leave you to infer something that you didn't know? Why assume that you wouldn't carefully study the headline on the extracted clipping which did *not* have "Rock Island Argus, Illinois" on?

(2) As yet the evidence is contrary to this statement. It shows, beyond reason of doubt, that Mrs. D. D. Palmer did *not* file this suit or ask that it be done or give consent to its being done except under pressure.

(3) As a matter of fact, Mr. Long, who are all these people? Why not quote their letters, extracts therefrom, give publicity to their names and locations? Certainly we cannot have a profession composed of men who are ashamed of saying publicly what they would in private. And, why, Mr. Long, will you make statements and then not be frank enough to show your hand openly? Is there anything in this article "With Malice Aforethought" that holds back anything whatsoever? Have I not shown *your* position as well as my own? Have I not published *your* testimonials, affidavits, etc., which *even you* did not give publicity to?

(4) Now we're getting down to brass tacks. Did these "so many of you" *also* ask you whether you had placed this monstrous charge before our Scott County grand jury? Did they ask you how and why you got turned down? Did they also ask why you did not publish the Davenport newspaper comments upon this last suit of yours? It appears to me that there must be many questions which were *not* asked and all that were only of such a character that they were always favorable to your side. Isn't that strange? I can't understand it, especially when your boys are so anxious to find out all the information they can.

(5) I will admit it is regrettable that any man should leave his wife in the financial condition D. D. Palmer did. They had little when they came East, he earned nothing on this trip, and went home practically broke. He owned very little there, hence they returned home to meet a funeral expense which at its best must have left the widow stripped of everything except the meager furnishings of a small rented home. D. D. Palmer did not believe in insurance of any kind, hence left nothing in that form. Since his death Mrs. D. D. Palmer has been trying to sell a book, some little printed sheets and a D. D. Palmer diploma (with him dead) all for \$25. This has not and cannot meet with the approbation of any Chiropractor notwithstanding they may be sorry, but no person, no matter how dependent, can thus bleed the calf in that manner and get applauded as a benefactor to a profession. "Dependent" and becoming more so every day, such a game is trying to be fostered upon Chiropractic and Chiropractors. We cannot blame Mrs. D. D. Palmer for trying to make a living in any reasonable manner, *but* we can condemn you, Mr. Long, for asking the profession to endorse such work as that. If Mrs. D. D. Palmer will sign a contract to give up such condemnatory

methods of making a living, I shall be the first one to sign and push a subscription list to buy her a home—not for her sake, but for the sake of *Chiropractic*. If your heart is in the right place, let's get together and push a movement of this kind.

(6) Is this a subscription game? Then, give publicity to the name and address; make it a public affair and let all good Chiropractors in on it. Why play in the dark? You make us think it has a sinister design behind it when you make it secret. I can well understand how you do not desire the money sent to you; pray then, tell us to whom to send it. Can it be that we are desired to believe that this paragraph is aimed to gather money to pay "only the hired man?" Are you "four hired men—lawyers" aiming to get this money to pay for pushing this suit?

You have been playing a game for some many months; in fact, before D. D. Palmer died you started this propaganda—all to the end that you ask the Chiropractors to secretly send money to somebody who is not publicly stated that *you* might make a graft out of it. *You*, Mr. Long, ask the Chiropractors to *pay you* to prosecute this case. Why don't you get your money from *your employers*—C. E. Moyer, G. L. Moyer and The U. C. C.? Why play this cheap-skate curb stone game?

"Do not send *me* any money, for I have not time to attend to *that end* of it." Is there some *other* end which you will have "time" to attend to? If so, which "end" is it? The "end" that *you* have no *disposition* to have it publicly known that you would *like* to attend to, is the asking for the money. Of course, this you do not *here* do, because if they desire to send money to *one end*, they must write you to find out to whom to send it. The *two* ends seem to be, the asking and getting. *You* ask for it but don't want it sent to you, for you're the boy that hasn't "*time to attend to that end*," but when the *other fellow* has it stacked up, then comes *your "end*," Mr. Long—the getting of your *fee* for pushing this case. Darn little does the *widow* see of *either end*. You have hold of *both* ends of the rope, so that it forms a circle with Mr. Long, the Moyers and The U. C. C. inside of that circle. The widow is in the offing.

(7) Another under-cover idea. "Four hired men—lawyers." If the information filed and the summons are any proof, at this wrting there is only *one* "hired man" in on the long green split that is to come from the Chiropractors on a suit that will, in all probabilities, never come to suit in September of this year, or any other time. None of these papers gives the name of any other lawyer but *yoursel*f, Mr. Long. I think you will cut the melon all alone. All you get from the Chiropractors you will be more than welcomed to, for it won't be much, and they will give little, and all who stand to lose on this deal should lose, for they are gullible and of the first water. Better try to sell them the Masonic Temple in Chicago for \$500, Mr. Long.

Come on, Chiropractors, let's help the widow. If you want to know how,

send money. To whom? Write Mr. Long and then he'll tell you privately. How will this help the widow? By helping the widow to pay the lawyer. Which lawyer? Mr. Long. Subtle? Yes! Clever? No! Why is it subtle and not clever? Because his letter shows its intention too plainly.

(8) I trust you will pardon my seeming rudeness, Mr. Long, but I desire to correct you on your quotations on your affidavits upon which you seem to rely very much. It is quite essential that lawyers be exact and not make mistakes on matters of fact and much less have the defendant call your attention to mistakes when they are made. Here you say that Dr. Krudop says "previous proximate injury." The original affidavit says (according to your form letter, if true) that it pointed "too plainly to second shock preceded by a history of *some* severe injury." Isn't that correct? *Why* juggle with your own facts? Do you rely on memory — then I don't.

I am exceedingly sorry, Mr. Long, that I must again re-quote your quotation. If you had made the following quotation purely in a position to correct you, *but*, inasmuch as you *quote* that "Dr. Ladd made *affidavit* of like tenor and effect, but *added* as a *statement* of what the affidavit contained, it could not be that the injury was 'received at Davenport, Iowa, by an automobile and received during the parade of The U. C. A. last year,'" I must correct the same to what she actually *did* say.

I have referred to your public communication of April 8, 1914, in which *you* say she says: "Said abscess being caused from a blow received when struck by an automobile while he was walking in the parade of the Chiropractors in the streets of the City of Davenport, Iowa." I have done even further, I have trailed down to the *original affidavit*, which was sent to you, which I *now* hold, and I find that even *you* did — the *first* time — quote her correct, but the time above referred to you did *not*.

I trust you will pardon my calling your attention to these inconsistencies, but men who hold their characters as high above reproach as you do and men who hold their legal ability as lofty as yours should be very careful and not leave loopholes in the indicating publicity printed statements.

(9) Then, why not make it public? Are you ashamed of it? The fact of the matter is, Mr. Long, that we have given publicity to everything you ever had, have at the present time or will get in the future. Now, isn't that true? We hope you will cease convicting the defendant by innuendo; trying him through your letters or by newspaper clippings, dragged in from other states and printed by request. I'm not falling far short of hitting the nail squarely on the head, am I?

If much more "of like tenor and effect" is secured by the defendant, we will have enough to start a suit for malicious persecution, which is possible in Iowa and in Scott County.

(10) In this connection, let me congratulate *you*, Mr. Long; and *you*, Messrs. Moyer for being three of the *best* citizens in the U. S., for you have certainly tried to do your damndest as "good citizens" to bring me to justice.

(11) I have stated, under the Chapter "The Prosecutor's Case" all the evidence which you possess or had at the time of trying to indict me for murder in the first degree before the grand jury of Scott County, Iowa. I have commented at length upon the value and validity of the affidavits of Drs. Krudop and Louisa Ladd; outside of those two the only remaining evidence is that of Ralph Cass, Geo. M. Otto and Paul Erdmann. None of these are graduates of The P. S. C.; all are from The U. C. C., and especially is Geo. M. Otto's position well known and what he tried to do to me through form letters is also prominently displayed in the minds of our profession as what you are trying to do at this time. And, Mr. Long, you call these "three" — "friends of B. J. Palmer?" Mr. Long says these "three" are my friends. If never meeting either of them, never having spoken to either, if not knowing their peculiarities, views and dispositions; if such as this makes for friends, then I must be very intimate, for, how could it be otherwise when Mr. Long says it is so?

CHAPTER 172

COL. LONG AGAIN WRITES ANOTHER TIRADE

"Alton, Ill., August 6, 1914.

"To the Chiropractors in the Field:

"To use a common street Arab's expression: 'Fer th' love o' Moike, look at this!'

"Upon my return, I have noted that I am not the only favored Chiropractor in our ranks. For some time I thought I was. Col. Long, et al. has seen fit to charge me with murder, not theoretically but before the grand jury to which they seen fit to snicker and laugh and Ha! Ha! the malicious one who, getting discouraged, has now brought a damage suit which will also get the Merry Ha! Ha! in its time and place for reasons best known to us.

"But it now appears that the medical allies of *other* towns have also been making *the same* charges in other communities. Glen Strand, at Jamestown, N. D., has been charged with manslaughter and so is D. B. Teem, D. C., of Madill, Okla. I am very glad this medical campaign started with me, but I'm sorry it has been shifted to others less able to enjoy such publicity.'

"The above two paragraphs are from B. J. Palmer's 'Reasons for the Prosecution of Chiropractors,' which he misnames 'Fountainhead' News." They will be found on page 33 of the issue of July 25th. This is a cheap appeal for sympathy, and a still cheaper appeal to bias and prejudice.

"B. J. Palmer knows as well as he knows anything that the medical people — A. M. A. — Medical Trust — Osteopathy or Osteopath — have no more to do with the effort to bring him to justice for what he did to his father, or with the damage suit brought against him by his step-mother for that injury to his father, than has Satan with the civic affairs of the New Jerusalem.

"Why didn't he mention the Ohio case? Why didn't he mention the Kansas case? Why didn't he mention the Arkansas case? Why didn't he mention the New York case? Why didn't he mention a half a dozen cases which were brought for manslaughter and injury before it was ever dreamed, inside or out of the profession, by Medical men, or others, that his chauvinistic egotism would lead him to injure his own father so that that father died? The reason he did not mention these other cases was because he knows that the cases I have just mentioned in the various states, and the others I have referred to as occurring before the injury of D. D. Palmer, were all based on adjustments given by what he touts as the 'Palmer Recoil.'

(1) *Over near Jefferson, Iowa, there is a little girl with a fractured cervical. The X-ray shows it and B. J. knows this also.* And the Medical and Osteopathic bunch have these things, and they will be called to the attention of legislative committees this winter when we ask for recognition.

"Do you see any added reason now why B. J. Palmer is, and will be, a detriment — an unsurmountable obstacle — in the road of legal recognition? I have known of these things ever since I first came in contact with Chiropractic (2) *and I have kept quiet until now.* (3) *I wish I could have kept quiet longer for the good of the men in the field* (for the public cannot differentiate between injurious moves and moves that are not injurious in Chiropractic), but this last claim of his forces me to make this statement. Possibly it is better now that it is made, for you will know another hill you will have to climb, and I can only hope that making this public will help you in the ascent.

"Medical campaign! Why if the Medical men wanted to, (4) *they could put B. J. Palmer out of business, so far as treating patients and receiving pay therefor is concerned, right here in Davenport,* and he knows it. They could not stop him teaching Chiropractic — there is no power in the State of Iowa to do that, but I say, and he knows that they could stop him from treating patients and receiving pay therefor at the P. S. C. or elsewhere in the State of Iowa. Nor would he be protected by his M. D. or D. O., whoever they may, or might be; for no man having a license can delegate his authority to another. Legally an M.D., or an osteopath, does not protect an unlicensed practitioner, Chiropractor or otherwise; practically, in some cases, it must be admitted it does protect.

"*'Medical campaign started with me!'* If arrest for manslaughter is a Medical campaign, it started over three years ago (5) *with a man who used the Palmer recoil back in the state of Ohio and B. J. knows it.* This is only a cheap — cheap — cheap bid for bias and prejudice. He is playing you people in the field for a set of chumps and expects to blind your eyes to the real issue by sidetracking you with his straw man of *'Medical campaign started by me.'* He will fool no one, save and except the man born to be fooled, and he has a few of them on his list.

"It is not the Medical Trust, or any other Trust, or any Medical man, or Osteopath, who is pushing him to justice. It is the decent, manly, justice loving element in the Chiropractic profession, as well as the same class of individuals outside, who are pushing this thing and giving their money freely to push it because they recognize that a great wrong has been done — a life sacrificed to egotism and greed, and they desire to see that wrong righted; and this as much to deter others in the future as to punish the guilty one now.

"*'Medical campaign started with me!'* I wonder if B. J. Palmer forgets that D. D. Palmer, the founder of Chiropractic, was arrested and put in jail in Davenport for practicing Chiropractic not so many years ago; and I wonder if B. J. forgets his part in that transaction. I wonder if he forgets

another scene played in that same tragedy — this other scene occurring last fall in the streets of that same Davenport when an old man, with a childish desire to lead a last parade of a cult he had founded, was injured so that in a few short days he died from the effects of that injury.

"'Medical campaign started with me.' Oh! the cheapness of it — the fakir tactics of it! Does B. J. Palmer forget that the decent, clean element of all civilized America — of the civilized world — age, even of the Barbarian and heathen tribes, look the same upon an assassin whether he is a self-confessed one or whether he, perchance, wear the ermine of a Judge, the crown of a King, or officiate as a Prelate or Priest? I wonder if B. J. knows that this has been true ever since Cain slew Abel, and will be true until the last clean and decent man shall have looked into the last moment.

"Possibly I am too strong in my insistence of love and respect to parents, but it is in the blood of my people and I cannot help it. This too is in my blood and has been in the blood of my people for thirty-eight centuries.

"I remember one time, years ago, when my father, who was at the time of about the same age of D. D. Palmer, came to my house. I had a beautiful place on one of the finest streets in a little southwestern town of about ten thousand inhabitants. I had a still more beautiful lawn which I had for two or three years taken great pride in and had gotten it to such a stage of perfection that it excited much comment, and I was very proud of it. I had some roses there, too, just as beautiful and as sweet scented as any B. J. ever had in his rose garden, and I doubt not, I thought much of them. Father was an old cattle man. Well kept lawns did not mean to him what they had come to mean to me. He had been back east for some years — over across the mountains toward the morning. He had read a great deal of alfalfa made a trip or two through the west and saw it growing, was an alfalfa enthusiast. He kept talking about alfalfa and how much better it would be if I would spade up my lawn and sow it to alfalfa. One day he was talking to me about it and I saw the light in the old man's eyes and the next day I hired men and spaded up that beautiful lawn, spaded up the back yard where I had some shrubs palms etc. raked it and sowed it to alfalfa. The people said I was crazy, but the old man — my father — sat on the porch that summer and looked on that alfalfa lawn and enjoyed himself, and his joy was of more recompense to me than all the lawns and all the flowers of all the world.

"I merely mention this in connection with his charge that I am the 'malicious one.' Possibly I am malicious — I do not know, but I believe I am right, rather than malicious. Possibly my early training has biased me. There were no automobiles in those days, and possibly I should have taken a club and killed my father instead of spading up my lawn and pleasing him by sowing alfalfa. Possibly I should have robbed him and kicked him out doors; but I do not believe I should have done these things — I believe I did right. I am ready to be convinced that I did wrong, and that I should have

followed the other course and become a 'developer' of roses and blue grass.

"Yours truly, SOL. L. LONG."

TWO CONDEMNATORY LETTERS

"Outlook, Sask., Aug. 15, 1914.

"O. M. Scroggin

"Dear Sir: — When I returned from the West I found your letter. I am truly sorry to learn that you have left The U. C. C.; of *course* the *Palmer School* is a much *easier school* to go to because you don't have to learn anything there. I know this because I have talked to many *Palmer* students in the past six months, and they tell me all any one has to do to get through that *school* is to clap your hands every time the *long haired shrimp* shows himself. And I am sure when you get out in the *field to practice* you will find that the small head, *long haired shrimp's* foggy ideas don't go; you will find out that to come from that so-called *school* that you will be only *laughing stock*, and that you can't do *anything*, because you have not learned *anything*. You will see this all after you get *out*. Now, in *regards* to you and I working together, will say, if you had stayed at the U. C. C. all this time and learned something about *Chiropractic* I would have gladly taken you in an *office*, and we could certainly have gotten on well *together*. But I have several offers of the same kind from *Palmer men*. I have made a success on seven *different men* and prevented them from enrolling at The P.S.C., and in the future I am certainly going to do all I *can* to prevent others from going *there*. In that law suit that Mrs. D. D. Palmer is *bringing* against the *shrimp*, I am putting up \$125.00, and besides, I will be there at the court house to tell what I *know*, as I was there. Well, *Scroggin*, the very best thing you can do for your own future, go back to the U. C. C. or some other good *school* and you won't regret it when you get to the *field*, and don't forget *this*. It is not a question of time, eight or nine or twelve months. It's a question of what you *know* and can do.

"Very truly,

"CLAUD C. WALL, D. C."

(It is not to be supposed that many letters which were favorable to Mr. Long, Dr. Moyer, et. al., would come to my attention, but as I believe in a game being played with *all* the cards in the deck — a case being tried with *all* possible evidence at our command — I herewith include a letter which is favorable to their side of the case.

Its personal nature is truly as apparent as is that of Mr. Long's. The entire absence of any scientific reasons for which this Chiropractor should oppose me is also noticeable in its absence.

It has been shown that certain evidence which Mr. Long possessed he held in reserve — for what reason is not for us to deduce; the fact is sufficient that he did. It cannot be shown that we have held back one iota, word or

line of evidence which came into our possession. It will be even noted that some trifling bits, here and there, are rather inclined to be derogatory to our good, yet we inserted them in proper place. Amongst this latter class is the above letter.

Think of this Chiropractor investing \$125 to no greater leader than Mr. Long! Think of how hard that money was earned and how easily it is already lost! I have not asked for or received \$1 in defense; much less should the relatives of the late D. D. Palmer sponge on the Chiropractic profession when many of them are perfectly able to pursue the "Villain" and convict him, if such is at all possible.

'Tis sad, but true; no matter who the leader, he will have some followers to him who will be true. There is honor even among thieves.

We quote the following in full: It can be seen to have been written by the same author as the preceding one:)

"Outlook, Sask.

"O. M. Scroggin.

"In regards to coming to Canada, I certainly would advise you.

"In regard to that suit against the shrimp; yes, I will put in \$125.00 and I will put up again that much. Oh, yes, this suit will amount to something; the little shrimp tries to make you students believe that it won't amount to much, or nothing. But there are four lawyers lined up, and as a surprise for somebody.

"Well, I must get busy. I still think as I did before. You had better go either to the U. C. C. or to Sharp's School and get busy. You will see it when you get out in the field.

"Very truly,

"CLAUD C. WALL, D. C.,

"Outlook, Sask."

(If conditions are so bad and money so scarce and business so hard to get, we would suggest to this writer that he save his money and not waste it foolishly on B. J. Palmer. Two hundred and fifty dollars is not picked up in garbage pails, nor of such a little amount that it can afford to be thrown to the vultures.

The number of lawyers hired does not determine the amount of brains involved or how much right may be mixed up on either side. The more physicians (or lawyers) in circulation, the sooner can you figure on a death in the family.

As to there being "a surprise for somebody," we agree.)

SOL. LONG CONTINUES HIS LETTER

"This is written for you who think B. J. Palmer wants harmony, and who have read his 'Fountain Head News,' Number 29, August 1st.

"Of course he wants harmony—his kind of harmony—the harmony he can

exploit and with which he can fill his pocketbook, or feed is egoism. B. J. Palmer cannot tell the truth—truth is as foreign to him as a desire for righteousness is to the Devil.

"Harmony! Read page four, where he again lets his spleen against the P. S. C. crop out. He says he has a late list of the I. C. A. members, and he knows he lied when he said it. The only lists of the present I. C. A. membership are held by Secretary Eynon, Treasurer Scott and myself, and I know not one of the three of us have sent him a list, nor have we sent a list to another from whom he could obtain it. The latest list printed of the I. C. A. was in July, 1913, and he may have one of these for show.

"Yes, B. J. is great on harmony—even so much so that he will lie about the I. C. A. and drag it into controversy without any excuse—merely to vent his spleen at a thing he cannot control.

"Then on page eight of the same 'Fountain Head News,' he attempts to throw dust into the eyes of the profession and get them on another trail and away from the real issues by making some covert insinuations which are worse than lies. Such were made by him knowing their falsity.

"He calls me a 'self-styled Colonel.' I have a commission as Lieutenant Colonel, that I am prouder of than if it were a commission in the regular army, or any of the armies now at war. I am far prouder of it than I would be of that short course certificate he is touting in order to help boost his crowd at the coming meeting. The question is not, however, whether I am a Colonel, a Corporal, a High Private, or a Sutler. All these questions are immaterial. *The real issue is, 'did B. J. Palmer run onto his old father in the streets of Davenport and injure him, and did that father die from said injuries?'* In support of this you have the affidavits of the two doctors heretofore mentioned.

"He says the death certificates show that D. D. Palmer died of 'Typhoid Fever.' B. J. Palmer knows as well as he knows he lives this day, that 'Typhoid Fever,' in ordinary medical usage, means any lowered condition of the system, and is placed in death certificates to cover deaths from so-called diseases not yet well known by name, or a complication of one or more diseases which lowers the resistance of the body so that death ensues. *B. J. Palmer knows this and he knows that the death certificate is no proof whatsoever that he did not strike his father, or that his father did not die as the result of that blow.*

"He speaks of the 'Grand Juries' refusing to take stock in the charges. Evidence is presented to a Grand Jury and then a certain majority of them have to vote for a true bill before one is returned. (6) *by what authority he speaks I do not know, but my information is that there was a respectable minority of that Grand Jury who were in favor of returning an indictment on the evidence. Many men have been indicted after having been presented to a half dozen Grand Juries, and B. J. Palmer will find that he is not yet at the end of the Grand Jury investigation.*

"He speaks of the U. C. C., calling it a 'parasite school,' and says that it is the one behind this present suit. B. J. Palmer knows that the present suit was started by parties in Oklahoma and California. (7) *two or three weeks ago he had the U. C. C. afraid of me — now he has me afraid of the U. C. C.* How the shrimp does gyrate. However, he is just as consistent here as in other things. You can't tell one day what he'll advocate the next.

"He then speaks of me 'going back to his old home so as to eke out a mere existence again the same as before this other school discovered him.' It is immaterial, for the question is, (8) *'what did B. J. Palmer do to his father, D. D. Palmer, and what was the result of the act done?'* However, I want to say to the little shrimp that I have made more money in my time than he ever saw, and I have spent more *by accident* than he ever did *on purpose*. But remember, the question is not what I have done or have not done; the question is (8) *'what did he do to his father and what was the result?'* Do not let anything I say blind you to the issue, nor anything he says blind you. Keep the issue before you.

"He says no 'Davenport Attorney' cared to appear in the present case. He knows he lies when he says this, for he knows one of the foremost, and ablest, firms of lawyers of Davenport have been retained as attorneys in this case. He just simply cannot tell the truth—it would choke him if he did.

"Then he speaks of 'harmony' and working for legislation. Here is another lie as big as any of the rest. He is neither for harmony, nor is he for legislation, and I cite you to his every published utterance in proof of this assertion.

"Then he says: 'I do not intend to delve into his ancient life history' (meaning my life history.) 'Why he does not care to go back to his home town, etc.' So kind! So considerate! B. J. Palmer knows that he has raked the southwest, with a fine-toothed comb, for all my 'life-history,' and yet you who read this know that had he found anything which he could tout to the field he would have done it. I am just an ordinary American with faults and failings common to my fellows. I have never posed as an angel, and do not now so pose. And he can rake my record, from beginning until now, and I will pit the darkest things he can find against his own treatment of his own father, whereby he became the head of the P. S. C. and submit the matter to a jury of unbiased Chiropractors and abide their verdict. And I will deposit the money in any bank he may designate to pay the costs of such submission, in the event the said jury find against me, if he will do likewise.

"Now, you shrimp, delve into all the 'ancient life history' you want to—get after it. You have already done so. To you, who want to do a little 'ancient life history' investigation on your own hook, write to any of the following; Judge G. P. Aikman, Eldorado, Kansas; Judge C. L. Swartz, Winfield, Kansas; Judge R. T. Ayers, Howard, Kansas — all of these Judges of the District Courts of Kansas; A. H. Denton, Cashier Home National Bank, Arkansas City, Kansas (I suppose this is the home town he spoke of,

judging from some of his other letters); Col. H. P. Hackney, Winfield, Kansas (Col. Hackney can tell you something on the military side, if he desires). Then you might write to Judge John Marshall, Topeka, Kansas, who was Assistant Attorney General a year or two ago and is now the attorney of the corporation board of that State and a candidate for place on the Supreme Bench of Kansas. Marshall has known me for nearly twenty years and I was at one time associated with him in the practice of law, in a Kansas town, in one of my periodical residences in that state. Hon. Grant Herrington, Private Secretary to Gov. Hodges Frank Oregon, Assistant Auditor of the State of Kansas; Charles Sessions, Secretary of State of Kansas. I could give you references just as good and weighty from a half a dozen other states and countries but I give you these in Kansas, because my family have always resided there and reside there yet, and he has spoken of my 'home town,' and I want you to get the judgment of what might be called my 'home people.' Then you might send to the Secretary of the State of Kansas and tell him to get the Senate Journal of 1899 and copy the resolution concerning me from page 1108; and also to the House Journal of 1897 and copy the resolution concerning me appearing on page 1258 thereof.

"This is the only personal defense I shall make to the lying insinuations of the man *whom I firmly believe to have caused the death of his own father*. However, whether I am the greatest or the meanest of men — whether I am the most virtuous or the most depraved — whether I am an angel of light or a field incarnate is immaterial and of absolutely no importance whatsoever in the matter in question. The issue is (8) *'did B. J. Palmer run on to his old father in the streets of Davenport and did that father die from the effects thereof?'* The father answered both of these questions by saying that B. J. did run on to him, and that he was dying from the effects of it. Two physicians testified that the death was from the effects of an injury, and the third physician, who signed the death certificate, makes a statement to practically the same effect. Witnesses have sworn that B. J. ran his automobile on to the old man and struck him, and others are willing to so swear.

"The second question is: *'Is B. J. Palmer for or against legislation?'* To help you answer this, I cite you to his every published utterance, and also to his recent forming of a new association in Iowa, when there was one already in the field which he could not control.

"The third question is: *'What effect will B. J. Palmer have upon you when you come to ask for legislation in your various states?'* These are the three questions for you to decide and you are to decide them from the evidence which you have before you — not upon the 'say so' of any man. Do not be deceived, or sidetracked — remember the question is (8) *what B. J. Palmer did to his father, and the result of it, his attitude toward legislation and the effect of his being connected with the pro-legislation forces of any state.*

"I do not intend, or care to defend my record or reputation as a lawyer. Both were made before B. J. Palmer was so much as known to the Postmaster of the place where his father got his mail. I will mention in passing that I am regularly admitted, and in good standing, in five different sovereign states, and one foreign country, and I have been admitted, temporarily, to practice in all but three of the sovereign states of this Union. However, this too is immaterial. The only question there ever was, is, or can be, is: (8) *'What did B. J. Palmer do to his old father — result of that act — his attitude toward legislation and what will his being connected with you in your legislation fights do for you?'* Be not deceived — do not be sidetracked — do your thinking and reasoning on the issues before you.

"Right in his last letter he shows he is not for harmony (save and except his kind of harmony) by the (9) childish, untruthful and egotistical attack he makes on Dr. B. F. Holbrook, of Crookston, Minn., and Dr. P. J. Visser, of Youngstown, Ohio. Read these attacks from this 'harmonious' shrimp, and then see if you can goad, whip, or hypnotize yourself into believing that he is for harmony.

Yours truly,

"SOL. L. LONG."

(1) I will have to confess, Mr. Long, of my ignorance of the case in question. If such exists, that will probably be the next damage suit I will have to face in the District Court in Davenport. I am aware, Mr. Long, that it is easy to trump up such charges that occurred in an unknown town of Iowa, but you will see that the chapters of this book have, so far, contained only facts, substantiated many times.

(2) If you call your past publicity of me and mine keeping 'quiet,' then I am sure we would appreciate some *noise*.

(3) I think they will agree with you.

(4) We think this has been attempted enough times now to make it matters of record which this History has gone into thoroughly.

(5) Another instance where I am frank enough to confess my ignorance. A few names, dates, locations and facts would be advisable, Mr. Long. I am sure you could not convict me in court with such evidence; why, then, try to do so with Chiropractors? Is this fair *to them* or to me?

(6) The very nature of that statement speaks its authority — I speak with the authority of the grand jury itself. Could any other be better? Your information is quite wrong, Mr. Long, as is usual. There was not a shred upon which a single one tied his opinion of you and your case when it was through.

(7) Both of which are right. You, each, have so much on the other fellow that neither dare let go of the other for fear of a public expose, that would be dangerous to each.

(8) And, that is the question we have now — once and for all — so ably answered in Chapter 2, 5 and 6 of this History.

(9) I will leave that question entirely to the reasonable view of every Chiropractor. I have understood that it was *your* most earnest desire, Mr. Long, to see that D. D. Palmer received every honor coming to him. That which is *most* vital to his credit is his discovery of the fundamental principle of Chiropractic. Dr. Holbrook and Dr. Visser both denied this, introducing far-fetched testimony which could not go unchallenged. I opened the breach, sallied forth and denied their position and thus *saved for D. D. Palmer* that which you maintain he *should* have — certain honorable considerations. Do you now say that what I contended — *in behalf of D. D. Palmer* was “childish and *untruthful?*” Surely, Mr. Long, there must be some mistake here. Otherwise, if you now desire to go on record that D. D. Palmer did *not* discover Chiropractic — then *what* do you leave for D. D. Palmer that is worth making all this fuss about? Be as bitter, as vituperative as you please; but please don’t get so unreasonable that you can’t say that I was doing even that which *you* maintain was proper — the saving of this honor — was an unjust and untruthful thing. With all *your* faults, this is perhaps little the worst of all.

No matter what my personal opinion might have been for D. D. Palmer; regardless of the fact that he was my father — the fact remains that I am a Chiropractor and he was the discoverer of that which I believe in, hence I defend him on that which he is now no longer able to defend his honors against. Do *you* now go on record as denying him these rights? Do you now say that any one who denies the statements of things to the contrary are “untruthful?” You do *yourself* injustice, Mr. Long, for I think that *you* think that D. D. Palmer *was* the discoverer of Chiropractic. Then, *do you* uphold such men as *deny him?* I can’t understand your anger.

CHAPTER 173

COL. LONG AGAIN ATTACKS

THE FOLLOWING LETTER speaks for itself, also, as far as it goes.

We shall not waste more time upon it than to answer the most important facts in the same.

"Alton, Ill., August 15, 1914.

"To The Chiropractors in the Field:

"Do you know why the A. M. A. desires to put Chiropractors out of the business? It is because they desire the business in order to make the money, is it not? It is because they think more of dollars than of men, is it not?"

"The most despicable and abhorrent creature on the face of this earth of ours is the one who worships money — the one who measures all things by mere property — the one whose standard of honor, or desert, is the amount of money another has in the bank, or the property he may have in his name. The dollar worshiper — the respecter of mere property — is a criminal at heart, and the history and observation, without exception, attests the fact that such a one will commit any crime whatsoever.

"Why these general remarks? They are the preface to some concrete things which I will now proceed to lay before you to help you make up the measure of the man to whom these concrete remarks refer.

"B. J. Palmer has started the attack on me from a new angle, (for he knew he could not, and knows he cannot, answer from the other angle) and he has spoken of me in a way to lead the men in the field to think that before I had anything to do with Chiropractic I was 'eking out a mere existence,' and also that I had an 'ancient life history.' He merely hints at these things; after the manner of Anthony's oration over the body of Caesar—or it would be after the manner of Anthony's oration if B. J. had nine or ten times as much sense as he actually has; in which event he would be able to show dim signs of human intelligence.

(1) *"What he said as to 'mere existence' shows him to be a dollar worshiper. And since when did he become the great factor in finance and the Croesus of Chiropractic? How long has it been since he was divorced from tan patches on the posterior portion of his black Sunday pants? When was it that men began running to him when they wanted funds to finance a railroad?"*

(2) *"If he has so much money why does not he pay back that \$5.00 he got from a number of Chiropractors, upon the promise that he would run an advertisement in the Chicago American, and mention them in the article?"*

The advertisement was run with B. J.'s picture, and a lot of pica type, telling what a great man B. J. Palmer was, and not one who contributed the \$5.00 that B. J. Palmer asked for and received, was mentioned as agreed, and some of them not mentioned at all. I do not know whether he returned any money or not, but I do know of two different people to whom he did not return it and who characterize the transaction (3) as *'obtaining money under false pretense'* and if this be true it would subject B. J. Palmer to a prosecution for misuse of the mails, as well as one under the laws of Iowa, and for this the Grand Jury to which it was presented might indict (4) *providing no checks passed*. If he is so wealthy that he can afford to speak at anytime any man was short in mere property, or money, he ought to return this money he obtained for promising what he did not deliver—doubtless never intended to deliver.

"I will admit, if it will do any good, that there have been times in my life when I had no property and no money, but there has never been a time in my life when I did not possess something that B. J. Palmer never had, and cannot buy, or acquire, and he would not know what to do with it if he could. I have also seen times when I had more money than he claims to have, and, according to the records, I have more now than he and The P. S. C. both have, but that does not make me better or worse; as Bobby Burns says: 'A man's a man for a' that,' and conversely, a scoundrel's a scoundrel, whether he has money, or asks for a hand out at back doors.

(5) "Getting down to cases, let us see how B. J. Palmer stands on the record. I have had a little search made and I find that the great P. S. C. is incorporated for the magnificent sum of \$2,000, and that it pays taxes on an assessed valuation of \$500. Get this plainly, and then listen to the following: B. J. recently in an Independence, Kansas, paper said that the P. S. C. had over five hundred students, a daily clinic of twelve hundred patients, and an equipment of over a quarter of a million dollars. Do you get it? He said it over his own signature in a communication printed as aforesaid. Now which time did he lie — to the assessor when he had the valuation of the P. S. C. placed so that he only pays taxes on \$500, or when he wrote to the paper claiming to have a quarter of a million dollars worth of equipment? Why, the I. C. A. office and equipment at legal headquarters is assessed at more than \$500, and yet this is all, according to the record, that the great P. S. C. equipment is worth.

(6) "As to real estate, the P. S. C. has not a foot in its name, of record, nor has B. J. Palmer anything of record in Scott County, Iowa, so far as the search I had made, goes. If he is an honest man, why does he do business in the name of another? Why have all his property in another's name, if he is playing fair and square? If he does not intend to have things in such shape so that if a 'storm' comes he can *'get in out of the wet and leave others to hold the bag,'* why does he not get his property in the name of the P. S. C. and bank the revenues in the P. S. C.'s name?

(7) "Again, when he is talking about his five hundred students I would like to ask him if they are 'charity scholars' or, if they pay their tuition, how that tallies with the report he made to the Treasury Department of the United States, touching the income of himself and of The P. S. C. If he has the five hundred students that he claims, and they are not 'charity students,' then there is certainly room for the Treasury Departments to get busy, touching the report he made as to his income and the P. S. C. income — and the income of his wife.

"Then that daily clinic of twelve hundred patients. Everybody knows that the entire student body, faculty, every patient in the clinic and their families, all the bill collectors (including those from the Electric Light Company) janitors, and employees-visitors and people who look at the P. S. C. from the street cars as they go by, will not total twelve hundred per day, and the time never has been, will be, when, for six consecutive days, patients in the clinic have totaled twelve hundred.

"I wonder if he answers these things in his lectures on "Problems." If he does, I will give fifty dollars to hear that lecture; if he will allow me the privilege of bringing a stenographer with me.

"*'Eking out a mere existence.'* Suppose that were true, the existence would be about as bright as the electric signs, that he has strung around over Davenport, have been for the last month. (8) *if all the people in Davenport paid their electric light bills like I am informed he does, the Light Company of that town would not be able to even 'eke out a mere existence.'* If he has so much money that he can talk in that patronizing way about a 'mere existence' why doesn't he pay his electric light bills promptly and, also, why is he afflicted with chronic stand-off-itis? I have always supposed that large bank account was a specific for stand-off-itis. He advises to adjust for lice, and what some of his creditors would like to have is doubtless a 'recoil' of the money he owes them.

"*'Eke out a mere existence'!* There is just one of two things sure — he is either dishonest, or himself and the P. S. C. are now, and have been for four of five years, 'eking out a mere existence,' else he would have returned the \$5.00 heretofore mentioned — else he would have paid a number of things which it would take a volume to mention — else he would have refunded some tuition money, which he had gotten by misrepresentation. Refund tuition money? Not on your life. The minute any tuition money goes into the P. S. C. it loses its identity at once as the P. S. C. or B. J. Palmer funds and receives the brand of another.

"Now since he has again dragged the U. C. C. into his personal fight with me, or in order to injure that institution if, by any chance, he could injure me, I want to ask the profession if they want to send students to an institution that boldly and brazenly advertises to give a 'lithographed certificate' for only six days' instructions, and speaks of this same certificate as something they can 'turn into dollars and cents,' etc., etc. Watch how this will be

touted by Medical men and Osteopaths as a short course. Read his advertisement which makes it a short course and nothing more or less. Do you want the students you send branded with the brand of a 'short course' man?

"In closing, let me say to you, at the expense of a partial repetition of what has been before said; that the P. S. C. is either on the verge of bankruptcy, or B. J. Palmer is dishonest, else he would (1st) refund tuitions he has received, the circumstances of which he well knows and which are not necessary to detail here; (2nd) would pay back the five dollars he got in the manner herein before set forth; (3rd) would light up his electric signs, pay some long overdue bills and do a lot of other things indicative that B. J. Palmer and the P. S. C. were not 'eking out a mere existence.'

"*'Eke out a mere existence'!* B. J. Palmer, again I have called your hand — *get your cards on the table*. Let us hear about that 'ancient life history' that you have touted; let us hear about the 'mere existence' you have spoken of. You started the attack from this angle and by the Eternal (9) *you will fare worse here than you did from the other angle; viz., the angle of your assault on your old father and the consequences of that assault.*

"Submitted to the field, SOL. L. LONG."

WE REITERATE OUR POSITION

(1) I see you have again misunderstood me, Mr. Long. No one who loves misunderstands. What I had reference to, was your mental existence. Anyone who knocks gives little of his better self to others, hence he gets only in just proportion.

(2) You have your wires crossed, Mr. Long. The P. S. C. or B. J. Palmer never made such an offer, never desired to get others on such a plan, never issued any public or private letters to such an effect, etc. *But*, I do remember well of such a plan that was started by the Universal Chiropractic College, in which *they* made a \$5.00 promise. If *they* never made good, then that is *between you and them*. I have enough short-comings without adding those of the contemporary you love. It is evident that some of *those* who paid but did not receive, have written you and, while your memory is good as to facts, it evidently is weak as to identities.

(3) If this be true, suppose we start another suit. You are very keen at picking up evidence and telling the field at large of the many crimes that I should be punished for, but we note the *entire absence* of any indictments as a result of your activities before the various local and Federal Grand Juries. Somehow your charges are broad, but you *can't* make them stick. Post says: "There's a reason."

(4) My Sherlock Holmes proclivities think I smell another's crime. B. J. Palmer is about on the verge of being charged with bribing some public official. I wonder whether this is meant to be a Prosecutor, a Grand Jury or many of them? By the Gods, I will soon be in knee-deep. It is surely time to begin to figure how I can best wade out of this mess that Mr. Long has got me into.

(6) & (7) Another two crimes discovered. I firmly believe that if there was anything wrong in this manner of doing business that our United States Government would have found it out before this. I am really surprised to think that we have succeeded in running our business without the wise counsel of Mr. Long or, what is more wonderful, that the Government is still existing without Mr. Long as Attorney General with an office down in Washington.

(8) Would you mind giving us facts and figures? Our bills are paid monthly, as soon as presented, and a cash discount taken advantage of, therefore they are paid within ten days of presentation at least. I would like to see your answer to their inquiry. Do you, Mr. Reader, think that a big corporation such as the People's Light Co., is telling everybody else about everybody's not paying their bills? Do you think such an institution that is capitalized at millions of dollars, would let us drag on our account for some several months, as inferred, without paying our bills? I don't know of *any* electrical company who would do that — do you? Anybody can go fishing, but it isn't everybody can bring home the bacon. Please give us a smell of something that's really and actually frying, Mr. Long.

(9) My head and shoulders are still above water; we are earning and making more friends than ever; the September enrollment is stronger than ever before; money is rolling in; the Lyceum is on a big scale; foreign attendance is more than we expected — in fact we never felt that the outlook was greater — all for which we have you to thank in part, the rest was our own labor in being constructive.

We have not suffered one iota from your publicity yet — that is, to our knowledge.

CHAPTER 174

NEW MATTER

FROM NOW on everything that will be repeated is not in substantiation of things formerly said, but matter which has happened or occurred since the former matter was printed. We trust that you will bear with us in reading the same to the very end, as the most interesting features are to follow.

ANOTHER U. C. C. LETTER OVER MR. LONG'S NAME

Under Chapters 5, 6, 8 and 9 we have commented at some length in re letters which have purported to have emanated from the pen of one Mr. Long. They have each contained the postmark of Alton, Ill., under their respective dates. We have respectfully stated that each of these letters has been printed, assembled, folded, addressed, enveloped and stamped at Davenport, Iowa, in the office of The Universal Chiropractic College, notwithstanding the fact that they were signed by Col. Long and mismailed at Alton, Ill.

Under postmark date of Sept. 23, 1914, there is a letter sent forth signed by "Sol L. Long," but postmarked "Davenport, Iowa." I was just wondering when Mr. Long moved his I. C. A. office from Alton, Ill., to Davenport, Iowa, or, if he hasn't moved, why this letter should not have been mailed from Alton, Ill., in preference?

The fact of the matter is, everybody now knows most thoroughly that it is The U. C. C. that puts out these letters; that sending them down to Alton, Ill., and from there mailing them was a bluff in theory only. When everybody knows and calls the bluff, it ceases so to be, because it fools no one. When everybody knows they emanate from Davenport, Mr. Long now must consider it a time and expense saver just to mail them from the source of its origination — The U. C. C. at Davenport, Iowa.

It is hereafter to be presumed that all letters "from Col. Long" will now be mailed from Davenport, Iowa, even though he does live and conduct his business from Alton, Ill. In which event, the handwriting on the wall is just a trifle clearer and the cloud that more dispersed as to the nature, character and form of the animus in the letters aforesaid.

Thus do the maliciously inclined leave their finger prints on the sands.

TO HASTEN THE SUIT

Mr. Long, desiring to draw us from our conservative position and to ask us to show our hand before we played it, wrote the following letter more to

see what our intentions were than anything else. He was very desirous of knowing just what our plans were.

His letter to Mr. Hartwell was as follows:

"Fred Hartwell, Lawyer,
"La Crosse, Wis.
"Alton, Ill., July 24, 1914.

"Dear Sir: — *In re. the Loban vs. Palmer Suit.*

"I have conferred with one of the other Attorneys in the case and have heard from California. Matters are now arranged so that I think we will have all our witnesses present at the trial, and to this end would like to have some sort of an agreement with you people as to term and day certain. *I should not like to incur the expense of bringing them here and then have the case continued for any reason.*

"If there are any witnesses that you do not desire to incur the expense of bringing to Davenport, make your arrangements for notice, and submit their names and address and we will arrange to stipulate to take their depositions.

"Yours truly,
"SOL. L. LONG."

He was answered by this command from our Court, which explains itself:

In the District Court of Scott County, Iowa
JOY M. LOBAN, Admr., Plaintiff. }
vs. } No. 13709
B. J. PALMER, Defendant. }
To Sol. L. Long, Attorney for Plaintiff.

You are hereby notified that upon application of the undersigned, Attorney for the defendant, the Hon. District Court in and for said County and State, Hon. A. P. Barker, presiding Judge, made its order that the above and foregoing case be set down for trial at the Sept. Term, 1914, thereof in 10 days from the service of this notice, or as soon thereafter as convenient to the Court. Take notice and govern yourself accordingly. Davenport, Scott County, Iowa, Sept. 9, 1914.

C. H. MURPHY,
Attorney for Defendant.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, }
MADISON COUNTY. } ss.

I, Thomas O'Leary, being first duly sworn, on oath depose and say that I received the above and foregoing notice for service on the 11th day of September, 1914, and that I served the same on the above named Sol. L. Long by reading the same to him in his presence and by delivering a true copy thereof at Alton, Ill., on Sept. 11th, 1914.

THOS. O'LEARY,
Constable.

(Seal)

Subscribed and sworn to by Thos. O'Leary, before me and in my presence,
at Alton, Ill., on this 11th day of Sept., A.D., 1914.

(Notarial Seal)

BARNETT NATHAN,
Notary Public.

ANOTHER GRAND JURY SAFELY PASSED BY

In Mr. Long's public letter of August 6th, 1914, I find on page 4 the following statement:

"He speaks of the 'Grand Juries' refusing to take stock in the charges. Evidence is presented to a Grand Jury and then a certain majority of them have to vote for a true bill before one is returned. By what authority he (B. J.) speaks I do not know, but my information is that there was a respectable minority of that Grand Jury who were in favor of returning an indictment on the evidence. Many men have been indicted after having been presented to half a dozen Grand Juries, *and B. J. will find that he is not yet at the end of the Grand Jury investigation.*"

The present date is Sept. 25, 1914. The above was written during August, *after* the June Grand Jury and *previous* to the September Grand Jury.

The following statements are clipped and quoted from the papers named, *after* the September Grand Jury has come and gone. It will be noted that there was *no hearing* on B. J. Palmer as regards *any* of the questions muchly raised by Mr. Long, not even the murder charge.

TWENTY BILLS RETURNED

Two indictments for murder were returned by the grand jury late this afternoon, together with eighteen other true bills. The charges of murder were against Ed. Hoffman, slayer of Fritz Erps, his father-in-law, and Whynack Johann, alias Johann Whynack, for the murder of his wife.

Another of the serious charges was that against A. H. Buergel, the aged fisherman, charged with assault with intent to murder and carrying concealed weapons. Buergel shot "Sawdust Bill" O'Brien over an argument for the payment of a debt.

There were also several indictments for larceny. It was one of the heaviest grists ever turned out by a Scott County grand jury.

The indictments returned were:

Ed. Sternke—true bill; larceny from building.

Arthur Williams—true bill; larceny from building.

William Pautian—true bill; larceny.

Michardo Falcon—carrying concealed weapons.

William Achwinder, alias Phil Simpson—carrying concealed weapons.

Ed. Slavin—carrying concealed weapons; true bill.

William Grassman—carrying concealed weapons; true bill.

Frank Smith—larceny.

Albert McGill—assault with intent to commit great bodily injury.

Jesse O'Brien and Sylvia O'Brien—running house of ill fame; true bill.

NO BILLS

William Frame—no bill.

William LePottene—no bill.

Frank Reece—no bill.

Ferdinand Nenlilizil—no bill.

H. A. Johnson—no bill.

Louis Bronson—no bill.

Why does Mr. Long neglect this opportunity to go before *another* Scott County Grand Jury? Why do Mr. Long and my uncle, T. J. Palmer, fail to do their duty by the Scott County tax payers, law-abiding citizens, and bring B. J. Palmer to the bar of justice through an indictment?

CHAPTER 175

THE NOVEMBER ('14) GRAND JURY, AND WHAT OCCURRED

THIS SHORT, BUT NECESSARY EPISTLE, is being started on Nov. 11, 1914. On this day the grand jury for this term of court set. We are already informed that the Attorney General's office at our capitol has been appealed to for assistance to get our grand jury to indict me on murder in the first degree. We do not fear the consequences.

The previous existing state of facts is as follows: There is a \$1,500 "slush fund" still lying idle in the bank. This fund was originally formed for the purpose of getting an indictment against me for "practicing medicine and surgery without a license." This one firm of lawyers—who are active in all cases of The U. C. C.—tried to get such an indictment, but they tried so often, and were turned down so hard each time, and we are now so strong locally, that they have given up that ghost months ago.

Now they have been informed that if they can get an indictment on this other charge, the fund will be theirs, hence the activity along this line started by the medical men, fostered by The U. C. C., and now, again, active by the same lawyers who would work for both.

The medical society formed the "slush fund;" but The U. C. C. furnishes the information upon which the lawyers of both can get the indictment.

The Attorney General's office will send a special representative to come here to look into and investigate the matter on Saturday, November the 14th. And if, in his opinion, there is any evidence, he will present it before the grand jury for their opinion as to whether any statutory crime has been committed. We shall give the accounts as they occur later.

GRAND JURY TO REPORT MONDAY

Will Probably Not Complete Work Until Next Week

County Attorney Fred Vollmer Announces Eight Cases Will
Be Taken Up This Term

According to County Attorney Fred Vollmer, the Scott County grand jury for the November term, which went into secret session yesterday, will not complete its work before Monday afternoon. Eight criminal cases are being taken up. No tours of inspection to any of the county institutions will be made this term. This being the last term of the year, the jurors will be excused from further duty after the work has been completed.—*The Daily Times*, Thursday, November 12.

THINGS ARE GETTING WARMER

On Friday noon, November 13 — think of it, *Friday the Thirteenth* — I had hardly reached Chicago when it was learned at home that the same old charge was again to be brought up before the present grand jury in session. I reached Chicago and then jumped to Detroit, Mich., on legal business, and there received the following message:

"B. J. Palmer, Hotel Ponchartrain,
"Detroit, Mich.

"I had a two-hour session before grand jury today. Ten minutes devoted to direct examination and rest to elucidating motive. Was given a free hand, presented each member with book and read it for them and explained fully corroborated statements by submitting the original proof. Jury corroborated statements. Jury will report no bill, and I think will give an explanation with it.

"FRANK W. ELLIOTT."

Jumping from there to New York City, I received the following message:

"B. J.: Everything going fine. Yesterday grand jury let me tell all. The Attorney General's Deputy, Mr. Fletcher, was there and heard the whole story without interruption. He then asked me several questions for further information, which gave me an opportunity to explain the strained relations which existed between father and son, and how he treated his son. I used your booklet, 'With Malice Aforethought.' And had them follow me, but the story was so thrilling they all dropped their books to listen to me give the story. The only one who did follow what I was reading was Mr. Fletcher.

"It was a big success.

"I had my session and then they called Jerry in a few minutes. After I had shown the G. J. some of the affidavits I did not need to show others. Or at least they did not call for them, showing that I had established confidence.

"F. W. E."

"As per Democrat: Grand Jury, No Bill. Congratulations.

CRONK & WISHART."

"B. J. PALMER, D.C., HOTEL ASTOR,
"NEW YORK CITY,

"Grand Jury makes final report at three o'clock this afternoon. No bill. They acknowledge former investigation of this charge, and also say they find in their investigation that D. D. Palmer was not struck by an automobile nor injured by B. J. Palmer or any one else in the Chiropractic parade on August twenty-seventh, nineteen thirteen. They state that the action was an attempt to further the interests of a Civil Suit. How is that for a victory? Everything going fine here.

"FRANK W. ELLIOTT, D.C."

As you can readily realize, I saw in a grasp the outcome and final settling of this entire case, but, nevertheless, was very anxious to get home to get the facts straight, and as business appointments were through, I jumped the Limited for Davenport.

Before commenting further, I wish to insert what the local Davenport, Iowa, papers had to say regarding the same, and then will close with some final remarks.

PALMER CASE IS BEING PROBED

Attempt Made to Get Indictment Against Him

ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE INTERESTED — ALLEGED CHARGE IS KILLING OF HIS FATHER

One of the cases which is said to have been engaging the attention of the Scott County grand jury during its present session, is one in which Dr. B. J. Palmer, president of the Palmer School of Chiropractic, is interested. John Fletcher, Assistant Attorney General of Iowa, has been in Davenport for several days, and, it is claimed, has been before the grand jury in connection with this case.

It is claimed that the grand jury was asked to investigate charges to the effect that Dr. Palmer was instrumental in causing the death of his father. It will be remembered that during a parade of the national Chiropractic association in Davenport several years ago, the elder Palmer tried to take part. It is said that he was hit by his son's automobile.

Shortly afterwards he went to California and died. It was claimed that he died as a result of injuries received in the accident in Davenport. A damage suit was filed against the younger Palmer by his father's estate.

Rumors this afternoon at the court house indicated that no indictment would be returned by the grand jury in the case. — *The Daily Times*, Nov. 16, 1914.

REPORT IS MADE BY GRAND JURY

Eleven true bills were returned by the November grand jury which made its report at 3 o'clock this afternoon. No bill was returned following a complete investigation of the charges which had been made against Dr. B. J. Palmer in connection with the death of his father. Several true bills for larceny were returned.

State of Iowa vs. Fred H. Foglesong, false pretenses, true bill.

State of Iowa vs. William Deters, carrying concealed weapons, true bill.

State of Iowa vs. Dewey Abney and Frank Briggs, taking and operating automobiles without consent of owners, true bill.

State of Iowa vs. Fred Westphal, larceny, true bill.

State of Iowa vs. Jim Kane, larceny from the person, true bill.

State of Iowa vs. Louis Eland, incest, true bill.

State of Iowa vs. R. W. Mayfield, larceny from person, true bill.

State of Iowa vs. Tom Lekas, larceny in building, true bill.

State of Iowa vs. Charles Robinson, larceny in building, true bill.

State of Iowa vs. Charles Larson, no bill.

They reported on the matter of the State of Iowa vs. B. J. Palmer and found no bill, after a complete investigation. *The grand jury in its report stated that the action was an attempt to further the interests of a civil suit.*

They also state that the grand jury in a former court had made a complete investigation and also found no bill.

They find in their investigation that D. D. Palmer was not struck by an automobile, nor injured by B. J. Palmer, or any one else in the Chiropractic Parade of August 27, 1913. The foreman of the jury was R. K. Brownlie. —Davenport Democrat and Leader, Nov. 17, 1914.

REPORT OF GRAND JURY IS RECEIVED

Number of indictments are returned by members

Frank H. Foglesong, Held Under Another Name — Finish Work After Week's Session.

The Scott county grand jury completed its work this afternoon preparatory to reporting to the court. A number of indictments were returned, as follows:

Frank H. Foglesong, who was held under the name of Voglesand, was indicted for obtaining money under false pretenses.

Dewey Abney and Frank Briggs, taking and operating an automobile without consent of the owner.

Fred Westphal, larceny.

Jim Kane, larceny from the person.

Louis Eland, incest.

R. W. Mayfield, larceny from the person.

Tom Lekas, larceny in building.

Charles Robertson, larceny in building.

No bills were returned in the cases against B. J. Palmer, head of the Palmer School of Chiropractic, and Charles Larkins, who was charged with having shot at his wife at their home a month ago. — *The Daily Times*, November 17, 1914.

THINGS ARE GETTING HOT

What now follows was the evidence introduced at *that* grand jury hearing. We trust that you will read the same carefully, *more particularly the final statements the grand jury made regarding the disposition of this question.*

Report of Grand Jury, November 17, 1914.

State of Iowa vs. B. J. Palmer. No bill.

R. K. BROWNLIE, Foreman.

STATE OF IOWA,

versus

B. J. PALMER

Jerry Green, being first sworn, says he is sergeant-at-arms at the Palmer School and lives in Davenport, Iowa. D. D. Palmer spoke to me of the occurrence between him and his son and said the latter had tried to run over him and had missed him only about two or two and a half feet. I said to him: "Well, he did not do it, did he?" to which he replied: "No, but he tried his damndest." This conversation was on the day before he left for California.

JERRY S. GREEN.

STATE OF IOWA,

versus

B. J. PALMER.

Frank W. Elliott, being first sworn, says he was present at the time of the trouble between D. D. Palmer and B. J. Palmer. The parade was scheduled to take place about 12 o'clock. R. C. Smith was appointed by B. J. Palmer as marshal of the parade. Before the parade, when a photograph was being taken, D. D. Palmer tried to get into the picture. I told him to ride with the faculty in one of the automobiles, but he said he was going to lead the parade. D. D. Palmer got at the head of the parade. The marshal went up to take him by the arm and was between the old man and B. J. Palmer's car, which had come around from the left. The car never came nearer than four or five feet from D. D. Palmer. Afterwards D. D. Palmer walked very fast down the hill and in front of Shaefer's restaurant, where he tried to get in front of the parade again, but was sent onto the sidewalk by the marshal. By the time Third and Brady streets were reached D. D. Palmer addressed Officer Estes, who told him he would have to keep out of the way of the parade, inasmuch as they had a permit to have the same. B. J. Palmer was driving the automobile. The automobile came very near Smith, but I don't think it struck him.

I, Frank W. Elliott, am the general manager of the Palmer School of Chiropractic and am the business manager thereof. Am a graduate of the school but am not on the teaching faculty. I live at 1109 West Locust street, Davenport, Iowa.

FRANK W. ELLIOTT.

STATE OF IOWA,

versus

B. J. PALMER.

Mr. Mr. C. Smith, being first sworn, says he resides in Gilmore City, Pocahontas County, Iowa; occupation, Chiropractor. I attended the Palmer School of Chiropractic, conducted by B. J. Palmer. I attended in 1913 and 1914. I remember a parade the Chiropractors had there and was a marshal

thereof. I saw D. D. Palmer that day. He tried to interfere with the parade. I took him upon the sidewalk. His son was in the automobile behind the band. The old man was about 60 or 70 years old and seemed to be in good health. I implored the old man to get away. The argument lasted about 20 minutes. He made three or four attempts to break up the parade. B. J. Palmer's auto was on the track and a car was coming down the hill. Before I could get the old man on the sidewalk B. J. Palmer's automobile slid in between. The automobile hit me, but the old man was then four or five feet in front of me and I did not see it hit the old man. It seemed to me unavoidable that the auto hit me. B. J. Palmer was in the auto behind the band, about 30 or 40 feet away, when the old man and I had the argument. Then B. J. Palmer circled out behind the band and came towards us. I never testified before the grand jury before, but I made an affidavit. I did not see any car coming up the hill. The people were all on the right side of the street. The automobile turned out on the left side of the band onto the car tracks in front of the down-coming car. If there had been a street car coming up the hill, and it were nearby, I would have seen it. There might have been one coming up, though.

R. C. SMITH.

STATE OF IOWA,

versus

B. J. PALMER.

F. P. W. Lindsay, being first sworn, says he is Medical Director of the Davenport School of Chiropractic. I am an admitted Doctor of Medicine. The head of my school is Dr. J. L. Sharp. I have been connected with the school since 1911.

I remember a parade of the Chiropractors given in connection with the homecoming week of the Palmer School of Chiropractic. I saw both B. J. Palmer and D. D. Palmer that day.

Dr. B. J. Palmer was in front of the parade in an automobile. D. D. Palmer came along and said: "I ought to be in that automobile." B. J. Palmer said: "Look out or we will run over you." *The front fender hit D. D. Palmer in the lumbar region and brushed him along and two fellows picked him up.* I think they intended to get D. D. Palmer out of the way of the parade. I never made a physical examination of D. D. Palmer. The machine swerved towards the old man at the time of the occurrence.

I appeared before a former grand jury.

F. P. W. LINDSAY, M.D.

We further report that in the matter of the State of Iowa against B. J. Palmer, we have made a full and complete investigation of this case and find no bill. It is our judgment that there has been an attempt in this case to use the grand jury and the criminal courts to further a civil strife. We

do not favor the use of Scott County's money or the agency of the grand jury to assist in the collection of alleged damages or to aid parties in bringing matters before this body for the purpose of helping them in civil cases. A former grand jury has made a complete and impartial investigation of this case, and in our opinion that grand jury came to a right conclusion in finding a no bill.

From the evidence presented to us we find that D. D. Palmer was not struck by an automobile, or injured by B. J. Palmer, or anyone else in the Chiropractic Parade of August 27, 1913.

Under Section 4903 of the Code, it is a criminal offense against justice for any attorneys or other persons to excite or stir up quarrels or controversies between persons with intent to injure such persons. If this matter is again stirred up we recommend that the next grand jury investigate the facts of this case under this section for the purpose of indictment.

We further suggest that in fairness to the County Attorney, and also for the purpose of saving expense to Scott County, or any other county, that hereafter the Attorney General of this State, when receiving complaints, first inquire of the County Attorney as to his opinion of the merits of the case.

R. R. BROWNLIE, Foreman,
W. A. SCHMIDT,
JOHN BRODIRUS,
SAM AULIFF,
WM. HENRY,
GEO. POPE,
JULIUS J. WIESE.

COMPARATIVE COMMENT

The Criminal Docket B., P 86, is the record of a grand jury investigation, filed on April 3, 1914, against B. J. Palmer, on the charge of running into his father, etc. The point apropos is that one Frank P. W. Lindsay, M.D., who was and is connected with the Davenport College of Chiropractic, under that date and hearing said: "I wouldn't say that it struck him."

The report of the November term of 1914 grand jury, in what is known as Docket Case No. 3247, same charge and a similar hearing, we note this contrast in the evidence of the same man as stated above: "The front fender hit D. D. Palmer in the lumbar region and brushed him along and *two fellows picked him up.*" This would infer that he *was knocked down.*

Which time and which of his statements are true?

STATE OF IOWA, }
SCOTT COUNTY. } ss.

I, H. J. McFARLAND, Clerk of the District Court of Iowa, in and for said County, do hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a true and

perfect transcript of the Record Entry of Report of Grand Jury and minutes of testimony taken before November, 1914, Grand Jury, in the above case, as fully as the same remains on records in my office.

And I further certify that the records of said Court are now in my custody and under my control and that I am the proper officer to make this certificate.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court, at the Court House in Davenport, in said County, this 18th day of November, A.D. 1914.

(Seal)

H. J. McFARLAND,
Clerk of District Court.

THINGS ARE VERY HOT — THE PUBLIC PRESS COMMENTS

The comments which now follow have copied the report of the grand jury and have further *placed their stamp of approval on the same by making even more pungent statements.*

CHARGE AGAINST PALMER DROPPED GRAND JURY FINDS NO ONE WAS STRUCK DURING PARADE

Suggest That Attorney General Inquire About Cases Hereafter —
Civil Suit Still Pending

The November grand jury, which made its report yesterday afternoon, reported a no bill against Dr. B. J. Palmer, whom the Attorney General of Iowa sought to indict for the death of his father, D. D. Palmer, during a Chiropractic parade in Davenport, August 27, 1913. The elder Palmer, it was claimed, was struck by an automobile, which was driven by his son, Dr. B. J. Palmer. It was alleged that the elder Palmer was purposely run into by the son because he persisted in leading the parade. The elder Palmer's death occurred in Los Angeles, Cal., a short time later. It was claimed that his death was due to injuries he received in the accident.

According to the report of the grand jury, the indictment was merely asked to help the Palmer estate collect damages from Dr. B. J. Palmer for his father's death. A suit for \$50,000 damages, which was filed by the estate, is still pending in the district court. John Fletcher, of Des Moines, Assistant Attorney General, was in Davenport several days last week, during which time he took the case before the grand jury. The following is the report which the jury made yesterday afternoon regarding the case:

"We further report that in the matter of the State of Iowa against B. J. Palmer, we have made a full and complete investigation of this case and find a 'No Bill'. It is our judgment that there has been an attempt in this case to use the grand jury and the criminal courts to further a civil strife. We do not favor the use of Scott County's money or the agency of the grand jury

to assist in the collection of alleged damages, or to aid parties in bringing matters before this body for the purpose of helping them in civil cases. A former grand jury has made a complete and impartial investigation of this case, and in our opinion, that grand jury came to a right conclusion in finding a 'No Bill'.

"From the evidence presented to us we find that D. D. Palmer was not struck by an automobile or injured by B. J. Palmer or anyone else in the Chiropractic parade of August 27, 1913.

"Under Section No. 4903 of the code, it is a criminal offense against justice for any attorneys, or other persons to excite or stir up quarrels or controversies between persons with intent to injure such persons. If this matter is again stirred up we recommend that the next grand jury investigate the facts of this case under this section for the purpose of indictment.

"We further suggest, that in fairness to the County Attorney, and, also, for the purpose of saving expense to Scott County, or any other county, that hereafter the Attorney General of this State, when receiving complaints, first inquire of the County Attorney as to his opinion of the merits of the case."—The Daily Times, November 18, 1914.

PALMER MATTER STIRS UP JURY
ISSUE STATEMENT CRITICISING THOSE BACK OF IT—
CASE IS ENDED

A stinging rebuke was issued by the grand jury in its report in connection with the case against Dr. B. J. Palmer, the local Chiro head. The jury declares, in its report, that a recurrence of the case will cause an investigation against those behind it and that the practice will be prosecuted. The jury also criticises the Attorney General's office for sending a representative here to investigate it without consulting the county attorney. That part of the report referring to the Palmer matter is as follows:

A STINGING REBUKE

"We further report that in the matter of the State of Iowa against B. J. Palmer, we have made a full and complete investigation of this case and find 'No bill'. It is our judgment that there has been an attempt in this case to use the grand jury and the criminal courts to further a civil strife. We do not favor the use of Scott County's money or the agency of the grand jury to assist in the collection of alleged damages, or to aid parties in bringing matters before this body for the purpose of helping them in civil cases. A former grand jury has made a complete and impartial investigation of this case, and, in our opinion, that grand jury came to a right conclusion in finding a 'No bill'.

"From the evidence presented to us we find that D. D. Palmer was not struck by an automobile or injured by B. J. Palmer or anyone else in the Chiropractic parade of Aug. 27, 1913.

"Under section No. 4903 of the Code, it is a criminal offense against justice for any attorneys, or other persons, to excite or stir up quarrels or controversies between persons with intent to injure such persons. If this matter is again stirred up we recommend that the next grand jury investigate the facts of this case under this section for the purpose of indictment.

"We further suggest, that in fairness to the county attorney, and, also, for the purpose of saving expense to Scott County, or any other county, that hereafter the Attorney General of this state, when receiving complaints, first inquire of the county attorney as to his opinion of the merits of the case."—*The Davenport Democrat, & Leader*, Nov. 18, 1914.

THE FINAL COMMENT

B. J. Palmer, is *not* guilty of any injustice to his father, his accusers, or his profession. He has done what any other honorable man has done, viz.: defended himself with the weapons at his command, whether self-manufactured or placed at his disposal by his enemies. The evidence is all before you; certainly *you*, Dear Reader, are thoroughly convinced that this entire case has been *a manufactured one for commercial purposes*. It was all said when, on page 9, under "*Opening Statement*," you will find this statement:

"You are assembled this morning to listen to the tale of usual backyard gossip, generally heard over the backyard fence between two women who have less than nothing else to do. It is one of those instances where the women have been changed to men, the backyard is our Chiropractic profession, the gossip that of a family quarrel, and the quarrelers two contemporary schools, one of which has dug up the skeleton of the other and attempted to manufacture the same into a crime for destructive commercial purposes. As backyard hags have a desire to sling mud that one person may be so besmirched that his reputation and honor will be blackened; that his business may be reflectedly injured thereby."

The blame, condemnation, the abuse, and public and private chastisement are upon the shoulders of The Universal Chiropractic College; Drs. Moyer, who fostered this unjust charge; Sol. Long, who, as a lawyer, should have known better; and others, who, by their moral support, have made my burden stronger and harder to bear. For two years the undertow has been a hard struggle to maintain. We have finally succeeded in throwing injustice into the camp it came from, and justice to whom justice belongs.

We trust that, now that sanity has come from out of insanity, way to reason, that the Chiropractic profession will know *who* it was who tried to lead his family circle from all the bad to all the good.

It was solely because B. J. Palmer was the giant he was, the leader he was, that his personality was attacked. He now comes out on top of the debris, showing and proving that he is a *greater leader than ever before*.

The *last* word—B. J. Palmer is *not* guilty. All thanks are due to hundreds of friends who have stood bravely by during this troublesome time.

CHAPTER 176

CORRESPONDENCE RECONCILIATION

I RECALL TO YOUR MIND two distinctive contentions. The first had origin with Willard Carver. It was a triangular affair between father and me with Willard Carver as the fanner of the flames. The other contention was between the Moyers, U. C. C. and Col. Long on one side and myself on the other, viz.: the charge of murder in the first degree that was attempted to be put over through the Scott County Courts.

All these issues have been satisfactorily settled when last fall, The P. S. C. issued "With Malice Aforethought." In it evidence was given in detail. No doubt remains today in the minds of any, except one, but what I was guiltless of *everything* then charged against me.

I herewith reproduce without comment correspondence that occurred since the first of this year between Col. Long and myself—Willard Carver and myself—Mrs. D. D. Palmer and myself.

This correspondence is given for the sole purpose that you might correct impressions of these individuals and return friendship where now hatred may exist. As fast as facts warrant, I believe in re-establishing every individual into the society he is worthy of. When they correct the evils of the past, let's help them.

The correspondence will be found just as written. There was no attempt upon the part of either to write such as would be good for publication. The thought of publication came after it was seen that pacification has been established, then I wished to tell others about it and thought this the best way to do so.

COL. LONG'S FIRST LETTER:

"Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 22, 1915.

"B. J. Palmer, Davenport, Iowa.

"Dear Sir: — We are enemies — I reckon we always will be. I have not changed my opinion one whit regarding you, and I am pretty sure you haven't changed your opinion one whit regarding me. If I have to change my opinion, I am big enough to come out and say that I have been wrong, and do all I can to right the wrong, but as long as I believe I am right, I will fight, if I am the only man on earth that is doing the fighting. So much to make me clear in this regard.

"However, I am not a Human Sponge, I do not want something for nothing, nor will I receive something for nothing, and I know this is more

than some who profess to be your friends can say touching the matter which calls forth this letter.

"Along some time last April, I began getting what you call 'Fountain Head News' and what I call 'Reasons for the Prosecution of Chiropractors.' I did not want this, but I did take it from the office. I did read it and make use of it, and I am therefore morally bound to pay for the same. I quit receiving it from the office in December. What I do or do not think of it matters not. If I took it out and read it, or even took it out and threw it in the waste basket, I am morally bound to pay the subscription price, and I am going to do it, and therefore I am attaching hereto a check for \$1.00, which is an entire year's subscription as I understand it. If it is any more, I will pay you the regular rate from April to December. I do not want it any more, for I have moved you off the map, and I do not intend to waste another stamp on you.

"I have said my say and you have said yours. I am willing to let the future decide which of us was right, or whether either of us was or not, and I do not care three whoops in that dread abode of lost souls what you do or do not do about it, and nothing you do or do not do will cause me to hire an able bodied nigger to go down into the basement of my apartments and bawl out the tears.

"I will mention that this letter is a private letter, and not intended for publication by you. The field is not interested in your personal scraps and mine. I presume, however, that you will take some extracts from this letter to distort to the field, and if you do take any, I would prefer that you would say that the greatest enemy you have is not a human sponge, and is treating you better than some of your professed friends, who take your weekly letters from the Post Office, and never so much as pay you what it costs you for postage.

"If I am ever unjust to an enemy, it will be when I believe injustice to be justice, when I believe foul dealing to be fair dealing, and when it comes to my friends, in addition to justice I use the principle of charity.

"I would have remitted this January 1st, when I declined to any longer receive the News, and I made note of it, but on account of the chaos in removing headquarters, it has been overlooked.

"Upon your appropriating the check attached, you and I will be, financially at least — Square to Date, Sol. L. Long."

OUR FIRST REPLY

"Davenport, Iowa, Feb. 24, 1915

"Col. Sol. Long, 2027 Troost Ave.,

"Kansas City, Mo.

"Dear Sir: — Permit me to assure you that I look back with pleasure to the olden days when you and I first became acquainted, when you first talked upon our platform, when you first became embroiled in Chiropractic

propaganda. I remember with pleasure our friendship and commingling of ideas which continued for several moons.

"Then, without warning, as suddenly as a storm springs upon the helpless boat, in mid-ocean, all of this was to end. You saw fit to annex to your good behavior the acquaintances of such men as the Doctors Moyer, who never have led anybody the straight and narrow path; always got everybody into trouble they contaminated and had under power; and, it was such as these that you became the attorney for.

"All know that the I. C. A. is (or was) dominated by The U. C. C., which, in the days gone by, was Doctors Moyer, which means that the young and foolish son controlled the old man and insipid daddy, who did not have the backbone to say no or yes. It was to such as these that you let your better judgment give sway and way.

"Ever since first we met, I have regarded you as a capable and able lawyer. As a lawyer, your services were for sale. You sold them to the highest bidder — which, in this case, were men who knew no principle. You got into the scrape and, being a bit proud, yourself, you did not propose to lay down for your antagonist unless he made you, which in this case, he did.

"Now the storm has blown over and the bark you tried to engulf has weathered the gale, in fact, stronger than ever before, for during the storm we found the leaks and patched them. We trust and hope that you will gradually get the poisonous friendship of the aforesaid Moyer out of your system and get back to yourself such as you were at one time, and such as I believe you can be again.

"I would like to be your friend. This world is too old to harbor feelings against individuals. Human life is too short to make enemies constructive for anybody's good but just so long as you kept firing the wads we were going to make capital of them and thus force the opposition to get down and beg.

"I appreciate your recent communication. It spells the fresh air of Spring. It brings the spirit of willingness to co-operate. It stirs up the odor of reciprocity and, so long as you hold that trend of thought, we shall withdraw all feeling fostered by you in the past and forget (but *not* forgive) and thus place you in my mind (almost) where you were once before.

"I do not propose to publish your communication or my reply. The past is dead and I am willing to bury it. I have conquered every adversary, one at a time, I am content. I have nothing to gain by rubbing it in but am adept at doing so if forced to.

"I have given orders this day to see that your name is kept on file and anything that we may publish shall be sent you with my compliments unless you again specifically request that such not be done. You need not have paid even \$1.00, for these communications of mine are sent gratis and only payable providing the impulse moves you. If it should do so in the future, we shall not refund you the \$1 but we are under no obligations to do so if they are not fit for your more than pure (now) mind to read.

"I have not attempted any sarcasm or aught of that kind in this letter. I have written out of my heart of the things that I feel and would like to see come to pass. If you are so disposed to come 1-3 I will come 2-3; notwithstanding I have good reasons to feel most bitter.

"Christ gave us a noble example, I shall try to follow it. You can if you wish or, not, if you please. We will live either way.

"Long live Chiropractic, I am, Respectfully, B. J."

COL. LONG'S SECOND LETTER

"Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 25, 1915

"Dr. B. J. Palmer, Davenport, Iowa.

"Dear Doctor: — What in thunder did you do it for — I mean write the letter you did. I cannot be an enemy to a man who will write a letter like that, and it is up to me now to be manly.

"Doctor, I believe everything I charged you with last summer, and I am sorry that I believe many of these things still, but I want you to believe me when I say I am sorry and I am going to try to get myself out of believing them. I do not know whether I can or not but I am going to try.

"I have said in the past I would never work with any such or fraction of men who countenanced or worked with you. I told you in my former letter that I was man enough to recede from a position when I was convinced I was wrong. I am now ready to work with you, or any man or body of men who work with you for the good of Chiropractic. Thus far I have gone since getting and reading your letter.

"We all make mistakes, and even though I should never come to disbelieve the things I believe now, I can be your friend and so let us lay aside the old slate and let the sponge of the future erase that which is untrue, and leave the true. I do not ask you to forgive me wherein I have been wrong, for I can not forgive myself when I am wrong. Nor, do I ask you to make an effort to forget anything. The things which should be forgotten fade out of the mind without effort.

"I did not mean in my former communication that what you said was not fit for my 'pure' or impure mind. What I meant was that I had moved the past off the map and that I did not want the Fountain Head News in the future for fear that something therein would irritate me, and I wanted to keep as far away from it as possible. However, I thank you for your offer to send me all your communications gratis. You are manly in making it, but by the Eternal B. J. as I said in my former letter, I am not a human sponge, and you shall not send them gratis. Send them on, and I will pay for them from time to time, and I will read them, and if you say bitter things about me, I will just pass it up, and remember how I am at times in despair in trying to hammer some professional spirit into Chiropractors. I despair because I so keenly realize that if they had half the professional pride or spirit that the medical men or osteopaths have, they would be invincible.

"I am sending you under separate cover some Chiropractic advertising I have lately gotten out, and also my book on 'Chiropractic Publicity.' I know you will not approve of any of it in its entirety, but take into consideration that it is written by a lawyer who has not had the long experience, nor has he the grasp of the science of Chiropractic which you have.

"Today I shall take the file labeled 'Palmer Fight' down into the basement and I shall consign the contents to the furnace, and after this is done, your last letter will be the only one I shall have in my office or apartments.

"In order that you may better understand any rumor that you may hear in the future, I want to say to you here and now, that from this time onward, as to matters along the healing line, my slogan shall be 'Abolish the Boards.'

"My contract with this association is until the first of next November. I do not know whether they will renew it or not, and I do not care. My contract is only to defend members, and I do not care what the policy of the I. C. A. is as to legislation, I will not follow it or any other into the medical camp to be kicked out for my pains.

"We may never meet again, but you shall not have it to say that you were more manly than I am. I pride myself on being free, and reserving to myself the right to say what I think should be said today, and exactly the opposite tomorrow, if the morrow convinces me that the opposite be said.

"So here is good luck to you and your institution. Yours truly, Sol. L. Long."

OUR SECOND REPLY

"Davenport, Iowa, Feb. 27, 1915

"Col. Sol. L. Long, Kansas City, Mo.

"Dear Sir: You don't know how good it did me to see that you took my letter in the broad-mindedness as it was meant. I intend to be a friend, not to those who must necessarily be my friends, but to those whom I can feel are sincerely trying to be a friend to humanity, for God knows they need a few strong friends to save them from the vultures of medical men and of unjust laws.

"You know, most well, what my position on the legal question was. I was glad when I was assisting in the *defense* of the boys. I did, they knowing that I was keeping them from getting *into* trouble. Then it strengthened my belief in my convictions when I first heard you agree with me. Up 'til this time, all had been against me on my conclusions.

"I led that kind of a fight up until the pressure from the forces, of which you were the leader, were crowding me so hard that I could no longer stand the financial pressure. The profession was destined on destroying themselves, you folks were helping them to go on and whatever I might say was as dropping a shingle in a river — it couldn't stop it.

"To save myself, I was compelled to get in the boat, not that it changed my convictions, but that in doing so I could help to patch the leaks the

better from the inside than I could from the outside. From that time to the present I have been captain of the good old ship and thus have frequently saved it from getting in worse holes than if I had been on shore and tried to tell them to tie up until the storms were over.

"My convictions, notwithstanding, are the same as ever. I have constantly been gathering evidence to sustain my position and some day intend to produce a well-edited book on that question. Meanwhile, unless some heroic efforts are made, the ship is going to be as beautifully and cleverly sunk as would be true with Osteopathy.

"At this time, I see no reason why I should not invite you to come to Davenport and give us a lecture along the phase of the above uppermost subject. If you do not care to so announce your readiness, at this time, do not do so. There is plenty of time. I merely mention it here to show, in the passing, the relaxed and unbiased and friendly present attitude of my mind towards you.

"I appreciate all the kind sentiments you have mentioned regarding me in your letter and am more than certain that, for the good of Chiropractic, you and I can accomplish more working together than we could as individuals.

"At any time that you are in Davenport, I want you to feel so kindly disposed towards me that you will call me up, arrange for one of those old informal chats, such as we once had, and each so much enjoyed.

"I can voice my sentiments most strongly when I repeat: — 'Father, forgive him, he knew not what he did. He was but an attorney and did as do all such.' I remain, as formerly. Most respectfully, B. J. Palmer."

COL. LONG'S THIRD LETTER

"Kansas City, Mo., March 5, 1915.

"B. J. Palmer, D. C., Davenport, Iowa

"Dear Doctor: — Your letter received, and in reply will say that if I can make it, will be glad to accept your invitation to speak from your platform, and I thank you for extending same.

"It looks as though you and I had the European powers bested. We can conclude peace in the interest of humanity, and they cannot. However, I think it is best for both you and me that the announcement be not made until later. You know our fellows are a peculiar bunch — I mean all Chiropractors — and they have to be led up to things gradually, and now that the storm is over, I do not want to do anything that would cause them to break out again in any quarter. I am doing the best I can to pour oil on the hitherto troubled waters.

"Just as an illustration of what I have had to contend with, and have had to all along, I am sending you a letter. I have torn the top off, and so it will be no violation of confidence, and you will not know from whom it came. It is a fair sample of dozens I have gotten right along. Now, I have

gotten several copies of the Fountain-head News since I came here, and I have not seen anything in them that hinted at Alton, Ill., and I do not care whether they did or not, for if they did, whatever it was is buried, with me, since the receipt of your first letter. I have wiped off the slate up to that time, and I do not intend to put anything back on it unless compelled to and should I put anything back on it, I will bring it to you and ask you about it, and the field will never know I asked either. Yours truly, Sol. L. Long."

OUR THIRD REPLY

"Davenport, Iowa, March 10, 1915

"Col. Sol. Long, 2027 Troost Ave.,

"Kansas City, Mo.

"Dear Sir: — Approximately some two months ago I mentioned something about that report which you were going to make public last August, but hadn't done yet, but as that was before you wrote me your first letter it should be forgotten just as you have suggested.

"I am very glad to say that the schools of Davenport are working in co-operation with the exception of The Davenport College and that can't occur until Dr. Sharp ceases selling diplomas and puts his school on a legitimate business basis.

"I want to thank you very kindly for your interesting letter. I have just returned from Des Moines, where I was on legislative business bent hence have a bundle of mail that I must wade through. The situation here remains muddled but we think we see daylight so clear that if we ever get our bill out of Committee onto the Floor of the House it will receive 79 votes for to about 25 against.

"Again, thanking you, I am, Respectfully, B. J. Palmer."

COL. LONG'S FOURTH LETTER

"Kansas City, Mo., March, 12, 1915

"B. J. Palmer, D. C., Ph.C., Davenport, Iowa

"Dear Doctor: — Just now there is a disposition among some to lay the entire blame of the failure of legislation in some of the states on to you, and I presume that on the other hand, you are getting in complaints that I am to blame for it all; and you and I know that neither of them is correct. The greatest fault with legislation is that we are asking something which is not in accordance with Eternal Law; the next greatest reason is that legislation has been handled in too much of a mail course manner, so to speak.

"I am glad that I have laid out of it entirely, and I am telling our fellows just what I am telling you here, so if you get any communications from the field, you will know whether it is so or not. Yours truly, Sol. L. Long."

OUR FOURTH REPLY

"Davenport, Iowa, March 14, 1915

"Col. Long, Kansas City, Mo.

"Dear Sir: — I'll take off my hat to you in many respects because what I don't think of, you do. Now I'm going to propose this to you — that between you and me we can be very constructive for Chiropractic. You think of things and can write them—I can publish them; for instance, your last letter to me the pungent one about how both of us are being accused of spoiling law and how it spoils itself because it is against the inevitable — this is a letter I would like to publish and will do so if you have no objections. If I see anything, such as this, that is worth publishing, I shall always aim to give you credit. Giving you credit for this letter will be an adroit way of coming to the field and without saying it showing that we are patching up the past.

"If at any time you have any advice or suggestions that should go to the field that are of general character and such that are good for the profession at large, shoot them in and I will give them the once over and see if we can't publish them. If we can't will return at once; if we do will give you credit for same. I can't of course publish any references to The I. C. A. or advertise its game but outside of that I will be glad to consider your ideas.

"I am doing this for no other motive than to show *you*, Col. Long, that I can be fearfully hit and rise up and forgive the man who did it. That I am just big enough man at heart to think more of *Chiropractic* and its future than I am any petty and personal prejudice. As I believe, at heart, you agree with me, that's why I wrote you in this apparently unlimited and free manner. I am, Respectfully, B. J. Palmer."

COL. LONG'S FIFTH LETTER

"Kansas City, Mo., March 16, 1915.

"Dr. B. J. Palmer, D. C., Ph. C., Davenport, Iowa

"Dear Doctor: — Your letter received. In reply will say: Use anything I write, or may have written, if it will benefit Chiropractic — or any man.

"The real base of the letter to which you refer was your remarks in the 'News' about being unable to get information from Missouri. I have been trying the same thing and failing and was sort of the opinion that it was 'Palmer Folks' that were beating me out of it — and then came your letter and I laughed — found out that 'Old Mizoo' was only following her habit and maintaining a close corporation.

"Doctor I am interested in Chiropractic — if I was not I would not be serving this Association — at the price at least. Although, with all my faults, I like money, I won't work for a thing in which I do not believe for any money.

"Good luck to you and your house — you are quite a bit bigger than I thought you. Yours truly, Sol. L. Long."

OUR FIFTH REPLY

"Davenport, Iowa, March 19, 1915

"Col. Sol. Long, 2027 Troost Ave.,

"Kansas City, Mo.

"Dear Sir: — I shall send forth your letter to the field — the one where both of us were to blame for the loss of legislation — this coming week. Also therein you will have noticed the change of front in giving notices of the trial down in N. Y. I shall not, of course, advertise The I. C. A. in any way but the notification of the winnings will be given due credit whenever I hear of the same occurring. So, you will be doing the profession a good turn if you will send me the same or any other comments on the legal questions that you care to for publication. I will edit the same — if needs be — and pass them on.

"Gee — it makes me feel much a better man, and I know it does you, to know that although we had had a difference of opinions, we are both just big enough that we can forget and try damned hard to forgive and thus be friends. It wouldn't surprise me very much to find that in the years to come you and I could be the best of friends and look back and laugh at that childish mistake we made in fighting each other.

"You and I are about of a turn. We are both radicals, acids therefore bitter, yet we are capable of neutralizing such a great number of negative-alkali-human-beings lying around that we have our place in the world. And like begets like, therefore we should be comparing notes rather than tearing each other's throats.

"I am with you to the sole and ultimate aim of cooperation, Col. Long, so long as we can do so with the real and genuine heart-throb feeling behind it. I extend this hand of feeling to you over and across the states all to the final end that we can hold Chiropractic so clean, so pure, so true to its interests legislatively, that time will not spoil it as has been done with osteopathy.

"Let's work together, I'm willing, I am, Respectfully, B. J. Palmer."

COL. LONG'S SIXTH LETTER

"Kansas City, Mo., March 25, 1915

"Dr. B. J. Palmer, D. C., Ph. C., Davenport, Iowa.

"Dear Sir: — For the love of Mike get the Ladies' Home Journal — March Issue and write the editor and protest against the classing of Chiropractic with fakes. This is only a part of the Medical campaign to put down Chiropractic. My advices are that the open fight will be stopped and hereafter they will try this round about way of suggesting 'fake and fraud' to the public. Let us beat them to it. You are the man to lead this, for your position makes you such. As soon as you lead out I will follow. I could do the business but it would not have the weight. You are the head of one of the main schools and your say will have the weight.

"Another thing: I have been corresponding with some of our fellows who are Chiropractors and not mere practitioners of Chiropractic — men who believe in it as a science and not as a mere means of livelihood — and I have mooted to them a plan for the coming two years at least. It is this: Let us organize a society of Chiropractors, to be called the Loyal Legion — or some other appropriate name — and in case of the arrest and conviction of a member let the association — if he belongs to an association — pay the said member what it would have to pay the state in fines, etc.; and let the said member go to jail and serve it out. Let the members of the Legion obligate themselves to go to jail. If the member is not a member of any protective association then let each member send him something — post card anyway each day — we might make it something more substantial. Still every one should belong to an Association and to make it more than a post card for a non-member might not be the right thing to do. Details of the plan can be worked out if it suits your fellows. I am heartily in favor of it and will at least organize the idea in a small way.

"In case of a procedure of this sort the prosecuting attorneys would not be so brash to bring prosecutions, for they would get no extra fees — the county would have the expenses all to pay and Mr. Taxpayer would begin to howl and it would help all around. In fact I believe it would serve as an excellent advertisement and business getter for practitioners if it were known publicly that there was such an organization and that we meant business.

"Your truly, Sol. L. Long."

OUR SIXTH REPLY

"Davenport, Iowa, March 27, 1915

"Sol. L. Long, 2120 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

"Dear Sir: — Yours of the 25th.

"Your letter has been referred to Dr. Palmer and he wishes to thank you very kindly for the information and will publish same in Fountain Head News.

"With best wishes, we are, Respectfully F. P. M."

OUR SEVENTH LETTER

"Davenport, Iowa, April 10, 1915

"Col. Sol. Long, 2125 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

"Dear Sir: — There are certain things that are coming about in our profession that I feel that if the profession knew them it would work for greater harmony, centralization and more cooperation to the end that our profession so much needs.

"You know, as I have said it before, I do not and never have blamed you for what you said inasmuch as I felt that you, as a lawyer, sold your ability, etc., which I have elaborated in former letters.

"Mrs. D. D. Palmer and I have been having quite some correspondence

of late and she feels very sorry over certain things which you and I both well understand and all of this has been cleared up now.

"The thought in my mind is this—In justice to you that you might be set right with the profession; in justice to Mrs. D. D. Palmer that she might be set right with the profession—you and she willing, I would like to publish the correspondence we three have had, verbatim, just as all three of us have written it. This will set all of us at rights with the profession so that they will understand that we three have come to an understanding and nothing will do this better than the letters themselves without any further comments from myself or anybody else.

"I am trying to work for cooperation and no one knows better than you the necessity for it. I am not going to do this though without your consent. You review the letters in question and then write me. What objections you have if any. I have none upon my part to either of you—whether the field sees that we three are cooperating now rests with you.

"If you think the plan a bad one, then we will let it drop.

"But, there is one man in our profession I am not at ease with yet—Willard Carver. He knew all that he said was a mess of misrepresentations. If he had been misinformed and prejudiced as you were, I could forgive him but he knew he was wrong. I cannot forgive such. I am, Respectfully, B. J."

COL. LONG'S SEVENTH LETTER

"Kansas City, Mo., May 1, 1915

"Dr. B. J. Palmer, Davenport, Iowa.

"Dear Doctor:—Your letter received. I have been in Ohio for the past three weeks trying cases—whipped them in five indictments and got the steam roller run over me in one, i. e., the Visser case at Youngstown.

"As to the printing of the letters you mentioned, I have no objection whatever.

"I would suggest that you print my first letter in full, then your letter in reply to that and my reply to the reply makes a very clear statement and basis for comment. I am not sure it will be worth the printing, but if you think so, go ahead.

"How about the letter I wrote you at Davenport? I am sending you a few of the things I intended to give you at Davenport. They do not amount to much, but you may be able to use them and if you do, use them as your own and do not put my name to them. They will do just as well or better if you so use them and at this time you know we have to be very careful in leading some of our fellows up to the cars lest they scare at practical things. Yours truly, Sol. L. Long."

COL. LONG'S EIGHTH LETTER

"B. J. Palmer, Davenport, Iowa.

"Alton, Ill., June 5, 1915

"Dear Doctor:—Your letter received. You have said it. *I never knew you until here lately. I thought I did, but I was mistaken.*

"I guess after all that what Ella Wheeler Wilcox said that 'Whatever is, is best,' is the correct philosophy. It sometimes takes a fight to clear away the clouds so one can see clearly. At least, it does with me, and this may be because of my early training.

"I may not remain with this association longer than the term of my present contract, but there is one thing dead sure, if I do remain, and the membership insist on my carrying the burden as they are now insisting, this association will experience a radical change of policy. We will stand flat-footed, open and above board for absolute medical freedom, and against any regulation by law whatsoever. If we were allowed to regulate ourselves, well and good, but the experience of last winter should teach any one but a natural damn phool that the medical trust will not allow us to regulate ourselves, nor allow us anything, unless they have a finger in the pie.

"I am going to try to get up to Davenport for a talk with you, for there are a thousand things I want to say. With the hold we have on the public, it is a tragedy that we are making ducks and drakes out of our opportunity; by that, I mean, the profession at large.

"Now, that you and I have gotten together, I believe there is a chance for us to so influence, at least that part of the profession that amount to a damn, so that it will be manly and militant, and then when I quit, if quit I do, our joint efforts will inure to your benefit, and you can be without question, all that you should be ambitious to be, to-wit: The biggest man in Chiropractic.

"In all that I have said to you heretofore; what I say now, and what I may say hereafter, I want you to understand that I am a soldier, and that I know how to obey orders as well as how to command when the necessity arises. No one who has not learned how to obey is fit to command, since such a one would be ignorant of the viewpoint of those to whom his commands were directed, and he must know this viewpoint before he can, with wisdom, formulate a command and with firmness insist on its obedience. Very truly yours, Sol. L. Long."

"Afterthought: — In reference to your critics for making peace with me, and mine for making peace with you. Believe me now, I have made peace with you as a man; with no thought of any material advantage; but with purpose of broadening the sphere of influence of Chiropractic. However, let us take it from the very lowest — sordid — commercial — damnable standpoint.

"I discovered that Chiropractic could not get along without B. J. Palmer.

"I discovered that you were the spinal column of Chiropractic, and that you had become such by operation of immutable law, to-wit: The law of sacrifice — you have sacrificed for the science, therefore from the low detestable and damnable standpoint of mere material advantage — the here and the now — it was the part of wisdom with me to make peace, and this for two reasons:

"First — my duty to the association I represented, and which is paying for representing them.

"Second — my own personal advantage.

"I may have been recreant to my duty to this association in the first instance; but I made peace as man-to-man without a thought of the association, and without any thought of personal advantage.

"These have been afterthoughts. I make this mention so that should occasion arise, you will be able to say to them who will understand, my making peace as man-to-man. For the grovelling-thick-headed — more to be pitied than censured — portion of humanity, who cannot understand a man-to-man action, give them the sordid and damnable side which they can understand. Sol. L. Long."

AFTER CONDITION

On June the 24th, 1915, I am in receipt of "Child Slaves and Other Poems," by Sol. L. Long.

On the fly-leaf is written

"To Dr. B. J. Palmer, who has emerged from the fight as the salient angel of Chiropractic. With my Compliments. (Signed) Sol. L. Long.

Kansas City, Mo., June 24th, 1915."

SOME MORE CORRESPONDENCE

DR. CARVER'S FIRST LETTER

"Oklahoma City, April 2, 1915.

"B. J. Palmer, D. C., Davenport, Iowa.

"In connection with this I desire to call your attention to Volume 4, No. 10, page 3, where you announce that you are going to have a Legislative School and have the leaders of the states that led in the war this winter and then proceed to carefully give a long list of men in states that have only just begun to fight for legislation, but leave out the one man and the one state where the whole thing had its birth and foundation. If you had desired to set the right before the public you could very easily have included my name and Oklahoma in this list.

"Oh! B. J. you are a terrible 'big booby boy.' You will never get big enough to be *really* big. Thanking you very kindly, Yours truly,

Willard Carver."

OUR FIRST REPLY

"Davenport, Iowa, April 5, 1915.

"Willard Carver, Ll. B., D. C., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"Dear Sir: — The forepart of your typewritten communication needs no further understanding between us to be properly understood. But, it appears that a trifling bit of further explanation is needed from me to you to be agreeable on certain points.

"Some years ago certain things happened between father and me — with which you *were* conversant. At a later time you claimed you didn't know.

Uncle Howard Nutting distinctly told you at another time that which you knew previously to his telling you.

"At a subsequent time you wrote up a misrepresented History of the facts, knowing that what you said wasn't true. I could forgive you as I have forgiven Col. Long for things you might have done under a misapprehension of facts *but, Williard Carver, you knew and you know now that you knew then and you know that I know that you know and you further know that Uncle Howard Nutting knows that you knew.*

"Our Lyceum and Convention came on. It was a big attraction and like all lights it drew the moths and you came. You tried three times to get permission to speak to our audience and you were *refused*, twice direct from Dr. Elliott to you and the third time from Dr. Elliott to Dr. Hubbard.

"You were then refused the hall of the man whom you gave lies to who reprinted and repeated them at my expense when you — the originator — knew they were not true. You then went to the cheapest and worst school we have, to get a place to speak.

"Now you want to know *why* I have not mentioned your name in any public way, why I won't let you speak at The P. S. C., why I won't publish your articles, why I won't give you space for a delineation — it isn't that I'm not big enough but because I won't willingly concede anything to a man who *knowingly*, intentionally and maliciously did what you did, in trying to ruin my business as a method of trying to build up his own.

"You said, at one time, in your Record, that if you were ever convinced that what I said in reply was true, that you would publish a withdrawal of all the statements you made that were lies about me. I have produced enough evidence on that one transaction between father and me alone to convince any of the most stubborn jurors against their will — *all except you*. The Chiropractic profession is *convinced* that I was right and you were wrong and you do yourself an incalculable damage to thus remain any longer silent for it is no longer a virtue but a curse upon your business the same as it has been upon The U. C. C. who are also fast going to the wall commercially.

"When that time comes that you either write a complete and unreserved apology to me or print that same in your Record which vindicates me in every respect as the unimpeachable evidence warrants, then and not until, will I mention your name or give you any credit in any manner, shape or form so far as the Chiropractic profession is concerned. I'll gradually let your own poison auto-intoxicate yourself in that slow death from which few can ever resuscitate themselves.

"I may be a 'big booby boy,' Willard Carver, but I've got *the* business based upon manhood, honor, honesty and a willingness to admit I'm whipped when I am, a willingness to correct a mistake when I've been proven wrong, a desire to help even an enemy when he shows a willingness to be helped by doing what is just to all concerned — and some of these you haven't yet learned at twice my age with far less business as the results.

"If the respect I have in our profession constitutes the 'big booby boy' prize, then I'm content. I'd rather be where I am than to have the heavy-weight championship as you seem to think you have and have the business you have.

"You asked for a plain answer, now you've got it. I am, Yours truly, B. J."

DR. CARVER'S SECOND LETTER

"Oklahoma City, Okla., April 15, 1915

"B. J. Palmer, D. C., Davenport, Iowa.

"With reference to Chapter 8 of the History of Chiropractic, I have a very positive recollection of all that took place between your father, yourself and myself. After I left you and your father, and met your father under the adversities he was enduring at Medford, Okla., I had a right to believe his story as to what occurred subsequent to my relationship with both of you *and you must remember that I did not have yours*. Since the publication of Chapter 8 you have had an action for damages pending against me in the District Court of Scott County and of course I am too good a lawyer to publish Chapter 9 until we are through with any transactions that are to grow out of Chapter 8. When I receive notice that that action is dismissed I will submit you a rough draft of Chapter 9 and then you will know what I am going to say. Your action is dismissed.

"You may know what Chapter 9 contains by notifying me of the dismissal of your action against me. I do not think you will gain anything by maintaining that case in court but you may do about that matter as you think best.

"Awaiting your further communication in the matter and wishing you every success, Yours truly, Willard Carver."

OUR SECOND REPLY

"Davenport, Iowa, April 18, 1915.

"Willard Carver, D. C., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"Dear Doctor: — In reply to your of the 15th will state that you at one time, made the statement that as soon as you were thoroughly convinced that the evidence I would present was true, you would write Chapter 9 of the History. I do not propose to drop this suit until such times as you will write this Chapter 9. As to then whether the suit is dropped depends entirely upon the manner and thoroughness with which this retraction is made. I do not propose, though, to let this suit rest until it reaches the statutory limitation.

"It remains for *you* to publish Chapter 9 before the suit in question is dropped. You may be a good lawyer but you certainly are no good reader of human nature for if you were you would know that to print this retraction was the surest, quickest and best way to cause me to drop the suit. But

isck 'ka bibble, I will win that suit anyhow, either through your retraction or through the verdict.

"It's your *first* move, not mine. I am, Respectfully, B. J."

OUR THIRD LETTER

"Davenport, Iowa, July 10, 1915.

"Col. Sol. L. Long, 2120 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

"Dear Sir: — In the absence of Dr. Palmer who is in attendance on the U. C. A. Convention in San Francisco and after its close on a vacation which will last through several weeks, I have great pleasure in answering your letter addressed to him under date of July 20.

"In his behalf, I can state that I am writing to thank you heartily for your fine expression of sentiment toward him and for the mental concessions you have made in your letter that no doubt will place you before him in a very favorable way.

"The writer is familiar with the relations that exist between yourself and Dr. Palmer and we feel free to represent him in saying that it is his heart's desire to be on most friendly terms with you. Personally, we are glad that your feeling for each other is growing deeper as time progresses with prospects of a lasting friendship between you for the future.

"Regarding the matter of articles given you by Mrs. D. D. Palmer and your suggestion in connection with same. I am certain that it will give Dr. Palmer a special pleasure to receive these articles from you; however, we shall have to leave the suggestion as to form of presentation to the judgment of Dr. Palmer when he returns. I am satisfied, however, that whatever he does will commend itself to you as practical and right under the circumstances.

"With an expression of good will for you and best wishes for your good success in every Chiropractic way, I remain, Very truly yours, THE PALMER SCHOOL OF CHIROPRACTIC, Per F. P. Myers, D. C."

COL. LONG'S REPLY

"B. J. Palmer, Davenport, Iowa. Kansas City, Mo., July 20, 1915.

"Dear Doctor: — Some months ago you wrote me saying that you would take off your hat to me about a matter. Right here is where I join the Mutual Admiration Society and say to you that I take off my hat to you. I received the News, with the letters printed therein. They read well and you are a much bigger man than I thought you were — even than I thought you were last week — and you have been growing with me for the past three months. Now I wonder when you started to grow. *Have you been this big all the time, and have I failed to see it, or, are you just growing?* At any rate, keep on.

"I was real sorry that I did not get to see you but I was in the hospital when you were here. I will tell you all about it when I see you next.

"There is one thing I want to submit to you. After your father's death, Mrs. D. D. Palmer sent to me the old badge he wore, with the legend 'Daddy Chiro.' She also sent me his pocket knife, the one he used last. She gave them to me, but in accepting them I said to her that I did not think I was the proper person for them to be handed to, but that I would keep them until I was convinced another should have them. B. J. I think you ought to have these. Aside from the fact that they were your father's, you ought to have them because of your position.

"Now here is my plan. Say nothing to any one about it, but on the first day of the Convention, right at the opening, let me go on the platform and take these articles with me and tell how I came possessed of them and then present them to you. I value them highly, but I think you are more entitled to them than I. If this meets your approval, let me know and we will keep it quiet and pull off a little spectacular stunt for the benefit of the boys. Yours truly, Sol. L. Long."

COL. LONG EXPLAINS FURTHER

"Kansas City, Mo., August 2, 1915

"Dr. B. J. Palmer, D. C., Ph. C., Davenport, Iowa.

"Dear Doctor: — Pursuant to my agreement in our terms of peace I am going to call your attention to an unfortunate statement in your last F. H. N.

"Now, get me, B. J., I am not sore personally — I don't care a whoop about it, but I've already been called up on the phone and had it rubbed into me and I am pretty sure what I'll get by mail in a day or so.

"I refer to your mention of the 'Col. Long mud slinging campaign.' Now, you and I understand this remark — but there are a lot of the fellows out in the field who will not — and it will not do to say these do not amount to anything for they are the feeders of the colleges — good fellows too — but touchy, etc.; Oh, you know the class.

"Those of this class who are inclined to be against you will now use this as a text to say to me: 'I told you so — he won't have any peace only his own, etc., etc.'

"I was getting everything ironed out — save with a few and I had them silenced and now I fear they will break out again and thus destroy a lot of the work I've been doing lately.

"To illustrate — and I could quote nearly if not quite as strong statements from 100 letters:

"'If you join the Palmer forces, I am going to join that bunch. I now have nothing against Dr. Palmer. I think he is queer in some ways and that he says unpalatable things once in a while but we all have faults. I recognize him as the leader in Chiropractic and believe he deserves to be so recognized.'

"This from a good friend of mine — one of the best and foremost practitioners in his state — a graduate of the U. C. C. and one who contributed

\$50 last year to the fund to hire lawyers — Ely and Bush, not me, for I never got a cent from that fund — *to prosecute you when he thought you needed it.*

"Now get me: I don't care a whoop personally but I do not see the necessity of tearing down any good work that has been builded up just to illustrate to some New York Yankee — when one can't convince that class of cattle with any amount of illustrations.

"Now I mention this to show you that I am doing my level best to help all along the line. I will confess that the main reason for this course is my intense hatred for a human sponge and tight wad. Long before you and I got together I turned down one party in Ohio who confessed to me that he owed the U. C. A. two assessments from last year — and he is turned down yet so far as I know. I mention this so that you may know that this has been and will be my policy, peace or no peace, fight or no fight.

"I will also mention that lately when any of our fellows write in and call my attention to the F. H. N. I first write back and ask them if they have paid for the same and if so that I will answer their letter; and if they have not that I will not answer until they do pay or quit taking the F. H. N. from the office.

"Now, I am sure that you understand that I am not at all piqued. Remarks like the above hurt you the worst — for your fellows are all with you anyhow and such only serve for a text for your enemies to deflect from you men like the writer of the letter from which I quoted. Yours truly,

"SOL. L. LONG."

COL. LONG EXPLAINS MORE

"Kansas City, Mo., August 5, 1915

"Dr. B. J. Palmer, D. C., Ph. C., Davenport, Iowa.

"Dear Doctor: — See the U. C. C. 'Hame Samein' program and note that 'Yours truly' is not mentioned as an 'also ran' much less given place as a hot air artist.

"Well, it is the beginning of the end for my Chiropractic efforts. I take it the 'Critters eyes are sot' in my direction and that as soon as my present contract expires in November that the I. C. A. will have a new legal head. However, I think they were small in doing this for it is a sure cinch they could have put me on — as was the intention before they found out that I had made peace with you.

"Well, let 'er slide. I shall shed no tears, nor shall I hire an able bodied coon to go down into my cellar and bail out the tears. I have served the I. C. A. for much less than the U. C. A. paid either of its Attorneys, just to keep it on earth and I have helped it in many ways by cutting expenses and now that they think they are on easy street they get chesty and think they can move the headquarters to Davenport and get some Attorney there and keep the membership up to the present standard. They can't do it. I am not egotistical — but I know they can't. In the first place there are only

three lawyers in the U. S. who understand this medical law practice — and you know who they are — and the last winter's experience has taught the boys in the field — who amount to a dam — mill or any other sort of dam — that there are only three — and some of the rest are due to learn the fact.

"I have been more than kind to the U. C. C. and I hate to even think they would be so small. *They have never paid me for my services in the case you have against them and now that they are acting the microscopic part I shall press the matter.* I have hitherto been content to let it run along because I did not specially need the money and realized *the case was a hardship on the stockholders*, but no bunch can rub it in on me. I believe in Chiropractic as a science — not as a mere means of grafting the public — and this is the reason I have been so lenient and it is also the reason why I have served as I have and further the zeal I have had for it accounts for some of my mistakes

"I only started out to write you a line — but have strung out to length. Please treat this letter as confidential. Yours truly,

"SOL. L. LONG."

B. J. ANSWERS COL. LONG

"Davenport, Iowa, Aug. 10, 1915

"Col. Long: — Have just returned from the West. Had a good time and found that the publication of our correspondence had made you many friends and this was the motive. It takes some sort of a clean heart for you to do what you did and, when a man deserves it, he's going to get all I can give him for it — notwithstanding.

"In reply to yours of early date will say that I am very sorry, that any unpleasant comment should have been made re that 'mud slinging campaign' for you know it was the farthest of my thoughts to refer to this matter in aught but a constructive sense. But, so long as you and I understand, the world can figure it out at their own leisure and follow us at their pleasure.

"In answer to yours of the 20th. Neither you nor I are getting bigger or smaller. We were always just what we were with a mite of growth trailing us every day, some more, others less. We are just beginning to see the other fellow as he is. It has taken us a long time to do this and we had to fight for peace but we have it now — so what the hell do we care.

"We look forward and have for some time to the fact that you would be with us during our Lyceum. Now that you have dug up the Indiana matter, rest assured that we shall be glad to have you tell us about it in your own inimitable way when the time comes. As Monday and Tuesday are our legislative dates, we shall probably figure on you on one of those. The detailed programme has not been made out yet but one thing is *certain* — you are on The P. S. C. programme.

"As the presentation — nothing could please me more. Nothing could have a more constructive effect. To make it psychological, I would suggest

that you take a place in 'the house' and arise and ask for permission to be heard. The chairman will have instructions to recognize you. Then come to the platform and make your presentation speech. This will win you to all the boys present, heart and soul, and will show that from now on the hatchet is buried in words stronger than anything else you or I could do.

"Laying aside the Chiropractic value, laying aside the manner and who is presenting them, laying aside the feud this will bury, these presents do have a sentimental value which I prize above all else. No matter what may be said or was said in the past I honor my father exceedingly much for being the discoverer of Chiropractic and value these relics because thereof.

"As regards yours of the 5th of August, let me say this, Col. Long. You and I have had our ups and downs. We were friends once, then became enemies of the first danger to each other, then we became friends again with a permanent understanding. I believe you will find that wherever Chiropractic is involved I am its first friend and do not stay hard by when I see another friend of Chiropractic getting the worst or raw end of a deal. Let the I. C. A. or U. C. C. do its worst; let them ignore you on their programme if they want; let them fire you out of The I. C. A. if they please — there is still remaining the big crowd which awaits to welcome you. Haven't I taken you back into my personal fold? Haven't I restored you among my friends? Haven't I asked you to address and be with us at our Lyceum? Then, when the time comes (but not before) can't I still be a friend of yours in ways even greater? It is not now the time to say more. But, when the opportune time arrives, I shall again be found ready to step forward and show you that what is a loss is a gain. I can say no more now — doing so I might be called seditious. I might intimate that some of those possibilities were tentatively talked over while we were all at 'Frisco. We practically foresaw some of the things you have now stated are on the way.

"You have asked for confidence and it shall be given. I ask the same for the latter contents of this letter. When you are completely severed and are heart and hand free, then we shall talk turkey.

I am, B. J."

CHAPTER 177

THE FOUNTAIN HEAD NEWS, VOL. 4, NO. 29, SEPT. 4, 1915, HAD THE FOLLOWING ITEMS

COL. LONG was the guest of Mrs. Palmer and myself at "Kiro-Hill-Top" all day Sunday preceding the Lyceum. We talked over all the misunderstandings of the several years past. This was my first face to face conversation with the Col. since that day when the thunderbolt dropped from the clear sky. We explained away every wrinkle; we clearly understand each other now. The Colonel was with the Lyceum until Thursday night. He openly made a presentation speech Monday morning and presented me with a badge which belonged to my father which was given to him by Mrs. D. D. Palmer after father's death. The same was true of father's last knife that he wore. We appreciate the Colonel's giving the same to us. They have a memory as well as scientific value that we cannot overlook.

On Sunday night last, I received a telegram from Willard Carver from Oklahoma saying, "Missed Connections. Will arrive Monday Night." I didn't invite him, neither was he welcome at The P. S. C. Like other blood-suckers, he wanted to give warning. He took sick at Kansas City and then wired Col. Long to act his Counsel in his case in the local courts in the \$50,000 libel suit I filed against him. At a conference, called by Col. Long, at which Fred Hartwell was present as well as myself, an agreed statement of fact was drawn up in which it was stipulated to withdraw the suit providing certain things were done. This was made as a legal motion and was filed in the County of Scott, State of Iowa, District Court.

Col. Long was granted full power of attorney by telegram, which power is binding upon all parties in all actions. The reply telegram from Col. Long to Willard Carver is as follows:

"Dr. Willard Carver, Care A. E. Fields Sanitarium, Wyondott St., Kansas City, Mo.:

"Have arranged for your case to be held up. Have done what I am sure is best for you and Chiropractic and hope it will meet your approval. I know what I am talking about when I say I've done the best thing. Rest easy. Will be in City tomorrow morning and if you are still there will see you. Sol. L. Long."

The motion which was filed in the Court is as follows:—

"State of Iowa, County of Scott, ss. Case No. 13249. B. J. Palmer vs. WILLARD CARVER.

"It is hereby stipulated by and between the parties hereto, whereas Willard Carver, in July, 1913, issue of 'The Chiropractor Record,' edited by Willard Carver, L.L.B., D.C., published on page four to twelve inclusive, an article entitled — by the said Willard Carver and published by his authority in which the character and honor, reputation, business and professional standing of B. J. Palmer were assailed and impugned at which said article is the same article mentioned and described in the above entitled cause.

"Now, therefore, it is stipulated by and between the parties hereto, that the said article is incorrect and not in accordance with the facts, and that the same was published by the said Willard Carver in disregard of the real facts surrounding the matter and things of which he purported and pretended to write.

"Wherefore, it is agreed and stipulated by and between the parties, Plaintiff and Defendant, that the Defendant, Willard Carver, shall publish a retraction of the charges made in said article and mentioned in said petition in an issue of the publication of which the same were made and in a publication therein corresponding to the position in which the same were made and that the Plaintiff is given the right to publish said retraction in any manner in which he may see fit.

"It is further stipulated that pending the publication of said retraction this case shall be continued until the next term of this court, and that upon the publication of a retraction satisfactory to the plaintiff, that this case shall be dismissed at the cost of the Defendant.

"It is further stipulated and agreed that this said stipulation shall also apply to *The Palmer School of Chiropractic* Case against Willard Carver, being case No. 13250 based upon the same allegation of facts and the same article herein mentioned.

"It being the intention of the parties hereto, to provide for an absolute retraction of all charges made in said article and when the same is done, that the cases herein mentioned be dismissed at the proper cost of the defendant as herein provided.

"Bollinger & Block and Morris & Hartwell,

"Attorneys for Plaintiff

"Sol. L. Long, Attorney for Defendant."

RETRACTION TO SETTLE BIG DAMAGE SUIT

In the \$50,000 damage suit of Dr. B. J. Palmer vs. Willard Carver, a paper was filed today in district court in which Carver admits the charges he made against Dr. Palmer to be false. Later, it is understood, he will publish a retraction of these charges, after which Mr. Palmer has consented to dismiss the suit.

The basis of the suit is alleged slanderous charges made by Carver against Dr. Palmer. The latter states the suit is not a matter of financial recompensation with him and that he will be satisfied with a complete retraction by the defendant.

Bollinger & Block and Morris & Hartwell of LaCrosse represent Dr. Palmer and George E. Hubbell and Col. Sol. Long of Alton, Ill., are attorneys for Carver — *The Davenport Democrat*, Aug. 25, 1915.

CARVER AGREES TO RETRACTION

In a stipulation filed in the Scott county district court this afternoon Willard Carver, editor of *The Chiropractic Record*, agrees to retract an article published in July, 1913, over which a libel suit was filed by B. J. Palmer and the Palmer school at Davenport.

The filing of the stipulation will automatically end the suit against Carver, an Oklahoma man. The cases, however, will remain on court records until the retraction is printed by Carver. Continuation is agreed, and upon publication of retraction, the cases will be dismissed.

In the original suits B. J. Palmer and the Palmer school accused Carver of libel for an article entitled, "History of Chiropractic, Chapter Eight." It was charged that the article was an editorial by Carver in which the character, honor, reputation, business and professional standing of Palmer and his school were assailed.

The agreement of retraction is made by both the plaintiffs and the defendant and will be printed on the same pages as the original article. B. J. Palmer is given the right to compose the retraction, which must be published as he writes it.

Bollinger & Block of Davenport and Morris & Hartwell are attorneys for the plaintiffs. Sol. L. Long is attorney for the defendant.—*The Davenport Daily Times*, August 26, 1915.

THE DAVENPORT

DEMOCRAT AND LEADER

DECEMBER 28, 1914

PALMER DAMAGE SUIT DISMISSED

Notice of \$50,000 Action Ben- ign Taken from Court Is Filed.

After pending in court for several months the damage action of the estate of D. D. Palmer, against the son of the latter, Dr. B. J. Palmer, head of the local chiro school has been dismissed in district court. The notice of dismissal was filed by Joy M. Loban, who is administrator of the estate, today.

The action grew out of the death of D. D. Palmer and the estate had asked for \$50,000 damages against the son. It was claimed by the plaintiffs that the aged Dr. Palmer was struck by the automobile of the son during a chiro parade in Davenport. It was also claimed that no effort had been made on the part of the defendant to avoid the accident.

In addition to the civil matter, a criminal action was brought against the defendant, the estate asking for an indictment against him on the ground of criminal negligence. This came before two grand juries and the last time the jurors returned a scathing report against the instigators, threatening to conduct an investigation against them and hinting at personal prejudice as the motive for the action.

With the dropping of this matter it is believed that the plaintiff found the other matter weakened. Dr. Palmer is at present out of the city, but when the school was called by telephone today Frank W. Elliott, who is business manager of the institution, said that it was the first he had heard of a dismissal. He said that Dr. Palmer had made every effort to push the suit to its conclusion, and that no settlement was made by him.

FAMOUS PALMER CASE DISMISSED

DAMAGES ASKED BY PLAINTIFF
AMOUNTED TO \$32,000

Administrator of Estate Claimed That
D. D. Palmer Was Struck by
Son's Auto

The famous Palmer damage suit, which was filed by Joy M. Loban, administrator of the estate of D. D. Palmer, against B. J. Palmer has been dismissed without prejudice, according to a notice filed with Harry J. McFarland, clerk of the Scott county district court, today. The total amount of the damages which were asked by the plaintiff were \$32,000. Sol L. Long of Alton, Ill., was the attorney for the plaintiff, and C. H. Murphy of Davenport for the defendant.

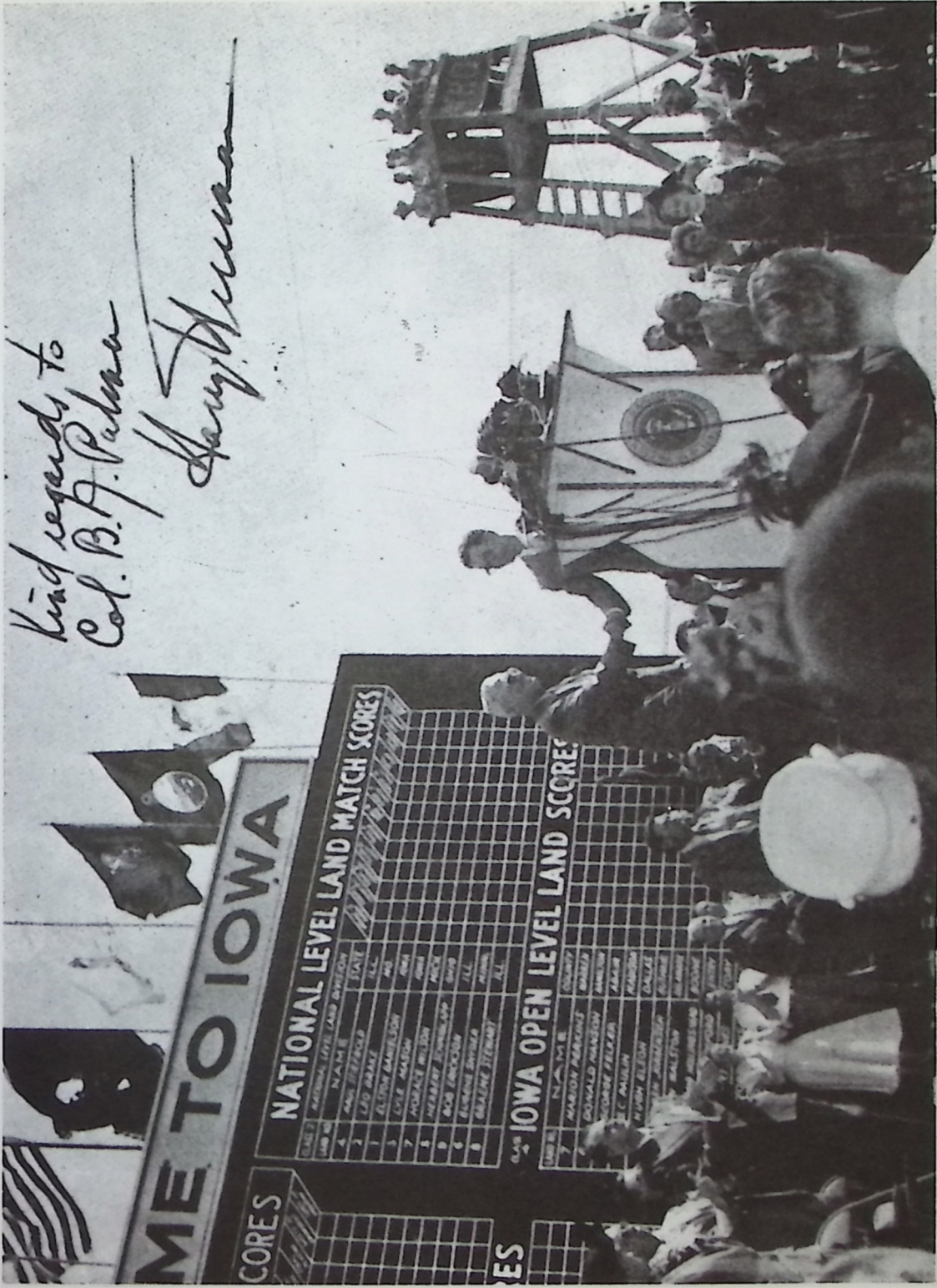
According to the petition, which was filed by Loban, the elder Palmer was struck by an automobile which was being driven by his son, B. J. Palmer. The accident occurred during the chiropractic parade which took place in Davenport, Aug. 20, 1913. It was claimed in the petition that the injuries which D. D. Palmer suffered in the accident resulted in his death a short time later. The petition contains two counts and asks \$20,000 on the first and \$12,000 on the second making the total amount of damages asked \$32,000.

During the last session of the grand jury the case was taken up by the attorney general of Iowa and an attempt was made to indict B. J. Palmer, the defendant, for murder. The jury returned a "no bill," however, and recommended that civil matters should not be taken to the criminal courts.

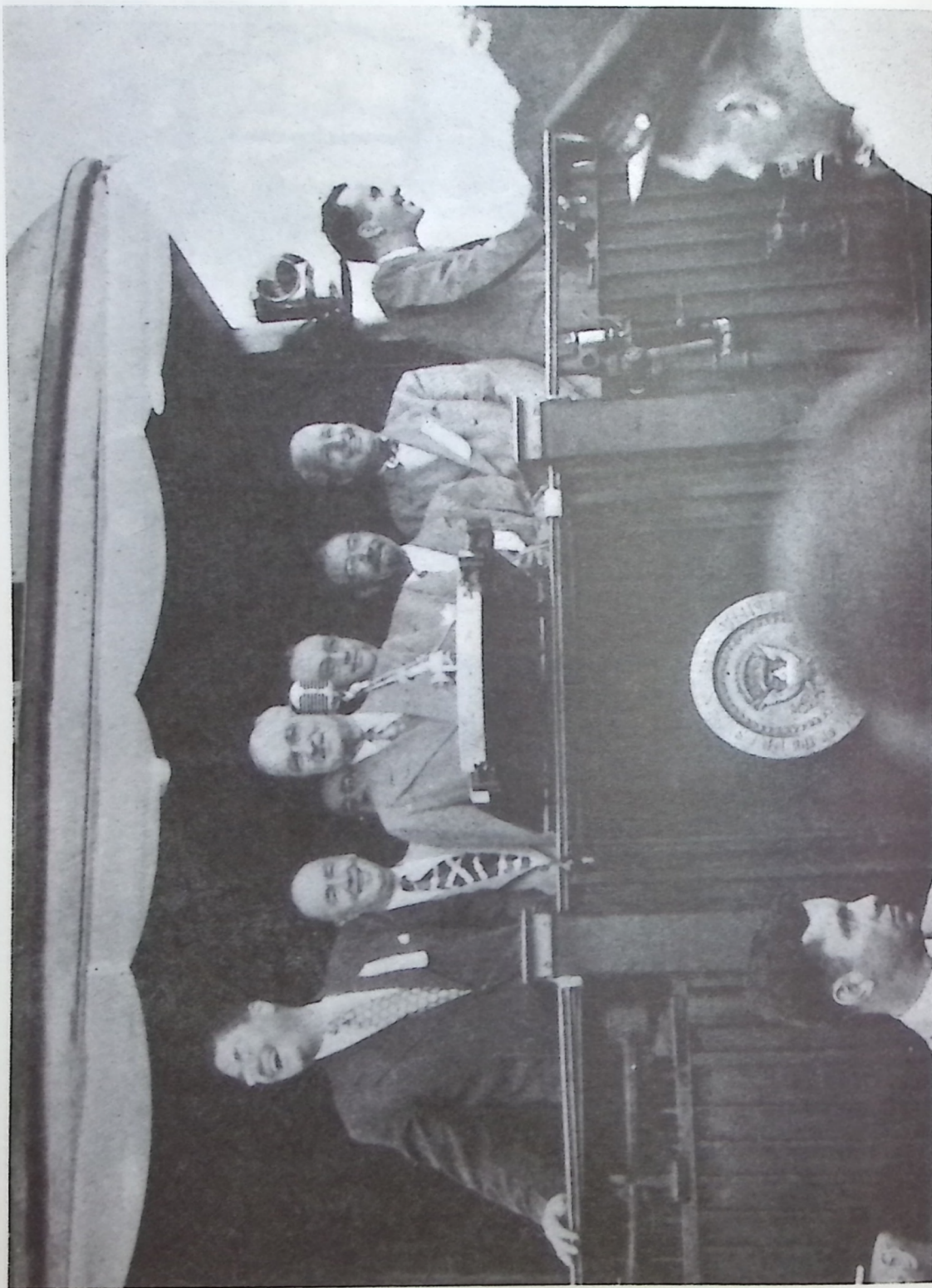
THE DAVENPORT TIMES

DECEMBER 28, 1914





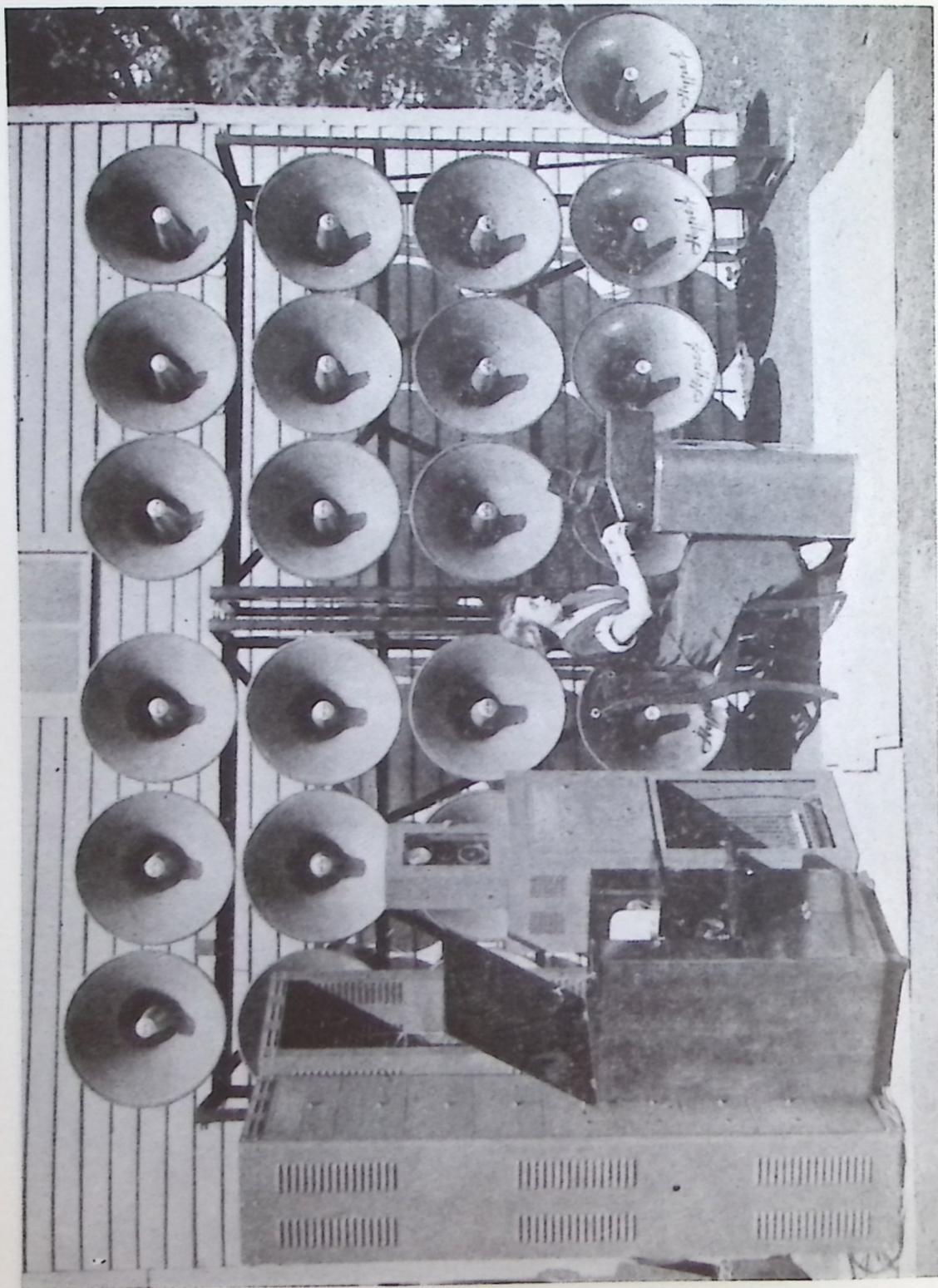
1. President Harry S. Truman. B.J. at extreme right, front. Taken at Radio Station WHO National Plowing Match, 1948.



2. President Truman, speaking from rear of his special train, at Davenport, Iowa. B.J. second from his left.



3. President Truman in parlor of his special train. U.S. Senator Guy Gillette, upper left.
B.J., lower left. Ralph Evans, upper right.



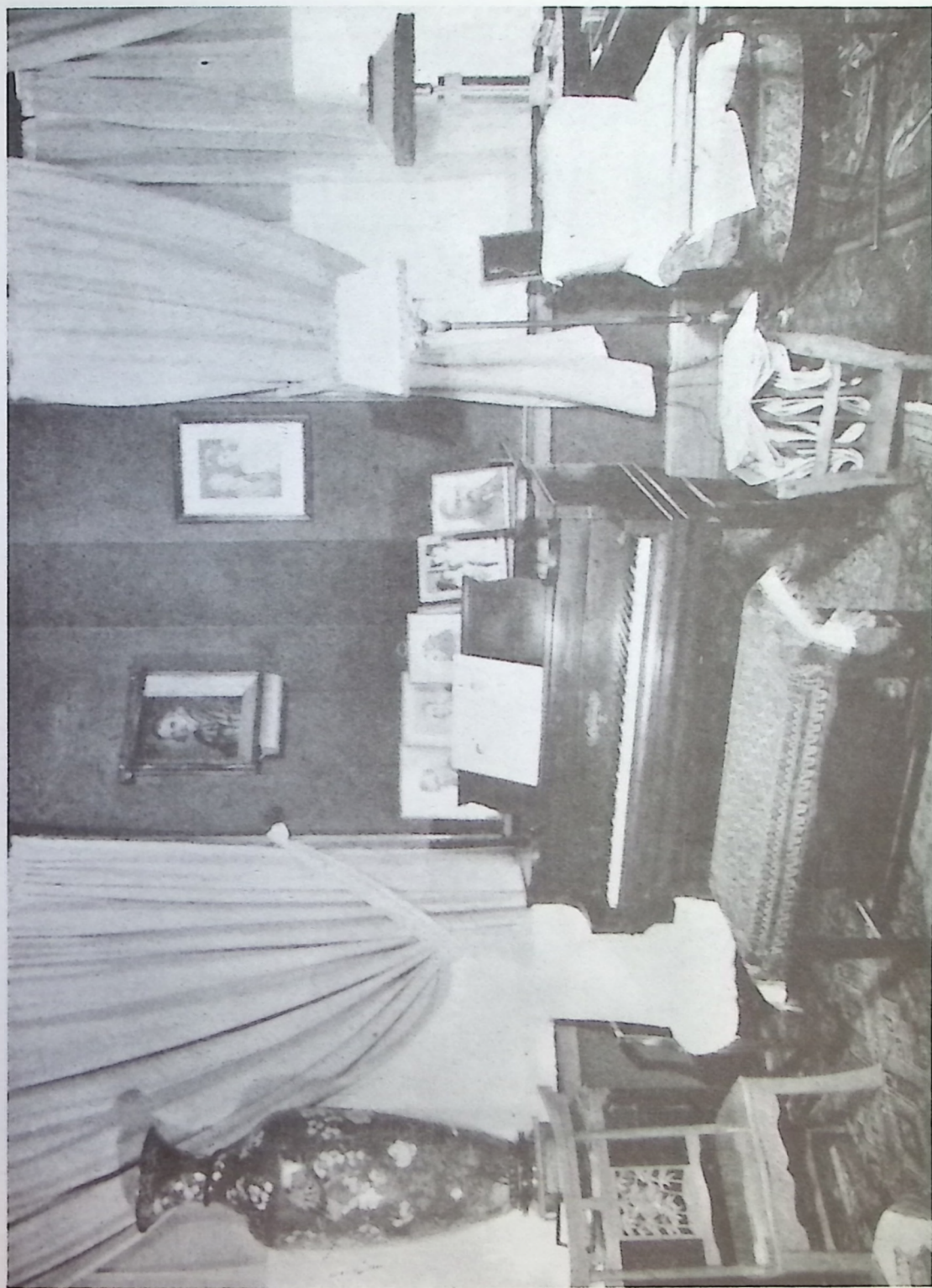
4. Deagan Celesta-Chimes equipment. See story of chimes. Erected on Inspiration Point, Up-E-Nul, FSC Administration Building Tower.



5. In the home of author. Entrance Hall. Figure is one solid piece of Japanese cherry. Japanese Dragon.



6. *In the home of author. Northeast corner of Music Room. Carrara marble head of The Christus. On right wall is a Hakemona.*



7. In the home of author. Southeast corner of Music Room. Picture of B.J. above is Japanese embroidery. Vase at left is ox blood cloisonne.



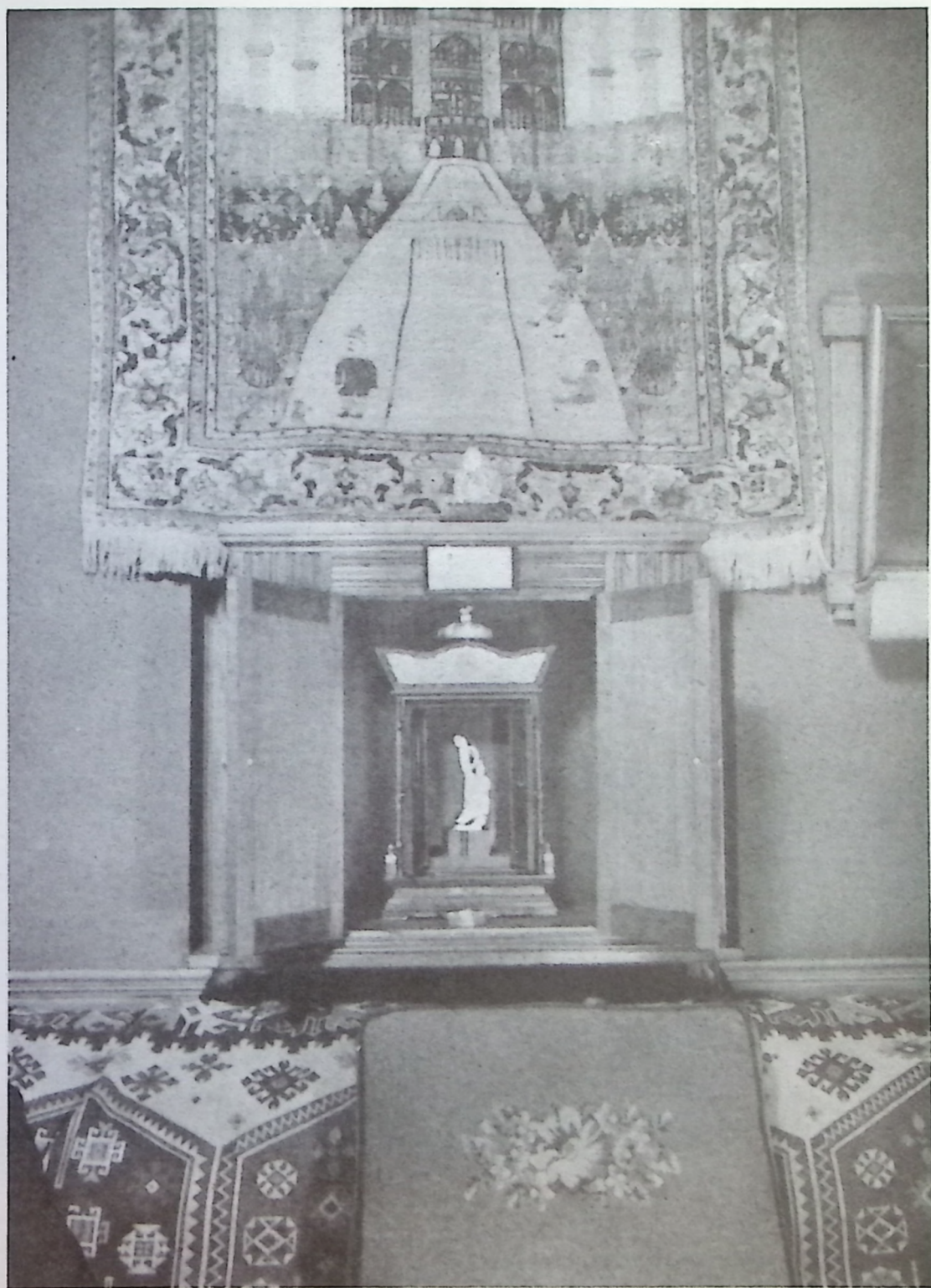
8. In the home of author. Southeast corner of Music Room. Pipe organ in manual in rear. Ox blood cloisonne vases at right. Oriental rugs on floor.



9. *In the home of author. North wall of Music Room. Pipe organ manual below.
Oil painting of B.J. by Raymond P. R. Neilson.*



10. In the home of author. Closer view of pair of ox-blood cloisonne vases.
Below, center, a Tibetan 400-pound incense burner.



11. In the home of author. Above, all silk rug depicting Taj Mahal. Below, a gorgeous cloisonné Chinese Imperial Shrine in shadow box made from wood of Chase mansion.



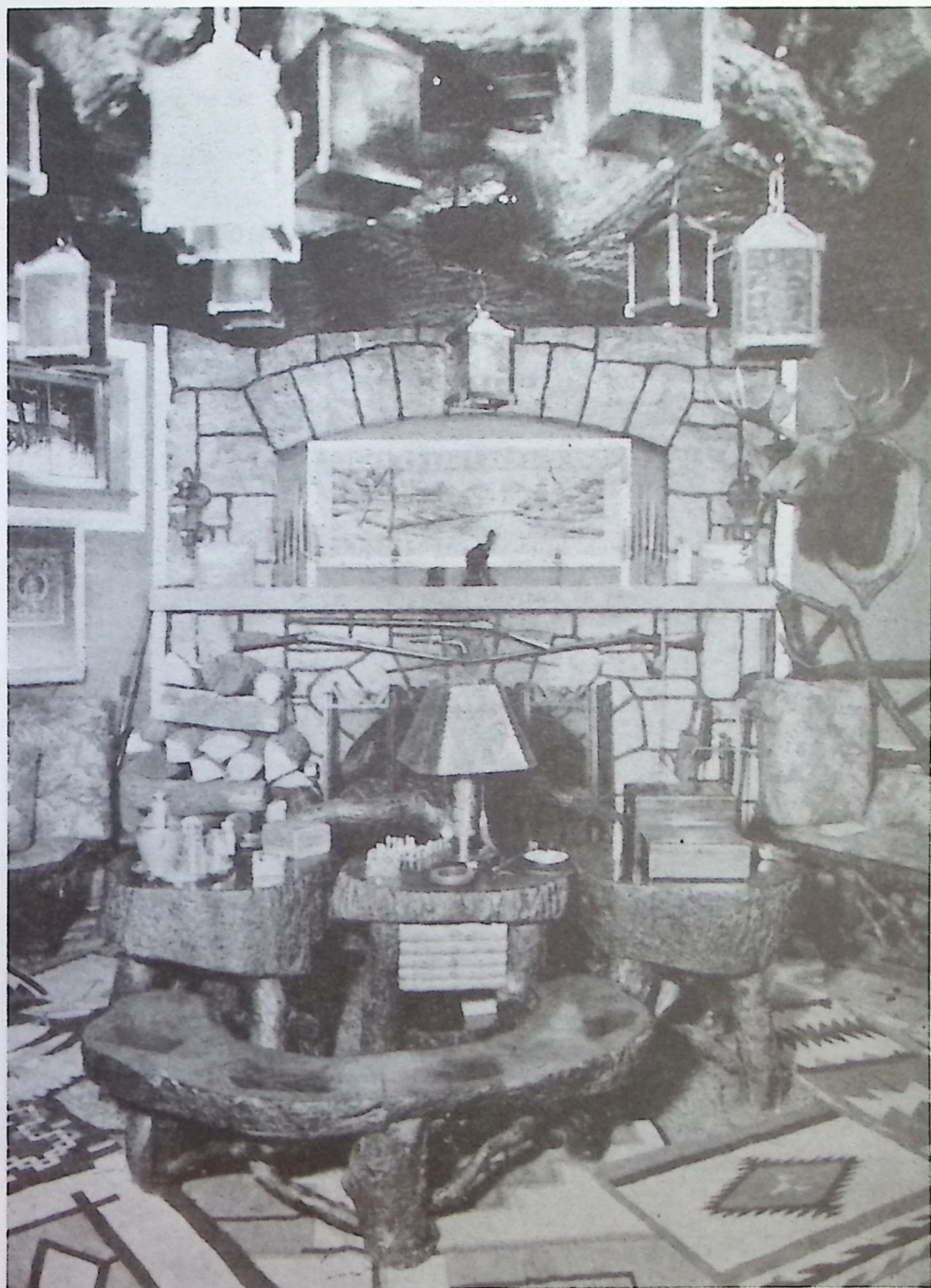
12. In the home of author. Looking from Music Room towards Rustic Room.



13. In the home of author. Looking from Music Room towards Rustic Room. Shows comparative size of 350-year-old white oak tree trunks supporting cross-trees above.



14. In the home of author. Rustic Room looking towards northwest corner. All furniture in this room made from logs cut down to make way for new buildings on our properties. Moose head in rear. Bear up on log. Navajo rugs on floor.



15. In the home of author. Gigantic fireplace in Rustic Room. Picture above fireplace is Japanese embroidery of Mount Fujiyama. Over fireplace, "Ye canna' baith be comfortable an' gran'."



16. *In the home of author. Southwest corner of Rustic Room.*



17. In the home of author. Looking towards one of finest examples of 100-year-old Munich leaded glass windows. A favorite resting place of the author.



18. In the home of author. Part of the length of "the porch," looking from Music Room, through Rustic Room, towards Living Room. Shows cross-tree logs above.



19. In the home of author. Pictures above, left, and below, right, are Japanese embroideries. Right phone is inter-communicating between eighty-nine other phones of The PSC and its varied interests. Left phone is private unlisted line.



20. In the home of author. Rustic Room showing self-supporting log ceiling.



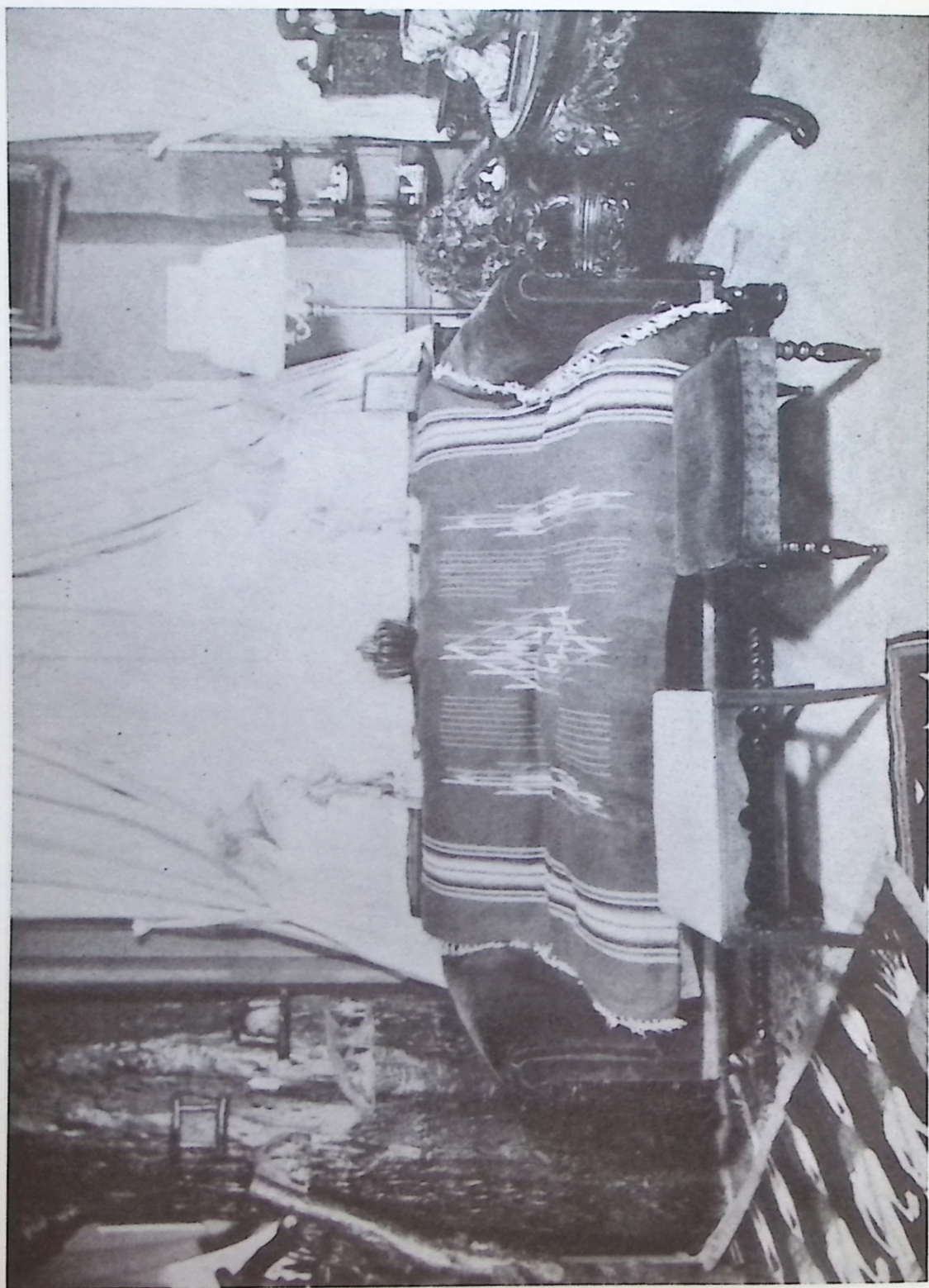
21. *In the home of author. Looking from Rustic Room to Living Room. Occasional table, and two cloisonné Chinese Imperial human figures. These are rare.*



22. In the home of author. Chinese hand-carved furniture.



23. In the home of author. Living Room. Two 3,000-year-old genuine Satsuma vases. History is in "Stepping Stones." Japanese carved-ivory Geisha Girl in center.



24. In the home of author. Living Room, looking east, showing log of Rustic Room on left. Chinese carved furniture on right.



25. In the home of author. Living Room, showing replicas of King Tut-Ankh-Amen furniture, including the famous Hathor Throne, Queen Ty-Ti's chair, Queen Cleopatra's chair, God Ra stool, etc. Foo dogs in background.



26. In the home of author. Living Room. Largest Japanese cloisonne vase in the world. Compare size.



27. *In the home of author. Two very large Chinese Imperial Foo Dogs above entrance to Oriental Solarium. (See description of these pieces in book.)*



28. *In the home of author. Living Room looking towards pantry. Elaborately carved Chinese bell frame with temple bell. Japanese habachie at base.*



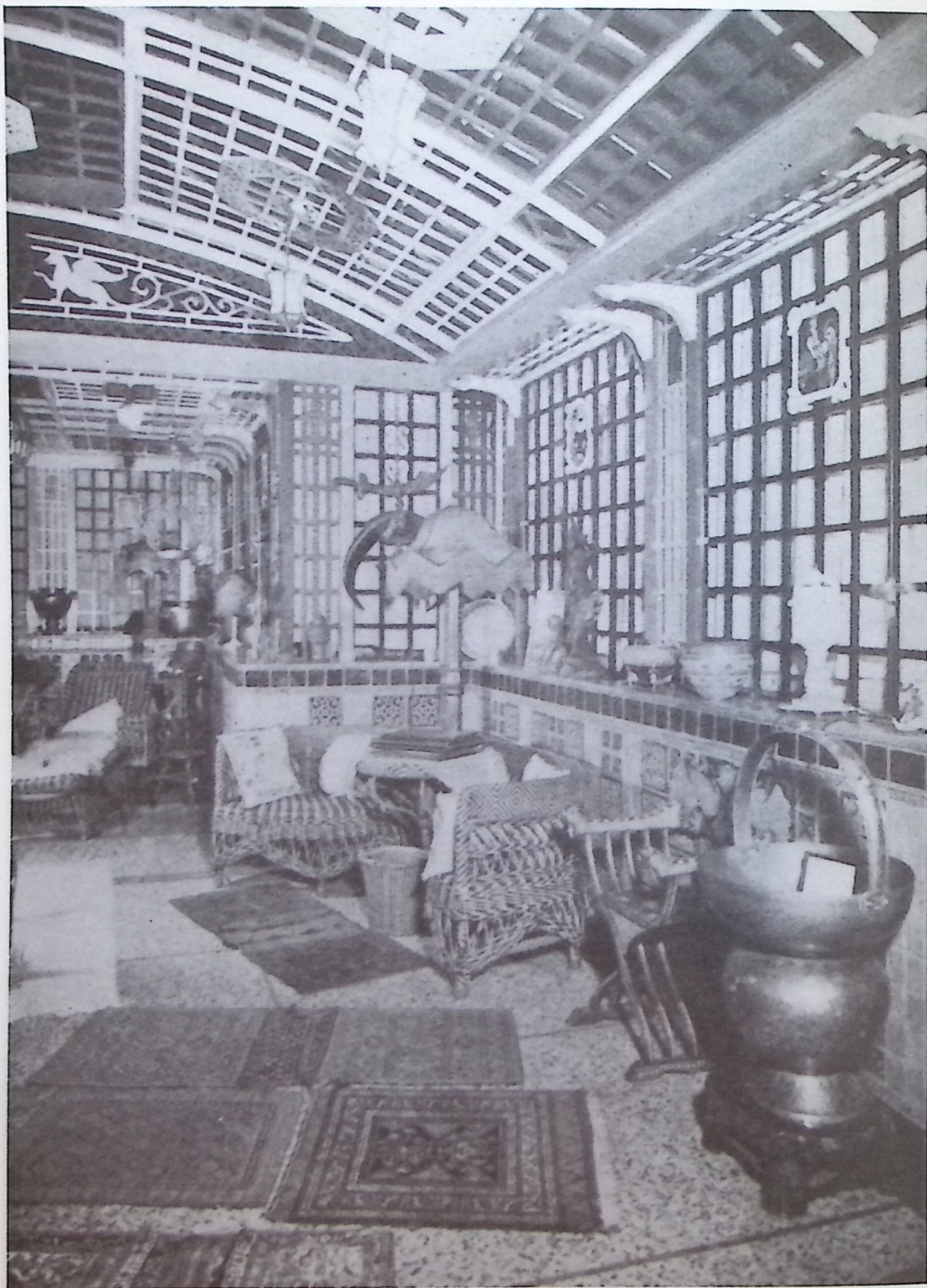
29. In the home of author. Dining Room, off of Living Room. All of these rooms are part of "the porch."



30. *In the home of author. Oriental Solarium, looking southeast. Entrance from porch at left.*



31. *In the home of author. Oriental Solarium, northeast corner.*



32. *In the home of author. Oriental Solarium, northeast corner of large room.*



33. *In the home of author. Oriental Solarium, southeast corner of small room.*



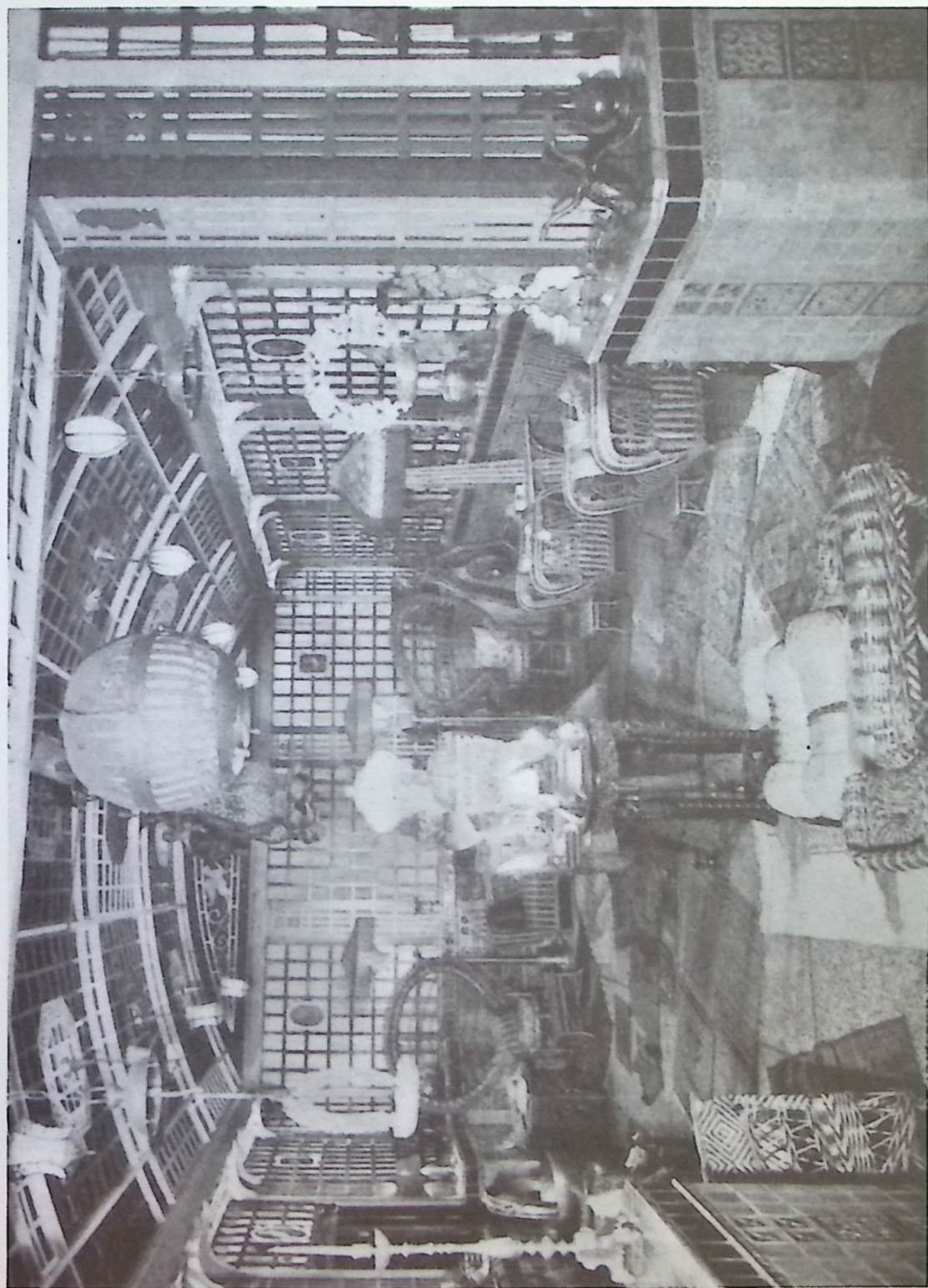
34. In the home of author. Oriental Solarium. Long view of west wall of large room.



35. *In the home of author. Oriental Solarium, northwest view of large room.*



36. In the home of author. Oriental Solarium, northwest corner of small room.



37. In the home of author. Oriental Solarium. Full length view of large room, from north to south.



38. *In the home of author. Oriental Solarium. Imperial Chinese cloisonne urn for Buddhist priest's ashes. (See description in book.)*



39. *In the home of author. Oriental Solarium. Imperial Chinese cloisonné incense burner. (See description in book.)*



40. *In the home of author. Oriental Solarium. Imperial Chinese cloisonné incense burner. (See description in book.)*



41. *In the home of author. Oriental Solarium. Imperial Chinese cloisonne incense burner. Ruler alongside gives comparison of size. (See description in book.)*



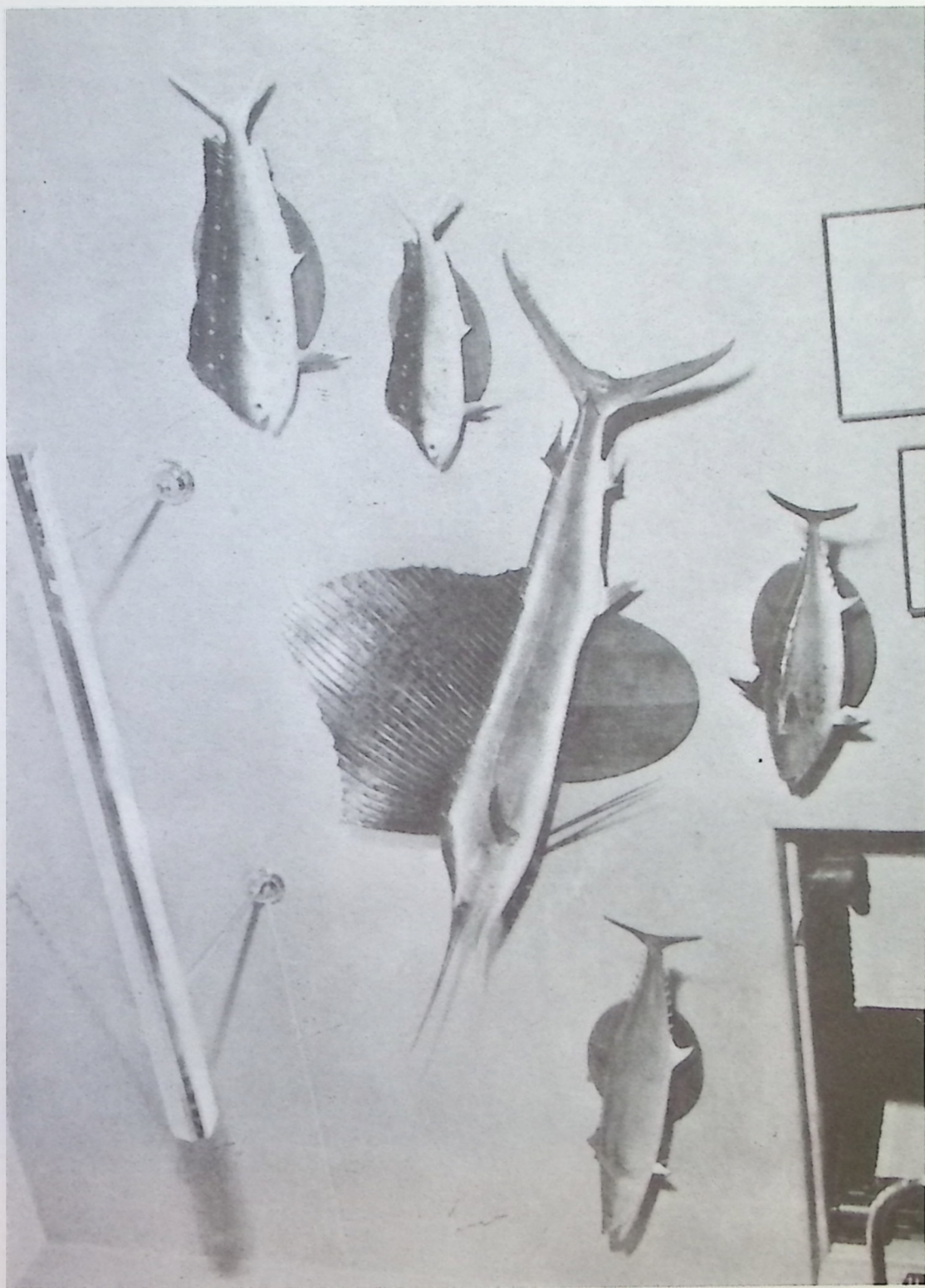
42. In the home of author. Oriental Solarium. Imperial Chinese cloisonné incense burner. Ruler gives comparison of size. (See description in book.)



43. *In the home of author. Oriental Solarium. Imperial Chinese cloisonne ice box or air-conditioner. (See description in book.)*



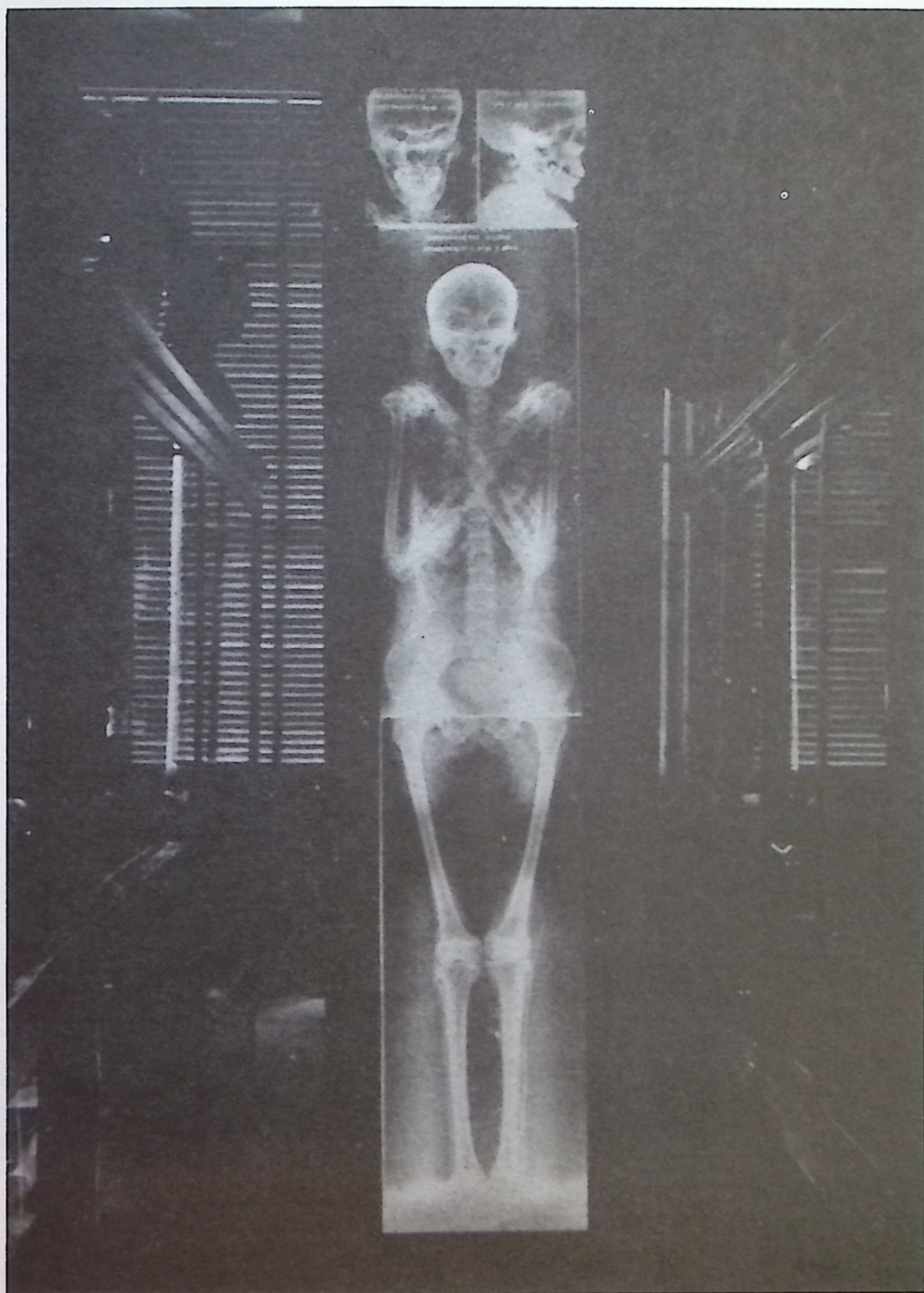
44. In Reception Room of The BJP Clinic. Prize catches. (See description in book.)



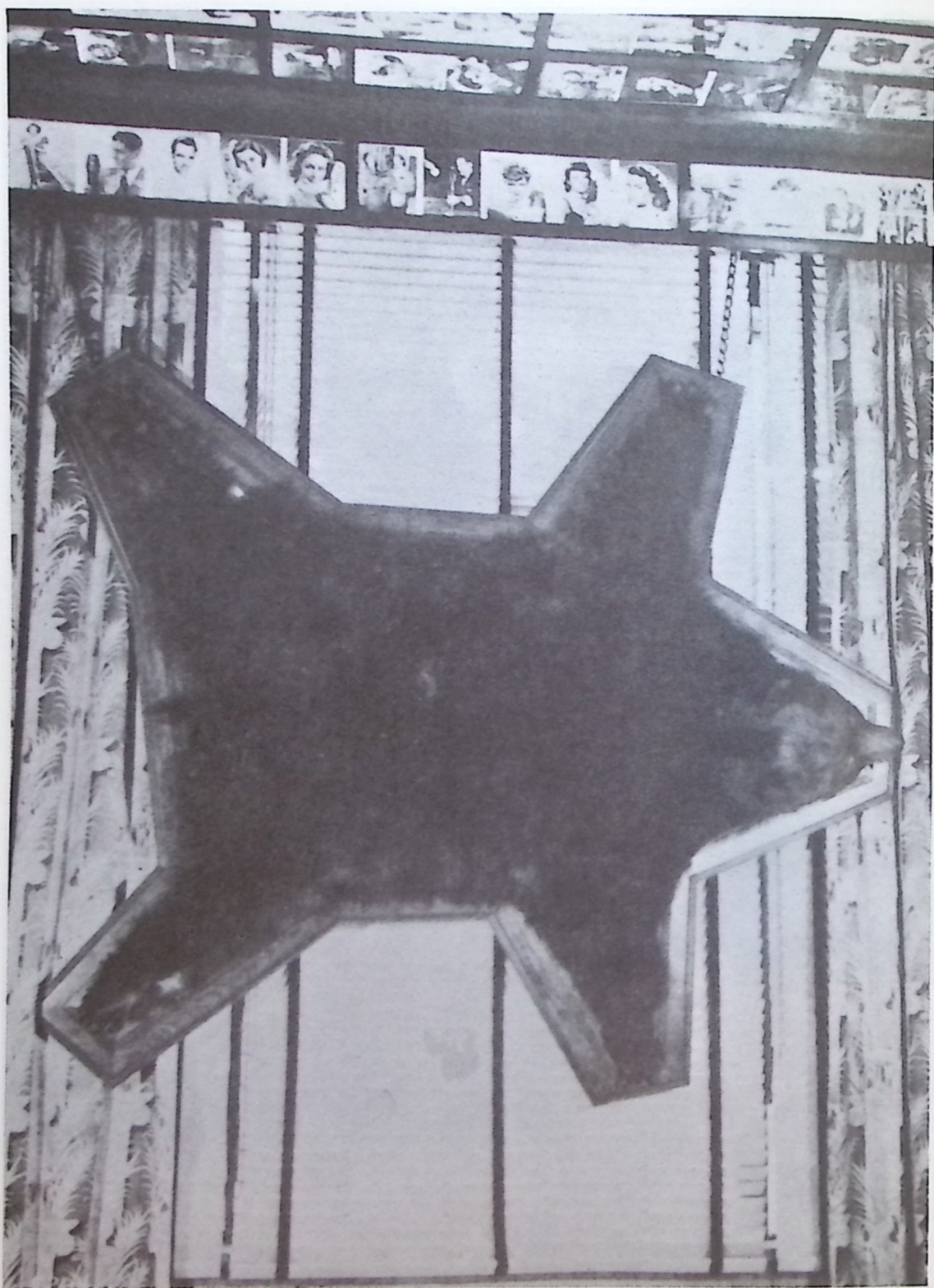
45. In Reception Room of The BJP Clinic. More prize catches. (See description in book.)



46. In Reception Room of The BJP Clinic. Famous Czar Nicholas carved ivory chess set. Gorgeous President Machado carved ivory chess set, in same show case. (See description in book.)



47. *In Osteological Laboratory Museum of The BJP Clinic. Radiograph of skeleton of Princess Meritaton. (See description in book.)*



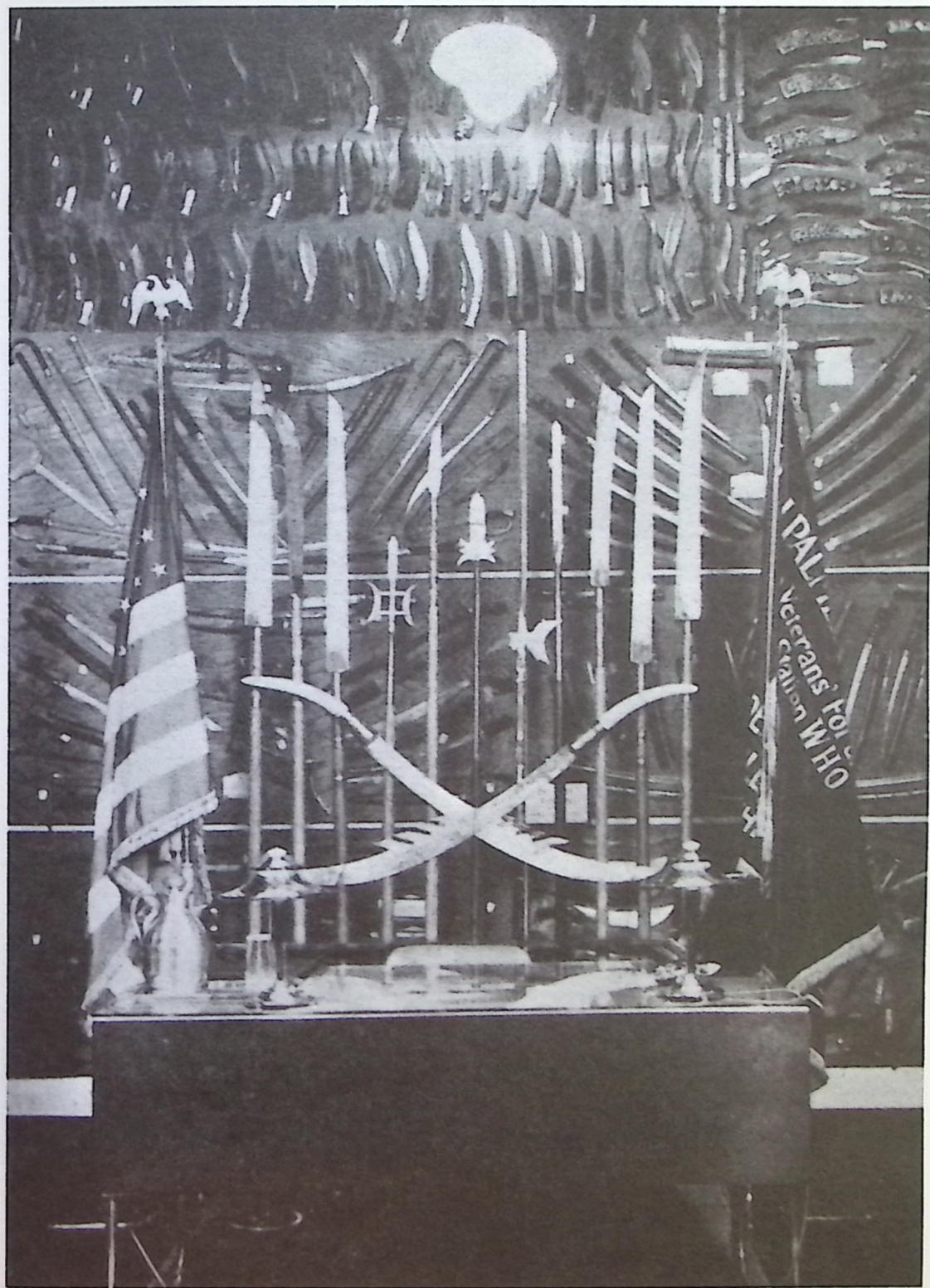
48. *In Assembly Hall of The BJP Clinic. Cinnamon bear hide.*



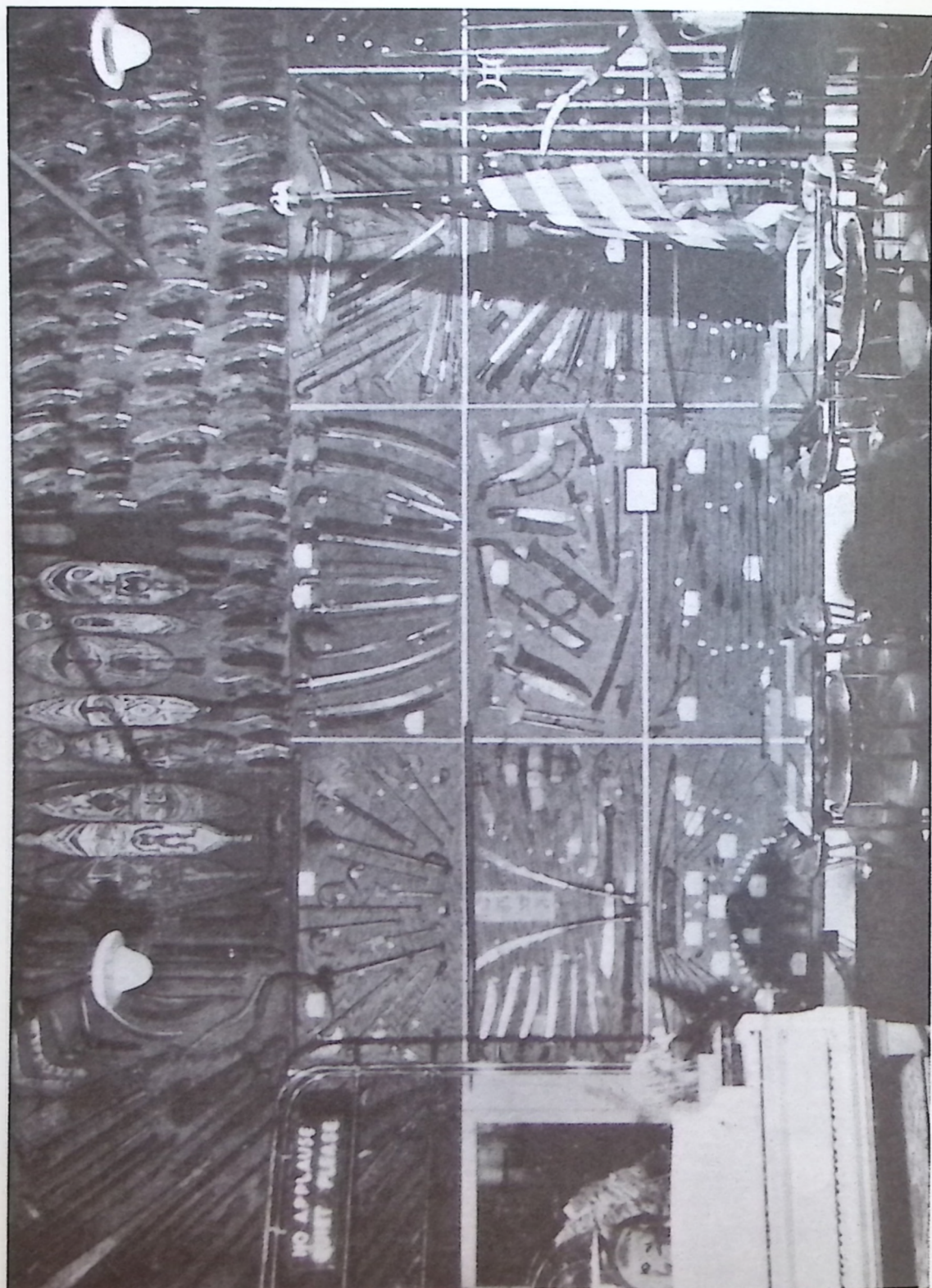
49. *In Assembly Hall of The BJP Clinic. Polar bear hide. B.J. has his elk head, moose head, bison head, and two bears.*



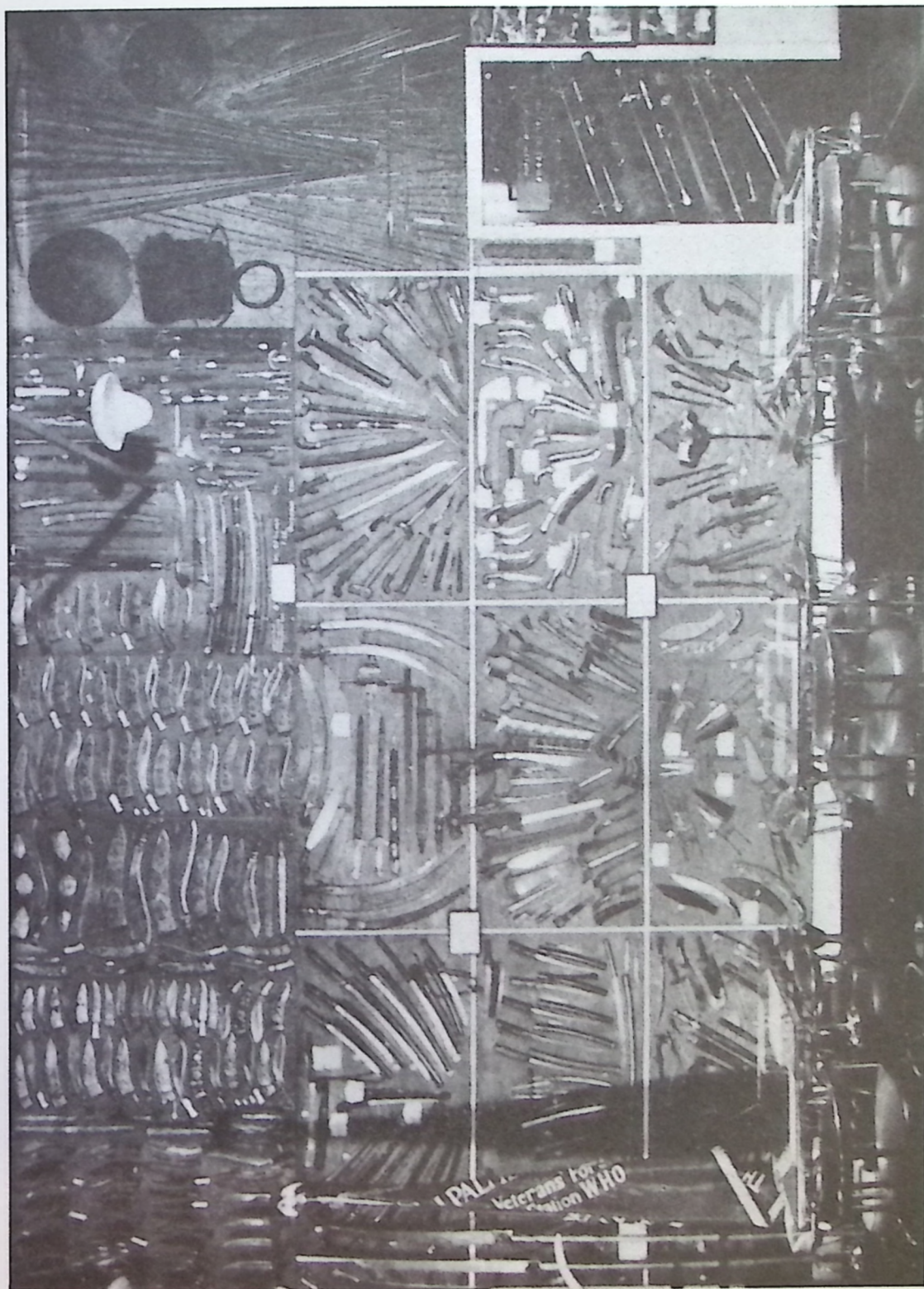
50. In Assembly Hall of The BJP Clinic. The Colors.



51. *In Assembly Hall of The BJP Clinic, behind speaker's rostrum. Part of the greatest collection of "blades" in America.*



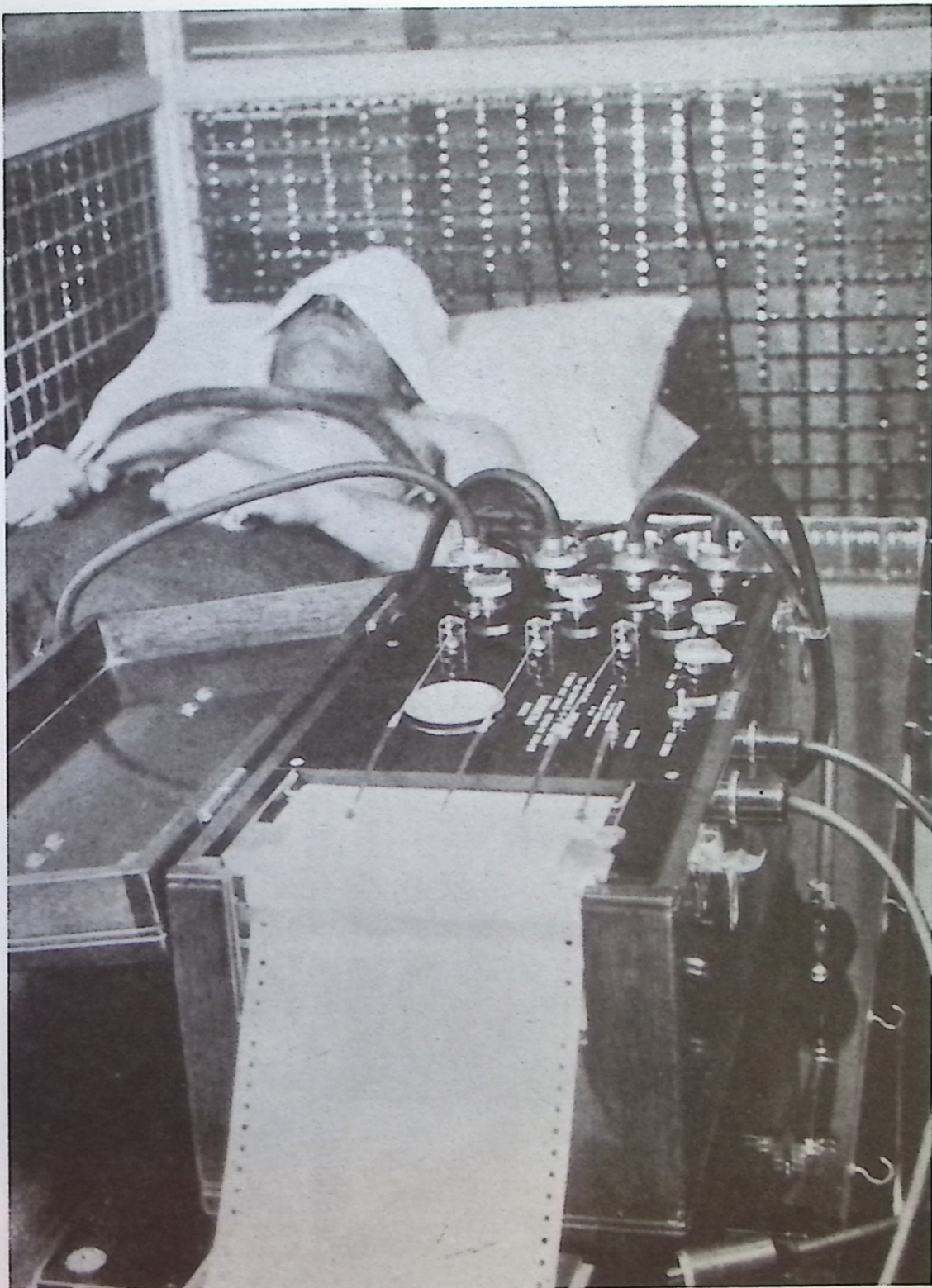
52. In Assembly Hall of The BJP Clinic. View of another part of the collection of "blades."



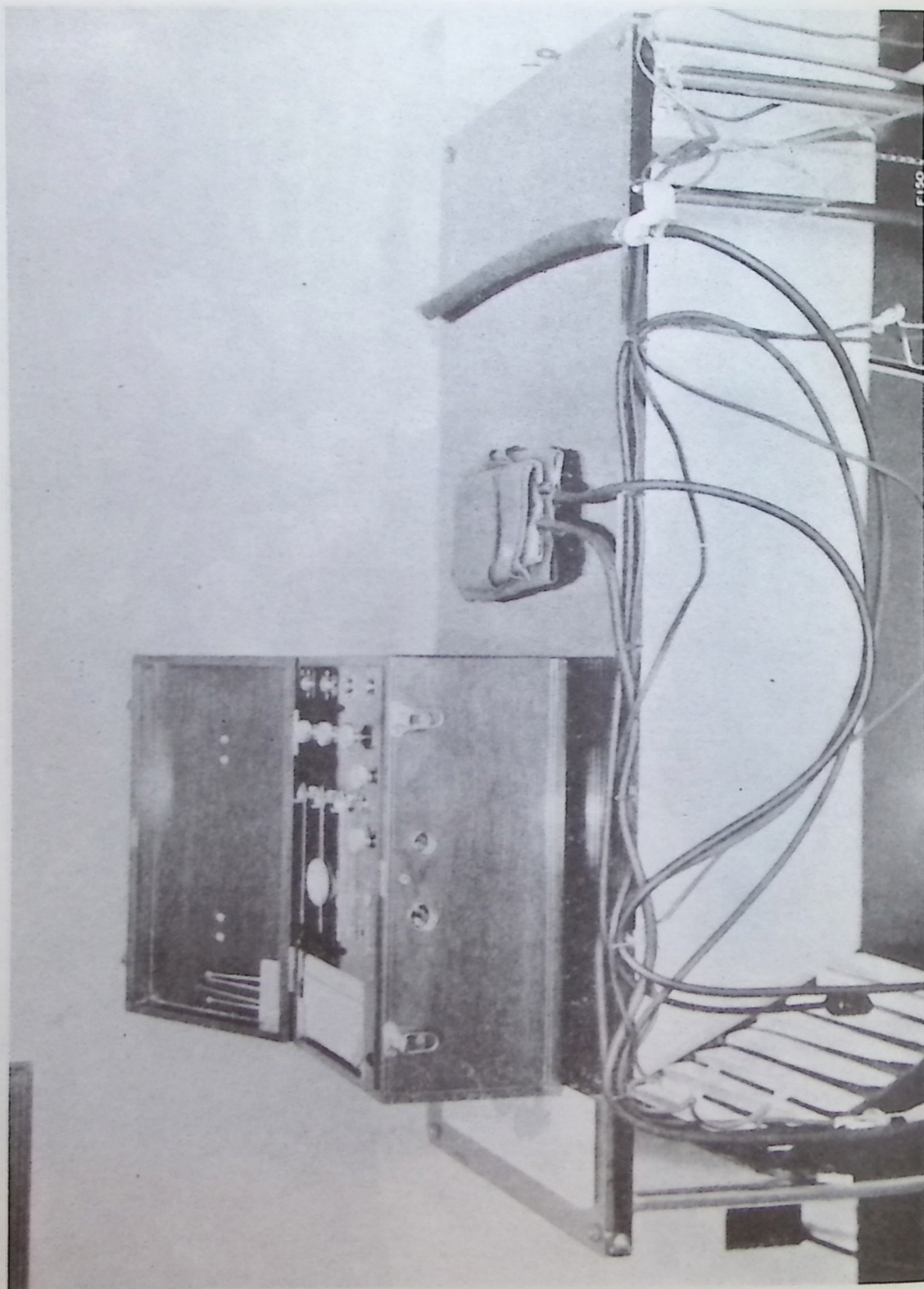
53. In Assembly Hall of The BJP Clinic. View of another section of the collection of "blades."



54. In Electroencephaloneuromyography Lab. of The BJP Clinic. Taking a "lie detector" test of a suspect.



55. *The Keeler Polygraph recording a "truth detector" test in the labs of The BJP Clinic.*



56. As simple as it appears, this "lie detector" equipment has a 100 per cent record of acquittals or convictions in tests made so far.



57. In the back yard of home of author. The serpent was cast out of heaven. It has been done here.



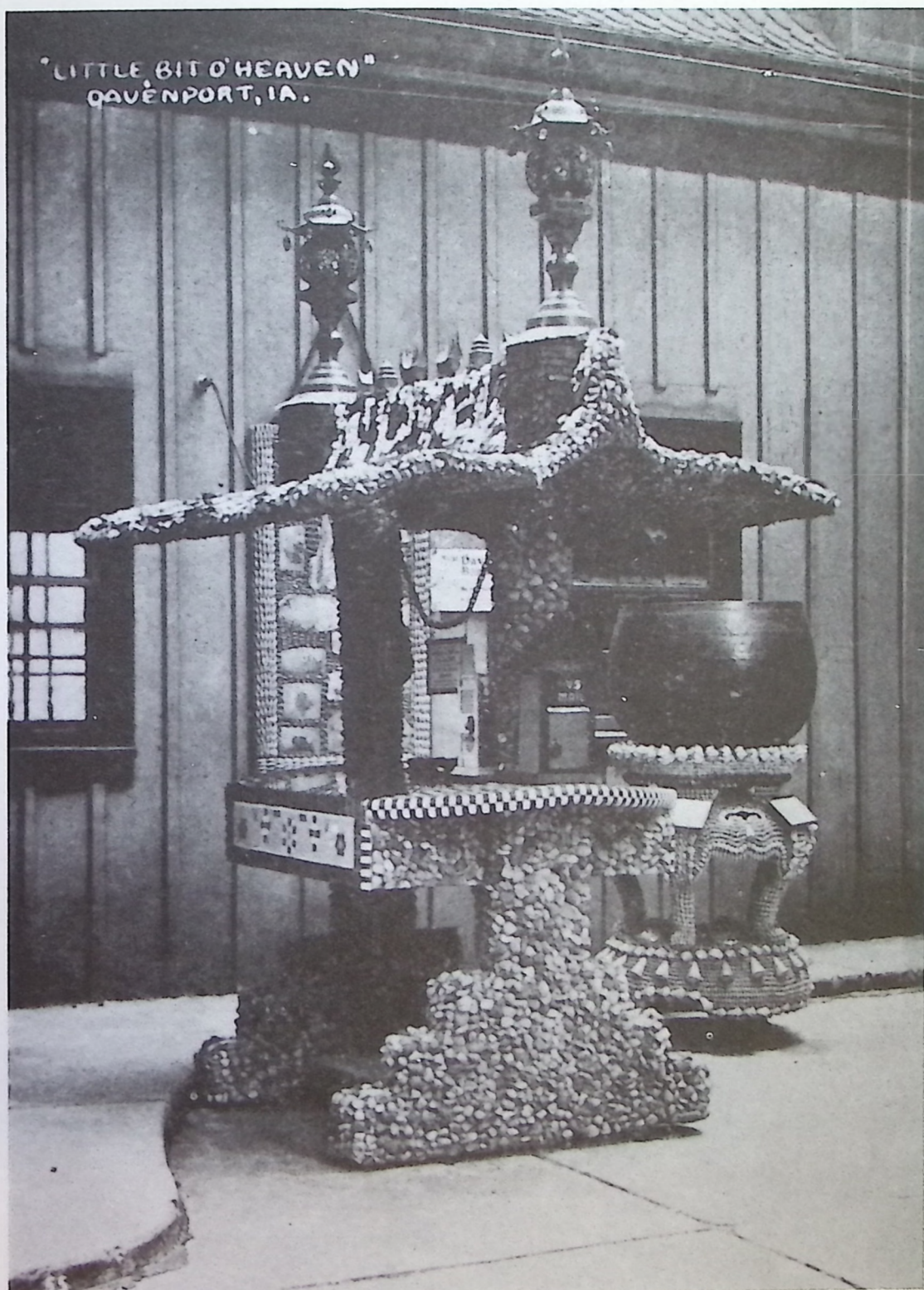
58. *The Shrine of The Wishing Buddha in A Little Bit O' Heaven.*



59. *The Wishing Buddha—largest Buddha ever to leave Japan.
Bronze. 1,100 years old. (See description in book.)*



60. Largest giant clam shells in the world. 449 pounds. In *A Little Bit O' Heaven*.



61. *Everywhere in A Little Bit O' Heaven is the touch of the Orient.
Large temple bell at right.*



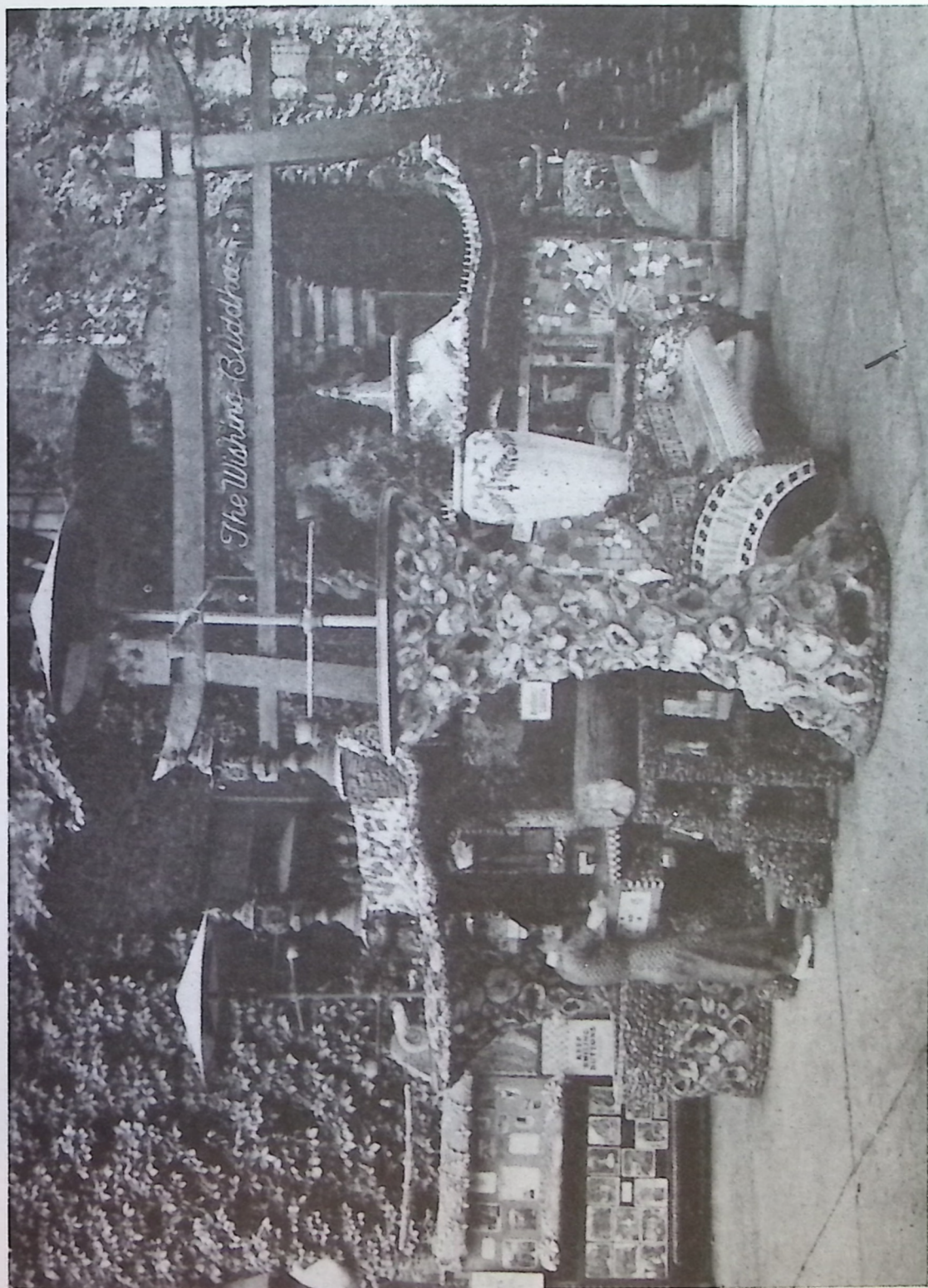
62. *The Buddha of Wisdom. Granite. In A Little Bit O' Heaven.*



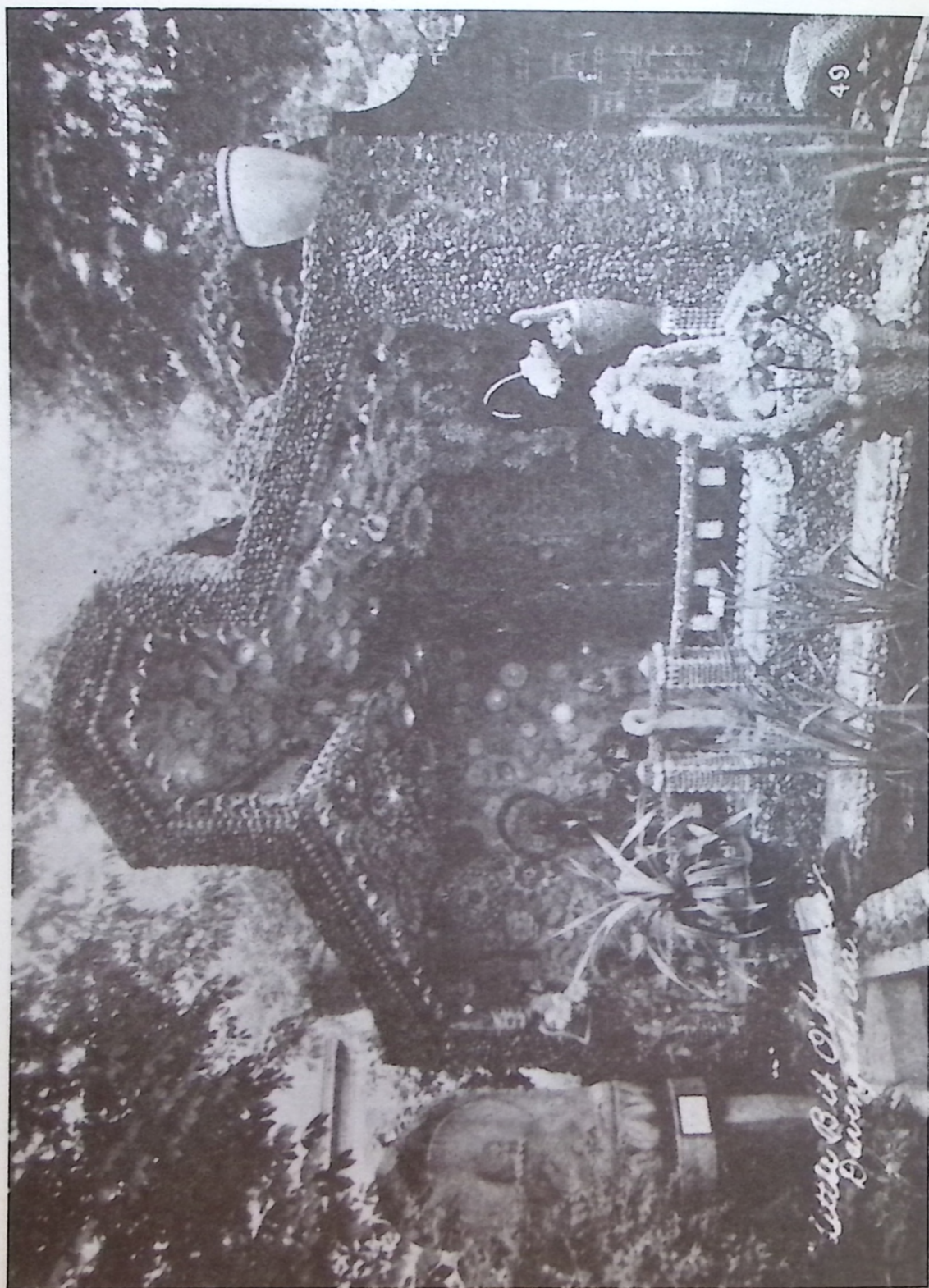
63. *One of many granite Siamese Buddha heads surrounding a pool in the outer yard of A Little Bit O' Heaven.*



64. The Laughing Buddha, cut out of volcanic lava. In outer yard of A Little Bit O' Heaven.



65. Entrance to The Shrine of The Wishing Buddha. It consists of the Pagoda House, Torii, Bell Tower with many bells, the Shrine itself, and the Shrine of Monju and Fugen.



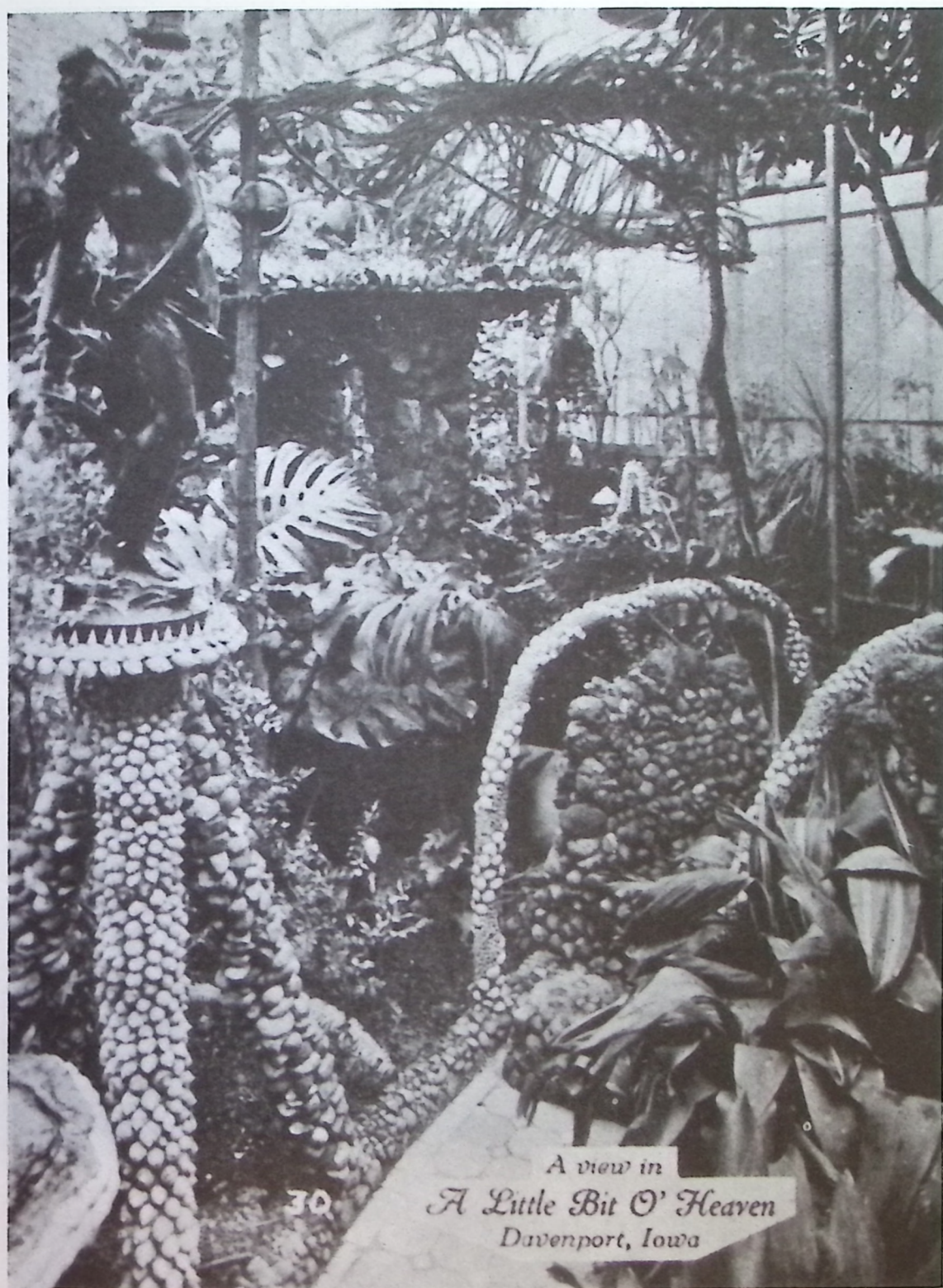
66. The Shrine of Monju and Fugen, the beloved disciples of Gautama Buddha.



67. *Monju, the Beloved disciple of Buddha. Equivalent to our St. John of the Christ. One cast bronze—nobody knows how it was done and it could not be duplicated today.*



68. Fugen, the Beloved Disciple of Buddha. Equivalent to our St. Peter of the Christ. One cast bronze—an unknown art today. The shrine background is made entirely of shells.



69. In *A Little Bit O' Heaven*, in the yard of the home of author. Bronze statue on left.



70. In A Little Bit O' Heaven. Italian bronze statue. Waterfalls.



71. In *A Little Bit O' Heaven*. *The Birth of Venus*—an original Carrara marble by Bruno. Weighs five tons.



72. *Side view of The Birth of Venus in A Little Bit O' Heaven.*



73. *Ganesha—one of the Hindu Gods from the Island of Bali. In the outer yard of A Little Bit O' Heaven.*



74. *Kali the Killer—one of the Hindu gods from the Island of Bali.
In the outer yard of A Little Bit O' Heaven.*



75. *Vishnu—one of the Hindu Gods from the Island of Bali. The only other set ever to leave Bali is in the Imperial Gardens of the Emperor of Siam.*



76. *Another one of the Hindu Gods in outer yard of A Little Bit O' Heaven.*



77. *Brahma—one of the Hindu Gods in outer yard of A Little Bit O' Heaven.*



78. *Shiva—another of the Hindu Gods found in the outer yard of A Little Bit O' Heaven. Each is carved from one solid piece of rock.*



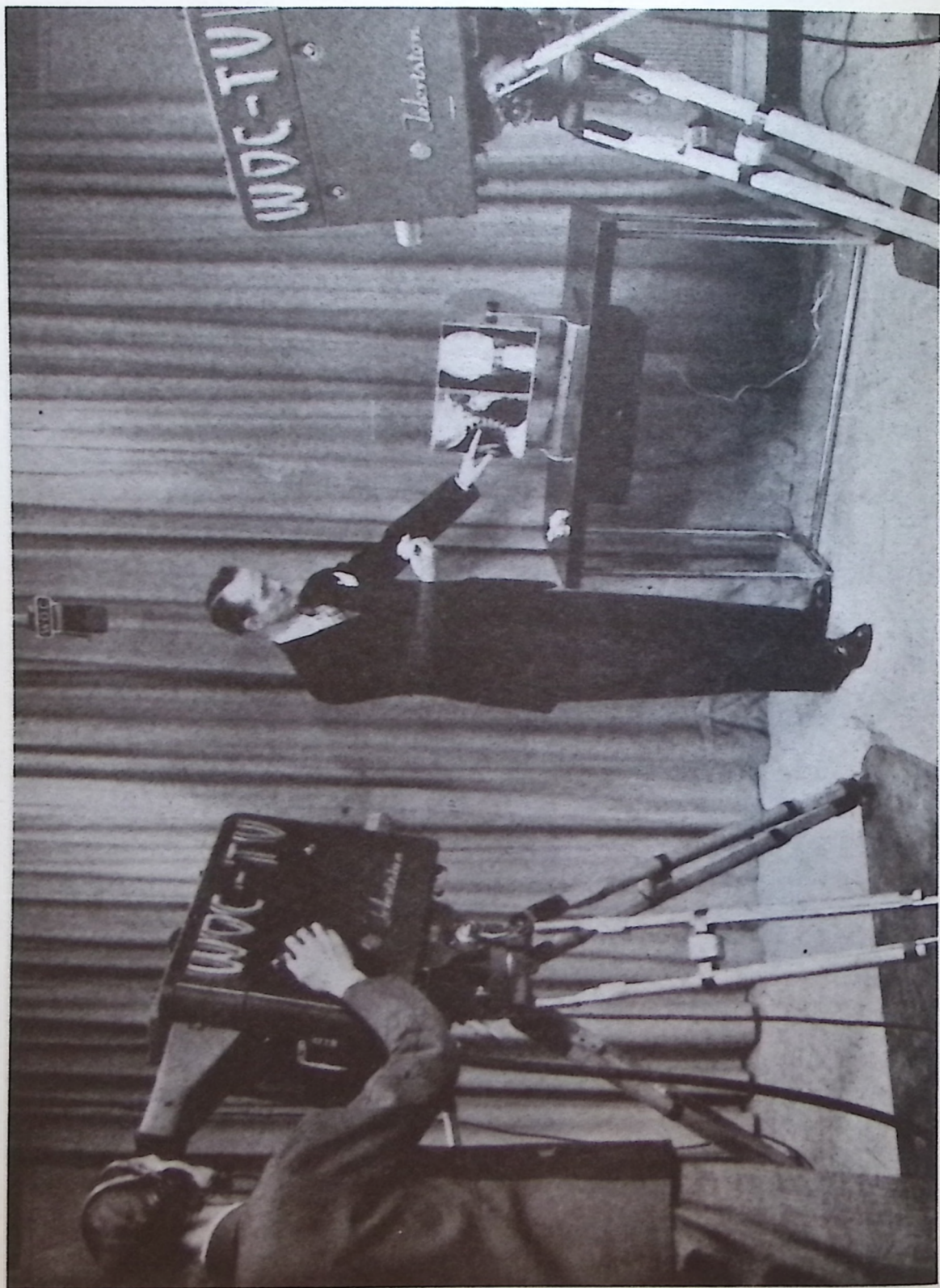
79. *Hanoman, the Monkey God of the Hindu Faith. In outer yard of
A Little Bit O' Heaven.*



80. Indra—one of the Hindu Gods from the Island of Bali. In outer yard of A Little Bit O' Heaven. One and one-half million people have visited this famous place.



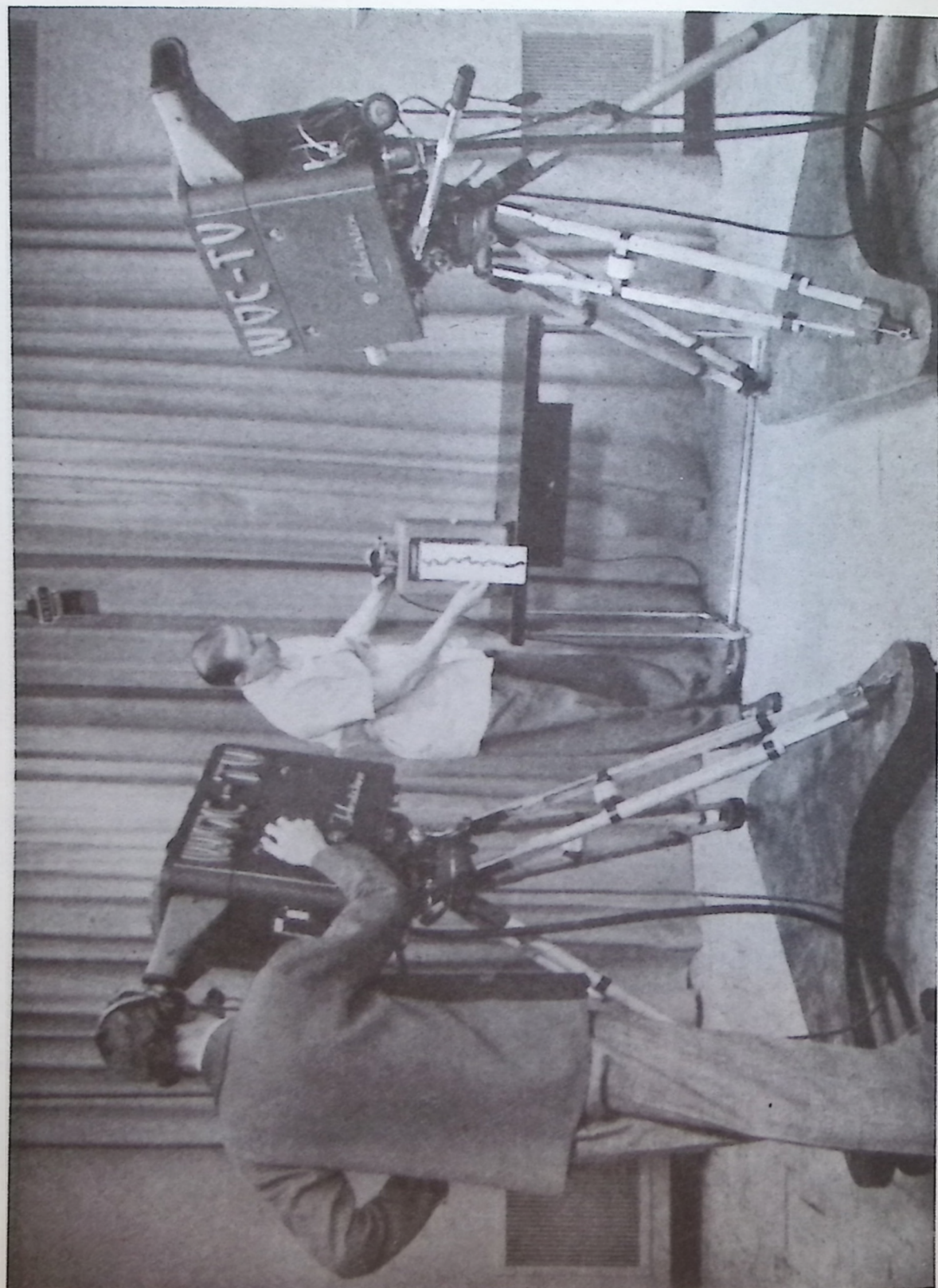
81. For first time in history of Chiropractic, television will be used in 1949 to teach Chiropractic technique at The PSC Pre-Lyceum and Lyceum.



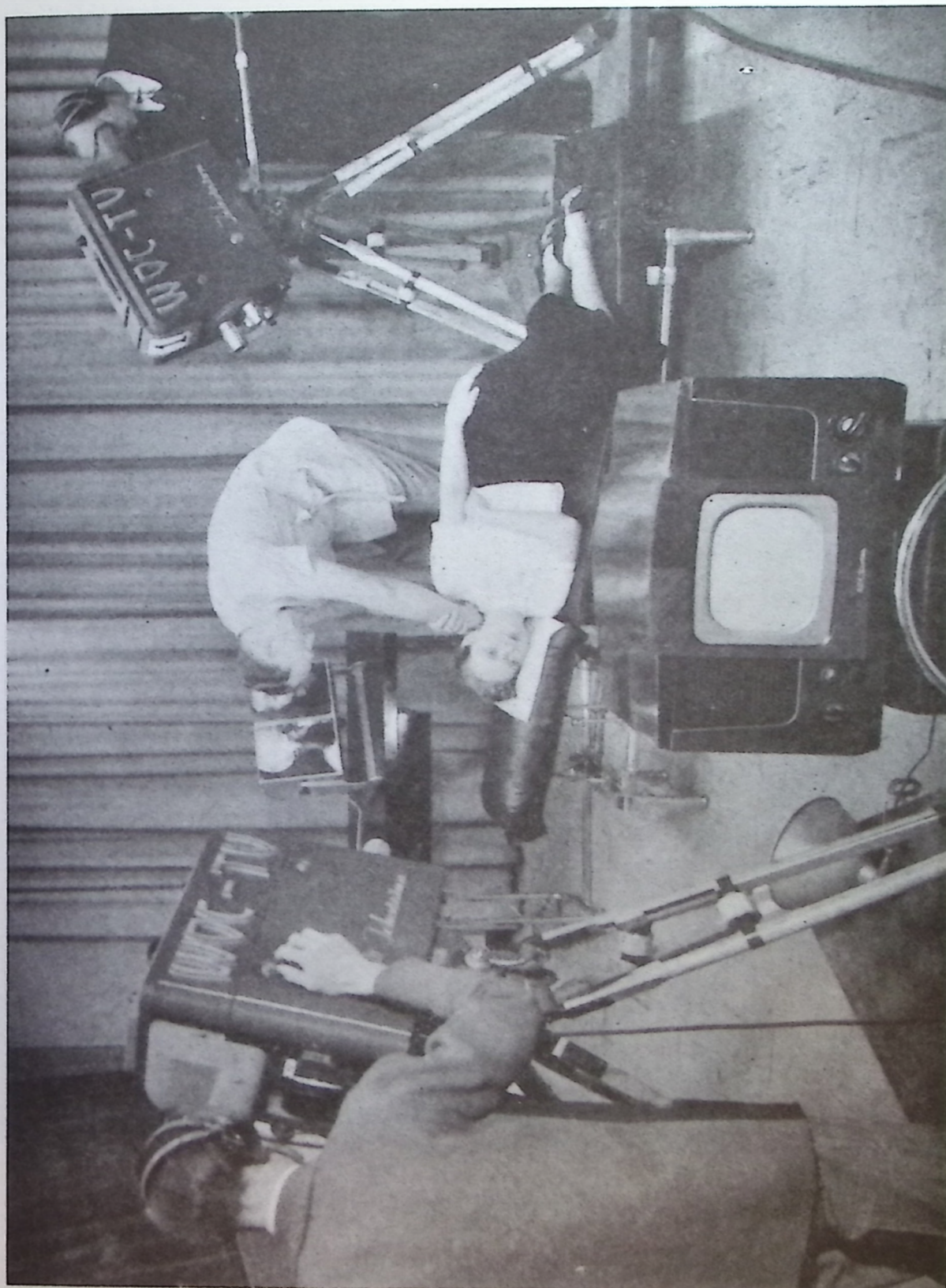
82. Chiropractic technique will be televised through television sets variously distributed throughout the air-conditioned auditorium and throughout The PSC new fireproof tent, giving close range vision of every detail.



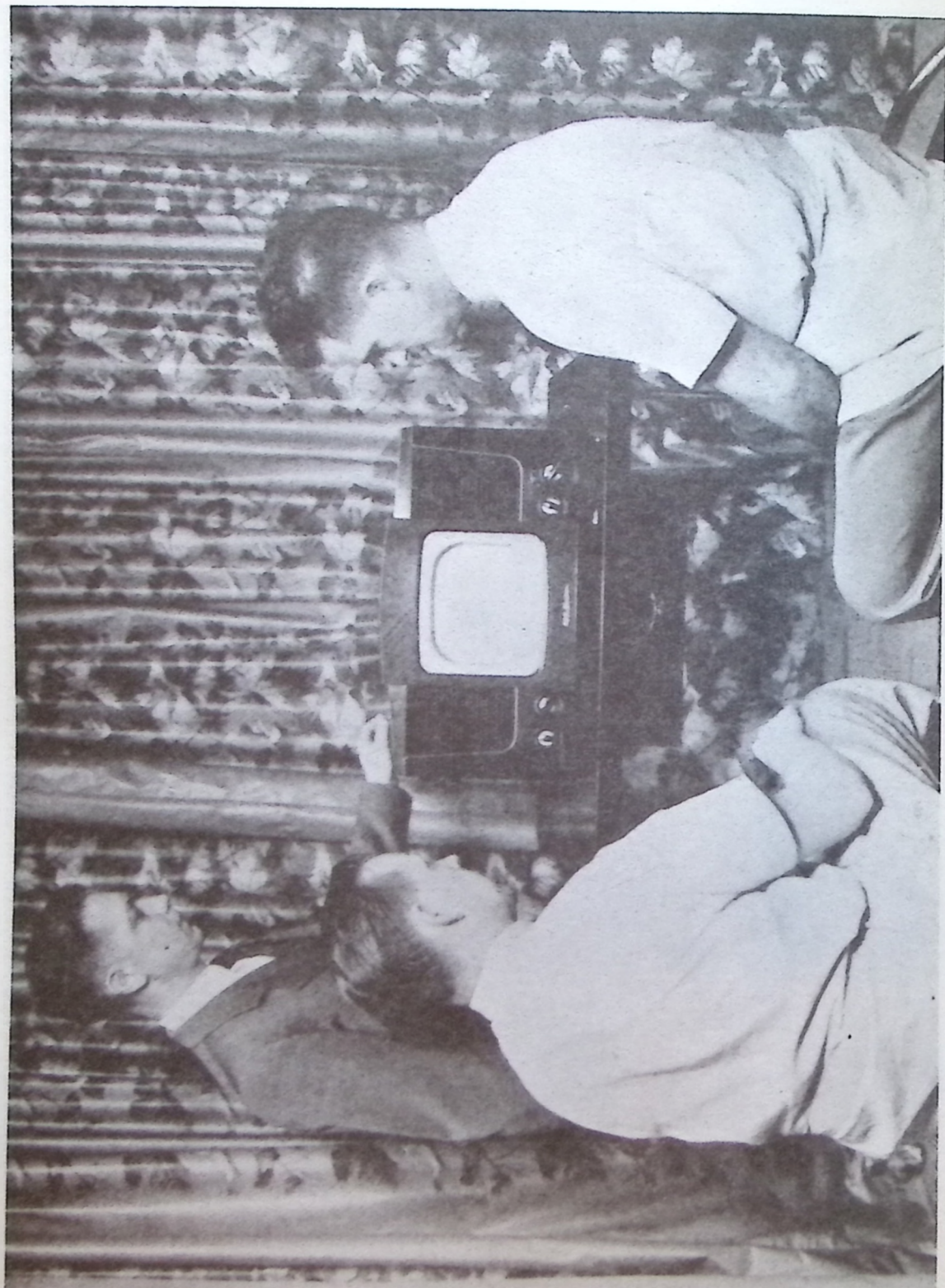
83. This shows how WOC-TV will pick up at close range detail of Chiropractic technique.



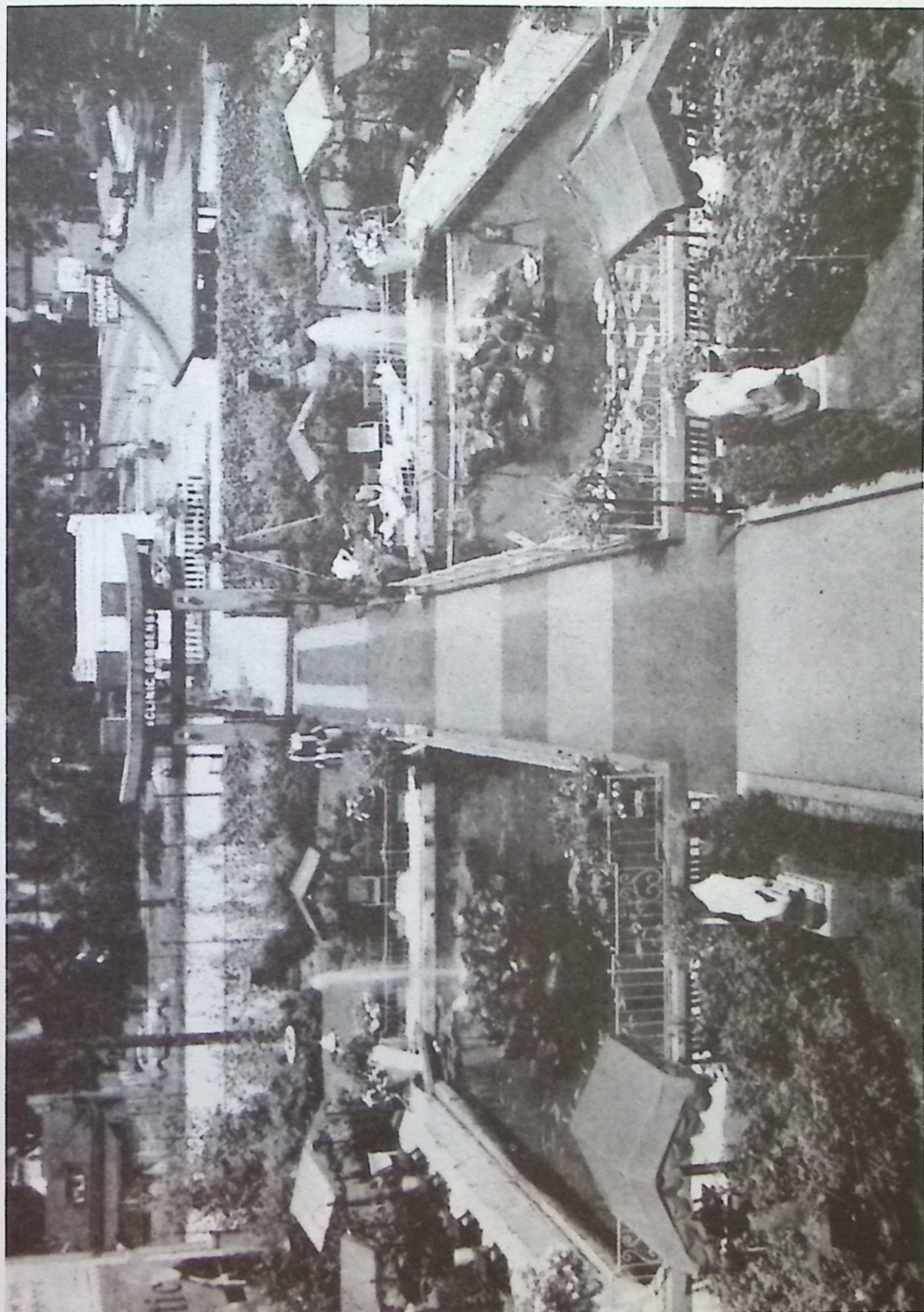
84. Demonstration of Neurocalometer-Neurocalograph technique which will be used at Pre-Lyceum and Lyceum for first time in 1949.



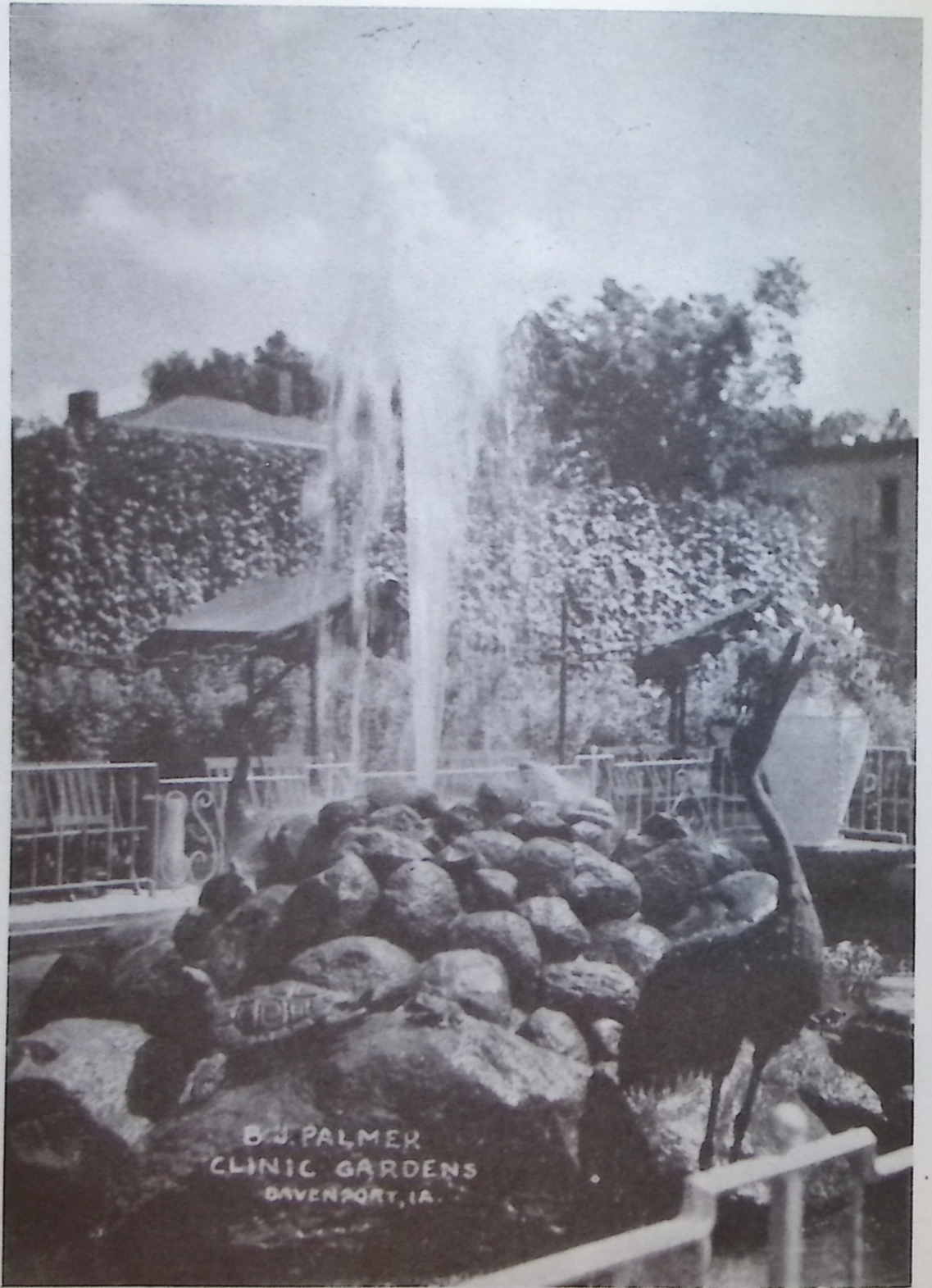
85. The Chiropractic adjustment will be shown at close range, picked-up with television cameras and then reproduced for all eyes to see, no matter how many are present.



86. This shows how WOC-TV will be seen by Chiropractors attending 1949 PSC Pre-Lyceum and Lyceum. Only The PSC, in conjunction with its WOC-TV station, can do this work.



87. The BJP-CC Gardens, looking down from upstairs. Views of The BJP Clinic are not shown here, but are fully illustrated in the elaborate BJP Clinic brochure. (Can be had upon request.)



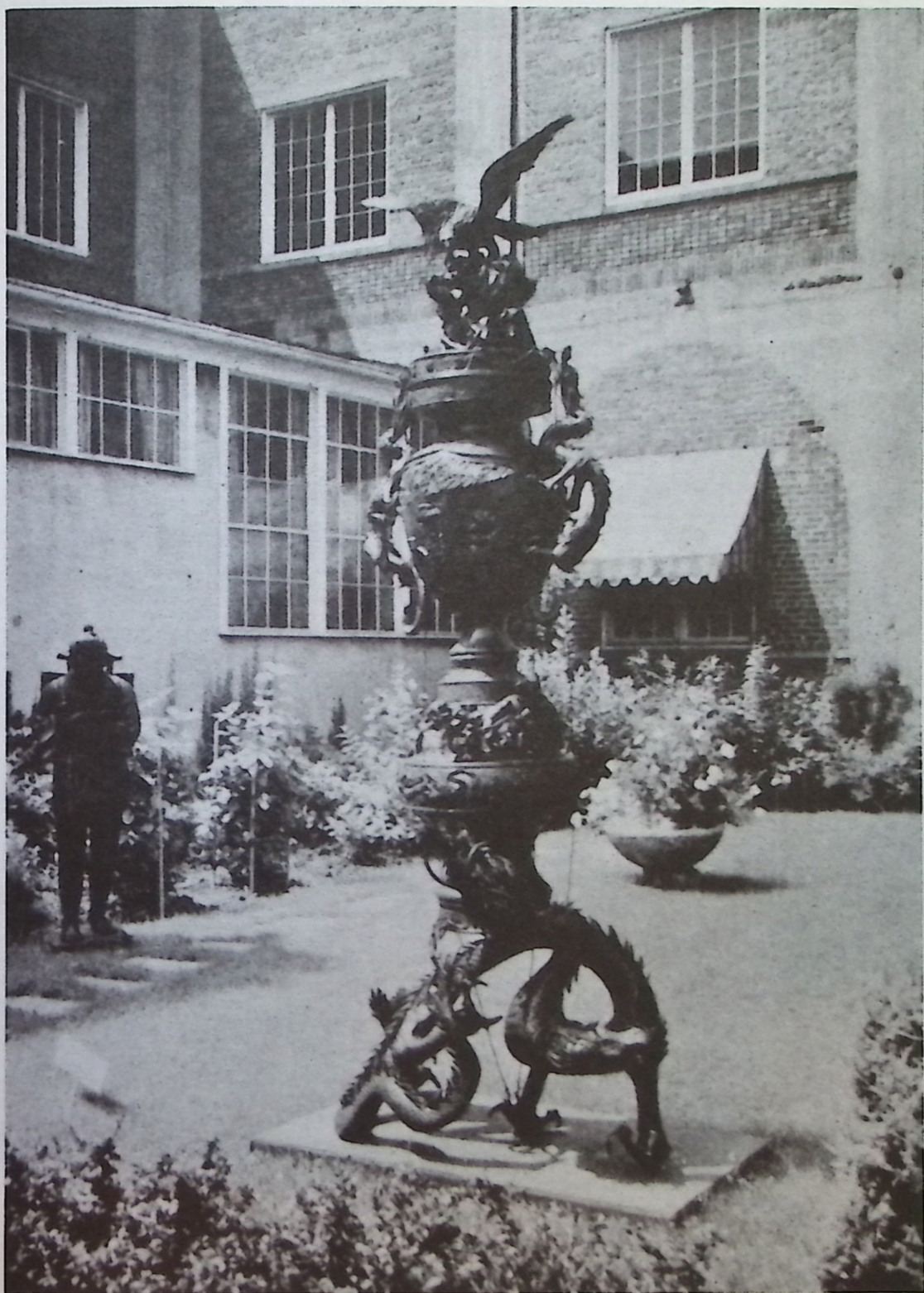
88. One of two fountains in goldfish pools in The BJP-CC Gardens.



89. Other of two fountains in goldfish pools in The BJP-CC Gardens. Note large goldfish.



90. *Anchor and Chain of The Cabrillo Pirate Ship. (See full description in book.)*



91. *Finest modern Japanese bronze casting in the United States. (See description in book.)*



92. Bronze zoo in The BJP-CC Gardens. Deer and bull with boy rider.



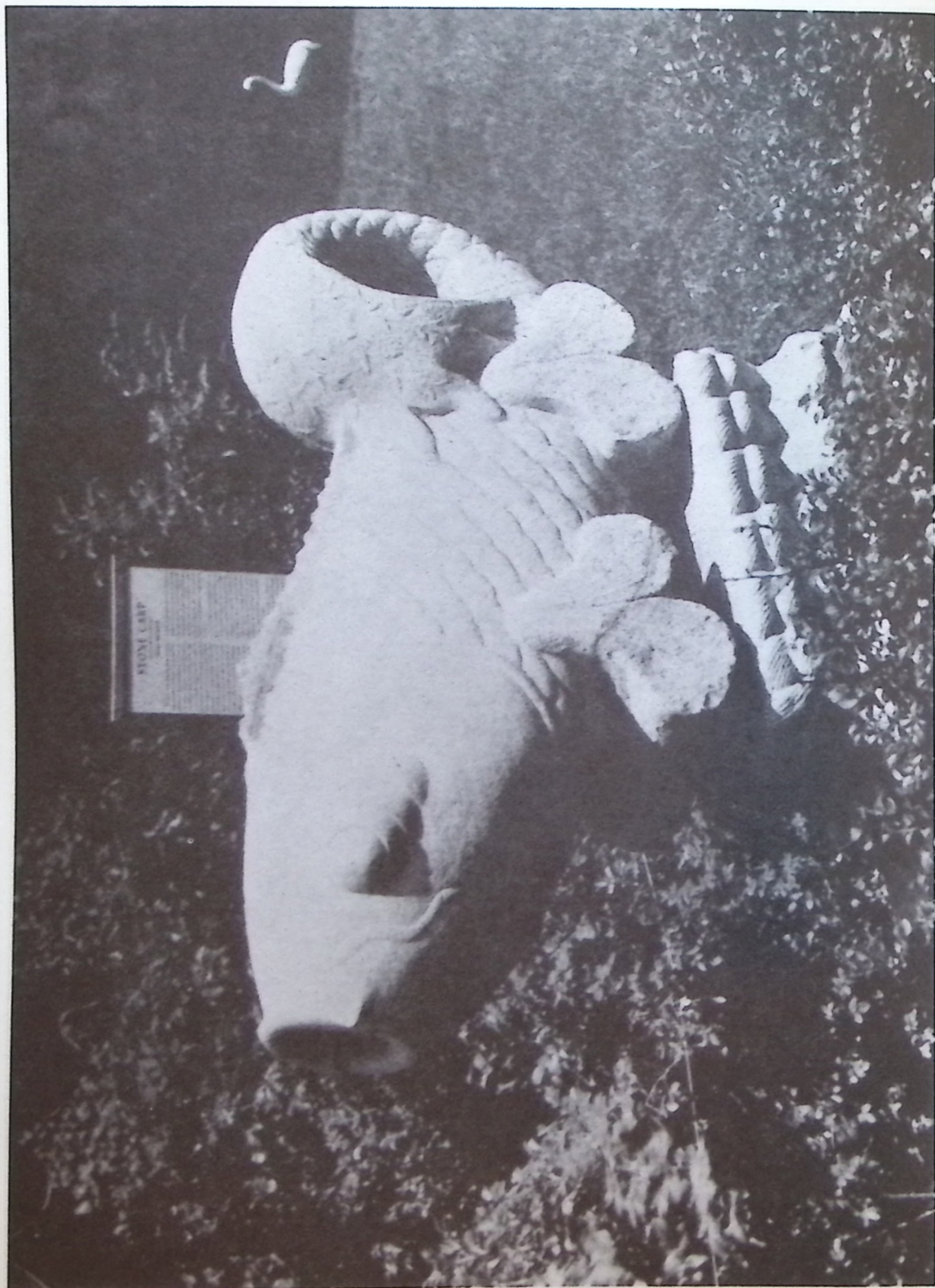
93. *Japanese woodchopper, reading book. Bronze. In The BJP-CC Gardens.*



94. *Large bronze Buddha, gold leaf covered, with two bronze warrior protectors on sides; three alms beggars in front. In The BJP-CC Gardens. (See description in book.)*



95. Ancient Chinese incense burner. (All of these Oriental pieces are described under proper headings in this book.)



96. One of pair of granite stone carp found on each side of ambulance driveway in The BJP-CC Gardens.



97. *Modern Japanese bronze, representing a cross between the warrior and god.
In The BJP-CC Gardens.*



98. *One of two marble Buddhas in The BJP-CC Gardens. Raised right hand receives; turned-down left hand indicates she gives away what right hand receives.*



99. *Other of two marble Buddhas. In her right hand is symbol of authority; in her left hand is symbol of lotus of purity.*



100. *Japanese warrior at prayer to Buddha. Bronze, gold leafed. In The BJP-CC Gardens.*



101. *Granite Buddha, in attitude of prayer. In The BJP-CC Gardens.*



102. Two granite Japanese wrestlers. Indicated by top-knot hairdress.



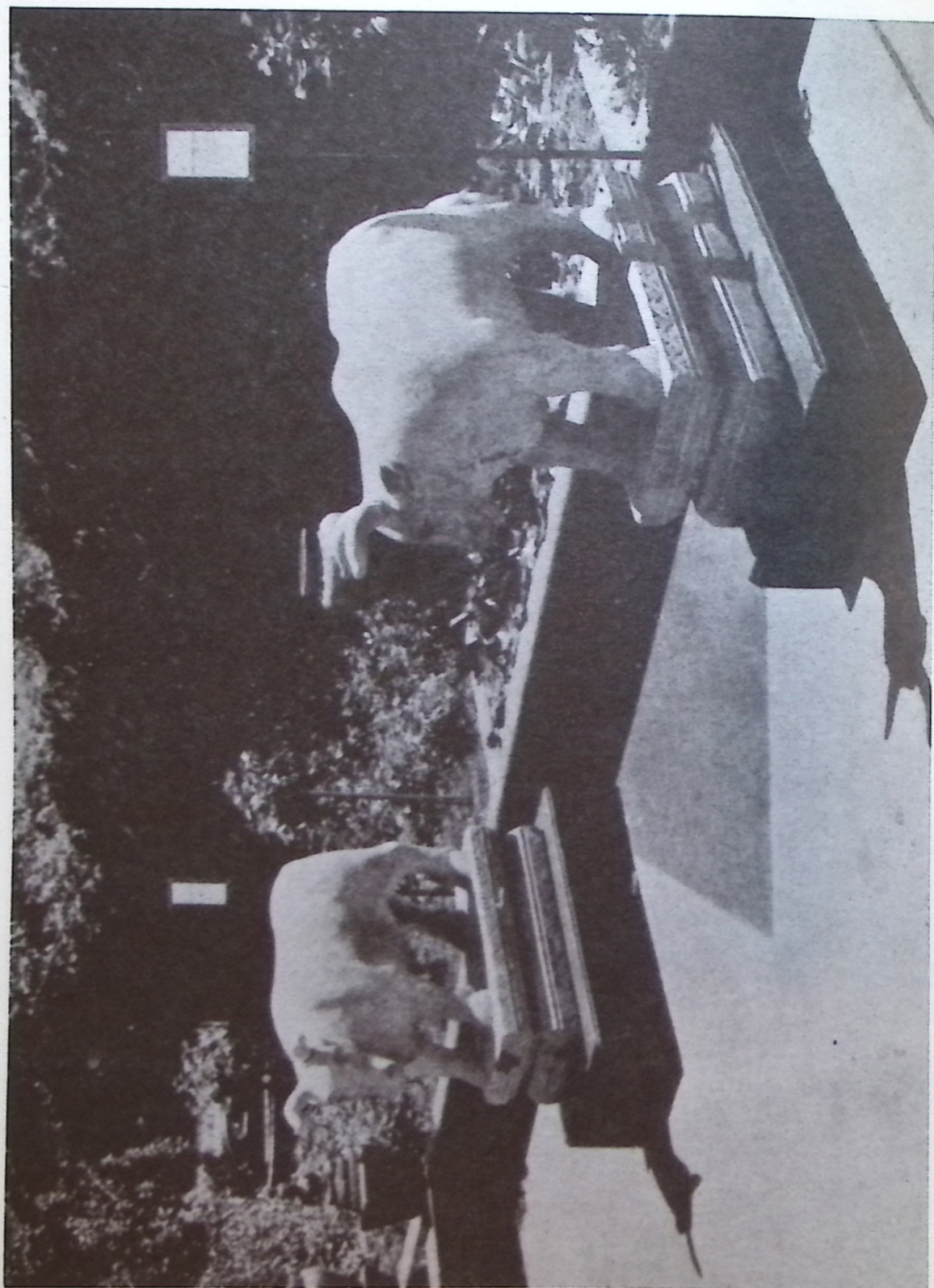
103. Pair of bronze Japanese Foo Dogs on either side of entrance to ambulance driveway.
Foo Dogs are always placed at entrances to drive away evil spirits.



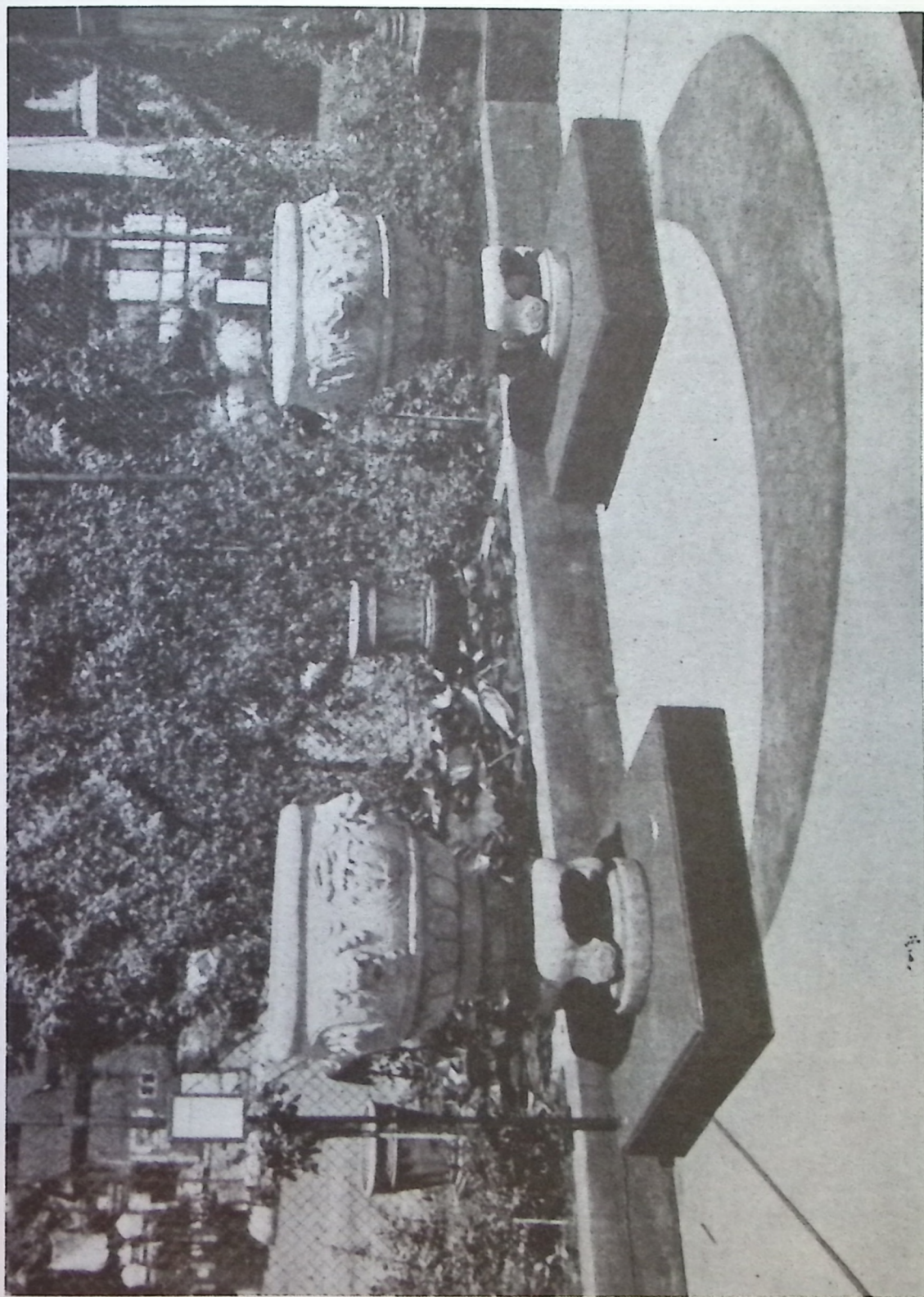
**104. One of a pair of marble pilasters, with Buddha in-carved, with a granite Buddha head.
At entrance to The PSC Lyceum gates in The BJP Rose Gardens.**



105. *Other marble pilaster, with Buddha in-carved in base, with granite Buddha head.
At entrance to The PSC Lyceum gates in The BJP Rose Gardens.*



106. Pair of marble Chinese bulls. In The BJP Rose Gardens. Rose beds are seen in rear. (See description in the book.)



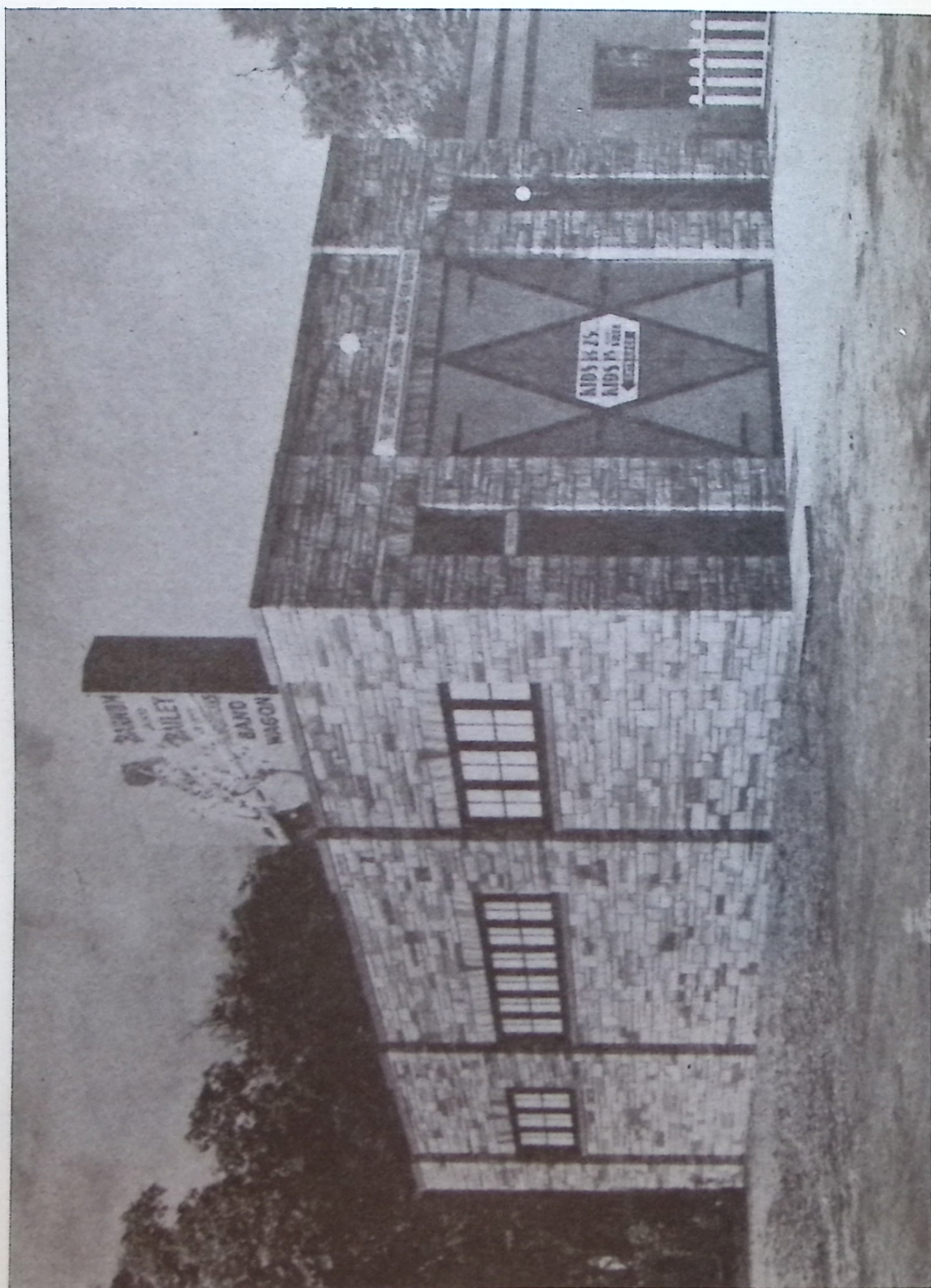
107. Two Granite Vases. In The BJP Rose Gardens. All of these objects must be seen to be appreciated, as to size, weight, antiquity, and value.



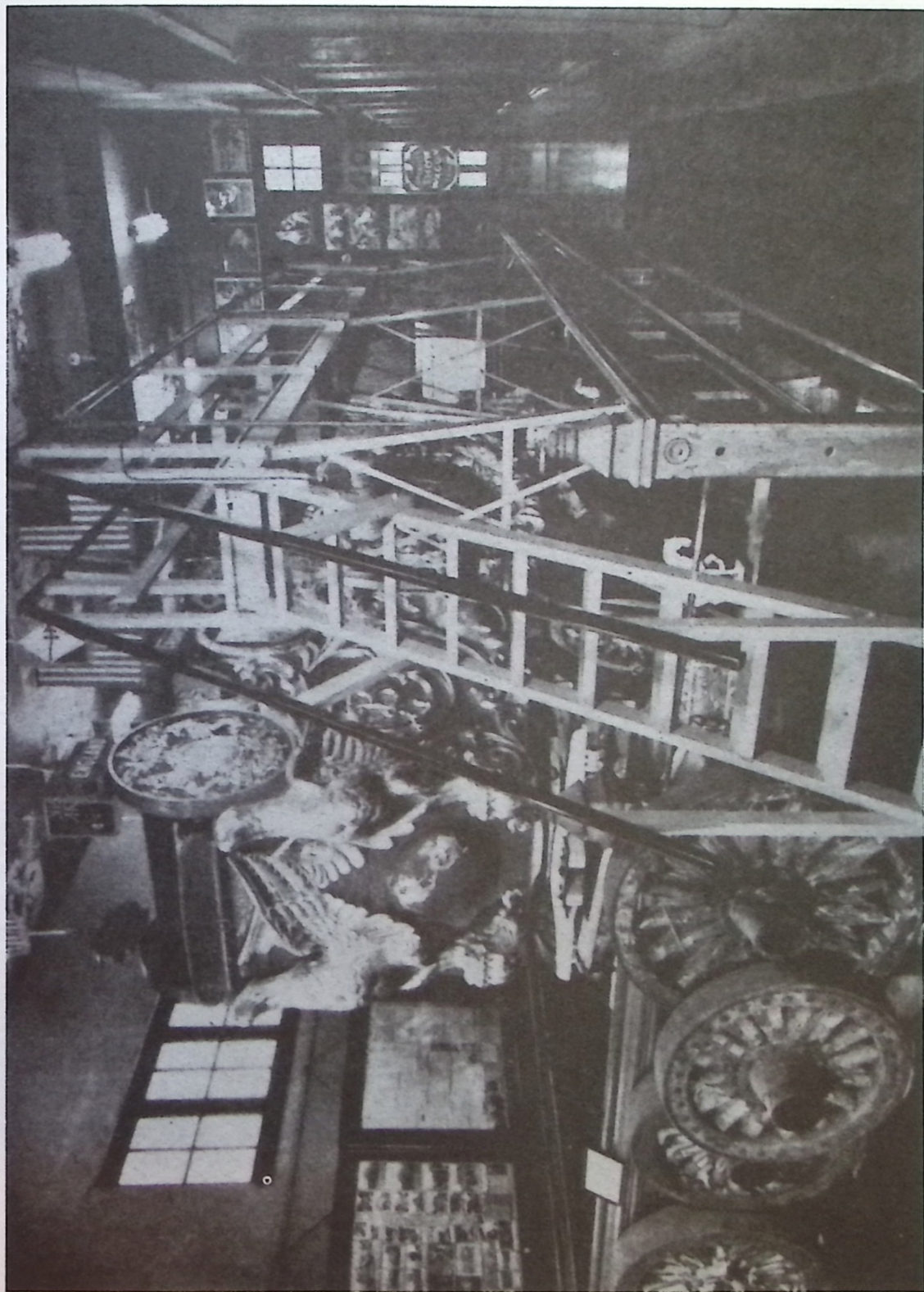
108. One of pair of ancient Chinese dragons. Weigh 3 tons each. In The BIP Rose Gardens.



109. Other of pair of ancient Chinese dragons. Granite. Weight, 3 tons. In The BJP Rose Gardens.



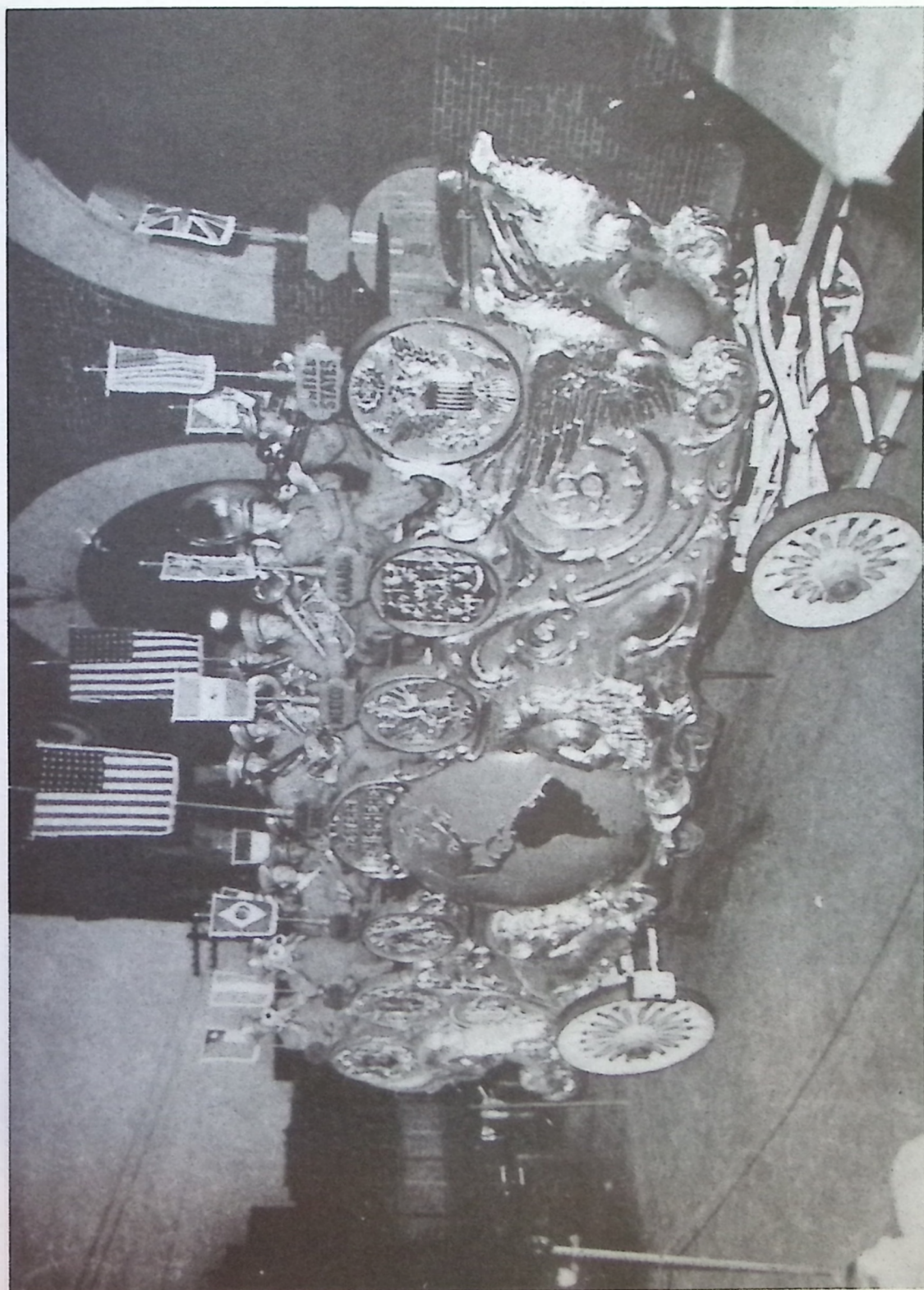
110. Fireproof home of The Two Hemispheres Band Wagon, located on grounds of The PSC. Sign on top is characteristic.



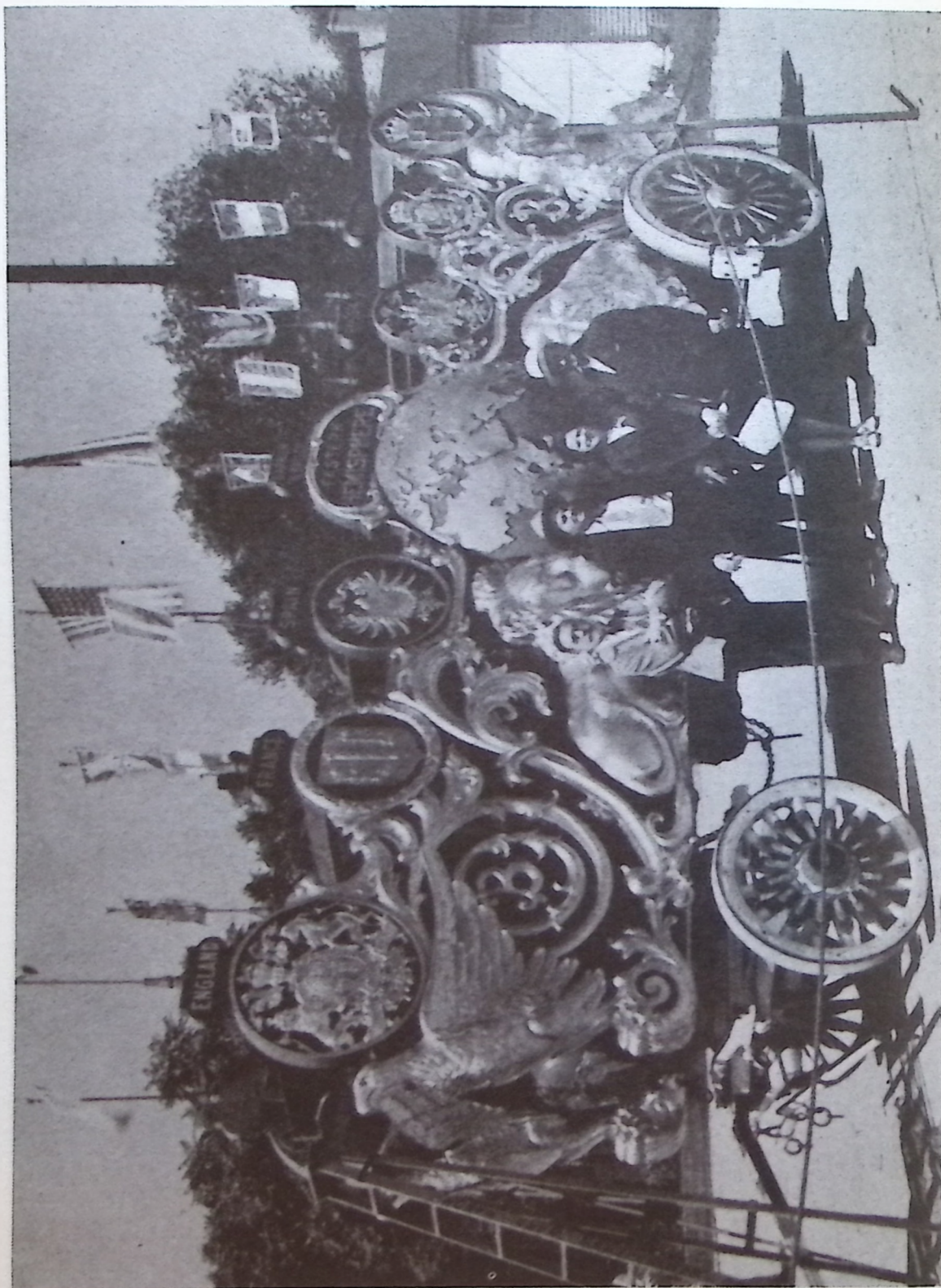
111. Inside fireproof home of Band Wagon. (See description in book.)



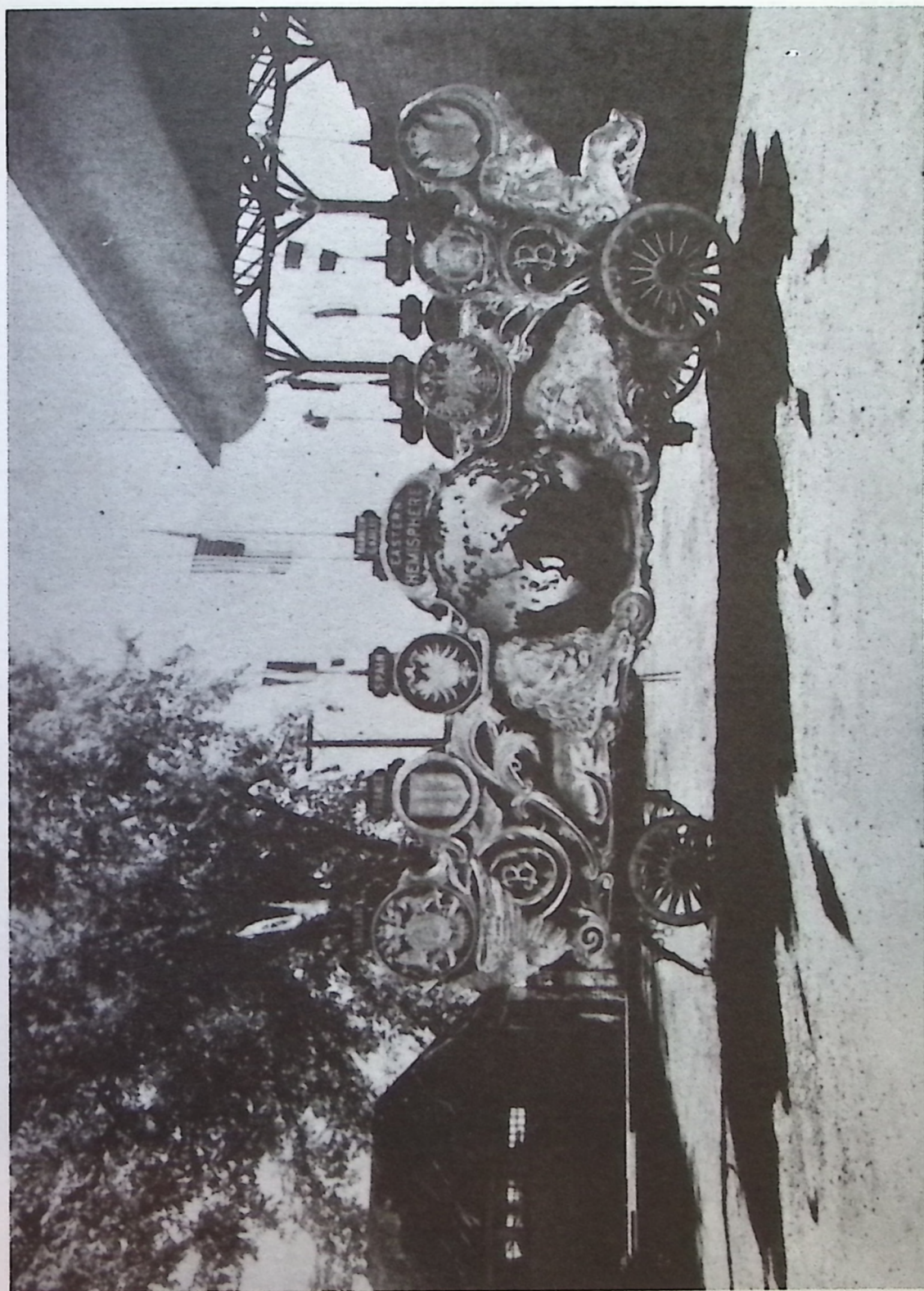
112. Largest circus wagon ever built, being pulled by largest horse team in world. (See story in this book.)



113. The Two Hemispheres Band Wagon on exhibit at Ringling Brothers Circus grounds. Merle Evans and his band on top.



114. Owner of Band Wagon (left); next to him Zack Terrell who presented wagon to him; next, Mrs. Terrell.



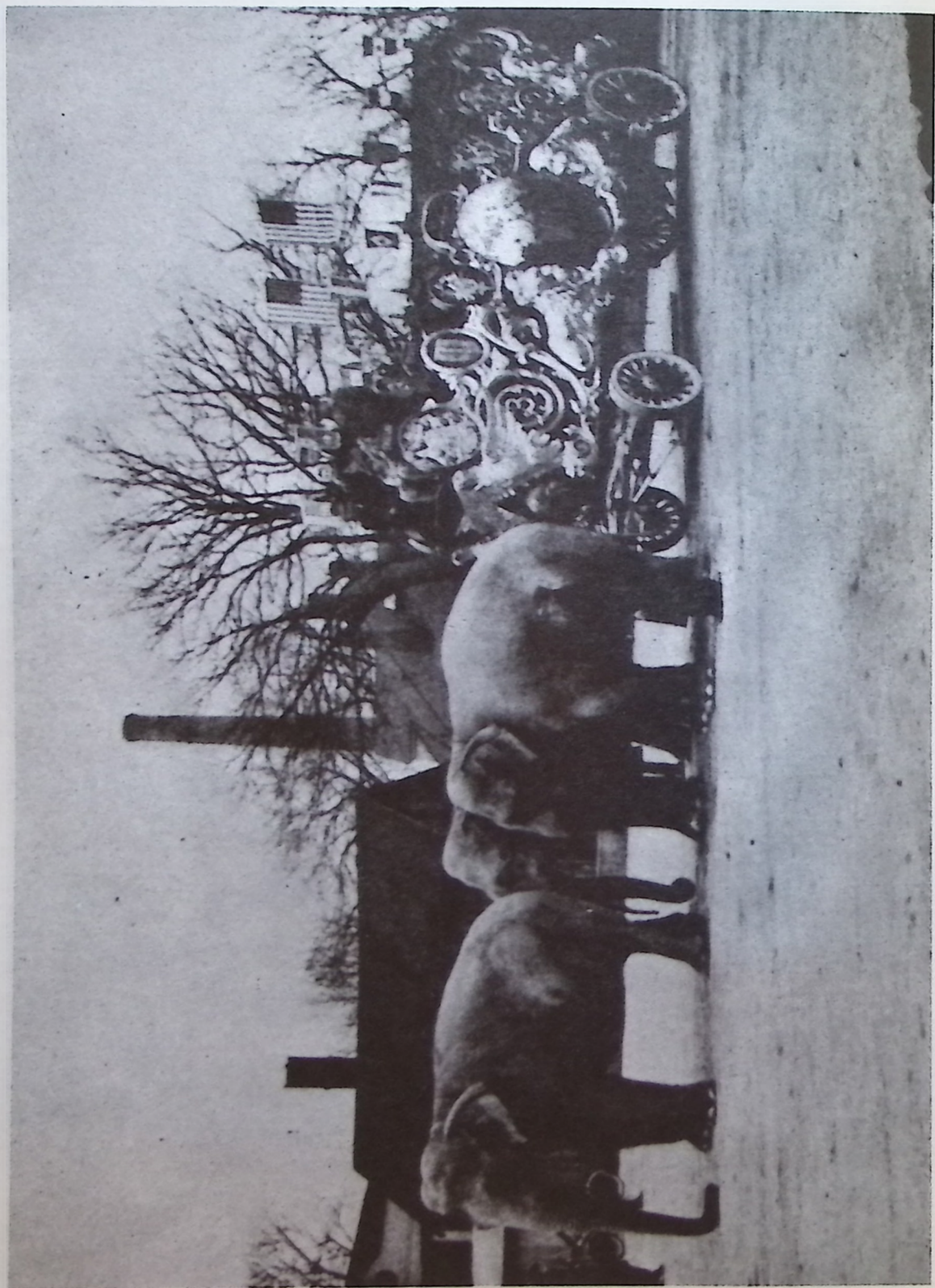
115. *The Two Hemispheres Band Wagon, so named because one side is Eastern Hemisphere, other side, Western.*



116. Two Hemispheres Band Wagon. Weight 10½ tons. Can be seen on request only, except during Lyceum when it is open for the public.



117. In circus parades, The Two Hemispheres Band Wagon was pulled by the world's largest 40-horse hitch. Photo taken back in horse and buggy days in New York City. (See description in book.)



118. Comparison of size of Two Hemispheres Band Wagon with three huge elephants.



